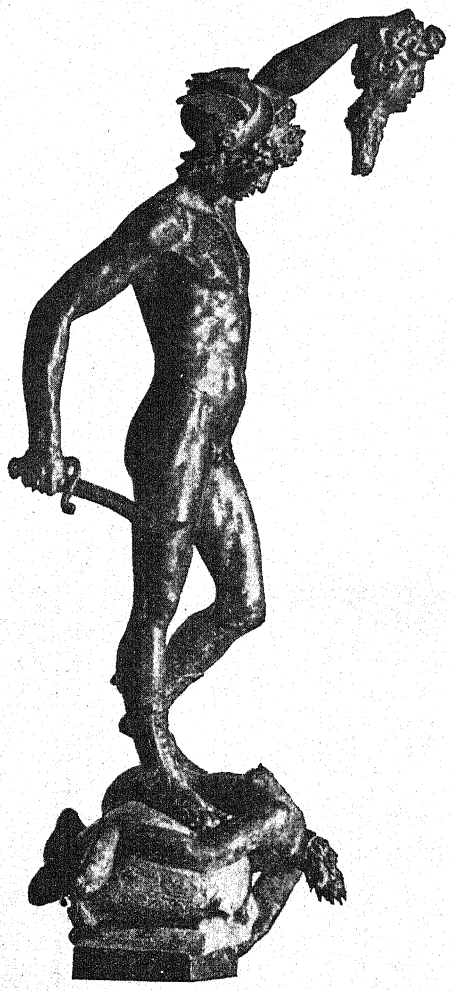


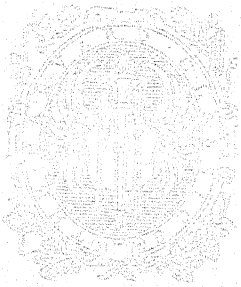
Perseus with Head of the slain Medusa
By Benvenuto Cellini
From the bronze statue in the Musée Nationale, Florence

THE HARVARD CLASSICS
EDITED BY CHARLES W ELIOT LL D

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

TRANSLATED BY
J ADDINGTON SYMONDS

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES
AND ILLUSTRATIONS



"DR ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS"

P F COLLIER & SON
NEW YORK

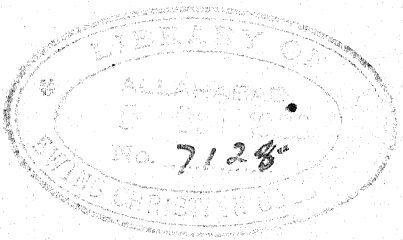
as statesmen or warriors, but as connoisseurs and patrons of art. Such an event as the Sack of Rome is described because Benvenuto himself fought in it.

Much more complete is the view he gives of the artistic life of the time. It was the age of Michelangelo, and in the throng of great artists which then filled the Italian cities, Cellini was no inconsiderable figure. Michelangelo himself he knew and adored. Nowhere can we gain a better idea than in this book of the passionate enthusiasm for the creation of beauty which has bestowed upon the Italy of the Renaissance its greatest glory.

Very vivid, too, is the impression we receive of the social life of the sixteenth century; of its violence and licentiousness, of its zeal for fine craftsmanship, of its abounding vitality, its versatility and its idealism. For Cellini himself is an epitome of that century. This man who tells here the story of his life was a murderer and a braggart, insolent, sensual, inordinately proud and passionate; but he was also a worker in gold and silver, rejoicing in delicate chasing and subtle modelling of precious surfaces; a sculptor and a musician; and, as all who read his book must testify, a great master of narrative. Keen as was Benvenuto's interest in himself, and much as he loved to dwell on the splendor of his exploits and achievements, he had little idea that centuries after his death he would live again, less by his "Perseus" and his goldsmith's work, than by the book which he dictated casually to a lad of fourteen, while he went about his work.

The autobiography was composed between 1558 and 1566, but it brings the record down only to 1562. The remainder of Cellini's life seems to have been somewhat more peaceful. In 1565 he married Piera de Salvadore Parigi, a servant who had nursed him when he was sick; and in the care of his children, as earlier of his sister and nieces, he showed more tenderness than might have been expected from a man of his boisterous nature. He died at Florence, May 13, 1571, and was buried in The Church of the Annunziata in that city.

THIS TALE OF MY SORE-TROUBLED LIFE I WRITE,
TO THANK THE GOD OF NATURE, WHO CONVEYED
MY SOUL TO ME, AND WITH SUCH CARE HATH STAYED
THAT DIVERS NOBLE DEEDS I'VE BROUGHT TO LIGHT.
'TWAS HE SUBDUED MY CRUEL FORTUNE'S SPITE:
LIFE GLORY VIRTUE MEASURELESS HATH MADE
SUCH GRACE WORTH BEAUTY BE THROUGH ME DISPLAYED
THAT FEW CAN RIVAL, NONE SURPASS ME QUITE.
ONLY IT GRIEVES ME WHEN I UNDERSTAND
WHAT PRECIOUS TIME IN VANITY I'VE SPENT—
THE WIND IT BEARETH MAN'S FRAIL THOUGHTS AWAY.
YET, SINCE REMORSE AVAILS NOT, I'M CONTENT,
AS ERST I CAME, WELCOME TO GO ONE DAY,
HERE IN THE FLOWER OF THIS FAIR TUSCAN LAND.



BENVENUTO CELLINI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BOOK FIRST

I

ALL men of whatsoever quality they be, who have done anything of excellence, or which may properly resemble excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hand; but they ought not to attempt so fine an enterprise till they have passed the age of forty. This duty occurs to my own mind now that I am travelling beyond the term of fifty-eight years, and am in Florence, the city of my birth. Many untoward things can I remember, such as happen to all who live upon our earth; and from those adversities I am now more free than at any previous period of my career—nay, it seems to me that I enjoy greater content of soul and health of body than ever I did in bygone years. I can also bring to mind some pleasant goods and some inestimable evils, which, when I turn my thoughts backward, strike terror in me, and astonishment that I should have reached this age of fifty-eight, wherein, thanks be to God, I am still travelling prosperously forward.

II

It is true that men who have laboured with some show of excellence, have already given knowledge of themselves to the world; and this alone ought to suffice them; I mean the fact that they have proved their manhood and achieved renown. Yet one must needs live like others; and so in a work like this there will always be found occasion for natural bragging, which is of divers kinds, and the first is that a man

should let others know he draws his lineage from persons of worth and most ancient origin.

I am called Benvenuto Cellini, son of Maestro Giovanni, son of Andrea, son of Cristofano Cellini; my mother was Madonna Elisabetta, daughter to Stefano Granacci; both parents citizens of Florence. It is found written in chronicles made by our ancestors of Florence, men of old time and of credibility, even as Giovanni Villani writes, that the city of Florence was evidently built in imitation of the fair city of Rome; and certain remnants of the Colosseum and the Baths can yet be traced. These things are near Santa Croce. The Capitol was where is now the Old Market. The Rotonda is entire, which was made for the temple of Mars, and is now dedicated to our Saint John. That thus it was, can very well be seen, and cannot be denied, but the said buildings are much smaller than those of Rome. He who caused them to be built, they say, was Julius Cæsar, in concert with some noble Romans, who, when Fiesole had been stormed and taken, raised a city in this place, and each of them took in hand to erect one of these notable edifices.

Julius Cæsar had among his captains a man of highest rank and valour, who was called Fiorino of Cellino, which is a village about two miles distant from Monte Fiascone. Now this Fiorino took up his quarters under the hill of Fiesole, on the ground where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, and for the convenience of the troops. All those soldiers and others who had to do with the said captain, used then to say: "Let us go to Fiorenze;" as well because the said captain was called Fiorino, as also because the place he had chosen for his quarters was by nature very rich in flowers. Upon the foundation of the city, therefore, since this name struck Julius Cæsar as being fair and apt, and given by circumstance, and seeing furthermore that flowers themselves bring good augury, he appointed the name of Florence for the town. He wished besides to pay his valiant captain this compliment; and he loved him all the more for having drawn him from a very humble place, and for the reason that so excellent a man was a creature of his own. The name that learned inventors

and investigators of such etymologies adduce, as that Florence is flowing at the Arno, cannot hold; seeing that Rome is flowing at the Tiber, Ferrara is flowing at the Po, Lyons is flowing at the Saone, Paris is flowing at the Seine, and yet the names of all these towns are different, and have come to them by other ways.[1]

Thus then we find; and thus we believe that we are descended from a man of worth. Furthermore, we find that there are Cellinis of our stock in Ravenna, that most ancient town of Italy, where too are plenty of gentle folk. In Pisa also there are some, and I have discovered them in many parts of Christendom; and in this state also the breed exists, men devoted to the profession of arms; for not many years ago a young man, called Luca Cellini, a beardless youth, fought with a soldier of experience and a most valorous man, named Francesco da Vicorati, who had frequently fought before in single combat. This Luca, by his own valour, with sword in hand, overcame and slew him, with such bravery and stoutness that he moved the folk to wonder, who were expecting quite the contrary issue; so that I glory in tracing my descent from men of valour.

As for the trifling honours which I have gained for my house, under the well-known conditions of our present ways of living, and by means of my art, albeit the same are matters of no great moment, I will relate these in their proper time and place, taking much more pride in having been born humble and having laid some honourable foundation for my family, than if I had been born of great lineage and had stained or overclouded that by my base qualities. So then I will make a beginning by saying how it pleased God I should be born.

III

My ancestors dwelt in Val d' Ambra, where they owned large estates, and lived like little lords, in retirement, however, on account of the then contending factions. They

[1] He is alluding to the name *Fluenzia*, which some antiquaries of his day thought to have been the earliest name of the city, derived from its being near *Arno fluente*. I have translated the word *fluente* in the text literally, though of course it signifies "situated on a flowing river." I need not call attention to the apocryphal nature of Cellini's own derivation from the name of his supposed ancestor.

were all men devoted to arms and of notable bravery. In that time one of their sons, the younger, who was called Cristofano, roused a great feud with certain of their friends and neighbours. Now the heads of the families on both sides took part in it, and the fire kindled seemed to them so threatening that their houses were like to perish utterly; the elders upon this consideration, in concert with my own ancestors, removed Cristofano; and the other youth with whom the quarrel began was also sent away. They sent their young man to Siena. Our folk sent Cristofano to Florence; and there they bought for him a little house in Via Chiara, close to the convent of S. Orsola, and they also purchased for him some very good property near the Ponte a Rifredi. The said Cristofano took wife in Florence, and had sons and daughters; and when all the daughters had been portioned off, the sons, after their father's death, divided what remained. The house in Via Chiara with some other trifles fell to the share of one of the said sons, who had the name of Andrea. He also took wife, and had four male children. The first was called Girolamo, the second Bartolommeo, the third Giovanni, who was afterwards my father, and the fourth Francesco. This Andrea Cellini was very well versed in architecture, as it was then practised, and lived by it as his trade. Giovanni, who was my father, paid more attention to it than any of the other brothers. And since Vitruvius says, amongst other things, that one who wishes to practise that art well must have something of music and good drawing, Giovanni, when he had mastered drawing, began to turn his mind to music, and together with the theory learned to play most excellently on the viol and the flute; and being a person of studious habits, he left his home but seldom.

They had for neighbour in the next house a man called Stefano Granacci, who had several daughters, all of them of remarkable beauty. As it pleased God, Giovanni noticed one of these girls who was named Elisabetta; and she found such favour with him that he asked her in marriage. The fathers of both of them being well acquainted through their close neighbourhood, it was easy to make this match up; and each thought that he had very well arranged his affairs. First of

all the two good old men agreed upon the marriage; then they began to discuss the dowry, which led to a certain amount of friendly difference; for Andrea said to Stefano: "My son Giovanni is the stoutest youth of Florence, and of all Italy to boot, and if I had wanted earlier to have him married, I could have procured one of the largest dowries which folk of our rank get in Florence:" whereupon Stefano answered: "You have a thousand reasons on your side; but here am I with five daughters and as many sons, and when my reckoning is made, this is as much as I can possibly afford." Giovanni, who had been listening awhile unseen by them, suddenly broke in and said: "O my father, I have sought and loved that girl and not their money. Ill luck to those who seek to fill their pockets by the dowry of their wife! As you have boasted that I am a fellow of such parts, do you not think that I shall be able to provide for my wife and satisfy her needs, even if I receive something short of the portion you would like to get? Now I must make you understand that the woman is mine, and you may take the dowry for yourself." At this Andrea Cellini, who was a man of rather awkward temper, grew a trifle angry; but after a few days Giovanni took his wife, and never asked for other portion with her.

They enjoyed their youth and wedded love through eighteen years, always greatly desiring to be blessed with children. At the end of this time Giovanni's wife miscarried of two boys through the unskilfulness of the doctors. Later on she was again with child, and gave birth to a girl, whom they called Cosa, after the mother of my father.[1] At the end of two years she was once more with child; and inasmuch as those longings to which pregnant women are subject, and to which they pay much attention, were now exactly the same as those of her former pregnancy, they made their minds up that she would give birth to a female as before, and agreed to call the child Reparata, after the mother of my mother. It happened that she was delivered on a night of All Saints, following the feast-day, at half-past four precisely, in the year 1500.[2] The midwife, who knew that they

[1] Cosa is Florentine for Niccolosa.

[2] The hour is reckoned, according to the old Italian fashion, from sunset of one day to sunset of the next—twenty-four hours.

were expecting a girl, after she had washed the baby and wrapped it in the fairest white linen, came softly to my father Giovanni and said: "I am bringing you a fine present, such as you did not anticipate." My father, who was a true philosopher, was walking up and down, and answered: "What God gives me is always dear to me;" and when he opened the swaddling clothes, he saw with his own eyes the unexpected male child. Joining together the palms of his old hands, he raised them with his eyes to God, and said "Lord, I thank Thee with my whole heart; this gift is very dear to me; let him be Welcome." All the persons who were there asked him joyfully what name the child should bear. Giovanni would make no other answer than "Let him be Welcome—Benvenuto;"[3] and so they resolved, and this name was given me at Holy Baptism, and by it I still am living with the grace of God.

IV

Andrea Cellini was yet alive when I was about three years old, and he had passed his hundredth. One day they had been altering a certain conduit pertaining to a cistern, and there issued from it a great scorpion unperceived by them, which crept down from the cistern to the ground, and slank away beneath a bench. I saw it, and ran up to it, and laid my hands upon it. It was so big that when I had it in my little hands, it put out its tail on one side, and on the other thrust forth both its mouths.[1] They relate that I ran in high joy to my grandfather, crying out: "Look, grandpapa, at my pretty little crab." When he recognised that the creature was a scorpion, he was on the point of falling dead for the great fear he had and anxiety about me. He coaxed and entreated me to give it him; but the more he begged, the tighter I clasped it, crying and saying I would not give it to any one. My father, who was also in the house, ran up when he heard my screams, and in his stupefaction could not think how to prevent the venomous animal from killing me. Just then his eyes chanced to fall upon a pair of scissors; and so, while soothing and caressing me, he cut its

[3] Benvenuto means Welcome.

[1] The word is *bocche*, so I have translated it by *mouths*. But Cellini clearly meant the gaping claws of the scorpion.

tail and mouths off. Afterwards, when the great peril had been thus averted, he took the occurrence for a good augury.

When I was about five years old my father happened to be in a basement-chamber of our house, where they had been washing, and where a good fire of oak-logs was still burning; he had a viol in his hand, and was playing and singing alone beside the fire. The weather was very cold. Happening to look into the fire, he spied in the middle of those most burning flames a little creature like a lizard, which was sporting in the core of the intensest coals. Becoming instantly aware of what the thing was, he had my sister and me called, and pointing it out to us children, gave me a great box on the ears, which caused me to howl and weep with all my might. Then he pacified me good-humouredly, and spoke as follows: "My dear little boy, I am not striking you for any wrong that you have done, but only to make you remember that that lizard which you see in the fire is a salamander, a creature which has never been seen before by any one of whom we have credible information." So saying, he kissed me and gave me some pieces of money.

V.

My father began teaching me to play upon the flute and sing by note; but notwithstanding I was of that tender age when little children are wont to take pastime in whistles and such toys, I had an inexpressible dislike for it, and played and sang only to obey him. My father in those times fashioned wonderful organs with pipes of wood, spinets the fairest and most excellent which then could be seen, viols and lutes and harps of the most beautiful and perfect construction. He was an engineer, and had marvellous skill in making instruments for lowering bridges and for working mills, and other machines of that sort. In ivory he was the first who wrought really well. But after he had fallen in love with the woman who was destined to become my mother—perhaps what brought them together was that little flute, to which indeed he paid more attention than was proper—he was entreated by the fifers of the Signory to play in their company. Accordingly he did so for some time

to amuse himself, until by constant importunity they induced him to become a member of their band. Lorenzo de' Medici and Piero his son, who had a great liking for him, perceived later on that he was devoting himself wholly to the fife, and was neglecting his fine engineering talent and his beautiful art.[1] So they had him removed from that post. My father took this very ill, and it seemed to him that they had done him a great despite. Yet he immediately resumed his art, and fashioned a mirror, about a cubit in diameter, out of bone and ivory, with figures and foliage of great finish and grand design. The mirror was in the form of a wheel. In the middle was the looking-glass; around it were seven circular pieces, on which were the Seven Virtues, carved and joined of ivory and black bone. The whole mirror, together with the Virtues, was placed in equilibrium, so that when the wheel turned, all the Virtues moved, and they had weights at their feet which kept them upright. Possessing some acquaintance with the Latin tongue, he put a legend in Latin round his looking-glass, to this effect—"Whithersoever the wheel of Fortune turns, Virtue stands firm upon her feet:"

Rota sum: semper, quoquo me verto, stat Virtus.

A little while after this he obtained his place again among the fifers. Although some of these things happened before I was born, my familiarity with them has moved me to set them down here. In those days the musicians of the Signory were all of them members of the most honourable trades, and some of them belonged to the greater guilds of silk and wool;[2] and that was the reason why my father did not disdain to follow this profession, and his chief desire with regard to me was always that I should become a great performer on the flute. I for my part felt never more discontented than when he chose to talk to me about this scheme, and to tell me that, if I liked, he discerned in me such aptitudes that I might become the best man in the world.

[1] The Medici here mentioned were Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his son Pietro, who was expelled from Florence in the year 1494. He never returned, but died in the river Garigliano in 1504.

[2] In the Middle Ages the burghers of Florence were divided into industrial guilds called the Greater and the Lesser Arts. The former took precedence of the latter, both in political importance and in social esteem.

VI

As I have said, my father was the devoted servant and attached friend of the house of Medici; and when Piero was banished, he entrusted him with many affairs of the greatest possible importance. Afterwards, when the magnificent Piero Soderini was elected, and my father continued in his office of musician, Soderini, perceiving his wonderful talent, began to employ him in many matters of great importance as an engineer.[1] So long as Soderini remained in Florence, he showed the utmost good-will to my father; and in those days, I being still of tender age, my father had me carried, and made me perform upon the flute; I used to play treble in concert with the musicians of the palace before the Signory, following my notes: and a beadle used to carry me upon his shoulders. The Gonfalonier, that is, Soderini, whom I have already mentioned, took much pleasure in making me chatter, and gave me comfits, and was wont to say to my father: "Maestro Giovanni, besides music, teach the boy those other arts which do you so much honour." To which my father answered: "I do not wish him to practise any art but playing and composing; for in this profession I hope to make him the greatest man of the world, if God prolongs his life." To these words one of the old counsellors made answer: "Ah! Maestro Giovanni, do what the Gonfalonier tells you! for why should he never become anything more than a good musician?"

Thus some time passed, until the Medici returned.[2] When they arrived, the Cardinal, who afterwards became Pope Leo, received my father very kindly. During their exile the scutcheons which were on the palace of the Medici had had their balls erased, and a great red cross painted over them, which was the bearing of the Commune.[3] Accordingly, as soon as they returned, the red cross was scratched out, and

[1] Piero Soderini was elected Gonfalonier of the Florentine Republic for life in the year 1502. After nine years of government, he was banished, and when he died, Machiavelli wrote the famous sneering epitaph upon him. See *Renaissance in Italy*, vol. i. p. 297.

[2] This was in 1512, when Lorenzo's two sons, Giuliano and Giovanni (afterwards Pope Leo X.), came back through the aid of a Spanish army, after the great battle at Ravenna.

[3] The Medicean arms were "or, six pellets gules, three, two, and one." The Florentine Commune bore, "argent a cross gules."

on the scutcheon the red balls and the golden field were painted in again, and finished with great beauty. My father, who possessed a simple vein of poetry, instilled in him by nature, together with a certain touch of prophecy, which was doubtless a divine gift in him, wrote these four verses under the said arms of the Medici, when they were uncovered to the view:—

These arms, which have so long from sight been laid
Beneath the holy cross, that symbol meek,
Now lift their glorious glad face, and seek
With Peter's sacred cloak to be arrayed.

This epigram was read by all Florence. A few days afterwards Pope Julius II. died. The Cardinal de' Medici went to Rome, and was elected Pope against the expectation of everybody. He reigned as Leo X., that generous and great soul. My father sent him his four prophetic verses. The Pope sent to tell him to come to Rome; for this would be to his advantage. But he had no will to go; and so, in lieu of reward, his place in the palace was taken from him by Jacopo Salviati, upon that man's election as Gonfalonier.[4] This was the reason why I commenced goldsmith; after which I spent part of my time in learning that art, and part in playing, much against my will.

VII

When my father spoke to me in the way I have above described, I entreated him to let me draw a certain fixed number of hours in the day; all the rest of my time I would give to music, only with the view of satisfying his desire. Upon this he said to me: "So then, you take no pleasure in playing?" To which I answered, "No;" because that art seemed too base in comparison with what I had in my own mind. My good father, driven to despair by this fixed idea of mine, placed me in the workshop of Cavaliere Bandinello's father, who was called Michel Agnolo, a goldsmith from Pinzi di Monte, and a master excellent in that craft.[1] He had no

[4] Cellini makes a mistake here. Salviati married a daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, and obtained great influence in Florence; but we have no record of his appointment to the office of Gonfalonier.

[1] Baccio Bandinello, the sculptor, and a great rival of Cellini's, as will appear in the ensuing pages, was born in 1487, and received the honour of knighthood from Clement VII. and Charles V. Posterity has confirmed Cel-

distinction of birth whatever, but was the son of a charcoal-seller. This is no blame to Bandinello, who has founded the honour of the family—if only he had done so honestly! However that may be, I have no cause now to talk about him. After I had stayed there some days, my father took me away from Michel Agnolo, finding himself unable to live without having me always under his eyes. Accordingly, much to my discontent, I remained at music till I reached the age of fifteen. If I were to describe all the wonderful things that happened to me up to that time, and all the great dangers to my own life which I ran, I should astound my readers; but, in order to avoid prolixity, and having very much to relate, I will omit these incidents.

When I reached the age of fifteen, I put myself, against my father's will, to the goldsmith's trade with a man called Antonio, son of Sandro, known commonly as Marcone the goldsmith. He was a most excellent craftsman and a very good fellow to boot, high-spirited and frank in all his ways. My father would not let him give me wages like the other apprentices; for having taken up the study of this art to please myself, he wished me to indulge my whim for drawing to the full. I did so willingly enough; and that honest master of mine took marvellous delight in my performances. He had an only son, a bastard, to whom he often gave his orders, in order to spare me. My liking for the art was so great, or, I may truly say, my natural bias, both one and the other, that in a few months I caught up the good, nay, the best young craftsmen in our business, and began to reap the fruits of my labours. I did not, however, neglect to gratify my good father from time to time by playing on the flute or cornet. Each time he heard me, I used to make his tears fall accompanied with deep-drawn sighs of satisfaction. My filial piety often made me give him that contentment, and induce me to pretend that I enjoyed the music too.

VIII

At that time I had a brother, younger by two years, a youth of extreme boldness and fierce temper. He afterwards

lini's opinion of Bandinello as an artist; for his works are coarse, pretentious, and incapable of giving pleasure to any person of refined intelligence.

became one of the great soldiers in the school of that marvellous general Giovannino de' Medici, father of Duke Cosimo.[1] The boy was about fourteen, and I two years older. One Sunday evening, just before nightfall, he happened to find himself between the gate San Gallo and the Porta a Pinti; in this quarter he came to duel with a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts. They both had swords; and my brother dealt so valiantly that, after having badly wounded him, he was upon the point of following up his advantage. There was a great crowd of people present, among whom were many of the adversary's kinsfolk. Seeing that the thing was going ill for their own man, they put hand to their slings, a stone from one of which hit my poor brother in the head. He fell to the ground at once in a dead faint. It so chanced that I had been upon the spot alone, and without arms; and I had done my best to get my brother out of the fray by calling to him: "Make off; you have done enough." Meanwhile, as luck would have it, he fell, as I have said, half dead to earth. I ran up at once, seized his sword, and stood in front of him, bearing the brunt of several rapiers and a shower of stones. I never left his side until some brave soldiers came from the gate San Gallo and rescued me from the raging crowd; they marvelled much, the while, to find such valour in so young a boy.

Then I carried my brother home for dead, and it was only with great difficulty that he came to himself again. When he was cured, the Eight, who had already condemned our adversaries and banished them for a term of years, sent us also into exile for six months at a distance of ten miles from Florence.[2] I said to my brother: "Come along with me;" and so we took leave of our poor father; and instead of giving us money, for he had none, he bestowed on us his blessing. I went to Siena, wishing to look up a certain worthy man called Maestro Francesco Castoro. On another occasion, when I had run away from my father, I

[1] Cellini refers to the famous Giovanni delle Bande Nere, who was killed in an engagement in Lombardy in November 1526, by the Imperialist troops marching to the sack of Rome. His son Cosimo, after the murder of Duke Alessandro, established the second Medicean dynasty in Florence.

[2] The Eight, or Gli Otto, were a magistracy in Florence with cognizance of matters affecting the internal peace of the city.

went to this good man, and stayed some time with him, working at the goldsmith's trade until my father sent for me back. Francesco, when I reached him, recognised me at once, and gave me work to do. While thus occupied, he placed a house at my disposal for the whole time of my sojourn in Siena. Into this I moved, together with my brother, and applied myself to labour for the space of several months. My brother had acquired the rudiments of Latin, but was still so young that he could not yet relish the taste of virtuous employment, but passed his time in dissipation.

IX

The Cardinal de' Medici, who afterwards became Pope Clement VII., had us recalled to Florence at the entreaty of my father.[1] A certain pupil of my father's, moved by his own bad nature, suggested to the Cardinal that he ought to send me to Bologna, in order to learn to play well from a great master there. The name of this master was Antonio, and he was in truth a worthy man in the musician's art. The Cardinal said to my father that, if he sent me there he would give me letters of recommendation and support. My father, dying with joy at such an opportunity, sent me off; and I being eager to see the world, went with good grace.

When I reached Bologna, I put myself under a certain Maestro Ercole del Piffero, and began to earn something by my trade. In the meantime I used to go every day to take my music lesson, and in a few weeks made considerable progress in that accursed art. However I made still greater in my trade of goldsmith; for the Cardinal having given me no assistance, I went to live with a Bolognese illuminator who was called Scipione Cavalletti (his house was in the street of our Lady del Baraccan); and while there I devoted myself to drawing and working for one Graziadio, a Jew, with whom I earned considerably.

At the end of six months I returned to Florence, where

[1] This Cardinal and Pope was Giulio, a natural son of Giuliano, Lorenzo de' Medici's brother, who had been killed in the Pazzi conspiracy, year 1478. Giulio lived to become Pope Clement VII., to suffer the sack of Rome in 1527, and to make the concordat with Charles V. at Bologna in 1529-30, which settled for three centuries the destiny of Italy. We shall hear much more of him from Cellini in the course of this narrative.

that fellow Pierino, who had been my father's pupil, was greatly mortified by my return. To please my father, I went to his house and played the cornet and the flute with one of his brothers, who was named Girolamo, several years younger than the said Piero, a very worthy young man, and quite the contrary of his brother. On one of those days my father came to Piero's house to hear us play, and in ecstasy at my performance exclaimed: "I shall yet make you a marvellous musician against the will of all or any one who may desire to prevent me." To this Piero answered, and spoke the truth: "Your Benvenuto will get much more honour and profit if he devotes himself to the goldsmith's trade than to this piping." These words made my father angry, seeing that I too had the same opinion as Piero, that he flew into a rage and cried out at him: "Well did I know that it was you, *you* who put obstacles in the way of my cherished wish; you are the man who had me ousted from my place at the palace, paying me back with that black ingratitude which is the usual recompense of great benefits. I got you promoted, and you have got me cashiered; I taught you to play with all the little art you have, and you are preventing my son from obeying me; but bear in mind these words of prophecy: not years or months, I say, but only a few weeks will pass before this dirty ingratitude of yours shall plunge you into ruin." To these words answered Pierino and said: "Maestro Giovanni, the majority of men, when they grow old, go mad at the same time; and this has happened to you. I am not astonished at it, because most liberally have you squandered all your property, without reflecting that your children had need of it. I mind to do just the opposite, and to leave my children so much that they shall be able to succour yours." To this my father answered: "No bad tree ever bore good fruit; quite the contrary; and I tell you further that you are bad, and that your children will be mad and paupers, and will cringe for alms to my virtuous and wealthy sons." Thereupon we left the house, muttering words of anger on both sides. I had taken my father's part; and when we stepped into the street together, I told him I was quite ready to take vengeance for the insults heaped on him

by that scoundrel, provided he permit me to give myself up to the art of design. He answered: "My dear son, I too in my time was a good draughtsman; but for recreation, after such stupendous labours, and for the love of me who am your father, who begat you and brought you up and implanted so many honourable talents in you, for the sake of recreation, I say, will not you promise sometimes to take in hand your flute and that seductive cornet, and to play upon them to your heart's content, inviting the delight of music?" I promised I would do so, and very willingly for his love's sake. Then my good father said that such excellent parts as I possessed would be the greatest vengeance I could take for the insults of his enemies.

Not a whole month had been completed after this scene before the man Pierino happened to be building a vault in a house of his, which he had in the Via dello Studio; and being one day in a ground-floor room above the vault which he was making, together with much company around him, he fell to talking about his old master, my father. While repeating the words which he had said to him concerning his ruin, no sooner had they escaped his lips than the floor where he was standing (either because the vault had been badly built, or rather through the sheer mightiness of God, who does not always pay on Saturday) suddenly gave way. Some of the stones and bricks of the vault, which fell with him, broke both his legs. The friends who were with him, remaining on the border of the broken vault, took no harm, but were astounded and full of wonder, especially because of the prophecy which he had just contemptuously repeated to them. When my father heard of this, he took his sword, and went to see the man. There, in the presence of his father, who was called Niccolaio da Volterra, a trumpeter of the Signory, he said. "O Piero, my dear pupil, I am sorely grieved at your mischance; but if you remember it was only a short time ago that I warned you of it; and as much as I then said will come to happen between your children and mine." Shortly afterwards, the ungrateful Piero died of that illness. He left a wife of bad character and one son, who after the lapse of some years came to me

to beg for alms in Rome. I gave him something, as well because it is my nature to be charitable, as also because I recalled with tears the happy state which Pierino held when my father spake those words of prophecy, namely, that Pierino's children should live to crave succour from his own virtuous sons. Of this perhaps enough is now said; but let none ever laugh at the prognostications of any worthy man whom he has wrongfully insulted; because it is not he who speaks, nay, but the very voice of God through him.

X

All this while I worked as a goldsmith, and was able to assist my good father. His other son, my brother Cecchino, had, as I said before, been instructed in the rudiments of Latin letters. It was our father's wish to make me, the elder, a great musician and composer, and him, the younger, a great and learned jurist. He could not, however, put force upon the inclinations of our nature, which directed me to the arts of design, and my brother, who had a fine and graceful person, to the profession of arms. Cecchino, being still quite a lad, was returning from his first lesson in the school of the stupendous Giovannino de' Medici. On the day when he reached home, I happened to be absent; and he, being in want of proper clothes, sought out our sisters, who, unknown to my father, gave him a cloak and doublet of mine, both new and of good quality. I ought to say that, beside the aid I gave my father and my excellent and honest sisters, I had bought those handsome clothes out of my own savings. When I found I had been cheated, and my clothes taken from me, and my brother from whom I should have recovered them was gone, I asked my father why he suffered so great a wrong to be done me, seeing that I was always ready to assist him. He replied that I was his good son, but that the other, whom he thought to have lost, had been found again; also that it was a duty, nay, a precept from God Himself, that he who hath should give to him who hath not; and that for his sake I ought to bear this injustice, for God would increase me in all good things. I, like a youth without experience, retorted on my poor afflicted parent; and taking the miserable remnants of my clothes

and money, went toward a gate of the city. As I did not know which gate would start me on the road to Rome, I arrived at Lucca, and from Lucca reached Pisa.

When I came to Pisa (I was about sixteen years of age at the time), I stopped near the middle bridge, by what is called the Fish-stone, at the shop of a goldsmith, and began attentively to watch what the master was about.[1] He asked me who I was, and what was my profession. I told him that I worked a little in the same trade as his own. This worthy man bade me come into his shop, and at once gave me work to do, and spoke as follows: "Your good appearance makes me believe you are a decent honest youth." Then he told me out gold, silver, and gems; and when the first day's work was finished, he took me in the evening to his house, where he dwelt respectably with his handsome wife and children. Thinking of the grief which my good father might be feeling for me, I wrote him that I was sojourning with a very excellent and honest man, called Maestro Ulivieri della Chiostra, and was working with him at many good things of beauty and importance. I bade him be of good cheer, for that I was bent on learning, and hoped by my acquirements to bring him back both profit and honour before long. My good father answered the letter at once in words like these: "My son, the love I bear you is so great, that if it were not for the honour of our family, which above all things I regard, I should immediately have set off for you; for indeed it seems like being without the light of my eyes, when I do not see you daily, as I used to do. I will make it my business to complete the training of my household up to virtuous honesty; do you make it yours to acquire excellence in your art; and I only wish you to remember these four simple words, obey them, and never let them escape your memory:

In whatever house you be,
Steal not, and live honestly."

XI

This letter fell into the hands of my master Ulivieri, and he read it unknown to me. Afterwards he avowed that he

[1] The Fish-stone, or Pietra del Pesce, was the market on the quay where the fish brought from the sea up the Arno to Pisa used to be sold.

had read it, and added: "So then, my Benvenuto, your good looks did not deceive me, as a letter from your father which has come into my hands gives me assurance, which proves him to be a man of notable honesty and worth. Consider yourself then to be at home here, and as though in your own father's house."

While I stayed at Pisa, I went to see the Campo Santo, and there I found many beautiful fragments of antiquity, that is to say, marble sarcophagi. In other parts of Pisa also I saw many antique objects, which I diligently studied whenever I had days or hours free from the labour of the workshop. My master, who took pleasure in coming to visit me in the little room which he had allotted me, observing that I spent all my time in studious occupations, began to love me like a father. I made great progress in the one year that I stayed there, and completed several fine and valuable things in gold and silver, which inspired me with a resolute ambition to advance in my art.

My father, in the meanwhile, kept writing piteous entreaties that I should return to him; and in every letter bade me not to lose the music he had taught me with such trouble. On this, I suddenly gave up all wish to go back to him; so much did I hate that accursed music; and I felt as though of a truth I were in paradise the whole year I stayed at Pisa, where I never played the flute.

At the end of the year my master Ulivieri had occasion to go to Florence, in order to sell certain gold and silver sweepings which he had;[1] and inasmuch as the bad air of Pisa had given me a touch of fever, I went with the fever hanging still about me, in my master's company, back to Florence. There my father received him most affectionately, and lovingly prayed him, unknown by me, not to insist on taking me again to Pisa. I was ill about two months, during which time my father had me most kindly treated and cured, always repeating that it seemed to him a thousand years till I got well again, in order that he might hear me play a little. But when he talked to me of music, with his fingers on my pulse, seeing he had some acquaintance with medicine and

[1] I have translated *spazzature* by *sweepings*. It means all refuse of the precious metals left in the goldsmith's trays.

Latin learning, he felt it change so much if he approached that topic, that he was often dismayed and left my side in tears. When I perceived how greatly he was disappointed, I bade one of my sisters bring me a flute; for though the fever never left me, that instrument is so easy that it did not hurt me to play upon it; and I used it with such dexterity of hand and tongue that my father coming suddenly upon me, blessed me a thousand times, exclaiming that while I was away from him I had made great progress, as he thought; and he begged me to go forwards, and not to sacrifice so fine an accomplishment.

XII

When I had recovered my health, I returned to my old friend Marcone, the worthy goldsmith, who put me in the way of earning money, with which I helped my father and our household. About that time there came to Florence a sculptor named Piero Torrigiani;[1] he arrived from England, where he had resided many years; and being intimate with my master, he daily visited his house; and when he saw my drawings and the things which I was making, he said: "I have come to Florence to enlist as many young men as I can; for I have undertaken to execute a great work for my king, and want some of my own Florentines to help me. Now your method of working and your designs are worthy rather of a sculptor than a goldsmith; and since I have to turn out a great piece of bronze, I will at the same time turn you into a rich and able artist." This man had a splendid person and a most arrogant spirit, with the air of a great soldier more than a sculptor, especially in regard to his vehement gestures and his resonant voice, together with a habit he had of knitting his brows, enough to frighten any man of courage. He kept talking every day about his gallant feats among those beasts of Englishmen.

In course of conversation he happened to mention Michel

[1] Torrigiani worked in fact for Henry VIII., and his monument to Henry VII. still exists in the Lady Chapel of Westminster Abbey. From England he went to Spain, where he modelled a statue of the Virgin for a great nobleman. Not receiving the pay he expected, he broke his work to pieces; for which act of sacrilege the Inquisition sent him to prison, where he starved himself to death in 1522. Such at least is the legend of his end.

Agnolo Buonarroti, led thereto by a drawing I had made from a cartoon of that divinest painter.[2] This cartoon was the first masterpiece which Michel Agnolo exhibited, in proof of his stupendous talents. He produced it in competition with another painter, Lionardo da Vinci, who also made a cartoon; and both were intended for the council-hall in the palace of the Signory. They represented the taking of Pisa by the Florentines; and our admirable Lionardo had chosen to depict a battle of horses, with the capture of some standards, in as divine a style as could possibly be imagined. Michel Agnolo in his cartoon portrayed a number of foot-soldiers, who, the season being summer, had gone to bathe in Arno. He drew them at the very moment the alarm is sounded, and the men all naked run to arms; so splendid in their action that nothing survives of ancient or of modern art which touches the same lofty point of excellence; and as I have already said, the design of the great Lionardo was itself most admirably beautiful. These two cartoons stood, one in the palace of the Medici, the other in the hall of the Pope. So long as they remained intact, they were the school of the world. Though the divine Michel Agnolo in later life finished that great chapel of Pope Julius,[3] he never rose half-way to the same pitch of power; his genius never afterwards attained to the force of those first studies.

XIII

Now let us return to Piero Torrigiani, who, with my drawing in his hand, spoke as follows: "This Buonarroti and I used, when we were boys, to go into the Church of the Carmine, to learn drawing from the chapel of Masaccio.[1] It was Buonarroti's habit to banter all who were drawing there; and one day, among others, when he was annoying me, I got more angry than usual, and clenching my fist, gave him such a blow on the nose, that I felt bone and cartilage

[2] The cartoons to which Cellini here alludes were made by Michel Angelo and Lionardo for the decoration of the Sala del Gran Consiglio in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Only the shadows of them remain to this day; a part of Michel Angelo's, engraved by Schiavonetti, and a transcript by Rubens from Lionardo's, called the Battle of the Standard.

[3] The Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

[1] The Chapel of the Carmine, painted in fresco by Masaccio and some other artist, possibly Filippino Lippi, is still the most important monument of Florentine art surviving from the period preceding Raphael.

go down like biscuit beneath my knuckles; and this mark of mine he will carry with him to the grave."[2] These words begat in me such hatred of the man, since I was always gazing at the masterpieces of the divine Michel Agnolo, that although I felt a wish to go with him to England, I now could never bear the sight of him.

All the while I was at Florence, I studied the noble manner of Michel Agnolo, and from this I have never deviated. About that time I contracted a close and familiar friendship with an amiable lad of my own age, who was also in the goldsmith's trade. He was called Francesco, son of Filippo, and grandson of Fra Lippo Lippi, that most excellent painter.[3] Through intercourse together, such love grew up between us that, day or night, we never stayed apart. The house where he lived was still full of the fine studies which his father had made, bound up in several books of drawings by his hand, and taken from the best antiquities of Rome. The sight of these things filled me with passionate enthusiasm; and for two years or thereabouts we lived in intimacy. At that time I fashioned a silver bas-relief of the size of a little child's hand. It was intended for the clasp to a man's belt; for they were then worn as large as that. I carved on it a knot of leaves in the antique style, with figures of children and other masks of great beauty. This piece I made in the workshop of one Francesco Salimbene; and on its being exhibited to the trade, the goldsmiths praised me as the best young craftsman of their art.

There was one Giovan Battista, surnamed Il Tasso, a wood-carver, precisely of my own age, who one day said to me that if I was willing to go to Rome, he should be glad to join me.[4] Now we had this conversation together im-

[2] The profile portraits of Michel Angelo Buonarroti confirm this story. They show the bridge of his nose bent in an angle, as though it had been broken.

[3] Fra Filippo Lippi was a Carmelite monk, whose frescoes at Prato and Spoleto and oil-paintings in Florence and elsewhere are among the most genial works of the pre-Raphaelite Renaissance. Vasari narrates his love-adventures with Lucrezia Buti, and Robert Browning has drawn a clever portrait of him in his "Men and Women." His son, Filippo or Filippino, was also an able painter, some of whose best work survives in the Strozzi Chapel of S. Maria Novella at Florence, and in the Church of S. Maria Sopra Minerva at Rome.

[4] Tasso was an able artist, mentioned both by Vasari and Pietro Aretino. He stood high in the favour of Duke Cosimo de' Medici, who took his opinion on the work of other craftsmen.

mediately after dinner; and I being angry with my father for the same old reason of the music, said to Tasso: "You are a fellow of words, not deeds." He answered: "I too have come to anger with my mother; and if I had cash enough to take me to Rome, I would not turn back to lock the door of that wretched little workshop I call mine." To these words I replied that if that was all that kept him in Florence I had money enough in my pockets to bring us both to Rome. Talking thus and walking onwards, we found ourselves at the gate San Piero Gattolini without noticing that we had got there; whereupon I said: "Friend Tasso, this is God's doing that we have reached this gate without either you or me noticing that we were there; and now that I am here, it seems to me that I have finished half the journey." And so, being of one accord, we pursued our way together, saying, "Oh, what will our old folks say this evening?" We then made an agreement not to think more about them till we reached Rome. So we tied our aprons behind our backs, and trudged almost in silence to Siena. When we arrived at Siena, Tasso said (for he had hurt his feet) that he would not go farther, and asked me to lend him money to get back. I made answer: "I should not have enough left to go forward; you ought indeed to have thought of this on leaving Florence; and if it is because of your feet that you shirk the journey, we will find a return horse for Rome, which will deprive you of the excuse." Accordingly I hired a horse; and seeing that he did not answer, I took my way toward the gate of Rome. When he knew that I was firmly resolved to go, muttering between his teeth, and limping as well as he could, he came on behind me very slowly and at a great distance. On reaching the gate, I felt pity for my comrade, and waited for him, and took him on the crupper, saying: "What would our friends speak of us to-morrow, if, having left for Rome, we had not pluck to get beyond Siena?" Then the good Tasso said I spoke the truth; and as he was a pleasant fellow, he began to laugh and sing; and in this way, always singing and laughing, we travelled the whole way to Rome. I had just nineteen years then, and so had the century.

When we reached Rome, I put myself under a master who

was known as Il Firenzuola. His name was Giovanni, and he came from Firenzuola in Lombardy, a most able craftsman in large vases and big plate of that kind. I showed him part of the model for the clasp which I had made in Florence at Salimbene's. It pleased him exceedingly; and turning to one of his journeymen, a Florentine called Giannotto Giannotti, who had been several years with him, he spoke as follows: "This fellow is one of the Florentines who know something, and you are one of those who know nothing." Then I recognised the man, and turned to speak with him; for before he went to Rome, we often went to draw together, and had been very intimate comrades. He was so put out by the words his master flung at him, that he said he did not recognise me or know who I was; whereupon I got angry, and cried out: "O Giannotto, you who were once my friend —for have we not been together in such and such places, and drawn, and ate, and drunk, and slept in company at your house in the country? I don't want you to bear witness on my behalf to this worthy man, your master, because I hope my hands are such that without aid from you they will declare what sort of a fellow I am."

XIV

When I had thus spoken, Firenzuola, who was a man of hot spirit and brave, turned to Giannotto, and said to him: "You vile rascal, aren't you ashamed to treat a man who has been so intimate a comrade with you in this way?" And with the same movement of quick feeling, he faced round and said to me: "Welcome to my workshop; and do as you have promised; let your hands declare what man you are."

He gave me a very fine piece of silver plate to work on for a cardinal. It was a little oblong box, copied from the porphyry sarcophagus before the door of the Rotonda. Beside what I copied, I enriched it with so many elegant masks of my invention, that my master went about showing it through the art, and boasting that so good a piece of work had been turned out from his shop.[1] It was about half a

[1] Cellini's use of the word *arte* for the *art* or *trade* of goldsmiths corresponds to "the art" as used by English writers early in this century. See Haydon's Autobiography, *passim*.

cubit in size, and was so constructed as to serve for a salt-cellar at table. This was the first earning that I touched at Rome, and part of it I sent to assist my good father; the rest I kept for my own use, living upon it while I went about studying the antiquities of Rome, until my money failed, and I had to return to the shop for work. Battista del Tasso, my comrade, did not stay long in Rome, but went back to Florence.

After undertaking some new commissions, I took it into my head, as soon as I had finished them, to change my master; I had indeed been worried into doing so by a certain Milanese, called Pagolo Arsago.[2] My first master, Firenzuola, had a great quarrel about this with Arsago, and abused him in my presence; whereupon I took up speech in defence of my new master. I said that I was born free, and free I meant to live, and that there was no reason to complain of him, far less of me, since some few crowns of wages were still due to me; also that I chose to go, like a free journeyman, where it pleased me, knowing I did wrong to no man. My new master then put in with his excuses, saying that he had not asked me to come, and that I should gratify him by returning with Firenzuola. To this I replied that I was not aware of wronging the latter in any way, and as I had completed his commissions, I chose to be my own master and not the man of others, and that he who wanted me must beg me of myself. Firenzuola cried: "I don't intend to beg you of yourself; I have done with you; don't show yourself again upon my premises." I reminded him of the money he owed me. He laughed me in the face; on which I said that if I knew how to use my tools in handicraft as well as he had seen, I could be quite as clever with my sword in claiming the just payment of my labour. While we were exchanging these words, an old man happened to come up, called Maestro Antonio, of San Marino. He was the chief among the Roman goldsmiths, and had been Firenzuola's master. Hearing what I had to say, which I took good care that he should understand, he immediately espoused my cause, and bade Firenzuola pay me. The dispute waxed

[2] The Italian is *sobbillato*, which might be also translated *inveigled* or *instigated*. But Varchi, the contemporary of Cellini, gives this verb the force of using pressure and boring on until somebody is driven to do something.

warm, because Firenzuola was an admirable swordsman, far better than he was a goldsmith. Yet reason made itself heard; and I backed my cause with the same spirit, till I got myself paid. In course of time Firenzuola and I became friends, and at his request I stood godfather to one of his children.

XV

I went on working with Pagolo Arsago, and earned a good deal of money, the greater part of which I always sent to my good father. At the end of two years, upon my father's entreaty, I returned to Florence, and put myself once more under Francesco Salimbene, with whom I earned a great deal, and took continual pains to improve in my art. I renewed my intimacy with Francesco di Filippo; and though I was too much given to pleasure, owing to that accursed music, I never neglected to devote some hours of the day or night to study. At that time I fashioned a silver heart's-key (*chiavaquore*), as it was then called. This was a girdle three inches broad, which used to be made for brides, and was executed in half relief with some small figures in the round. It was a commission from a man called Raffaello Lapaccini. I was very badly paid; but the honour which it brought me was worth far more than the gain I might have justly made by it. Having at this time worked with many different persons in Florence, I had come to know some worthy men among the goldsmiths, as, for instance, Marcone, my first master; but I also met with others reputed honest, who did all they could to ruin me, and robbed me grossly. When I perceived this, I left their company, and held them for thieves and blackguards. One of the goldsmiths, called Giovanbattista Sogliani, kindly accommodated me with part of his shop, which stood at the side of the New Market near the Landi's bank. There I finished several pretty pieces, and made good gains, and was able to give my family much help. This roused the jealousy of the bad men among my former masters, who were called Salvadore and Michele Guasconti. In the guild of the goldsmiths they had three big shops, and drove a thriving trade. On becoming aware of their evil will against me, I complained to certain worthy fellows, and

remarked that they ought to have been satisfied with the thieveries they practised on me under the cloak of hypocritical kindness. This coming to their ears, they threatened to make me sorely repent of such words; but I, who knew not what the colour of fear was, paid them little or no heed.

XVI

It chanced one day that I was leaning against a shop of one of these men, who called out to me, and began partly reproaching, partly bullying. I answered that had they done their duty by me, I should have spoken of them what one speaks of good and worthy men; but as they had done the contrary, they ought to complain of themselves and not of me. While I was standing there and talking, one of them, named Gherardo Guasconti, their cousin, having perhaps been put up to it by them, lay in wait till a beast of burden went by.[1] It was a load of bricks. When the load reached me, Gherardo pushed it so violently on my body that I was very much hurt. Turning suddenly round and seeing him laughing, I struck him such a blow on the temple that he fell down, stunned, like one dead. Then I faced round to his cousins, and said: "That's the way to treat cowardly thieves of your sort;" and when they wanted to make a move upon me, trusting to their numbers, I, whose blood was now well up, laid hands to a little knife I had, and cried: "If one of you comes out of the shop, let the other run for the confessor, because the doctor will have nothing to do here." These words so frightened them that not one stirred to help their cousin. As soon as I had gone, the fathers and sons ran to the Eight, and declared that I had assaulted them in their shops with sword in hand, a thing which had never yet been seen in Florence. The magistrates had me summoned. I appeared before them; and they began to upbraid and cry out upon me—partly, I think, because they saw me in my cloak, while the others were dressed like citizens in mantle and hood;[2] but also because my adversaries had been to the

[1] The Italian is *apposto che passassi una soma.* The verb *appostare* has the double meaning of lying in wait and arranging something on purpose. Cellini's words may mean, *caused a beast of burden to pass by.*

[2] Varchi says that a man who went about with only his cloak or cape by daytime, if he were not a soldier, was reputed an ill-liver. The Florentine

houses of those magistrates, and had talked with all of them in private, while I, inexperienced in such matters, had not spoken to any of them, trusting in the goodness of my cause. I said that, having received such outrage and insult from Gherardo, and in my fury having only given him a box on the ear, I did not think I deserved such a vehement reprimand. I had hardly time to finish the word box, before Prinzivalle della Stufa,[3] who was one of the Eight, interrupted me by saying: "You gave him a blow, and not a box, on the ear." The bell was rung and we were all ordered out, when Prinzivalle spoke thus in my defence to his brother judges: "Mark, sirs, the simplicity of this poor young man, who has accused himself of having given a box on the ear, under the impression that this is of less importance than a blow; whereas a box on the ear in the New Market carries a fine of twenty-five crowns, while a blow costs little or nothing. He is a young man of admirable talents, and supports his poor family by his labour in great abundance; I would to God that our city had plenty of this sort, instead of the present dearth of them."

XVII

Among the magistrates were some Radical fellows with turned-up hoods, who had been influenced by the entreaties and the calumnies of my opponents, because they all belonged to the party of Fra Girolamo; and these men would have had me sent to prison and punished without too close a reckoning.[1] But the good Prinzivalle put a stop to that. So they sentenced me to pay four measures of flour, which were to be given as alms to the nunnery of the Murate.[2] I was called in again; and he ordered me not to speak a word under pain of their displeasure, and to perform the sentence they had passed. Then, after giving me another sharp re-

citizens at this time still wore their ancient civil dress of the long gown and hood called *lucco*.

[3] This man was an ardent supporter of the Medici, and in 1510 organized a conspiracy in their favour against the Gonfalonier Soderini.

[1] Cellini calls these magistrates *arronzinati cappuccetti*, a term corresponding to our Roundheads. The democratic or anti-Medicean party in Florence at that time, who adhered to the republican principles of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, distinguished themselves by wearing the long tails of their hoods twisted up and turned round their heads. Cellini shows his Medicean sympathies by using this contemptuous term, and by the honourable mention he makes of Prinzivalle della Stufa.

[2] A convent of closely immured nuns.

buke, they sent us to the chancellor; I muttering all the while, "It was a slap and not a blow," with which we left the Eight bursting with laughter. The chancellor bound us over upon bail on both sides; but only I was punished by having to pay the four measures of meal. Albeit just then I felt as though I had been massacred, I sent for one of my cousins, called Maestro Annibale, the surgeon, father of Messer Librodoro Librodori, desiring that he should go bail for me.[3] He refused to come, which made me so angry, that, fuming with fury and swelling like an asp, I took a desperate resolve. At this point one may observe how the stars do not so much sway as force our conduct. When I reflected on the great obligations which this Annibale owed my family, my rage grew to such a pitch that, turning wholly to evil, and being also by nature somewhat choleric, I waited till the magistrates had gone to dinner; and when I was alone, and observed that none of their officers were watching me, in the fire of my anger, I left the palace, ran to my shop, seized a dagger and rushed to the house of my enemies, who were at home and shop together. I found them at table; and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin through and through to the shirt, without however grazing his flesh or doing him the least harm in the world. When I felt my hand go in, and heard the clothes tear, I thought that I had killed him; and seeing him fall terror-struck to earth, I cried: "Traitors, this day is the day on which I mean to murder you all." Father, mother, and sisters, thinking the last day had come, threw themselves upon their knees, screaming out for mercy with all their might; but I perceiving that they offered no resistance, and that he was stretched for dead upon the ground, thought it too base a thing to touch them. I ran storming down the staircase; and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the household, more than twelve persons; one of them had seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe, one had an anvil, some of them hammers, and some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four

[3] The word I have translated *massacred* above is *assassinato*. It occurs frequently in Italian of this period, and indicates the extremity of wrong and outrage.

or five to the earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one and now at another. Those who remained upright plied both hands with all their force, giving it me with hammers, cudgels, and anvil; but inasmuch as God does sometimes mercifully intervene, He so ordered that neither they nor I did any harm to one another. I only lost my cap, on which my adversaries seized, though they had run away from it before, and struck at it with all their weapons. Afterwards, they searched among their dead and wounded, and saw that not a single man was injured.

XVIII

I went off in the direction of Santa Maria Novella, and stumbling up against Fra Alessio Strozzi, whom by the way I did not know, I entreated this good friar for the love of God to save my life, since I had committed a great fault. He told me to have no fear; for had I done every sin in the world, I was yet in perfect safety in his little cell.

After about an hour, the Eight, in an extraordinary meeting, caused one of the most dreadful bans which ever were heard of to be published against me, announcing heavy penalties against who should harbour me or know where I was, without regard to place or to the quality of my protector. My poor afflicted father went to the Eight, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for mercy for his unfortunate young son. Thereupon one of those Radical fellows, shaking the crest of his twisted hood, stood up and addressed my father with these insulting words:[1] "Get up from there, and begone at once, for to-morrow we shall send your son into the country with the lances."[2] My poor father had still the spirit to answer: "What God shall have ordained, that will you do, and not a jot or tittle more." Whereto the same man replied that for certain God had ordained as he had spoken. My father said: "The thought consoles me that you do not know for certain;" and quitting their presence, he came to visit me, together with a young man of my

[1] *Un di queli arrovellati scotendo la cresto dello arronzinato cappuccio.* See above, p. 32. The democrats in Cellini's days were called at Florence *Arrabbiati* or *Arrovellati*. In the days of Savonarola this nickname had been given to the ultra-Medicean party or Palleschi.

[2] *Lanciotti.* There is some doubt about this word. But it clearly means men armed with lances, at the disposal of the Signory.

own age, called Pierro di Giovanni Landi—we loved one another as though we had been brothers.

Under his mantle the lad carried a first-rate sword and a splendid coat of mail; and when they found me, my brave father told me what had happened, and what the magistrates had said to him. Then he kissed me on the forehead and both eyes, and gave me his hearty blessing, saying: "May the power of goodness of God be your protection;" and reaching me the sword and armour, he helped me with his own hands to put them on. Afterwards he added: "Oh, my good son, with these arms in thy hand thou shalt either live or die." Pier Landi, who was present, kept shedding tears; and when he had given me ten golden crowns, I bade him remove a few hairs from my chin, which were the first down of my manhood. Frate Alessio disguised me like a friar and gave me a lay brother to go with me.[3] Quitting the convent, and issuing from the city by the gate of Prato, I went along the walls as far as the Piazza di San Gallo. Then I ascended the slope of Montui, and in one of the first houses there I found a man called Il Grassuccio, own brother to Messer Benedetto da Monte Varchi.[4] I flung off my monk's clothes, and became once more a man. Then we mounted two horses, which were waiting there for us, and went by night to Siena. Grassuccio returned to Florence, sought out my father, and gave him the news of my safe escape. In the excess of his joy, it seemed a thousand years to my father till he should meet that member of the Eight who had insulted him; and when he came across the man, he said: "See you, Antonio, that it was God who knew what had to happen to my son, and not yourself?" To which the fellow answered: "Only let him get another time into our clutches!" And my father: "I shall spend my time in thanking God that He has rescued him from that fate."

XIX

At Siena I waited for the mail to Rome, which I afterwards joined; and when we passed the Paglia, we met a

[3] *Un converso*, an attendant on the monks.

[4] Benedetto da Monte Varchi was the celebrated poet, scholar, and historian of Florence, better known as Varchi. Another of his brothers was a physician of high repute at Florence. They continued throughout Cellini's life to live on terms of intimacy with him.

courier carrying news of the new Pope, Clement VII. Upon my arrival in Rome, I went to work in the shop of the master-goldsmith Santi. He was dead; but a son of his carried on the business. He did not work himself, but entrusted all his commissions to a young man named Lucagnolo from Iesi, a country fellow, who while yet a child had come into Santi's service. This man was short but well proportioned, and was a more skilful craftsman than any one whom I had met with up to that time; remarkable for facility and excellent in design. He executed large plate only: that is to say, vases of the utmost beauty, basons, and such pieces.[1] Having put myself to work there, I began to make some candelabra for the Bishop of Salamanca, a Spaniard.[2] They were richly chased, so far as that sort of work admits. A pupil of Raffaello da Urbino called Gian Francesco, and commonly known as Il Fattore, was a painter of great ability; and being on terms of friendship with the Bishop, he introduced me to his favour, so that I obtained many commissions from that prelate, and earned considerable sums of money.[3]

During that time I went to draw, sometimes in Michel Agnolo's chapel, and sometimes in the house of Agostino Chigi of Siena, which contained many incomparable paintings by the hand of that great master Raffaello.[4] This I did on feast-days, because the house was then inhabited by Messer Gismondo, Agostino's brother. They plumed themselves exceedingly when they saw young men of my sort coming to study in their palaces. Gismondo's wife, noticing my frequent presence in that house—she was a lady as courteous as could be, and of surpassing beauty—came up to me one day, looked at my drawings, and asked me if I was a sculptor or a painter; to whom I said I was a goldsmith. She remarked that I drew too well for a goldsmith; and having made one of her waiting-maids bring a lily of the

[1] Cellini calls this *grosseria*.

[2] Don Francesco de Bobadilla. He came to Rome in 1517, was shut up with Clement in the castle of S. Angelo in 1527, and died in 1529, after his return to Spain.

[3] This painter, Gio. Francesco Penni, surnamed Il Fattore, aided Raphael in his Roman frescoes and was much beloved by him. Together with Giulio Romano he completed the imperfect Stanze of the Vatican.

[4] Cellini here alludes to the Sistine Chapel and to the Villa Farnesina in Trastevere, built by the Sienese banker, Agostino Chigi. It was here that Raphael painted his Galatea and the whole fable of Cupid and Psyche.

finest diamonds set in gold, she showed it to me, and bade me value it. I valued it at 800 crowns. Then she said that I had very nearly hit the mark, and asked me whether I felt capable of setting the stones really well. I said that I should much like to do so, and began before her eyes to make a little sketch for it, working all the better because of the pleasure I took in conversing with so lovely and agreeable a gentlewoman. When the sketch was finished, another Roman lady of great beauty joined us; she had been above, and now descending to the ground-floor, asked Madonna Porzia what she was doing there. She answered with a smile: "I am amusing myself by watching this worthy young man at his drawing; he is as good as he is handsome." I had by this time acquired a trifle of assurance, mixed, however, with some honest bashfulness; so I blushed and said: "Such as I am, lady, I shall ever be most ready to serve you." The gentlewoman, also slightly blushing, said: "You know well that I want you to serve me;" and reaching me the lily, told me to take it away; and gave me besides twenty golden crowns which she had in her bag, and added: "Set me the jewel after the fashion you have sketched, and keep for me the old gold in which it is now set." On this the Roman lady observed: "If I were in that young man's body, I should go off without asking leave." Madonna Porzia replied that virtues rarely are at home with vices, and that if I did such a thing, I should strongly belie my good looks of an honest man. Then turning round, she took the Roman lady's hand, and with a pleasant smile said: "Farewell, Benvenuto." I stayed on a short while at the drawing I was making, which was a copy of a Jove by Raffaello. When I had finished it and left the house, I set myself to making a little model of wax, in order to show how the jewel would look when it was completed. This I took to Madonna Porzia, whom I found with the same Roman lady. Both of them were highly satisfied with my work, and treated me so kindly that, being somewhat emboldened, I promised the jewel should be twice as good as the model. Accordingly I set hand to it, and in twelve days I finished it in the form of a fleur-de-lys, as I have said above, ornamenting it with little masks, children, and animals, exquisitely enamelled, whereby

the diamonds which formed the lily were more than doubled in effect.

XX

While I was working at this piece, Lucagnolo, of whose ability I have before spoken, showed considerable discontent, telling me over and over again that I might acquire far more profit and honour by helping him to execute large plate, as I had done at first. I made him answer that, whenever I chose, I should always be capable of working at great silver pieces; but that things like that on which I was now engaged were not commissioned every day; and beside their bringing no less honour than large silver plate, there was also more profit to be made by them. He laughed me in the face, and said: "Wait and see, Benvenuto; for by the time that you have finished that work of yours, I will make haste to have finished this vase, which I took in hand when you did the jewel; and then experience shall teach you what profit I shall get from my vase, and what you will get from your ornament." I answered that I was very glad indeed to enter into such a competition with so good a craftsman as he was, because the end would show which of us was mistaken. Accordingly both the one and the other of us, with a scornful smile upon our lips, bent our heads in grim earnest to the work, which both were now desirous of accomplishing; so that after about ten days, each had finished his undertaking with great delicacy and artistic skill.

Lucagnolo's was a huge silver piece, used at the table of Pope Clement, into which he flung away bits of bone and the rind of divers fruits, while eating; an object of ostentation rather than necessity. The vase was adorned with two fine handles, together with many masks, both small and great, and masses of lovely foliage, in as exquisite a style of elegance as could be imagined; on seeing which I said it was the most beautiful vase that ever I set eyes on. Thinking he had convinced me, Lucagnolo replied: "Your work seems to me no less beautiful, but we shall soon perceive the difference between the two." So he took his vase and carried it to the Pope, who was very well pleased with it, and ordered at once that he should be paid at the ordinary rate of

such large plate. Meanwhile I carried mine to Madonna Porzia, who looked at it with astonishment, and told me I had far surpassed my promise. Then she bade me ask for my reward whatever I liked; for it seemed to her my desert was so great that if I craved a castle she could hardly recompense me; but since that was not in her hands to bestow, she added laughing that I must beg what lay within her power. I answered that the greatest reward I could desire for my labour was to have satisfied her ladyship. Then, smiling in my turn, and bowing to her, I took my leave, saying I wanted no reward but that. She turned to the Roman lady and said: "You see that the qualities we discerned in him are companied by virtues, and not vices." They both expressed their admiration, and then Madonna Porzia continued: "Friend Benvenuto, have you never heard it said that when the poor give to the rich, the devil laughs?" I replied: "Quite true! and yet, in the midst of all his troubles, I should like this time to see him laugh;" and as I took my leave, she said that this time she had no will to bestow on him that favour.

When I came back to the shop, Lucagnolo had the money for his vase in a paper packet; and on my arrival he cried out: "Come and compare the price of your jewel with the price of my plate." I said that he must leave things as they were till the next day, because I hoped that even as my work in its kind was not less excellent than his, so I should be able to show him quite an equal price for it.

XXI

On the day following, Madonna Porzia sent a major-domo of hers to my shop, who called me out, and putting into my hands a paper packet full of money from his lady, told me that she did not choose the devil should have his whole laugh out: by which she hinted that the money sent me was not the entire payment merited by my industry, and other messages were added worthy of so courteous a lady. Lucagnolo, who was burning to compare his packet with mine, burst into the shop; then in the presence of twelve journeymen and some neighbours, eager to behold the result

of this competition, he seized his packet, scornfully exclaiming "Ou! ou!" three or four times, while he poured his money on the counter with a great noise. They were twenty-five crowns in giulios; and he fancied that mine would be four or five crowns *di moneta*.[1] I for my part, stunned and stifled by his cries, and by the looks and smiles of the bystanders, first peeped into my packet; then, after seeing that it contained nothing but gold, I retired to one end of the counter, and, keeping my eyes lowered and making no noise at all, I lifted it with both hands suddenly above my head, and emptied it like a mill hopper.[2] My coin was twice as much as his; which caused the onlookers, who had fixed their eyes on me with some derision, to turn round suddenly to him and say: "Lucagnolo, Benvenuto's pieces, being all of gold and twice as many as yours, make a far finer effect." I thought for certain that, what with jealousy and what with shame, Lucagnolo would have fallen dead upon the spot; and though he took the third part of my gain, since I was a journeyman (for such is the custom of the trade, two-thirds fall to the workman and one-third to the masters of the shop), yet inconsiderate envy had more power in him than avarice: it ought indeed to have worked quite the other way, he being a peasant's son from Iesi. He cursed his art and those who taught it him, vowing that thenceforth he would never work at large plate, but give his whole attention to those brothel gewgaws, since they were so well paid. Equally enraged on my side, I answered, that every bird sang its own note; that he talked after the fashion of the hovels he came from; but that I dared swear that I should succeed with ease in making his lubberly lumber, while he would never be successful in my brothel gewgaws.[3] Thus I flung off in a passion, telling him that I would soon show him that I spoke truth. The bystanders openly declared against him, holding him for a lout, as indeed he was, and me for a man, as I had proved myself.

[1] *Scudi di giuli* and *scudi di moneta*. The *giulio* was a silver coin worth 56 Italian centimes. The *scudi di moneta* was worth 10 *giulios*. Cellini was paid in golden crowns, which had a much higher value. The *scuda* and the *ducato* at this epoch were reckoned at 7 *lire*, the *lira* at 20 *soldi*.

[2] The packet was funnel-shaped, and Cellini poured the coins out from the broad end.

[3] The two slang phrases translated above are *bordellerie* and *coglionerie*.

XXII

Next day, I went to thank Madonna Porzia, and told her that her ladyship had done the opposite of what she said she would; for that while I wanted to make the devil laugh, she had made him once more deny God. We both laughed pleasantly at this, and she gave me other commissions for fine and substantial work.

Meanwhile, I contrived, by means of a pupil of Raffaello da Urbino, to get an order from the Bishop of Salamanca for one of those great water-vessels called *acquereccia*, which are used for ornaments to place on sideboards. He wanted a pair made of equal size; and one of them he intrusted to Lucagnolo, the other to me. Giovan Francesco, the painter I have mentioned, gave us the design.[1] Accordingly I set hand with marvellous good-will to this piece of plate, and was accommodated with a part of his workshop by a Milanese named Maestro Giovan Piero della Tacca. Having made my preparations, I calculated how much money I should need for certain affairs of my own, and sent all the rest to assist my poor father.

It so happened that just when this was being paid to him in Florence, he stumbled upon one of those Radicals who were in the Eight at the time when I got into that little trouble there. It was the very man who had abused him so rudely, and who swore that I should certainly be sent into the country with the lances. Now this fellow had some sons of very bad morals and repute; wherefore my father said to him: "Misfortunes can happen to anybody, especially to men of choleric humour when they are in the right, even as it happened to my son; but let the rest of his life bear witness how virtuously I have brought him up. Would God, for your well-being, that your sons may act neither worse nor better toward you than mine do to me. God rendered me able to bring them up as I have done; and where my own power could not reach, 'twas He who rescued them, against your expectation, out of your violent hands." On leaving the man, he wrote me all this story, begging me for God's sake to practise music at times, in order that I might

[1] That is, Il Fattore. See above, p. 35.

not lose the fine accomplishment which he had taught me with such trouble. The letter so overflowed with expressions of the tenderest fatherly affection, that I was moved to tears of filial piety, resolving, before he died, to gratify him amply with regard to music. Thus God grants us those lawful blessings which we ask in prayer, nothing doubting.

XXIII

While I was pushing forward Salamanca's vase, I had only one little boy as help, whom I had taken at the entreaty of friends, and half against my own will, to be my workman. He was about fourteen years of age, bore the name of Paulino, and was son to a Roman burgess, who lived upon the income of his property. Paulino was the best-mannered, the most honest, and the most beautiful boy I ever saw in my whole life. His modest ways and actions, together with his superlative beauty and his devotion to myself, bred in me as great an affection for him as a man's breast can hold. This passionate love led me oftentimes to delight the lad with music; for I observed that his marvellous features, which by complexion wore a tone of modest melancholy, brightened up, and when I took my cornet, broke into a smile so lovely and so sweet, that I do not marvel at the silly stories which the Greeks have written about the deities of heaven. Indeed, if my boy had lived in those times, he would probably have turned their heads still more.[1] He had a sister, named Faustina, more beautiful, I verily believe, than that Faustina about whom the old books gossip so. Sometimes he took me to their vineyard, and, so far as I could judge, it struck me that Paulino's good father would have welcomed me as a son-in-law. This affair led me to play more than I was used to do.

It happened at that time that one Giangiacomo of Cesena, a musician in the Pope's band, and a very excellent performer, sent word through Lorenzo, the trumpeter of Lucca, who is now in our Duke's service, to inquire whether I was inclined to help them at the Pope's Ferragosto, playing soprano with my cornet in some motets of great beauty

[1] *Gli Arebbe fatti più uscire de' gangheri;* would have taken them still more off the hinges.

selected by them for that occasion.[2] Although I had the greatest desire to finish the vase I had begun, yet, since music has a wondrous charm of its own, and also because I wished to please my old father, I consented to join them. During eight days before the festival we practised two hours a day together; then on the first of August we went to the Belvedere, and while Pope Clement was at table, we played those carefully studied motets so well that his Holiness protested he had never heard music more sweetly executed or with better harmony of parts. He sent for Giangiacomo, and asked him where and how he had procured so excellent a cornet for soprano, and inquired particularly who I was. Giangiacomo told him my name in full. Whereupon the Pope said: "So, then, he is the son of Maestro Giovanni?" On being assured I was, the Pope expressed his wish to have me in his service with the other bandsmen. Giangiacomo replied: "Most blessed Father, I cannot pretend for certain that you will get him, for his profession, to which he devotes himself assiduously, is that of a goldsmith, and he works in it miraculously well, and earns by it far more than he could do by playing." To this the Pope added: "I am the better inclined to him now that I find him possessor of a talent more than I expected. See that he obtains the same salary as the rest of you; and tell him from me to join my service, and that I will find work enough by the day for him to do in his other trade." Then stretching out his hand, he gave him a hundred golden crowns of the Camera in a handkerchief, and said:[3] "Divide these so that he may take his share."

When Giangiacomo left the Pope, he came to us, and related in detail all that the Pope had said; and after dividing the money between the eight of us, and giving me my share, he said to me: "Now I am going to have you inscribed among our company." I replied: "Let the day pass; tomorrow I will give my answer." When I left them, I went meditating whether I ought to accept the invitation, inasmuch as I could not but suffer if I abandoned the noble studies of my art. The following night my father appeared

[2] The *Ferragosto* or *Feriæ Augusti* was a festival upon the first of August.
[3] The Camera Apostolica was the Roman Exchequer.

to me in a dream, and begged me with tears of tenderest affection, for God's love and his, to enter upon this engagement. Methought I answered that nothing would induce me to do so. In an instant he assumed so horrible an aspect as to frighten me out of my wits, and cried: "If you do not, you will have a father's curse; but if you do, may you be ever blessed by me!" When I woke, I ran, for very fright, to have myself inscribed. Then I wrote to my old father, telling him the news, which so affected him with extreme joy that a sudden fit of illness took him, and well-nigh brought him to death's door. In his answer to my letter, he told me that he too had dreamed nearly the same as I had.

XXIV

Knowing now that I had gratified my father's honest wish, I began to think that everything would prosper with me to a glorious and honourable end. Accordingly, I set myself with indefatigable industry to the completion of the vase I had begun for Salamanca. That prelate was a very extraordinary man, extremely rich, but difficult to please. He sent daily to learn what I was doing; and when his messenger did not find me at home, he broke into fury, saying that he would take the work out of my hands and give it to others to finish. This came of my slavery to that accursed music. Still I laboured diligently night and day, until, when I had brought my work to a point when it could be exhibited, I submitted it to the inspection of the Bishop. This so increased his desire to see it finished, that I was sorry I had shown it. At the end of three months I had it ready, with little animals and foliage and masks, as beautiful as one could hope to see. No sooner was it done than I sent it by the hand of my workman, Paulino, to show that able artist Lucagnolo, of whom I have spoken above. Paulino, with the grace and beauty which belonged to him, spoke as follows: "Messer Lucagnolo, Benvenuto bids me say that he has sent to show you his promises and your lumber, expecting in return to see from you his gewgaws." This message given, Lucagnolo took up the vase,

and carefully examined it; then he said to Paulino: "Fair boy, tell your master that he is a great and able artist, and that I beg him to be willing to have me for a friend, and not to engage in aught else." The mission of that virtuous and marvellous lad caused me the greatest joy: and then the vase was carried to Salamanca, who ordered it to be valued. Lucagnolo took part in the valuation, estimating and praising it far above my own opinion. Salamanca, lifting up the vase, cried like a true Spaniard: "I swear by God that I will take as long in paying him as he has lagged in making it." When I heard this, I was exceedingly put out, and fell to cursing all Spain and every one who wished well to it.

Amongst other beautiful ornaments, this vase had a handle, made all of one piece, with most delicate mechanism, which, when a spring was touched, stood upright above the mouth of it. While the prelate was one day ostentatiously exhibiting my vase to certain Spanish gentlemen of his suite, it chanced that one of them, upon Monsignor's quitting the room, began roughly to work the handle, and as the gentle spring which moved it could not bear his loutish violence, it broke in his hand. Aware what mischief he had done, he begged the butler who had charge of the Bishop's plate to take it to the master who had made it, for him to mend, and promised to pay what price he asked, provided it was set to rights at once. So the vase came once more into my hands, and I promised to put it forthwith in order, which indeed I did. It was brought to me before dinner; and at twenty-two o'clock the man who brought it returned, all in a sweat, for he had run the whole way, Monsignor having again asked for it to show to certain other gentlemen.[1] The butler, then, without giving me time to utter a word, cried: "Quick, quick, bring the vase." I, who wanted to act at leisure and not to give it up to him, said that I did not mean to be so quick. The serving-man got into such a rage that he made as though he would put one hand to his sword,

[1] The Italians reckoned time from sundown till sundown, counting twenty-four hours. Twenty-two o'clock was therefore two hours before nightfall. One hour of the night was one hour after nightfall, and so forth. By this system of reckoning, it is clear that the hours varied with the season of the year; and unless we know the exact month in which an event took place, we cannot translate any hour into terms of our own system.

while with the other he threatened to break the shop open. To this I put a stop at once with my own weapon, using therewith spirited language, and saying: "I am not going to give it to you! Go and tell Monsignor, your master, that I want the money for my work before I let it leave this shop." When the fellow saw he could not obtain it by swaggering, he fell to praying me, as one prays to the Cross, declaring that if I would only give it up, he would take care I should be paid. These words did not make me swerve from my purpose; but I kept on saying the same thing. At last, despairing of success, he swore to come with Spaniards enough to cut me in pieces. Then he took to his heels; while I, who inclined to believe partly in their murderous attack, resolved that I would defend myself with courage. So I got an admirable little gun ready, which I used for shooting game, and muttered to myself: "He who robs me of my property and labour may take my life too, and welcome." While I was carrying on this debate in my own mind, a crowd of Spaniards arrived, led by their major-domo, who, with the headstrong rashness of his race, bade them go in and take the vase and give me a good beating. Hearing these words, I showed them the muzzle of my gun, and prepared to fire, and cried in a loud voice: "Renegade Jews, traitors, is it thus that one breaks into houses and shops in our city of Rome? Come as many of you thieves as like, an inch nearer to this wicket, and I'll blow all their brains out with my gun." Then I turned the muzzle toward their major-domo, and making as though I would discharge it, called out: "And you big thief, who are egging them on, I mean to kill you first." He clapped spurs to the jennet he was riding, and took flight headlong. The commotion we were making stirred up all the neighbours, who came crowding round, together with some Roman gentlemen who chanced to pass, and cried: "Do but kill the renegades, and we will stand by you." These words had the effect of frightening the Spaniards in good earnest. They withdrew, and were compelled by the circumstances to relate the whole affair to Monsignor. Being a man of inordinate haughtiness, he rated the members of his household, both because they had engaged in such an act of violence, and also because, having

begun, they had not gone through with it. At this juncture the painter, who had been concerned in the whole matter, came in, and the Bishop bade him go and tell me that if I did not bring the vase at once, he would make mincemeat of me;[2] but if I brought it, he would pay its price down. These threats were so far from terrifying me, that I sent him word I was going immediately to lay my case before the Pope.

In the meantime, his anger and my fear subsided; whereupon, being guaranteed by some Roman noblemen of high degree that the prelate would not harm me, and having assurance that I should be paid, I armed myself with a large poniard and my good coat of mail, and betook myself to his palace, where he had drawn up all his household. I entered, and Paulino followed with the silver vase. It was just like passing through the Zodiac, neither more nor less; for one of them had the face of the lion, another of the scorpion, a third of the crab. However, we passed onward to the presence of the rascally priest, who spouted out a torrent of such language as only priests and Spaniards have at their command. In return I never raised my eyes to look at him, nor answered word for word. That seemed to augment the fury of his anger; and causing paper to be put before me, he commanded me to write an acknowledgment to the effect that I had been amply satisfied and paid in full. Then I raised my head, and said I should be very glad to do so when I had received the money. The Bishop's rage continued to rise; threats and recriminations were flung about; but at last the money was paid, and I wrote the receipt. Then I departed, glad at heart and in high spirits.

XXV

When Pope Clement heard the story—he had seen the vase before, but it was not shown him as my work—he expressed much pleasure and spoke warmly in my praise, publicly saying that he felt very favourably toward me. This caused Monsignor Salamanca to repent that he had hectored over me; and in order to make up our quarrel, he sent the same painter to inform me that he meant to give me large commissions. I replied that I was willing to undertake

[2] Lit., "the largest piece left of me should be my ears."

them, but that I should require to be paid in advance. This speech too came to Pope Clement's ears, and made him laugh heartily. Cardinal Cibo was in the presence, and the Pope narrated to him the whole history of my dispute with the Bishop.[1] Then he turned to one of his people, and ordered him to go on supplying me with work for the palace. Cardinal Cibo sent for me, and after some time spent in agreeable conversation, gave me the order for a large vase, bigger than Salamanca's. I likewise obtained commissions from Cardinal Cornaro, and many others of the Holy College, especially Ridolfi and Salviati; they all kept me well employed, so that I earned plenty of money.[2]

Madonna Porzia now advised me to open a shop of my own. This I did; and I never stopped working for that excellent and gentle lady, who paid me exceedingly well, and by whose means perhaps it was that I came to make a figure in the world.

I contracted close friendship with Signor Gabbriello Ceserino, at that time Gonfalonier of Rome, and executed many pieces for him. One, among the rest, is worthy of mention. It was a large golden medal to wear in the hat. I engraved upon it Leda with her swan; and being very well pleased with the workmanship, he said he should like to have it valued, in order that I might be properly paid. Now, since the medal was executed with consummate skill, the valuers of the trade set a far higher price on it than he had thought of. I therefore kept the medal, and got nothing for my pains. The same sort of adventures happened in this case as in that of Salamanca's vase. But I shall pass such matters briefly by, lest they hinder me from telling things of greater importance.

XXVI

Since I am writing my life, I must from time to time diverge from my profession in order to describe with brevity,

[1] Innocenzio Cibo Malaspina, Archbishop of Genoa, and nephew of Lorenzo de' Medici. He was a prelate of vast wealth and a great patron of arts and letters.

[2] Marco Cornaro was a brother of Caterina, the Queen of Cyprus. He obtained the hat in 1492. Niccolò Ridolfi was a nephew of Leo X. Giovanni Salviati, the son of Jacopo mentioned above, p. 14, was also a nephew of Leo X., who gave him the hat in 1517.

if not in detail, some incidents which have no bearing on my career as artist. On the morning of Saint John's Day I happened to be dining with several men of our nation, painters, sculptors, goldsmiths, amongst the most notable of whom was Rosso and Gainfrancesco, the pupil of Raffaello.[1] I had invited them without restraint or ceremony to the place of our meeting, and they were all laughing and joking, as is natural when a crowd of men come together to make merry on so great a festival. It chanced that a light-brained swaggering young fellow passed by; he was a soldier of Rienzo da Ceri, who, when he heard the noise that we were making, gave vent to a string of opprobrious sarcasms upon the folk of Florence.[2] I, who was the host of these great artists and men of worth, taking the insult to myself, slipped out quietly without being observed, and went up to him. I ought to say that he had a punk of his there, and was going on with his stupid ribaldries to amuse her. When I met him, I asked if he was the rash fellow who was speaking evil of the Florentines. He answered at once: "I am that man." On this I raised my hand, struck him in the face, and said: "And I am *this* man." Then we each of us drew our swords with spirit; but the fray had hardly begun when a crowd of persons intervened, who rather took my part than not, hearing and seeing that I was in the right.

On the following day a challenge to fight with him was brought me, which I accepted very gladly, saying that I expected to complete this job far quicker than those of the other art I practised. So I went at once to confer with a fine old man called Bevilacqua, who was reputed to have been the first sword of Italy, because he had fought more than twenty serious duels and had always come off with honour. This excellent man was a great friend of mine; he knew me as an artist and had also been concerned as intermediary in certain ugly quarrels between me and others. Accordingly,

[1] St. John's Day was the great Florentine Festival, on which all the Guilds went in procession with pageants through the city. Of the Florentine painter, Il Rosso, or Maitre Roux, this is the first mention by Cellini. He went to France in 1534, and died an obscure death there in 1541.

[2] This Rienzo, Renzo, or Lorenzo da Ceri, was a captain of adventurers or Condottiere, who hired his mercenary forces to paymasters. He defended Crema for the Venetians in 1514, and conquered Urbino for the Pope in 1515. Afterwards he fought for the French in the Italian wars. We shall hear more of him again during the sack of Rome.

when he had learned my business, he answered with a smile: "My Benvenuto, if you had an affair with Mars, I am sure you would come out with honour, because through all the years that I have known you, I have never seen you wrongfully take up a quarrel." So he consented to be my second, and we repaired with sword in hand to the appointed place; but no blood was shed, for my opponent made the matter up, and I came with much credit out of the affair.[3] I will not add further particulars; for though they would be very interesting in their own way, I wish to keep both space and words for my art, which has been my chief inducement to write as I am doing, and about which I shall have only too much to say.

The spirit of honourable rivalry impelled me to attempt some other masterpiece, which should equal, or even surpass, the productions of that able craftsman, Lucagnolo, whom I have mentioned. Still I did not on this account neglect my own fine art of jewellery; and so both the one and the other wrought me much profit and more credit, and in both of them I continued to produce things of marked originality. There was at that time in Rome a very able artist of Perugia named Lautizio, who worked only in one department, where he was sole and unrivalled throughout the world.[4] You must know that at Rome every cardinal has a seal, upon which his title is engraved, and these seals are made just as large as a child's hand of about twelve years of age; and, as I have already said, the cardinal's title is engraved upon the seal together with a great many ornamental figures. A well-made article of the kind fetches a hundred, or more than a hundred crowns. This excellent workman, like Lucagnolo, roused in me some honest rivalry, although the art he practised is far remote from the other branches of gold-smithery, and consequently Lautizio was not skilled in making anything but seals. I gave my mind to acquiring his craft also, although I found it very difficult; and, unrepelled by the trouble which it gave me, I went on zealously upon the path of profit and improvement.

[3] The Italian, *restando dal mio avversario*, seems to mean that Cellini's opponent proposed an accommodation, apologized, or stayed the duel at a certain point.

[4] See Cellini's Treatise *Oreficeria*, cap. vi., for more particulars about this artist.

There was in Rome another most excellent craftsman of ability, who was a Milanese named Messer Caradosso.[5] He dealt in nothing but little chiselled medals, made of plates of metal, and such-like things. I have seen of his some paxes in half relief, and some Christs a palm in length wrought of the thinnest golden plates, so exquisitely done that I esteemed him the greatest master in that kind I had ever seen, and envied him more than all the rest together. There were also other masters who worked at medals carved in steel, which may be called the models and true guides for those who aim at striking coins in the most perfect style. All these divers arts I set myself with unflagging industry to learn.

I must not omit the exquisite art of enamelling, in which I have never known any one excel save a Florentine, our countryman, called Amerigo.[6] I did not know him, but was well acquainted with his incomparable masterpieces. Nothing in any part of the world or by any craftman that I have seen, approached the divine beauty of their workmanship. To this branch too I devoted myself with all my strength, although it is extremely difficult, chiefly because of the fire, which, after long time and trouble spent in other processes, has to be applied at last, and not unfrequently brings the whole to ruin. In spite of its great difficulties, it gave me so much pleasure that I looked upon them as recreation; and this came from the special gift which the God of nature bestowed on me, that is to say, a temperament so happy and of such excellent parts that I was freely able to accomplish whatever it pleased me to take in hand. The various departments of art which I have described are very different one from the other, so that a man who excels in one of them, if he undertakes the others, hardly ever achieves the same success; whereas I strove with all my power to become equally versed in all of them: and in the proper place I shall demonstrate that I attained my object.

[5] His real name was Ambrogio Foppa. The nickname Caradosso is said to have stuck to him in consequence of a Spaniard calling him Bear's-face in his own tongue. He struck Leo X.'s coins; and we possess some excellent medallion portraits by his hand.

[6] For him, consult Cellini's *Oreficeria.*

XXVII

At that time, while I was still a young man of about twenty-three, there raged a plague of such extraordinary violence that many thousands died of it every day in Rome. Somewhat terrified at this calamity, I began to take certain amusements, as my mind suggested, and for a reason which I will presently relate. I had formed a habit of going on feast-days to the ancient buildings, and copying parts of them in wax or with the pencil; and since these buildings are all ruins, and the ruins house innumerable pigeons, it came into my head to use my gun against these birds. So then, avoiding all commerce with people, in my terror of the plague, I used to put a fowling-piece on my boy Pagolino's shoulder, and he and I went out alone into the ruins; and oftentimes we came home laden with a cargo of the fattest pigeons. I did not care to charge my gun with more than a single ball; and thus it was by pure skill in the art that I filled such heavy bags. I had a fowling-piece which I had made myself; inside and out it was as bright as any mirror. I also used to make a very fine sort of powder, in doing which I discovered secret processes, beyond any which have yet been found; and on this point, in order to be brief, I will give but one particular, which will astonish good shots of every degree. This is, that when I charged my gun with powder weighing one-fifth of the ball, it carried two hundred paces point-blank. It is true that the great delight I took in this exercise bid fair to withdraw me from my art and studies; yet in another way it gave me more than it deprived me of, seeing that each time I went out shooting I returned with greatly better health, because the open air was a benefit to my constitution. My natural temperament was melancholy, and while I was taking these amusements, my heart leapt up with joy, and I found that I could work better and with far greater mastery than when I spent my whole time in study and manual labour. In this way my gun, at the end of the game, stood me more in profit than in loss.

It was also the cause of my making acquaintance with certain hunters after curiosities, who followed in the track[1]

[1] *Stavano alle velette.* Perhaps *lay in wait for.*

of those Lombard peasants who used to come to Rome to till the vineyards at the proper season. While digging the ground, they frequently turned up antique medals, agates, chrysoprases, cornelians, and cameos; also sometimes jewels, as, for instance, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies. The peasants used to sell things of this sort to the traders for a mere trifle; and I very often, when I met them, paid the latter several times as many golden crowns as they had given giulios for some object. Independently of the profit I made by this traffic, which was at least tenfold, it brought me also into agreeable relations with nearly all the cardinals of Rome. I will only touch upon a few of the most notable and rarest of these curiosities. There came into my hands, among many other fragments, the head of a dolphin about as big as a good-sized ballot-bean. Not only was the style of this head extremely beautiful, but nature had here far surpassed art; for the stone was an emerald of such good colour, that the man who bought it from me for tens of crowns sold it again for hundreds after setting it as a finger-ring. I will mention another kind of gem; this was a magnificent topaz; and here art equalled nature; it was as large as a big hazel-nut, with the head of Minerva in a style of inconceivable beauty. I remember yet another precious stone, different from these; it was a cameo, engraved with Hercules binding Cerberus of the triple throat; such was its beauty and the skill of its workmanship, that our great Michel Agnolo protested he had never seen anything so wonderful. Among many bronze medals, I obtained one upon which was a head of Jupiter. It was the largest that had ever been seen; the head of the most perfect execution; and it had on the reverse side a very fine design of some little figures in the same style. I might enlarge at great length on this curiosity; but I will refrain for fear of being prolix.

XXVIII

As I have said above, the plague had broken out in Rome; but though I must return a little way upon my steps, I shall not therefore abandon the main path of my history. There arrived in Rome a surgeon of the highest renown, who was

called Maestro Giacomo da Carpi.[1] This able man, in the course of his other practice, undertook the most desperate cases of the so-called French disease. In Rome this kind of illness is very partial to the priests, and especially to the richest of them. When, therefore, Maestro Giacomo had made his talents known, he professed to work miracles in the treatment of such cases by means of certain fumigations; but he only undertook a cure after stipulating for his fees, which he reckoned not by tens, but by hundreds of crowns. He was a great connoisseur in the arts of design. Chancing to pass one day before my shop, he saw a lot of drawings which I had laid upon the counter, and among these were several designs for little vases in a capricious style, which I had sketched for my amusement. These vases were in quite a different fashion from any which had been seen up to that date. He was anxious that I should finish one or two of them for him in silver; and this I did with the fullest satisfaction, seeing they exactly suited my own fancy. The clever surgeon paid me very well, and yet the honour which the vases brought me was worth a hundred times as much; for the best craftsmen in the goldsmith's trade declared they had never seen anything more beautiful or better executed.

No sooner had I finished them than he showed them to the Pope; and the next day following he betook himself away from Rome. He was a man of much learning, who used to discourse wonderfully about medicine. The Pope would fain have had him in his service, but he replied that he would not take service with anybody in the world, and that whoso had need of him might come to seek him out. He was a person of great sagacity, and did wisely to get out of Rome; for not many months afterwards, all the patients he had treated grew so ill that they were a hundred times worse off than before he came. He would certainly have been murdered if he had stopped. He showed my little vases to several persons of quality; amongst others, to the most

[1] Giacomo Berengario da Carpi was, in fact, a great physician, surgeon, and student of anatomy. He is said to have been the first to use mercury in the cure of syphilis, a disease which was devastating Italy after the year 1495. He amassed a large fortune, which, when he died at Ferrara about 1530, he bequeathed to the Duke there.

excellent Duke of Ferrara, and pretended that he had got them from a great lord in Rome, by telling this nobleman that if he wanted to be cured, he must give him those two vases; and that the lord had answered that they were antique, and besought him to ask for anything else which it might be convenient for him to give, provided only he would leave him those; but, according to his own account, Maestro Giacomo made as though he would not undertake the cure, and so he got them.

I was told this by Messer Alberto Bendedio in Ferrara, who with great ostentation showed me some earthenware copies he possessed of them.[2] Thereupon I laughed, and as I said nothing, Messer Alberto Bendedio, who was a haughty man, flew into a rage and said: "You are laughing at them, are you? And I tell you that during the last thousand years there has not been born a man capable of so much as copying them." I then, not caring to deprive them of so eminent a reputation, kept silence, and admired them with mute stupefaction. It was said to me in Rome by many great lords, some of whom were my friends, that the work of which I have been speaking was, in their opinion of marvellous excellence and genuine antiquity; whereupon, emboldened by their praises, I revealed that I had made them. As they would not believe it, and as I wished to prove that I had spoken truth, I was obliged to bring evidence and to make new drawings of the vases; for my word alone was not enough, inasmuch as Maestro Giacomo had cunningly insisted upon carrying off the old drawings with him. By this little job I earned a fair amount of money.

XXIX

The plague went dragging on for many months, but I had as yet managed to keep it at bay; for though several of my comrades were dead, I survived in health and freedom. Now it chanced one evening that an intimate comrade of mine brought home to supper a Bolognese prostitute named Faustina. She was a very fine woman, but about thirty years of age; and she had with her a little serving-girl of

[2] See below, Book II. Chap. viii., for a full account of this incident at Ferrara.

thirteen or fourteen. Faustina belonging to my friend, I would not have touched her for all the gold in the world; and though she declared she was madly in love with me, I remained steadfast in my loyalty. But after they had gone to bed, I stole away the little serving-girl, who was quite a fresh maid, and woe to her if her mistress had known of it! The result was that I enjoyed a very pleasant night, far more to my satisfaction than if I had passed it with Faustina. I rose upon the hour of breaking fast, and felt tired, for I had travelled many miles that night, and was wanting to take food, when a crushing headache seized me; several boils appeared on my left arm, together with a carbuncle which showed itself just beyond the palm of the left hand where it joins the wrist. Everybody in the house was in a panic; my friend, the cow and the calf, all fled. Left alone there with my poor little prentice, who refused to abandon me, I felt stifled at the heart, and made up my mind for certain I was a dead man.

Just then the father of the lad went by, who was physician to the Cardinal Iacoacci,[1] and lived as member of that prelate's household.[2] The boy called out: "Come, father, and see Benvenuto; he is in bed with some trifling indisposition." Without thinking what my complaint might be, the doctor came up at once, and when he had felt my pulse, he saw and felt what was very contrary to his own wishes. Turning round to his son, he said: "O traitor of a child, you've ruined me; how can I venture now into the Cardinal's presence?" His son made answer: "Why, father, this man my master is worth far more than all the cardinals in Rome." Then the doctor turned to me and said: "Since I am here, I will consent to treat you. But of one thing only I warn you, that if you have enjoyed a woman, you are doomed." To this I replied: "I did so this very night." He answered: "With whom, and to what extent?"[3] I said: "Last night, and with a girl in her earliest maturity." Upon this, perceiving that he had spoken foolishly, he made haste to add: "Well, considering the sores are so new, and have not yet begun to stink, and that the remedies will be taken in time,

[1] Probably Domenico Iacobacci, who obtained the hat in 1517.
[2] *A sua provisione stava, i. e.*, he was in the Cardinal's regular pay.
[3] *Quanto.* Perhaps we ought to read *quando—when?*

you need not be too much afraid, for I have good hopes of curing you." When he had prescribed for me and gone away, a very dear friend of mine, called Giovanni Rigogli, came in, who fell to commiserating my great suffering and also my desertion by my comrade, and said: "Be of good cheer, my Benvenuto, for I will never leave your side until I see you restored to health." I told him not to come too close, since it was all over with me. Only I besought him to be so kind as to take a considerable quantity of crowns, which were lying in a little box near my bed, and when God had thought fit to remove me from this world, to send them to my poor father, writing pleasantly to him, in the way I too had done, so far as that appalling season of the plague permitted.[4] My beloved friend declared that he had no intention whatsoever of leaving me, and that come what might, in life or death, he knew very well what was his duty toward a friend. And so we went on by the help of God: and the admirable remedies which I had used began to work a great improvement, and I soon came well out of that dreadful sickness.

The sore was still open, with a plug of lint inside it and a plaster above, when I went out riding on a little wild pony. He was covered with hair four fingers long, and was exactly as big as a well-grown bear; indeed he looked just like a bear. I rode out on him to visit the painter Rosso, who was then living in the country, toward Cività Vecchia, at a place of Count Anguillara's called Cervetera. I found my friend, and he was very glad to see me; whereupon I said: "I am come to do to you that which you did to me so many months ago." He burst out laughing, embraced and kissed me, and begged me for the Count's sake to keep quiet. I stayed in that place about a month, with much content and gladness, enjoying good wines and excellent food, and treated with the greatest kindness by the Count; every day I used to ride out alone along the seashore, where I dismounted, and filled my pockets with all sorts of pebbles, snail shells, and sea shells of great rarity and beauty.

[4] *Come ancora io avevo fatto secondo l'usanza che promettava quell' arrabbiata stagione.* I am not sure that I have given the right sense in the text above. Leclanché interprets the words thus: "that I too had fared according to the wont of that appalling season," *i. e.*, had died of the plague. But I think the version in my sense is more true both to Italian and to Cellini's special style.

On the last day (for after this I went there no more) I was attacked by a band of men, who had disguised themselves, and disembarked from a Moorish privateer. When they thought that they had run me into a certain passage, where it seemed impossible that I should escape from their hands, I suddenly mounted my pony, resolved to be roasted or boiled alive at that pass perilous, seeing I had little hope to evade one or the other of these fates;[5] but, as God willed, my pony, who was the same I have described above, took an incredibly wide jump, and brought me off in safety, for which I heartily thanked God. I told the story to the Count; he ran to arms; but we saw the galleys setting out to sea. The next day following I went back sound and with good cheer to Rome.

XXX

The plague had by this time almost died out, so that the survivors, when they met together alive, rejoiced with much delight in one another's company. This led to the formation of a club of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths, the best that were in Rome; and the founder of it was a sculptor with the name of Michel Agnolo.[1] He was a Sienese and a man of great ability, who could hold his own against any other workman in that art; but, above all, he was the most amusing comrade and the heartiest good fellow in the universe. Of all the members of the club, he was the eldest, and yet the youngest from the strength and vigour of his body. We often came together; at the very least twice a week. I must not omit to mention that our society counted Giulio Romano, the painter, and Gian Francesco, both of them celebrated pupils of the mighty Raffaello da Urbino.

After many and many merry meetings, it seemed good to our worthy president that for the following Sunday we should repair to supper in his house, and that each one of us should be obliged to bring with him his crow (such was the nickname Michel Agnolo gave to women in the club), and that whoso did not bring one should be sconced by paying a supper to the whole company. Those of us who had

[5] *i. e.*, to escape either being drowned or shot.

[1] This sculptor came to Rome with his compatriot Baldassare Peruzzi, and was employed upon the monument of Pope Adrian VI., which he executed with some help from Tribolo.

no familiarity with women of the town, were forced to purvey themselves at no small trouble and expense, in order to appear without disgrace at that distinguished feast of artists. I had reckoned upon being well provided with a young woman of considerable beauty, called Pantasilea, who was very much in love with me; but I was obliged to give her up to one of my dearest friends, called Il Bachiacca, who on his side had been, and still was, over head and ears in love with her.[2] This exchange excited a certain amount of lover's anger, because the lady, seeing I had abandoned her at Bachiacca's first entreaty, imagined that I held in slight esteem the great affection which she bore me. In course of time a very serious incident grew out of this misunderstanding, through her desire to take revenge for the affront I had put upon her; whereof I shall speak hereafter in the proper place.

Well, then, the hour was drawing nigh when we had to present ourselves before that company of men of genius, each with his own crow; and I was still unprovided; and yet I thought it would be stupid to fail of such a madcap bagatelle;[3] but what particularly weighed upon my mind was that I did not choose to lend the light of my countenance in that illustrious sphere to some miserable plume-plucked scarecrow. All these considerations made me devise a pleasant trick, for the increase of merriment and the diffusion of mirth in our society.

Having taken this resolve, I sent for a stripling of sixteen years, who lived in the next house to mine; he was the son of a Spanish coppersmith. This young man gave his time to Latin studies, and was very diligent in their pursuit. He bore the name of Diego, had a handsome figure, and a complexion of marvellous brilliancy; the outlines of his head and face were far more beautiful than those of the antique Antinous: I had often copied them, gaining thereby much honour from the works in which I used them. The youth had no acquaintances, and was therefore quite unknown;

[2] There were two artists at this epoch surnamed Bachiacca, the twin sons of Ubertino Verdi, called respectively Francesco and Antonio. Francesco was an excellent painter of miniature oil-pictures; Antonio the first embroiderer of his age. The one alluded to here is probably Francesco.

[3] *Mancare di una sipazza cosa.* The *pazza cosa* may be the supper-party or the *cornacchia.*

dressed very ill and negligently; all his affections being set upon those wonderful studies of his. After bringing him to my house, I begged him to let me array him in the woman's clothes which I had caused to be laid out. He readily complied, and put them on at once, while I added new beauties to the beauty of his face by the elaborate and studied way in which I dressed his hair. In his ears I placed two little rings, set with two large and fair pearls; the rings were broken; they only clipped his ears, which looked as though they had been pierced. Afterwards I wreathed his throat with chains of gold and rich jewels, and ornamented his fair hands with rings. Then I took him in a pleasant manner by one ear, and drew him before a great looking-glass. The lad, when he beheld himself, cried out with a burst of enthusiasm: "Heavens! is that Diego?" I said: "That is Diego, from whom until this day I never asked for any kind of favour; but now I only beseech Diego to do me pleasure in one harmless thing; and it is this—I want him to come in those very clothes to supper with the company of artists whereof he has often heard me speak." The young man, who was honest, virtuous, and wise, checked his enthusiasm, bent his eyes to the ground, and stood for a short while in silence. Then with a sudden move he lifted up his face and said: "With Benvenuto I will go; now let us start."

I wrapped his head in a large kind of napkin, which is called in Rome a summer-cloth; and when we reached the place of meeting, the company had already assembled, and everybody came forward to greet me. Michel Agnolo had placed himself between Giulio and Giovan Francesco. I lifted the veil from the head of my beauty; and then Michel Agnolo, who, as I have already said, was the most humorous and amusing fellow in the world, laid his two hands, the one on Giulio's and the other on Gian Francesco's shoulders, and pulling them with all his force, made them bow down, while he, on his knees upon the floor, cried out for mercy, and called to all the folk in words like these: "Behold ye of what sort are the angels of paradise! for though they are called angels, here shall ye see that they are not all of the male gender." Then with a loud voice he added:

"Angel beauteous, angel best,
Save me thou, make thou me blest."

Upon this my charming creature laughed, and lifted the right hand and gave him a papal benediction, with many pleasant words to boot. So Michel Agnolo stood up, and said it was the custom to kiss the feet of the Pope and the cheeks of angels; and having done the latter to Diego, the boy blushed deeply, which immensely enhanced his beauty.

When this reception was over, we found the whole room full of sonnets, which every man of us had made and sent to Michel Agnolo. My lad began to read them, and read them all aloud so gracefully, that his infinite charms were heightened beyond the powers of language to describe. Then followed conversation and witty sayings, on which I will not enlarge, for that is not my business; only one clever word must be mentioned, for it was spoken by that admirable painter Giulio, who, looking round with meaning[4] in his eyes on the bystanders, and fixing them particularly upon the women, turned to Michel Agnolo and said: "My dear Michel Agnolo, your nickname of crow very well suits those ladies to-day, though I vow they are somewhat less fair than crows by the side of one of the most lovely peacocks which fancy could have painted."

When the banquet was served and ready, and we were going to sit down to table, Giulio asked leave to be allowed to place us. This being granted, he took the women by the hand, and arranged them all upon the inner side, with my fair in the centre; then he placed all the men on the outside and me in the middle, saying there was no honour too great for my deserts. As a background to the women, there was spread an espalier of natural jasmines in full beauty,[5] which set off their charms, and especially Diego's, to such great advantage, that words would fail to describe the effect. Then we all of us fell to enjoying the abundance of our host's well-furnished table. The supper was followed by a

[4] *Virtuosamente.* Cellini uses the word *virtuoso* in many senses, but always more with reference to intellectual than moral qualities. It denotes genius, artistic ability, masculine force, &c.

[5] *Un tessuto di gelsumini naturali e bellissimi. Tessuto* is properly something woven, a fabric; and I am not sure whether Cellini does not mean that the ladies had behind their backs a tapestry representing jasmines in a natural manner.

short concert of delightful music, voices joining in harmony with instruments; and forasmuch as they were singing and playing from the book, my beauty begged to be allowed to sing his part. He performed the music better than almost all the rest, which so astonished the company that Giulio and Michel Agnolo dropped their earlier tone of banter, exchanging it for well-weighed terms of sober heartfelt admiration.

After the music was over, a certain Aurelio Ascolano,[6] remarkable for his gift as an improvisatory poet, began to extol the women in choice phrases of exquisite compliment. While he was chanting, the two girls who had my beauty between them never left off chattering. One of them related how she had gone wrong; the other asked mine how it had happened with her, and who were her friends, and how long she had been settled in Rome, and many other questions of the kind. It is true that, if I chose to describe such laughable episodes, I could relate several odd things which then occurred through Pantasilea's jealousy on my account; but since they form no part of my design, I pass them briefly over. At last the conversation of those loose women vexed my beauty, whom we had christened Pomona for the nonce; and Pomona, wanting to escape from their silly talk, turned restlessly upon her chair, first to one side and then to the other. The female brought by Giulio asked whether she felt indisposed. Pomona answered, yes, she thought she was a month or so with a child; this gave them the opportunity of feeling her body and discovering the real sex of the supposed woman. Thereupon they quickly withdrew their hands and rose from table, uttering such gibing words as are commonly addressed to young men of eminent beauty. The whole room rang with laughter and astonishment, in the midst of which Michel Agnolo, assuming a fierce aspect, called out for leave to inflict on me the penance he thought fit. When this was granted, he lifted me aloft amid the clamour of the company, crying: "Long live the gentleman! long live the gentleman!" and added that this was the punishment I deserved for having played so fine a trick. Thus ended that most agreeable sup-

[6] Probably Eurialo d'Ascoli, a friend of Caro, Molza, Aretino.

per-party, and each of us returned to his own dwelling at the close of day.

XXXI

It would take too long to describe in detail all the many and divers pieces of work which I executed for a great variety of men. At present I need only say that I devoted myself with sustained diligence and industry to acquiring mastery in the several branches of art which I enumerated a short while back. And so I went on labouring incessantly at all of them; but since no opportunity has presented itself as yet for describing my most notable performances, I shall wait to report them in their proper place before very long. The Sienese sculptor, Michel Agnolo, of whom I have recently been speaking, was at that time making the monument of the late Pope Adrian. Giulio Romano went to paint for the Marquis of Mantua. The other members of the club betook themselves in different directions, each to his own business; so that our company of artists was well-nigh altogether broken up.

About this time there fell into my hands some little Turkish poniards; the handle as well as the blade of these daggers was made of iron, and so too was the sheath. They were engraved by means of iron implements with foliage in the most exquisite Turkish style, very neatly filled in with gold. The sight of them stirred in me a great desire to try my own skill in that branch, so different from the others which I practised; and finding that I succeeded to my satisfaction, I executed several pieces. Mine were far more beautiful and more durable than the Turkish, and this for divers reasons. One was that I cut my grooves much deeper and with wider trenches in the steel; for this is not usual in Turkish work. Another was that the Turkish arabesques are only composed of arum leaves with a few small sunflowers;[1] and though these have a certain grace, they do not yield so lasting a pleasure as the patterns which we use. It is true that in Italy we have several different ways of designing foliage; the Lombards, for example, construct very beautiful patterns by copying the leaves of briony and

[1] *Gichero,* arum maculatum, and *clizia,* the sunflower.

ivy in exquisite curves, which are extremely agreeable to the eye; the Tuscans and the Romans make a better choice, because they imitate the leaves of the acanthus, commonly called bear's-foot, with its stalks and flowers, curling in divers wavy lines; and into these arabesques one may excellently well insert the figures of little birds and different animals, by which the good taste of the artist is displayed. Some hints for creatures of this sort can be observed in nature among the wild flowers, as, for instance, in snapdragons and some few other plants, which must be combined and developed with the help of fanciful imaginings by clever draughtsmen. Such arabesques are called grotesques by the ignorant. They have obtained this name of grotesques among the moderns through being found in certain subterranean caverns in Rome by students of antiquity; which caverns were formerly chambers, hot-baths, cabinets for study, halls, and apartments of like nature. The curious discovering them in such places (since the level of the ground has gradually been raised while they have remained below, and since in Rome these vaulted rooms are commonly called grottoes), it has followed that the word grotesque is applied to the patterns I have mentioned. But this is not the right term for them, inasmuch as the ancients, who delighted in composing monsters out of goats, cows, and horses, called these chimerical hybrids by the name of monsters; and the modern artificers of whom I speak, fashioned from the foliage which they copied monsters of like nature; for these the proper name is therefore monsters, and not grotesques. Well, then, I designed patterns of this kind, and filled them in with gold, as I have mentioned; and they were far more pleasing to the eye than the Turkish.

It chanced at that time that I lighted upon some jars or little antique urns filled with ashes, and among the ashes were some iron rings inlaid with gold (for the ancients also used that art), and in each of the rings was set a tiny cameo of shell. On applying to men of learning, they told me that these rings were worn as amulets by folk desirous of abiding with mind unshaken in any extraordinary circumstance, whether of good or evil fortune. Hereupon, at the request of certain noblemen who were my friends, I

undertook to fabricate some trifling rings of this kind; but I made them of refined steel; and after they had been well engraved and inlaid with gold, they produced a very beautiful effect; and sometimes a single ring brought me more than forty crowns, merely in payment for my labour.

It was the custom at that epoch to wear little golden medals, upon which every nobleman or man of quality had some device or fancy of his own engraved; and these were worn in the cap. Of such pieces I made very many, and found them extremely difficult to work. I have already mentioned the admirable craftsman Caradosso, who used to make such ornaments; and as there were more than one figure on each piece, he asked at least a hundred gold crowns for his fee. This being so—not, however, because his prices were so high, but because he worked so slowly—I began to be employed by certain noblemen, for whom, among other things, I made a medal in competition with that great artist, and it had four figures, upon which I had expended an infinity of labour. These men of quality, when they compared my piece with that of the famous Caradosso, declared that mine was by far the better executed and more beautiful, and bade me ask what I liked as the reward of my trouble; for since I had given them such perfect satisfaction, they wished to do the like by me. I replied that my greatest reward and what I most desired was to have rivalled the masterpieces of so eminent an artist; and that if their lordships thought I had, I acknowledged myself to be most amply rewarded. With this I took my leave, and they immediately sent me such a very liberal present, that I was well content; indeed there grew in me so great a spirit to do well, that to this event I attributed what will afterwards be related of my progress.

XXXII

I shall be obliged to digress a little from the history of my art, unless I were to omit some annoying incidents which have happened in the course of my troubled career. One of these, which I am about to describe, brought me into the greatest risk of my life. I have already told the story of the artists' club, and of the farcical adventures which hap-

Facsimile of a page of the Manuscript

(A free translation)

I tell the story of my checkered life in order that I may thus express my gratitude to the God of Nature, who has not only given me a soul, but has always had it in His special care; and the fact that I am still alive, after all the arduous and perilous feats I have achieved, is proof thereof. It has been my woeful destiny to encounter manifold afflictions during the early part of my career; but now this same destiny has at length revealed me to the world as endued with such uncommon worth, glory, grace, valor, beauty, form, that I outstrip many and overtake him who has for the moment outstripped me. Yet is there one thing that stings me with remorse, and that is the thought that all my deeds have had their source in vainglory, and so have been but waste of precious time. But our fluttering thoughts are swept away by every gust of wind, and, since repentance boots not, I will content me with the pleasant feeling that I, until named the BENVENUTO, *have been born and reared in the very Flower of this noble Tuscan land.*

"I had begun to write this my life with my own hand, as one can see in certain sheets pasted (parched) together, but considering that I lost too much time, and, as it seemed to me that there was in this excessive vanity, when chance presented to me a son of Michele di Goro, of the Parish of Groppino, a sickly young boy about fourteen years old, I commenced getting him to write, and, while I worked, I dictated to him my life."

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VESTA

Vesta, dea focolare della Natura,
che mi hai fatto, mentre ero in me,
alla divina, alla mia
vita, e mi hai dato
grande valore, perché io
possa avere
una vita divina, e
non mi lasci
morire prima del tempo.



pened owing to the woman whom I mentioned, Pantasilea, the one who felt for me that false and fulsome love. She was furiously enraged because of the pleasant trick by which I brought Diego to our banquet, and she swore to be revenged on me. How she did so is mixed up with the history of a young man called Luigi Pulci, who had recently come to Rome. He was the son of one of the Pulcis, who had been beheaded for incest with his daughter; and the youth possessed extraordinary gifts for poetry together with sound Latin scholarship; he wrote well, was graceful in manners, and of surprising personal beauty; he had just left the service of some bishop, whose name I do not remember, and was thoroughly tainted with a very foul disease. While he was yet a lad and living in Florence, they used in certain places of the city to meet together during the nights of summer on the public streets; and he, ranking among the best of the improvisatori, sang there. His recitations were so admirable, that the divine Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, that prince of sculptors and of painters, went, wherever he heard that he would be, with the greatest eagerness and delight to listen to him. There was a man called Piloto, a goldsmith, very able in his art, who, together with myself, joined Buonarroti upon these occasions.[1] Thus acquaintance sprang up between me and Luigi Pulci; and so, after the lapse of many years, he came, in the miserable plight which I have mentioned, to make himself known to me again in Rome, beseeching me for God's sake to help him. Moved to compassion by his great talents, by the love of my fatherland, and by my own natural tenderness of heart, I took him into my house, and had him medically treated in such wise that, being but a youth, he soon regained his health. While he was still pursuing his cure, he never omitted his studies, and I provided him with books according to the means at my disposal. The result was that Luigi, recognising the great benefits he had received from me, oftentimes with words and tears returned me thanks, protesting that if God should

[1] Piloto, of whom we shall hear more hereafter, was a prominent figure in the Florentine society of artists, and a celebrated practical joker. Vasari says that a young man of whom he had spoken ill murdered him. Lasca's Novelle, *Le Cene*, should be studied by those who seek an insight into this curious Bohemia of the sixteenth century.

ever put good fortune in his way, he would recompense me for my kindness. To this I replied that I had not done for him as much as I desired, but only what I could, and that it was the duty of human beings to be mutually serviceable. Only I suggested that he should repay the service I had rendered him by doing likewise to some one who might have the same need of him as he had had of me.

The young man in question began to frequent the Court of Rome, where he soon found a situation, and enrolled himself in the suite of a bishop, a man of eighty years, who bore the title of Gurgensis.[2] This bishop had a nephew called Messer Giovanni: he was a nobleman of Venice; and the said Messer Giovanni made show of marvellous attachment to Luigi Pulci's talents; and under the pretence of these talents, he brought him as familiar to himself as his own flesh and blood. Luigi having talked of me, and of his great obligations to me, with Messer Giovanni, the latter expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. Thus then it came to pass, that when I had upon a certain evening invited that woman Pantasilea to supper, and had assembled a company of men of parts who were my friends, just at the moment of our sitting down to table, Messer Giovanni and Luigi Pulci arrived, and after some complimentary speeches, they both remained to sup with us. The shameless strumpet, casting her eyes upon the young man's beauty, began at once to lay her nets for him; perceiving which, when the supper had come to an agreeable end, I took Luigi aside, and conjured him, by the benefits he said he owed me, to have nothing whatever to do with her. To this he answered: "Good heavens, Benvenuto! do you then take me for a madman?" I rejoined: "Not for a madman, but for a young fellow;" and I swore to him by God: "I do not give that woman the least thought; but for your sake I should be sorry if through her you came to break your neck." Upon these words he vowed and prayed to God, that, if ever he but spoke with her, he might upon the moment break his neck. I think the poor lad swore this oath to God with all his heart, for he did break his neck, as I shall presently relate. Messer Gio-

[2] Girolamo Balbo, of the noble Venetian family, Bishop of Gurck, in Carinthia.

vanni showed signs too evident of loving him in a dishonourable way; for we began to notice that Luigi had new suits of silk and velvet every morning, and it was known that he abandoned himself altogether to bad courses. He neglected his fine talents, and pretended not to see or recognise me, because I had once rebuked him, and told him he was giving his soul to foul vices, which would make him break his neck, as he had vowed.

XXXIII

Now Messer Giovanni bought his favourite a very fine black horse, for which he paid 150 crowns. The beast was admirably trained to hand, so that Luigi could go daily to caracole around the lodgings of that prostitute Pantasilea. Though I took notice of this, I paid it no attention, only remarking that all things acted as their nature prompted; and meanwhile I gave my whole mind to my studies. It came to pass one Sunday evening that we were invited to sup together with the Sienese sculptor, Michel Agnolo, and the time of the year was summer. Bachiacca, of whom I have already spoken, was present at the party; and he had brought with him his old flame, Pantasilea. When we were at table, she sat between me and Bachiacca; but in the very middle of the banquet she rose, and excused herself upon the pretext of a natural need, saying she would speedily return. We, meanwhile, continued talking very agreeably and supping; but she remained an unaccountably long time absent. It chanced that, keeping my ears open, I thought I heard a sort of subdued tittering in the street below. I had a knife in hand, which I was using for my service at the table. The window was so close to where I sat, that, by merely rising, I could see Luigi in the street, together with Pantasilea; and I heard Luigi saying: "Oh, if that devil Benvenuto only saw us, shouldn't we just catch it!" She answered: "Have no fear; only listen to the noise they're making; we are the last thing they're thinking of." At these words, having made them both well out, I leaped from the window, and took Luigi by the cape; and certainly I should then have killed him with the knife I held, but that he was riding a white horse, to which he clapped spurs, leaving his cape in my grasp, in

order to preserve his life. Pantasilea took to her heels in the direction of a neighbouring church. The company at supper rose immediately, and came down, entreating me in a body to refrain from putting myself and them to inconvenience for a strumpet. I told them that I should not have let myself be moved on her account, but that I was bent on punishing the infamous young man, who showed how little he regarded me. Accordingly I would not yield to the remonstrances of those ingenious and worthy men, but took my sword, and went alone toward Prati:—the house where we were supping, I should say, stood close to the Castello gate, which led to Prati.[1] Walking thus upon the road to Prati, I had not gone far before the sun sank, and I re-entered Rome itself at a slow pace. Night had fallen; darkness had come on; but the gates of Rome were not yet shut.

Toward two hours after sunset, I walked along Pantasilea's lodging, with the intention, if Luigi Pulci were there, of doing something to the discontent of both. When I heard and saw that no one but a poor servant-girl called Canida was in the house, I went to put away my cloak and the scabbard of my sword, and then returned to the house, which stood behind the Banchi on the river Tiber. Just opposite stretched a garden belonging to an innkeeper called Romolo. It was enclosed by a thick hedge of thorns, in which I hid myself, standing upright, and waiting till the woman came back with Luigi. After keeping watch awhile there, my friend Bachiacca crept up to me; whether led by his own suspicions or by the advice of others, I cannot say. In a low voice he called out to me: "Gossip" (for so we used to name ourselves for fun); and then he prayed me for God's love, using the words which follow, with tears in the tone of his voice: "Dear gossip, I entreat you not to injure that poor girl; she at least has erred in no wise in this matter—no, not at all." When I heard what he was saying, I replied: "If you don't take yourself off now, at this first word I utter, I will bring my sword here down upon your head." Over-

[1] The Porta Castello was the gate called after the Castle of S. Angelo. Prati, so far as I can make out, was an open space between the Borgo and the Bridge of S. Angelo. In order to get inside Rome itself, Cellini had to pass a second gate. His own lodging and Pantasilea's house were in the quarter of the Bianchi, where are now the Via Giulia and Via de' Banchi Vecchi.

whelmed with fright, my poor gossip was suddenly taken ill with the colic, and withdrew to ease himself apart; indeed, he could not but obey the call. There was a glorious heaven of stars, which shed good light to see by. All of a sudden I was aware of the noise of many horses; they were coming toward me from the one side and the other. It turned out to be Luigi and Pantasilea, attended by a certain Messer Benvegnato of Perugia, who was chamberlain to Pope Clement, and followed by four doughty captains of Perugia, with some other valiant soldiers in the flower of youth; altogether reckoned, there were more than twelve swords. When I understood the matter, and saw not how to fly, I did my best to crouch into the hedge. But the thorns pricked and hurt me, goading me to madness like a bull; and I had half resolved to take a leap and hazard my escape. Just then Luigi, with his arm round Pantasilea's neck, was heard crying: "I must kiss you once again, if only to insult that traitor Benvenuto." At that moment, annoyed as I was by the prickles, and irritated by the young man's words, I sprang forth, lifted my sword on high, and shouted at the top of my voice: "You are all dead folk!" My blow descended on the shoulder of Luigi; but the satyrs who doted on him, had steeled his person round with coats of mail and such-like villainous defences; still the stroke fell with crushing force. Swerving aside, the sword hit Pantasilea full in nose and mouth. Both she and Luigi grovelled on the ground, while Bachiacca, with his breeches down to heels, screamed out and ran away. Then I turned upon the others boldly with my sword; and those valiant fellows, hearing a sudden commotion in the tavern, thought there was an army coming of a hundred men; and though they drew their swords with spirit, yet two horses which had taken fright in the tumult cast them into such disorder that a couple of the best riders were thrown, and the remainder took to flight. I, seeing that the affair was turning out well for me, ran as quickly as I could, and came off with honour from the engagement, not wishing to tempt fortune more than was my duty. During this hurly-burly, some of the soldiers and captains wounded themselves with their own arms; and Messer Benvegnato, the Pope's chamberlain, was kicked and trampled by his mule.

One of the servants also, who had drawn his sword, fell down together with his master, and wounded him badly in the hand. Maddened by the pain, he swore louder than all the rest in his Perugian jargon, crying out: "By the body of God, I will take care that Benvegnato teaches Benvenuto how to live." He afterwards commissioned one of the captains who were with him (braver perhaps than the others, but with less aplomb, as being but a youth) to seek me out. The fellow came to visit me in the place of my retirement; that was the palace of a great Neapolitan nobleman, who had become acquainted with me in my art, and had besides taken a fancy to me because of my physical and mental aptitude for fighting, to which my lord himself was personally well inclined. So, then, finding myself made much of, and being precisely in my element, I gave such answer to the captain as I think must have made him earnestly repent of having come to look me up. After a few days, when the wounds of Luigi, and the strumpet, and the rest were healing, this great Neapolitan nobleman received overtures from Messer Benvegnato; for the prelate's anger had cooled, and he proposed to ratify a peace between me and Luigi and the soldiers, who had personally no quarrel with me, and only wished to make my acquaintance. Accordingly my friend the nobleman replied that he would bring me where they chose to appoint, and that he was very willing to effect a reconciliation. He stipulated that no words should be bandied about on either side, seeing that would be little to their credit; it was enough to go through the form of drinking together and exchanging kisses; he for his part undertook to do the talking, and promised to settle the matter to their honour. This arrangement was carried out. On Thursday evening my protector took me to the house of Messer Benvegnato, where all the soldiers who had been present at that discomfiture were assembled, and already seated at table. My nobleman was attended by thirty brave fellows, all well armed; a circumstance which Messer Benvegnato had not anticipated. When we came into the hall, he walking first, I following, he spake to this effect: "God save you, gentlemen; we have come to see you, I and Benvenuto, whom I love like my own brother; and we are ready

to do whatever you propose." Messer Benvegnato, seeing the hall filled with such a crowd of men, called out: "It is only peace, and nothing else, we ask of you." Accordingly he promised that the governor of Rome and his catchpoles should give me no trouble. Then we made peace, and I returned to my shop, where I could not stay an hour without that Neapolitan nobleman either coming to see me or sending for me.

Meanwhile Luigi Pulci, having recovered from his wound, rode every day upon the black horse which was so well trained to heel and bridle. One day, among others, after it had rained a little, and he was making his horse curvet just before Pantasilea's door, he slipped and fell, with the horse upon him. His right leg was broken short off in the thigh; and after a few days he died there in Pantasilea's lodgings, discharging thus the vow he registered so heartily to Heaven. Even so may it be seen that God keeps account of the good and the bad, and gives to each one what he merits.

XXXIV

The whole world was now in warfare.[1] Pope Clement had sent to get some troops from Giovanni de' Medici, and when they came, they made such disturbances in Rome, that it was ill living in open shops.[2] On this account I retired to a good snug house behind the Banchi, where I worked for all the friends I had acquired. Since I produced few things of much importance at that period, I need not waste time in talking about them. I took much pleasure in music and amusements of the kind. On the death of Giovanni de' Medici in Lombardy, the Pope, at the advice of Messer Jacopo Salviati, dismissed the five bands he had engaged; and when the Constable of Bourbon knew there were no troops in Rome, he pushed his army with the utmost energy up to the city. The whole of Rome upon this flew to arms. I happened to be intimate with Alessandro, the son of Piero del Bene, who, at

[1] War had broken out in 1521 between Charles V. and Francis I., which disturbed all Europe and involved the States of Italy in serious complications. At the moment when this chapter opens, the Imperialist army under the Constable of Bourbon was marching upon Rome in 1527.

[2] These troops entered Rome in October 1526. They were disbanded in March 1527.

the time when the Colonnesi entered Rome, had requested me to guard his palace.[3] On this more serious occasion, therefore, he prayed me to enlist fifty comrades for the protection of the said house, appointing me their captain, as I had been when the Colonnesi came. So I collected fifty young men of the highest courage, and we took up our quarters in his palace, with good pay and excellent appointments.

Bourbon's army had now arrived before the walls of Rome, and Alessandro begged me to go with him to reconnoitre. So we went with one of the stoutest fellows in our Company; and on the way a youth called Cecchino della Casa joined himself to us. On reaching the walls by the Campo Sánto, we could see that famous army, which was making every effort to enter the town. Upon the ramparts where we took our station several young men were lying killed by the besiegers; the battle raged there desperately, and there was the densest fog imaginable. I turned to Alessandro and said: "Let us go home as soon as we can, for there is nothing to be done here; you see the enemies are mounting, and our men are in flight." Alessandro, in a panic, cried: "Would God that we had never come here!" and turned in maddest haste to fly. I took him up somewhat sharply with these words: "Since you have brought me here, I must perform some action worthy of a man;" and directing my arquebuse where I saw the thickest and most serried troop of fighting men, I aimed exactly at one whom I remarked to be higher than the rest; the fog prevented me from being certain whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then I turned to Alessandro and Cecchino, and bade them discharge their arquebuses, showing them how to avoid being hit by the besiegers. When we had fired two rounds apiece, I crept cautiously up to the wall, and observing among the enemy a most extraordinary confusion, I discovered afterwards that one of our shots had killed the Constable of Bourbon; and

[3] Cellini here refers to the attack made upon Rome by the great Ghibelline house of Colonna, led by their chief captain, Pompeo, in September 1526. They took possession of the city and drove Clement into the Castle of S. Angelo, where they forced him to agree to terms favouring the Imperial cause. It was customary for Roman gentlemen to hire bravi for the defence of their palaces when any extraordinary disturbance was expected, as, for example, upon the vacation of the Papal Chair.

from what I subsequently learned, he was the man whom I had first noticed above the heads of the rest.[4]

Quitting our position on the ramparts, we crossed the Campo Santo, and entered the city by St. Peter's; then coming out exactly at the church of Santo Agnolo, we got with the greatest difficulty to the great gate of the castle; for the generals Renzo di Ceri and Orazio Baglioni were wounding and slaughtering everybody who abandoned the defence of the walls.[5] By the time we had reached the great gate, part of the foemen had already entered Rome, and we had them in our rear. The castellan had ordered the portcullis to be lowered, in order to do which they cleared a little space, and this enabled us four to get inside. On the instant that I entered, the captain Pallone de' Medici claimed me as being of the Papal household, and forced me to abandon Alessandro, which I had to do, much against my will. I ascended to the keep, and at the same instant Pope Clement came in through the corridors into the castle; he had refused to leave the palace of St. Peter earlier, being unable to believe that his enemies would effect their entrance into Rome.[6] Having got into the castle in this way, I attached myself to certain pieces of artillery, which were under the command of a bombardier called Giuliano Fiorentino. Leaning there against the battlements, the unhappy man could see his poor house being sacked, and his wife and children outraged; fearing to strike his own folk, he dared not discharge the cannon, and flinging the burning fuse upon the ground, he wept as though his heart would break, and tore his cheeks with both his hands.[7] Some of

[4] All historians of the sack of Rome agree in saying that Bourbon was shot dead while placing ladders against the outworks near the shop Cellini mentions. But the honour of firing the arquebuse which brought him down cannot be assigned to any one in particular. Very different stories were current on the subject. See Gregorovius, *Stadt Rom.*, vol. viii. p. 522.

[5] For Renzo di Ceri see above, p. 48. Orazio Baglioni, of the semi-princely Perugian family, was a distinguished Condottiere. He subsequently obtained the captaincy of the Bande Nere, and died fighting near Naples in 1528. Orazio murdered several of his cousins in order to acquire the lordship of Perugia. His brother Malatesta undertook to defend Florence in the siege of 1530, and sold the city by treason to Clement.

[6] Giovio, in his Life of the Cardinal Prospero Colonna, relates how he accompanied Clement in his flight from the Vatican to the castle. While passing some open portions of the gallery, he threw his violet mantle and cap of a Monsignore over the white stole of the Pontiff, for fear he might be shot at by the soldiers in the streets below.

[7] The short autobiography of Raffaello da Montelupo, a man in many

the other bombardiers were behaving in like manner; seeing which, I took one of the matches, and got the assistance of a few men who were not overcome by their emotions. I aimed some swivels and falconets at points where I saw it would be useful, and killed with them a good number of the enemy. Had it not been for this, the troops who poured into Rome that morning, and were marching straight upon the castle, might possibly have entered it with ease, because the artillery was doing them no damage. I went on firing under the eyes of several cardinals and lords, who kept blessing me and giving me the heartiest encouragement. In my enthusiasm I strove to achieve the impossible; let it suffice that it was I who saved the castle that morning, and brought the other bombardiers back to their duty.[8] I worked hard the whole of that day; and when the evening came, while the army was marching into Rome through the Trastevere, Pope Clement appointed a great Roman nobleman named Antonio Santacroce to be captain of all the gunners. The first thing this man did was to come to me, and having greeted me with the utmost kindness, he stationed me with five fine pieces of artillery on the highest point of the castle, to which the name of the Angel specially belongs. This circular eminence goes round the castle, and surveys both Prati and the town of Rome. The captain put under my orders enough men to help in managing my guns, and having seen me paid in advance, he gave me rations of bread and a little wine, and begged me to go forward as I had begun. I was perhaps more inclined by nature to the profession of arms than to the one I had adopted, and I took such pleasure in its duties that I discharged them better than those of my own art. Night came, the enemy had entered Rome, and we who were in the castle (especially myself, who have always taken pleasure in extraordinary sights) stayed gazing on the indescribable scene of tumult and conflagration in the streets below. People who were anywhere else but

respects resembling Cellini, confirms this part of our author's narrative. It is one of the most interesting pieces of evidence regarding what went on inside the castle during the sack of Rome. Montelupo was also a gunner, and commanded two pieces.

[8] This is an instance of Cellini's exaggeration. He did more than yeoman's service, no doubt. But we cannot believe that, without him, the castle would have been taken.

where we were, could not have formed the least imagination of what it was. I will not, however, set myself to describe that tragedy, but will content myself with continuing the history of my own life and the circumstances which properly belong to it.

XXXV

During the course of my artillery practice, which I never intermitted through the whole month passed by us beleaguered in the castle, I met with a great many very striking accidents, all of them worthy to be related. But since I do not care to be too prolix, or to exhibit myself outside the sphere of my profession, I will omit the larger part of them, only touching upon those I cannot well neglect, which shall be the fewest in number and the most remarkable. The first which comes to hand is this: Messer Antonio Santacroce had made me come down from the Angel, in order to fire on some houses in the neighbourhood, where certain of our besiegers had been seen to enter. While I was firing, a cannon shot reached me, which hit the angle of a battlement, and carried off enough of it to be the cause why I sustained no injury. The whole mass struck me in the chest and took my breath away. I lay stretched upon the ground like a dead man, and could hear what the bystanders were saying. Among them all, Messer Antonio Santacroce lamented greatly, exclaiming: "Alas, alas! we have lost the best defender that we had." Attracted by the uproar, one of my comrades ran up; he was called Gianfrancesco, and was a bandsman, but was far more naturally given to medicine than to music. On the spot he flew off, crying for a stoop of the very best Greek wine. Then he made a tile red-hot, and cast upon it a good handful of wormwood; after which he sprinkled the Greek wine; and when the wormwood was well soaked, he laid it on my breast, just where the bruise was visible to all. Such was the virtue of the wormwood that I immediately regained my scattered faculties. I wanted to begin to speak; but could not; for some stupid soldiers had filled my mouth with earth, imagining that by so doing they were giving me the sacrament; and indeed they were more like to have excommunicated me,

since I could with difficulty come to myself again, the earth doing me more mischief than the blow. However, I escaped that danger, and returned to the rage and fury of the guns, pursuing my work there with all the ability and eagerness that I could summon.

Pope Clement, by this, had sent to demand assistance from the Duke of Urbino, who was with the troops of Venice; he commissioned the envoy to tell his Excellency that the Castle of S. Angelo would send up every evening three beacons from its summit accompanied by three discharges of the cannon thrice repeated, and that so long as this signal was continued, he might take for granted that the castle had not yielded. I was charged with lighting the beacons and firing the guns for this purpose; and all this while I pointed my artillery by day upon the places where mischief could be done. The Pope, in consequence, began to regard me with still greater favour, because he saw that I discharged my functions as intelligently as the task demanded. Aid from the Duke of Urbino never came; on which, as it is not my business, I will make no further comment.[1]

XXXVI

While I was at work upon that diabolical task of mine, there came from time to time to watch me some of the cardinals who were invested in the castle; and most frequently the Cardinal of Ravenna and the Cardinal de' Gaddi.[1] I often told them not to show themselves, since their nasty red caps gave a fair mark to our enemies. From neighbouring buildings, such as the Torre de' Bini, we ran great peril when they were there; and at last I had them locked off, and gained thereby their deep ill-will. I frequently received visits also from the general, Orazio Baglioni, who was

[1] Francesco Maria della Rovere, Duke of Urbino, commanded a considerable army as general of the Church, and was now acting for Venice. Why he effected no diversion while the Imperial troops were marching upon Rome, and why he delayed to relieve the city, was never properly explained. Folk attributed his impotent conduct partly to a natural sluggishness in warfare, and partly to his hatred for the house of Medici. Leo X. had deprived him of his dukedom, and given it to a Medicean prince. It is to this that Cellini probably refers in the cautious phrase which ends the chapter.

[1] Benedetto Accolti of Arezzo, Archbishop of Ravenna in 1524, obtained the hat in 1527, three days before the sack of Rome. He was a distinguished man of letters. Niccolò Gaddi was created Cardinal on the same day as Accolti. We shall hear more of him in Cellini's pages.

very well affected toward me. One day while he was talking with me, he noticed something going forward in a drinking-place outside the Porta di Castello, which bore the name of Baccanello. This tavern had for sign a sun painted between two windows, of a bright red colour. The windows being closed, Signor Orazio concluded that a band of soldiers were carousing at table just between them and behind the sun. So he said to me: "Benvenuto, if you think that you could hit that wall an ell's breadth from the sun with your demi-cannon here, I believe you would be doing a good stroke of business, for there is a great commotion there, and men of much importance must probably be inside the house." I answered that I felt quite capable of hitting the sun in its centre, but that a barrel full of stones, which was standing close to the muzzle of the gun, might be knocked down by the shock of the discharge and the blast of the artillery. He rejoined: "Don't waste time, Benvenuto. In the first place, it is not possible, where it is standing, that the cannon's blast should bring it down; and even if it were to fall, and the Pope himself was underneath, the mischief would not be so great as you imagine. Fire, then, only fire!" Taking no more thought about it, I struck the sun in the centre, exactly as I said I should. The cask was dislodged, as I predicted, and fell precisely between Cardinal Farnese and Messer Jacopo Salviati.[2] It might very well have dashed out the brains of both of them, except that just at that very moment Farnese was reproaching Salviati with having caused the sack of Rome, and while they stood apart from one another to exchange opprobrious remarks, my gabion fell without destroying them. When he heard the uproar in the court below, good Signor Orazio dashed off in a hurry; and I, thrusting my neck forward where the cask had fallen, heard some people saying: "It would not be a bad job to kill that gunner!" Upon this I turned two falconets toward the staircase, with mind resolved to let blaze on the first man who attempted to come up. The household of Cardinal Farnese must have received orders to go and do me some injury; accordingly I prepared to receive them, with a lighted match

[2] Alessandro Farnese, Dean of the Sacred College, and afterwards Pope Paul III. Of Giacopo Salviati we have already heard, p. 14.

in hand. Recognising some who were approaching, I called out: "You lazy lubbers, if you don't pack off from there, and if but a man's child among you dares to touch the staircase, I have got two cannon loaded, which will blow you into powder. Go and tell the Cardinal that I was acting at the order of superior officers, and that what we have done and are doing is in defence of them priests,[3] and not to hurt them." They made away; and then came Signor Orazio Baglioni, running. I bade him stand back, else I'd murder him; for I knew very well who he was. He drew back a little, not without a certain show of fear, and called out: "Benvenuto, I am your friend!" To this I answered: "Sir, come up, but come alone, and then come as you like." The general, who was a man of mighty pride, stood still a moment, and then said angrily: "I have a good mind not to come up again, and to do quite the opposite of that which I intended toward you." I replied that just as I was put there to defend my neighbours, I was equally well able to defend myself too. He said that he was coming alone; and when he arrived at the top of the stairs, his features were more discomposed than I thought reasonable. So I kept my hand upon my sword, and stood eyeing him askance. Upon this he began to laugh, and the colour coming back into his face, he said to me with the most pleasant manner: "Friend Benvenuto, I bear you as great love as I have it in my heart to give; and in God's good time I will render you proof of this. Would to God that you had killed those two rascals; for one of them is the cause of all this trouble, and the day perchance will come when the other will be found the cause of something even worse." He then begged me, if I should be asked, not to say that he was with me when I fired the gun; and for the rest bade me be of good cheer. The commotion which the affair made was enormous, and lasted a long while. However, I will not enlarge upon it further, only adding that I was within an inch of revenging my father on Messer Jacopo Salviati, who had grievously injured him, according to my father's complaints. As it was, unwittingly I gave the fellow a great fright. Of Farnese I shall say nothing here, because it will ap-

[3] *Loro preti.* Perhaps *their priests.*

pear in its proper place how well it would have been if I had killed him.

XXXVII

I pursued my business of artilleryman, and every day performed some extraordinary feat, whereby the credit and the favour I acquired with the Pope was something indescribable. There never passed a day but what I killed one or another of our enemies in the besieging army. On one occasion the Pope was walking round the circular keep,[1] when he observed a Spanish Colonel in the Prati; he recognised the man by certain indications, seeing that this officer had formerly been in his service; and while he fixed his eyes on him, he kept talking about him. I, above by the Angel, knew nothing of all this, but spied a fellow down there, busying himself about the trenches with a javelin in his hand; he was dressed entirely in rose-colour; and so, studying the worst that I could do against him, I selected a gerfalcon which I had at hand; it is a piece of ordnance larger and longer than a swivel, and about the size of a demi-culverin. This I emptied, and loaded it again with a good charge of fine powder mixed with the coarser sort; then I aimed it exactly at the man in red, elevating prodigiously, because a piece of that calibre could hardly be expected to carry true at such a distance. I fired, and hit my man exactly in the middle. He had trussed his sword in front,[2] for swagger, after a way those Spaniards have; and my ball, when it struck him, broke upon the blade, and one could see the fellow cut in two fair halves. The Pope, who was expecting nothing of this kind, derived great pleasure and amazement from the sight, both because it seemed to him impossible that one should aim and hit the mark at such a distance, and also because the man was cut in two, and he could not comprehend how this should happen. He sent for me, and asked about it. I explained all the devices I had used in firing; but told him that why the man was cut in halves, neither he nor I could know. Upon my bended knees I then

[1] The Mastio or main body of Hadrian's Mausoleum, which was converted into a fortress during the Middle Ages.

[2] *S'aveva messo la spada dinanzi.* Perhaps *was bearing his sword in front of him.*

besought him to give me the pardon of his blessing for that homicide; and for all the others I had committed in the castle in the service of the Church. Thereat the Pope, raising his hand, and making a large open sign of the cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he gave me pardon for all murders I had ever perpetrated, or should ever perpetrate, in the service of the Apostolic Church. When I left him, I went aloft, and never stayed from firing to the utmost of my power; and few were the shots of mine that missed their mark. My drawing, and my fine studies in my craft, and my charming art of music, all were swallowed up in the din of that artillery; and if I were to relate in detail all the splendid things I did in that infernal work of cruelty, I should make the world stand by and wonder. But, not to be too prolix, I will pass them over. Only I must tell a few of the most remarkable, which are, as it were, forced in upon me.

To begin then: pondering day and night what I could render for my own part in defence of Holy Church, and having noticed that the enemy changed guard and marched past through the great gate of Santo Spirito, which was within a reasonable range, I thereupon directed my attention to that spot; but, having to shoot sideways, I could not do the damage that I wished, although I killed a fair percentage every day. This induced our adversaries, when they saw their passage covered by my guns, to load the roof of a certain house one night with thirty gabions, which obstructed the view I formerly enjoyed. Taking better thought than I had done of the whole situation, I now turned all my five pieces of artillery directly on the gabions, and waited till the evening hour, when they changed guard. Our enemies, thinking they were safe, came on at greater ease and in a closer body than usual; whereupon I set fire to my blow-pipes.[3] Not merely did I dash to pieces the gabions which stood in my way; but, what was better, by that one blast I slaughtered more than thirty men. In consequence of this manœuvre, which I repeated twice, the soldiers were thrown into such disorder, that being, moreover, encumbered with the spoils of that great sack, and some of them desirous

[3] *Soffioni*, the cannon being like tubes to blow a fire up.

of enjoying the fruits of their labour, they oftentimes showed a mind to mutiny and take themselves away from Rome. However, after coming to terms with their valiant captain, Gian di Urbino,[4] they were ultimately compelled, at their excessive inconvenience, to take another road when they changed guard. It cost them three miles of march, whereas before they had but half a mile. Having achieved this feat, I was entreated with prodigious favours by all the men of quality who were invested in the castle. This incident was so important that I thought it well to relate it, before finishing the history of things outside my art, the which is the real object of my writing: forsooth, if I wanted to ornament my biography with such matters, I should have far too much to tell. There is only one more circumstance which, now that the occasion offers, I propose to record.

XXXVIII

I shall skip over some intervening circumstances, and tell how Pope Clement, wishing to save the tiaras and the whole collection of the great jewels of the Apostolic Camera, had me called, and shut himself up together with me and the Cavalierino in a room alone.[1] This Cavalierino had been a groom in the stable of Filippo Strozzi; he was French, and a person of the lowest birth; but being a most faithful servant, the Pope had made him very rich, and confided in him like himself. So the Pope, the Cavaliere, and I, being shut up together, they laid before me the tiaras and jewels of the regalia; and his Holiness ordered me to take all the gems out of their gold settings. This I accordingly did; afterwards I wrapt them separately up in bits of paper and we sewed them into the linings of the Pope's and the Cavaliere's clothes. Then they gave me all the gold, which weighed about two hundred pounds, and bade me melt it down as secretly as I was able. I went up to the Angel,

[4] This captain was a Spaniard, who played a very considerable figure in the war, distinguishing himself at the capture of Genoa and the battle of Lodi in 1522, and afterwards acting as Lieutenant-General to the Prince of Orange. He held Naples against Orazio Baglioni in 1528, and died before Spello in 1529.

[1] This personage cannot be identified. The Filippo Strozzi mentioned as having been his master was the great opponent of the Medicean despotism, who killed himself in prison after the defeat of Montemurlo in 1539. He married in early life a daughter of Piero de' Medici.

where I had my lodging, and could lock the door so as to be free from interruption. There I built a little draught-furnace of bricks, with a largish pot, shaped like an open dish, at the bottom of it; and throwing the gold upon the coals, it gradually sank through and dropped into the pan. While the furnace was working I never left off watching how to annoy our enemies; and as their trenches were less than a stone's-throw right below us, I was able to inflict considerable damage on them with some useless missiles,[2] of which there were several piles, forming the old munition of the castle. I chose a swivel and a falconet, which were both a little damaged in the muzzle, and filled them with the projectiles I have mentioned. When I fired my guns, they hurtled down like mad, occasioning all sorts of unexpected mischief in the trenches. Accordingly I kept these pieces always going at the same time that the gold was being melted down; and a little before vespers I noticed some one coming along the margin of the trench on muleback. The mule was trotting very quickly, and the man was talking to the soldiers in the trenches. I took the precaution of discharging my artillery just before he came immediately opposite; and so, making a good calculation, I hit my mark. One of the fragments struck him in the face; the rest were scattered on the mule, which fell dead. A tremendous uproar rose up from the trench; I opened fire with my other piece, doing them great hurt. The man turned out to be the Prince of Orange, who was carried through the trenches to a certain tavern in the neighbourhood, whither in a short while all the chief folk of the army came together.

When Pope Clement heard what I had done, he sent at once to call for me, and inquired into the circumstance. I related the whole, and added that the man must have been of the greatest consequence, because the inn to which they carried him had been immediately filled by all the chiefs of the army, so far at least as I could judge. The Pope, with a shrewd instinct, sent for Messer Antonio Santacroce, the nobleman who, as I have said, was chief and commander of the gunners. He bade him order all us bombardiers to point our pieces, which were very numerous, in one mass

[2] *Passatojacci.*

upon the house, and to discharge them all together upon the signal of an arquebuse being fired. He judged that if we killed the generals, the army, which was already almost on the point of breaking up, would take flight. God perhaps had heard the prayers they kept continually making, and meant to rid them in this manner of those impious scoundrels.

We put our cannon in order at the command of Santacroce, and waited for the signal. But when Cardinal Orsini[3] became aware of what was going forward, he began to expostulate with the Pope, protesting that the thing by no means ought to happen, seeing they were on the point of concluding an accommodation, and that if the generals were killed, the rabble of the troops without a leader would storm the castle and complete their utter ruin. Consequently they could by no means allow the Pope's plan to be carried out. The poor Pope, in despair, seeing himself assassinated both inside the castle and without, said that he left them to arrange it. On this, our orders were countermanded; but I, who chafed against the leash,[4] when I knew that they were coming round to bid me stop from firing, let blaze one of my demi-cannons, and struck a pillar in the courtyard of the house, around which I saw a crowd of people clustering. This shot did such damage to the enemy that it was like to have made them evacuate the house. Cardinal Orsini was absolutely for having me hanged or put to death; but the Pope took up my cause with spirit. The high words that passed between them, though I well know what they were, I will not here relate, because I make no profession of writing history. It is enough for me to occupy myself with my own affairs.

XXXIX

After I had melted down the gold, I took it to the Pope, who thanked me cordially for what I had done, and ordered the Cavalierino to give me twenty-five crowns, apologising to me for his inability to give me more. A few days afterwards the articles of peace were signed. I went with three

[3] Franciotto Orsini was educated in the household of his kinsman Lorenzo de' Medici. He followed the profession of arms, and married; but after losing his wife took orders, and received the hat in 1517.

[4] *Io che non potevo stare alle mosse.*

hundred comrades in the train of Signor Orazio Baglioni toward Perugia; and there he wished to make me captain of the company, but I was unwilling at the moment, saying that I wanted first to go and see my father, and to redeem the ban which was still in force against me at Florence. Signor Orazio told me that he had been appointed general of the Florentines; and Sir Pier Maria del Lotto, the envoy from Florence, was with him, to whom he specially recommended me as his man.[1]

In course of time I came to Florence in the company of several comrades. The plague was raging with indescribable fury. When I reached home, I found my good father, who thought either that I must have been killed in the sack of Rome, or else that I should come back to him a beggar. However, I entirely defeated both these expectations; for I was alive, with plenty of money, a fellow to wait on me, and a good horse. My joy on greeting the old man was so intense, that, while he embraced and kissed me, I thought that I must die upon the spot. After I had narrated all the devilries of that dreadful sack, and had given him a good quantity of crowns which I had gained by my soldiering, and when we had exchanged our tokens of affection, he went off to the Eight to redeem my ban. It so happened that one of those magistrates who sentenced me, was now again a member of the board. It was the very man who had so inconsiderately told my father he meant to march me out into the country with the lances. My father took this opportunity of addressing him with some meaning words, in order to mark his revenge, relying on the favour which Orazio Baglioni showed me.

Matters standing thus, I told my father how Signor Orazio had appointed me captain, and that I ought to begin to think of enlisting my company. At these words the poor old man was greatly disturbed, and begged me for God's sake not to turn my thoughts to such an enterprise, although he knew I should be fit for this or yet a greater business, adding that his other son, my brother, was already a most valiant soldier, and that I ought to pursue the noble art in which I had

[1] Pier Maria di Lotto of S. Miniato was notary to the Florentine Signoria. He collected the remnants of the Bande Nere, and gave them over to Orazio Baglioni, who contrived to escape from S. Angelo in safety to Perugia.

laboured so many years and with such diligence of study. Although I promised to obey him, he reflected, like a man of sense, that if Signor Orazio came to Florence, I could not withdraw myself from military service, partly because I had passed my word, as well as for other reasons. He therefore thought of a good expedient for sending me away, and spoke to me as follows: "Oh, my dear son, the plague in this town is raging with immitigable violence, and I am always fancying you will come home infected with it. I remember, when I was a young man, that I went to Mantua, where I was very kindly received, and stayed there several years. I pray and command you, for the love of me, to pack off and go thither; and I would have you do this to-day rather than to-morrow."

XL

I had always taken pleasure in seeing the world; and having never been in Mantua, I went there very willingly. Of the money I had brought to Florence, I left the greater part with my good father, promising to help him wherever I might be, and confiding him to the care of my elder sister. Her name was Cosa; and since she never cared to marry, she was admitted as a nun in Santa Orsola; but she put off taking the veil, in order to keep house for our old father, and to look after my younger sister, who was married to one Bartolommeo, a surgeon. So then, leaving home with my father's blessing, I mounted my good horse, and rode off on it to Mantua.

It would take too long to describe that little journey in detail. The whole world being darkened over with plague and war, I had the greatest difficulty in reaching Mantua. However, in the end, I got there, and looked about for work to do, which I obtained from a Maestro Niccolo of Milan, goldsmith to the Duke of Mantua. Having thus settled down to work, I went after two days to visit Messer Giulio Romano, that most excellent painter, of whom I have already spoken, and my very good friend. He received me with the tenderest caresses, and took it very ill that I had not dismounted at his house. He was living like a lord, and executing a great work for the Duke outside the city gates, in a place

called Del Te. It was a vast and prodigious undertaking, as may still, I suppose, be seen by those who go there.[1]

Messer Giulio lost no time in speaking of me to the Duke in terms of the warmest praise.[2] That Prince commissioned me to make a model for a reliquary, to hold the blood of Christ, which they have there, and say was brought them by Longinus. Then he turned to Giulio, bidding him supply me with a design for it. To this Giulio replied: "My lord, Benvenuto is a man who does not need other people's sketches, as your Excellency will be very well able to judge when you shall see his model." I set hand to the work, and made a drawing for the reliquary, well adapted to contain the sacred phial. Then I made a little waxen model of the cover. This was a seated Christ, supporting his great cross aloft with the left hand, while he seemed to lean against it, and with the fingers of his right hand he appeared to be opening the wound in his side. When it was finished, it pleased the Duke so much that he heaped favours on me, and gave me to understand that he would keep me in his service with such appointments as should enable me to live in affluence.

Meanwhile, I had paid my duty to the Cardinal his brother, who begged the Duke to allow me to make the pontifical seal of his most reverend lordship.[3] This I began; but while I was working at it I caught a quartan fever. During each access of this fever I was thrown into delirium, when I cursed Mantua and its master and whoever stayed there at his own liking. These words were reported to the Duke by the Milanese goldsmith, who had not omitted to notice that the Duke wanted to employ me. When the Prince heard the ravings of my sickness, he flew into a passion against me; and I being out of temper with Mantua, our bad feeling was reciprocal. The seal was finished after four months, together with several other little pieces I made for the Duke

[1] This is the famous Palazzo del Te, outside the walls of Mantua. It still remains the chief monument of Giulio Romano's versatile genius.

[2] Federigo Gonzago was at this time Marquis of Mantua. Charles V. erected his fief into a duchy in 1530.

[3] Ercole Gonzaga, created Cardinal in 1527. After the death of his brother, Duke Federigo, he governed Mantua for sixteen years as regent for his nephews, and became famous as a patron of arts and letters. He died at Trento in 1563 while presiding over the Council there, in the pontificate of Pius IV.

under the name of the Cardinal. His Reverence paid me well, and bade me return to Rome, to that marvellous city where we had made acquaintance.

I quitted Mantua with a good sum of crowns, and reached Governo, where the most valiant general Giovanni had been killed.[4] Here I had a slight relapse of fever, which did not interrupt my journey, and coming now to an end, it never returned on me again. When I arrived at Florence, I hoped to find my dear father, and knocking at the door, a hump-backed woman in a fury showed her face at the window; she drove me off with a torrent of abuse, screaming that the sight of me was a consumption to her. To this misshapen hag I shouted: "Ho! tell me, cross-grained hunchback, is there no other face to see here but your ugly visage?" "No, and bad luck to you." Whereto I answered in a loud voice: "In less than two hours may it[5] never vex us more!" Attracted by this dispute, a neighbour put her head out, from whom I learned that my father and all the people in the house had died of the plague. As I had partly guessed it might be so, my grief was not so great as it would otherwise have been. The woman afterwards told me that only my sister Liperata had escaped, and that she had taken refuge with a pious lady named Mona Andrea de' Bellacci.[6]

I took my way from thence to the inn, and met by accident a very dear friend of mine, Giovanni Rigogli. Dismounting at his house, we proceeded to the piazza, where I received intelligence that my brother was alive, and went to find him at the house of a friend of his called Bertino Aldobrandini. On meeting, we made demonstrations of the most passionate affection; for he had heard that I was dead, and I had heard that he was dead; and so our joy at embracing one another was extravagant. Then he broke out into a loud fit of laughter, and said: "Come, brother, I will take you where I'm sure you'd never guess! You must know that I have given our sister Liperata away again in marriage, and she holds it for absolutely certain that you are dead." On our way we told each other all the wonderful adventures we had

[4] Giovanni de' Medici, surnamed Delle Bande Nere.
[5] *i. e.*, your ugly visage.
[6] Carpani states that between May and November 1527 about 40,000 persons died of plague in Florence.

met with; and when we reached the house where our sister dwelt, the surprise of seeing me alive threw her into a fainting fit, and she fell senseless in my arms. Had not my brother been present, her speechlessness and sudden seizure must have made her husband imagine I was some one different from a brother—as indeed at first it did. Cecchino, however, explained matters, and busied himself in helping the swooning woman, who soon come to. Then, after shedding some tears for father, sister, husband, and a little son whom she had lost, she began to get the supper ready; and during our merry meeting all that evening we talked no more about dead folk, but rather discoursed gaily about weddings. Thus, then, with gladness and great enjoyment we brought our supper-party to an end.

XLI

On the entreaty of my brother and sister, I remained at Florence, though my own inclination led me to return to Rome. The dear friend, also, who had helped me in some of my earlier troubles, as I have narrated (I mean Piero, son of Giovanni Landi)—he too advised me to make some stay in Florence; for the Medici were in exile, that is to say, Signor Ippolito and Signor Alessandro, who were afterwards respectively Cardinal and Duke of Florence; and he judged it would be well for me to wait and see what happened.[1]

At that time there arrived in Florence a Sienese, called Girolamo Marretti, who had lived long in Turkey and was a man of lively intellect. He came to my shop, and commissioned me to make a golden medal to be worn in the hat. The subject was to be Hercules wrenching the lion's mouth. While I was working at this piece, Michel Agnolo Buonarroti came oftentimes to see it. I had spent infinite pains upon the design, so that the attitude of the figure and the fierce passion

[1] I may remind my readers that the three Medici of the ruling house were now illegitimate. Clement VII. was the bastard son of Giuliano, brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Ippolito, the Cardinal, was the bastard of Giuliano, Duke of Nemours, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Alessandro was the reputed bastard of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Alessandro became Duke of Florence, and after poisoning his cousin, Cardinal Ippolito, was murdered by a distant cousin, Lorenzino de' Medici. In this way the male line of Lorenzo the Magnificent was extinguished.

of the beast were executed in quite a different style from that of any craftsman who had hitherto attempted such groups. This, together with the fact that the special branch of art was totally unknown to Michel Agnolo, made the divine master give such praises to my work that I felt incredibly inspired for further effort. However, I found little else to do but jewel-setting; and though I gained more thus than in any other way, yet I was dissatisfied, for I would fain have been employed upon some higher task than that of setting precious stones.

Just then I met with Federigo Ginori, a young man of a very lofty spirit. He had lived some years in Naples, and being endowed with great charms of person and presence, had been the lover of a Neapolitan princess. He wanted to have a medal made, with Atlas bearing the world upon his shoulders, and applied to Michel Agnolo for a design. Michel Agnolo made this answer: "Go and find out a young goldsmith named Benvenuto; he will serve you admirably, and certainly he does not stand in need of sketches by me. However, to prevent your thinking that I want to save myself the trouble of so slight a matter, I will gladly sketch you something; but meanwhile speak to Benvenuto, and let him also make a model; he can then execute the better of the two designs." Federigo Ginori came to me, and told me what he wanted, adding thereto how Michel Agnolo had praised me, and how he had suggested I should make a waxen model while he undertook to supply a sketch. The words of that great man so heartened me, that I set myself to work at once with eagerness upon the model; and when I had finished it, a painter who was intimate with Michel Agnolo, called Giuliano Bugiardini, brought me the drawing of Atlas.[2] On the same occasion I showed Giuliano my little model in wax, which was very different from Michel Agnolo's drawing; and Federigo, in concert with Bugiardini, agreed that I should work upon my model. So I took it in hand, and when Michel Agnolo saw it, he praised me to the skies. This was a figure, as I have said, chiselled on a plate of gold; Atlas had the heaven upon his back, made out of a

[2] This painter was the pupil of Bertoldo, a man of simple manners and of some excellence in his art. The gallery at Bologna has a fine specimen of his painting. Michel Agnolo delighted in his society.

crystal ball, engraved with the zodiac upon a field of lapis-lazuli. The whole composition produced an indescribably fine effect; and under it ran the legend *Summa tulisse juvat!*[3] Federigo was so thoroughly well pleased that he paid me very liberally. Aluigi Alamanni was at that time in Florence. Federigo Ginori, who enjoyed his friendship, brought him often to my workshop, and through this introduction we became very intimate together.[4]

XLII

Pope Clement had now declared war upon the city of Florence, which thereupon was put in a state of defence; and the militia being organised in each quarter of the town, I too received orders to serve in my turn. I provided myself with a rich outfit, and went about with the highest nobility of Florence, who showed a unanimous desire to fight for the defence of our liberties. Meanwhile the speeches which are usual upon such occasions were made in every quarter;[1] the young men met together more than was their wont, and everywhere we had but one topic of conversation.

It happened one day, about noon, that a crowd of tall men and lusty young fellows, the first in the city, were assembled in my workshop, when a letter from Rome was put into my hands. It came from a man called Maestro Giacopino della Barca. His real name was Giacopo della Sciorina, but they called him della Barca in Rome, because he kept a ferry boat upon the Tiber between Ponte Sisto and Ponte Santo Agnolo. He was a person of considerable talent, distinguished by his pleasantries and striking conversation, and he had formerly been a designer of patterns for the cloth-weavers in Florence. This man was intimate with the Pope, who took great pleasure in hearing him talk. Being one day engaged in conversation, they touched upon the sack and

[3] Cellini says *Summam.*

[4] This was the agreeable didactic poet Luigi Alamanni, who had to fly from Florence after a conspiracy against Cardinal Giulio de' Medici in 1522. He could never reconcile himself to the Medicean tyranny, and finally took refuge in France, where he was honoured by François I. He died at Amboise in 1556.

[1] *Fecesi quelle orazioni.* It may mean "the prayers were offered up."

the defence of the castle. This brought me to the Pope's mind, and he spoke of me in the very highest terms, adding that if he knew where I was, he should be glad to get me back. Maestro Giacopo said I was in Florence; whereupon the Pope bade the man write and tell me to return to him. The letter I have mentioned was to the effect that I should do well if I resumed the service of Clement, and that this was sure to turn out to my advantage.

The young men who were present were curious to know what the letter contained; wherefore I concealed it as well as I could. Afterwards I wrote to Maestro Giacopo, begging him by no means, whether for good or evil, to write to me again. He however grew more obstinate in his officiousness, and wrote me another letter, so extravagantly worded, that if it had been seen, I should have got into serious trouble. The substance of it was that the Pope required me to come at once, wanting to employ me on work of the greatest consequence; also that if I wished to act aright, I ought to throw up everything, and not to stand against a Pope in the party of those hare-brained Radicals. This letter, when I read it, put me in such a fright, that I went to seek my dear friend Piero Landi. Directly he set eyes on me, he asked what accident had happened to upset me so. I told my friend that it was quite impossible for me to explain what lay upon my mind, and what was causing me this trouble; only I entreated him to take the keys I gave him, and to return the gems and gold in my drawers to such and such persons, whose names he would find inscribed upon my memorandum-book; next, I begged him to pack up the furniture of my house, and keep account of it with his usual loving-kindness; and in a few days he should hear where I was. The prudent young man, guessing perhaps pretty nearly how the matter stood, replied: "My brother, go your ways quickly; then write to me, and have no further care about your things." I did as he advised. He was the most loyal friend, the wisest, the most worthy, the most discreet, the most affectionate that I have ever known. I left Florence and went to Rome, and from there I wrote to him.

XLIII

Upon my arrival in Rome,[1] I found several of my former friends, by whom I was very well received and kindly entertained. No time was lost before I set myself to work at things which brought me profit, but were not notable enough to be described. There was a fine old man, a goldsmith, called Raffaello del Moro, who had considerable reputation in the trade, and was to boot a very worthy fellow. He begged me to consent to enter his workshop, saying he had some commissions of importance to execute, on which high profits might be looked for; so I accepted his proposal with good-will.

More than ten days had elapsed, and I had not presented myself to Maestro Giacopino della Barca. Meeting me one day by accident, he gave me a hearty welcome, and asked me how long I had been in Rome. When I told him I had been there about a fortnight, he took it very ill, and said that I showed little esteem for a Pope who had urgently compelled him to write three times for me. I, who had taken his persistence in the matter still more ill, made no reply, but swallowed down my irritation. The man, who suffered from a flux of words, began one of his long yarns, and went on talking, till at the last, when I saw him tired out, I merely said that he might bring me to the Pope when he saw fit. He answered that any time would do for him; and I, that I was always ready. So we took our way toward the palace. It was a Maundy Thursday; and when we reached the apartments of the Pope, he being known there and I expected, we were at once admitted.

The Pope was in bed, suffering from a slight indisposition, and he had with him Messer Jacopo Salviati and the Archbishop of Capua.[2] When the Pope set eyes on me, he was

[1] Cellini has been severely taxed for leaving Florence at this juncture and taking service under Pope Clement, the oppressor of her liberties. His own narrative admits some sense of shame. Yet we should remember that he never took any decided part in politics, and belonged to a family of Medicean sympathies. His father served Lorenzo and Piero; his brother was a soldier of Giovanni delle Bande Nere and Duke Alessandro. Many most excellent Florentines were convinced that the Medicean government was beneficial; and an artist had certainly more to expect from it than from the Republic.

[2] Nicolas Schomberg, a learned Dominican and disciple of Savonarola, made Archbishop of Capua in 1520. He was a faithful and able minister of Clement. Paul III. gave him the hat in 1535, and he died in 1537.

exceedingly glad. I kissed his feet, and then, as humbly as I could, drew near to him, and let him understand that I had things of consequence to utter. On this he waved his hand, and the two prelates retired to a distance from us. I began at once to speak: "Most blessed Father, from the time of the sack up to this hour, I have never been able to confess or to communicate, because they refuse me absolution. The case is this. When I melted down the gold and worked at the unsetting of those jewels, your Holiness ordered the Cavalierino to give me a modest reward for my labours, of which I received nothing, but on the contrary he rather paid me with abuse. When then I ascended to the chamber where I had melted down the gold, and washed the ashes, I found about a pound and a half of gold in tiny grains like millet-seeds; and inasmuch as I had not money enough to take me home respectably, I thought I would avail myself of this, and give it back again when opportunity should offer. Now I am here at the feet of your Holiness, who is the only true confessor. I entreat you to do me the favour of granting me indulgence, so that I may be able to confess and communicate, and by the grace of your Holiness regain the grace of my Lord God." Upon this the Pope, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, remembering perhaps his former trials, spoke as follows: "Benvenuto, I thoroughly believe what you tell me; it is in my power to absolve you of any unbecoming deed you may have done, and, what is more, I have the will. So, then, speak out with frankness and perfect confidence; for if you had taken the value of a whole tiara, I am quite ready to pardon you." Thereupon I answered: "I took nothing, most blessed Father, but what I have confessed; and this did not amount to the value of 140 ducats, for that was the sum I received from the Mint in Perugia, and with it I went home to comfort my poor old father." The Pope said: "Your father has been as virtuous, good, and worthy a man as was ever born, and you have not degenerated from him. I am very sorry that the money was so little; but such as you say it was, I make you a present of it, and give you my full pardon. Assure your confessor of this, if there is nothing else upon your conscience which concerns me. Afterwards, when

you have confessed and communicated, you shall present yourself to me again, and it will be to your advantage."

When I parted from the Pope, Messer Giacopo and the Archbishop approached, and the Pope spoke to them in the highest terms imaginable about me; he said that he had confessed and absolved me; then he commissioned the Archbishop of Capua to send for me and ask if I had any other need beyond this matter, giving him full leave to absolve me amply, and bidding him, moreover, treat me with the utmost kindness.

While I was walking away with Maestro Giacopino, he asked me very inquisitively what was the close and lengthy conversation I had had with his Holiness. After he had repeated the question more than twice, I said that I did not mean to tell him, because they were matters with which he had nothing to do, and therefore he need not go on asking me. Then I went to do what had been agreed on with the Pope; and after the two festivals were over, I again presented myself before his Holiness. He received me even better than before, and said: "If you had come a little earlier to Rome, I should have commissioned you to restore my two tiaras, which were pulled to pieces in the castle. These, however, with the exception of the gems, are objects of little artistic interest; so I will employ you on a piece of the very greatest consequence, where you will be able to exhibit all your talents. It is a button for my priest's cope, which has to be made round like a trencher, and as big as a little trencher, one-third of a cubit wide. Upon this I want you to represent a God the Father in half-relief, and in the middle to set that magnificent big diamond, which you remember, together with several other gems of the greatest value. Caradosso began to make me one, but did not finish it; I want yours to be finished quickly, so that I may enjoy the use of it a little while. Go, then, and make me a fine model." He had all the jewels shown me, and then I went off like a shot[3] to set myself to work.

[3] *Affusolato.* Lit., straight as a spindle.

XLIV

During the time when Florence was besieged, Federigo Ginori, for whom I made that medal of Atlas, died of consumption, and the medal came into the hands of Messer Luigi Alamanni, who, after a little while, took it to present in person to Francis, king of France, accompanied by some of his own finest compositions. The King was exceedingly delighted with the gift; whereupon Messer Luigi told his Majesty so much about my personal qualities, as well as my art, and spoke so favourably, that the King expressed a wish to know me.

Meanwhile I pushed my model for the button forward with all the diligence I could, constructing it exactly of the size which the jewel itself was meant to have. In the trade of the goldsmiths it roused considerable jealousy among those who thought that they were capable of matching it. A certain Micheletto had just come to Rome;[1] he was very clever at engraving cornelians, and was, moreover, a most intelligent jeweller, an old man and of great celebrity. He had been employed upon the Pope's tiaras; and while I was working at my model, he wondered much that I had not applied to him, being as he was a man of intelligence and of large credit with the Pope. At last, when he saw that I was not coming to him, he came to me, and asked me what I was about. "What the Pope has ordered me," I answered. Then he said: "The Pope has commissioned me to superintend everything which is being made for his Holiness." I only replied that I would ask the Pope, and then should know what answer I ought to give him. He told me that I should repent, and departing in anger, had an interview with all the masters of the art; they deliberated on the matter, and charged Michele with the conduct of the whole affair. As was to be expected from a person of his talents, he ordered more than thirty drawings to be made, all differing in their details, for the piece the Pope had commissioned.

Having already access to his Holiness's ear, he took into his counsel another jeweller, named Pompeo, a Milanese, who was in favour with the Pope, and related to Messer

[1] Vasari calls this eminent engraver of gems Michelino.

Traiano, the first chamberlain of the court;[2] these two together, then, began to insinuate that they had seen my model, and did not think me up to a work of such extraordinary import. The Pope replied that he would also have to see it, and that if he then found me unfit for the purpose, he should look around for one who was fit. Both of them put in that they had several excellent designs ready; to which the Pope made answer, that he was very pleased to hear it, but that he did not care to look at them till I had completed my model; afterwards, he would take them all into consideration at the same time.

After a few days I finished my model, and took it to the Pope one morning, when Messer Traiano made me wait till he had sent for Micheletto and Pompeo, bidding them make haste and bring their drawings. On their arrival we were introduced, and Micheletto and Pompeo immediately unrolled their papers, which the Pope inspected. The draughtsmen who had been employed were not in the jeweller's trade, and therefore, knew nothing about giving their right place to precious stones; and the jewellers, on their side, had not shown them how; for I ought to say that a jeweller, when he has to work with figures, must of necessity understand design, else he cannot produce anything worth looking at: and so it turned out that all of them had stuck that famous diamond in the middle of the breast of God the Father. The Pope, who was an excellent connoisseur, observing this mistake, approved of none of them; and when he had looked at about ten, he flung the rest down, and said to me, who was standing at a distance: "Now show me your model, Benvenuto, so that I may see if you have made the same mistake as those fellows." I came forward, and opened a little round box; whereupon one would have thought that a light from heaven had struck the Pope's eyes. He cried aloud: "If you had been in my own body, you could not have done it better, as this proves. Those men there have found the right way to bring shame upon themselves!" A crowd of great lords pressing round, the Pope pointed out the difference between my model and the drawings. When he had sufficiently commended it, the others standing terrified and

[2] Messer Traiano Alicorno.

stupid before him, he turned to me and said: "I am only afraid of one thing, and that is of the utmost consequence. Friend Benvenuto, wax is easy to work in; the real difficulty is to execute this in gold." To those words I answered without a moment's hesitation: "Most blessed Father, if I do not work it ten times better than the model, let it be agreed beforehand that you pay me nothing." When they heard this, the noblemen made a great stir, crying out that I was promising too much. Among them was an eminent philosopher, who spoke out in my favour: "From the fine physiognomy and bodily symmetry which I observed in this young man, I predict that he will accomplish what he says, and think that he will even go beyond it." The Pope put in: "And this is my opinion also." Then he called his chamberlain, Messer Traiano, and bade him bring five hundred golden ducats of the Camera.

While we were waiting for the money, the Pope turned once more to gaze at leisure on the dexterous device I had employed for combining the diamond with the figure of God the Father. I had put the diamond exactly in the center of the piece; and above it God the Father was shown seated, leaning nobly in a sideways attitude,[3] which made a perfect composition, and did not interfere with the stone's effect. Lifting his right hand, he was in the act of giving the benediction. Below the diamond I had placed three children, who, with their arms upraised, were supporting the jewel. One of them, in the middle, was in full relief, the other two in half-relief. All around I set a crowd of cherubs, in divers attitudes, adapted to the other gems. A mantle undulated to the wind around the figure of the Father, from the folds of which cherubs peeped out; and there were other ornaments besides which made a very beautiful effect. The work was executed in white stucco on a black stone. When the money came, the Pope gave it to me with his own hand, and begged me in the most winning terms to let him have it finished in his own days, adding that this should be to my advantage.

[3] *In un certo bel modo svolto.* That means: turned aside, not fronting the spectator.

XLV

I took the money and the model home, and was in the utmost impatience to begin my work. After I had laboured diligently for eight days, the Pope sent word by one of his chamberlains, a very great gentleman of Bologna, that I was to come to him and bring what I had got in hand. On the way, the chamberlain, who was the most gentle-mannered person in the Roman court, told me that the Pope not only wanted to see what I was doing, but also intended to intrust me with another task of the highest consequence, which was, in fact, to furnish dies for the money of the Mint; and bade me arm myself beforehand with the answer I should give; in short, he wished me to be prepared, and therefore he had spoken. When we came into the presence, I lost no time in exhibiting the golden plate, upon which I had as yet carved nothing but my figure of God the Father; but this, though only in the rough, displayed a grander style than that of the waxen model. The Pope regarded it with stupefaction, and exclaimed: "From this moment forward I will believe everything you say." Then loading me with marks of favour, he added: "It is my intention to give you another commission, which, if you feel competent to execute it, I shall have no less at heart than this, or more." He proceeded to tell me that he wished to make dies for the coinage of his realm, and asked me if I had ever tried my hand at such things, and if I had the courage to attempt them. I answered that of courage for the task I had no lack, and that I had seen how dies were made, but that I had not ever made any. There was in the presence a certain Messer Tommaso, of Prato, his Holiness's Datary;[1] and this man, being a friend of my enemies, put in: "Most blessed Father, the favours you are showering upon this young man (and he by nature so extremely overbold) are enough to make him promise you a new world. You have already given him one great task, and now, by adding a greater,

[1] His full name was Tommaso Cortese. The Papal Datario was the chief secretary of the office for requests, petitions, and patents. His title was derived from its being his duty to affix the *Datum Romæ* to documents. The fees of this office, which was also called Datario, brought in a large revenue to the Papacy.

you are like to make them clash together." The Pope, in a rage, turned round on him, and told him to mind his own business. Then he commanded me to make the model for a broad doubloon of gold, upon which he wanted a naked Christ with his hands tied, and the inscription *Ecce Homo;* the reverse was to have a Pope and Emperor in the act together of propping up a cross which seemed to fall, and this legend: *Unus spiritus et una fides erat in eis.*

After the Pope had ordered this handsome coin, Bandinello the sculptor came up; he had not yet been made a knight; and, with his wonted presumption muffled up in ignorance, said: "For these goldsmiths one must make drawings for such fine things as that." I turned round upon him in a moment, and cried out that I did not want his drawings for my art, but that I hoped before very long to give his art some trouble by my drawings. The Pope expressed high satisfaction at these words, and turning to me said: "Go then, my Benvenuto, and devote yourself with spirit to my service, and do not lend an ear to the chattering of these silly fellows."

So I went off, and very quickly made two dies of steel; then I stamped a coin in gold, and one Sunday after dinner took the coin and the dies to the Pope, who, when he saw the piece, was astonished and greatly gratified, not only because my work pleased him excessively, but also because of the rapidity with which I had performed it. For the further satisfaction and amazement of his holiness, I had brought with me all the old coins which in former times had been made by those able men who served Popes Giulio and Leo; and when I noticed that mine pleased him far better, I drew forth from my bosom a patent,[2] in which I prayed for the post of stamp-master[3] in the Mint. This place was worth six golden crowns a month, in addition to the dies, which were paid at the rate of a ducat for three by the Master of the Mint. The Pope took my patent and handed it to the Datary, telling him to lose no time in dispatching the business. The Datary began to put it in his pocket, saying: "Most blessed Father, your Holiness ought

[2] *Moto propio.* Cellini confuses his petition with the instrument, which he had probably drawn up ready for signature.

[3] *Maestro delle stampe della zecca, i. e.,* the artist who made the dies.

not to go so fast; these are matters which deserve some reflection." To this the Pope replied: "I have heard what you have got to say; give me here that patent." He took it, and signed it at once with his own hand; then, giving it back, added: "Now, you have no answer left; see that you dispatch it at once, for this is my pleasure; and Benvenuto's shoes are worth more than the eyes of all those other blockheads." So, having thanked his Holiness, I went back, rejoicing above measure, to my work.

XLVI

I was still working in the shop of Raffaello del Moro. This worthy man had a very beautiful young daughter, with regard to whom he had designs on me; and I, becoming partly aware of his intentions, was very willing; but, while indulging such desires, I made no show of them: on the contrary, I was so discreet in my behaviour that I made him wonder. It so happened that the poor girl was attacked by a disorder in her right hand, which ate into the two bones belonging to the little finger and the next.[1] Owing to her father's carelessness, she had been treated by an ignorant quack-doctor, who predicted that the poor child would be crippled in the whole of her right arm, if even nothing worse should happen. When I noticed the dismay of her father, I begged him not to believe all that this ignorant doctor had said. He replied that he had no acquaintance with physicians or with surgeons, and entreated me, if I knew of one, to bring him to the house.[2] I sent at once for a certain Maestro Giacomo of Perugia, a man of great skill in surgery, who examined the poor girl.[3] She was dreadfully frightened through having gained some inkling of the quack's predictions; whereas, my intelligent doctor declared that she would suffer nothing of consequence, and would be very well able to use her right hand; also that though the two last fingers must remain somewhat weaker than the others, this would be of no inconvenience

[1] *Ossicina che seguitano il dito,* &c. Probably metacarpal bones.
[2] *Che gnene avviasse.*
[3] Giacomo Rastelli was a native of Rimini, but was popularly known as of Perugia, since he had resided long in that city. He was a famous surgeon under several Popes until the year 1566, when he died at Rome, aged seventy-five.

at all to her. So he began his treatment; and after a few days, when he was going to extract a portion of the diseased bones, her father called for me, and begged me to be present at the operation. Maestro Giacomo was using some coarse steel instruments; and when I observed that he was making little way and at the same time was inflicting severe pain on the patient, I begged him to stop and wait half a quarter of an hour for me. I ran into the shop, and made a little scalping-iron of steel, extremely thin and curved; it cut like a razor. On my return, the surgeon used it, and began to work with so gentle a hand that she felt no pain, and in a short while the operation was over. In consequence of this service, and for other reasons, the worthy man conceived for me as much love, or more, as he had for two male children; and in the meanwhile he attended to the cure of his beautiful young daughter.

I was on terms of the closest intimacy with one Messer Giovanni Gaddi, who was a clerk of the Camera, and a great connoisseur of the arts, although he had no practical acquaintance with any.[4] In his household were a certain Messer Giovanni, a Greek of eminent learning, Messer Lodovico of Fano, no less distinguished as a man of letters, Messer Antonio Allegretti, and Messer Annibale Caro,[5] at that time in his early manhood. Messer Bastiano of Venice, a most excellent painter, and I were admitted to their society; and almost every day we met together in Messer Giovanni's company.[6]

Being aware of this intimacy, the worthy goldsmith Raffaello said to Messer Giovanni: "Good sir, you know me; now I want to marry my daughter to Benvenuto, and can think of no better intermediary than your worship.

[4] Giovanni Gaddi of the Florentine family was passionately attached to men of art and letters. Yet he seems to have been somewhat disagreeable in personal intercourse; for even Annibale Caro, who owed much to his patronage, and lived for many years in his house, never became attached to him. We shall see how he treated Cellini during a fever.

[5] Some poems of Allegretti's survive. He was a man of mark in the literary society of the age. Giovanni Greco may have been a Giovanni Vergezio, who presented Duke Cosimo with some Greek characters of exquisite finish. Lodovico da Fano is mentioned as an excellent Latin scholar. Annibale Caro was one of the most distinguished writers of Italian prose and verse in the later Renaissance. He spent the latter portion of his life in the service of the Farnesi.

[6] Messer Bastiano is the celebrated painter Sebastian del Piombo, born 1485, died 1547.

So I am come to crave your assistance, and to beg you to name for her such dowry from my estate as you may think suitable." The light-headed man hardly let my good friend finish what he had to say, before he put in quite at random: "Talk no more about it, Raffaello; you are farther from your object than January from mulberries." The poor man, utterly discouraged, looked about at once for another husband for his girl; while she and the mother and all the family lived on in a bad humour with me. Since I did not know the real cause of this—I imagined they were paying me with bastard coin for the many kindnesses I had shown them—I conceived the thought of opening a workshop of my own in their neighbourhood. Messer Giovanni told me nothing till the girl was married, which happened in a few months.

Meanwhile, I laboured assiduously at the work I was doing for the Pope, and also in the service of the Mint; for his Holiness had ordered another coin, of the value of two carlins, on which his own portrait was stamped, while the reverse bore a figure of Christ upon the waters, holding out his hand to S. Peter, with this inscription *Quare dubitasti?* My design won such applause that a certain secretary of the Pope, a man of the greatest talent, called Il Sanga,[7] was moved to this remark: "Your Holiness can boast of having a currency superior to any of the ancients in all their glory." The Pope replied: "Benvenuto, for his part, can boast of serving an emperor like me, who is able to discern his merit." I went on at my great piece in gold, showing it frequently to the Pope, who was very eager to see it, and each time expressed greater admiration.

XLVII

My brother, at this period, was also in Rome, serving Duke Alessandro, on whom the Pope had recently conferred the Duchy of Penna. This prince kept in his service a multitude of soldiers, worthy fellows, brought up to valour in the school of that famous general Giovanni de' Medici; and among

[7] Battista Sanga, a Roman, secretary to Gianmatteo Giberti, the good Archbishop of Verona, and afterwards to Clement VII. He was a great Latinist, and one of those ecclesiastics who earnestly desired a reform of the Church. He died, poisoned, at an early age.

these was my brother, whom the Duke esteemed as highly as the bravest of them. One day my brother went after dinner to the shop of a man called Baccino della Croce in the Banchi, which all those men-at-arms frequented. He had flung himself upon a settee, and was sleeping. Just then the guard of the Bargello passed by;[1] they were taking to prison a certain Captain Cisti, a Lombard, who had also been a member of Giovanni's troop, but was not in the service of the Duke. The captain, Cattivanza degli Strozzi, chanced to be in the same shop;[2] and when Cisti caught sight of him, he whispered: "I was bringing you those crowns I owed; if you want them, come for them before they go with me to prison." Now Cattivanza had a way of putting his neighbours to the push, not caring to hazard his own person. So, finding there around him several young fellows of the highest daring, more eager than apt for so serious an enterprise, he bade them catch up Captain Cisti and get the money from him, and if the guard resisted, overpower the men, provided they had pluck enough to do so.

The young men were but four, and all four of them without a beard. The first was called Bertino Aldobrandi, another Anguillotto of Lucca; I cannot recall the names of the rest. Bertino had been trained like a pupil by my brother; and my brother felt the most unbounded love for him. So then, off dashed the four brave lads, and came up with the guard of the Bargello—upwards of fifty constables, counting pikes, arquebuses, and two-handed-swords. After a few words they drew their weapons, and the four boys so harried the guard, that if Captain Cattivanza had but shown his face, without so much as drawing, they would certainly have put the whole pack to flight. But delay spoiled all; for Bertino received some ugly wounds and fell; at the same

[1] The Bargello was the chief constable or sheriff in Italian towns. I shall call him Bargello always in my translation, since any English equivalent would be misleading. He did the rough work of policing the city, and was consequently a mark for all the men of spirit who disliked being kept in order. Giovio, in his Life of Cardinal Pompeo Colonna, quite gravely relates how it was the highest ambition of young Romans of spirit to murder the Bargello. He mentions, in particular, a certain Pietro Margano, who had acquired great fame and popularity by killing the Bargello of his day, one Cencio, in the Campo di Fiore. This man became an outlaw, and was favourably received by Cardinal Colonna, then at war with Clement VII.

[2] His baptismal name was Bernardo. Cattivanza was a nickname. He fought bravely for Florence in the siege.

time, Anguillotto was also hit in the right arm, and being unable to use his sword, got out of the fray as well as he was able. The others did the same. Bertino Aldobrandi was lifted from the ground seriously injured.

XLVIII

While these things were happening, we were all at table; for that morning we had dined more than an hour later than usual. On hearing the commotion, one of the old man's sons, the elder, rose from table to go and look at the scuffle. He was called Giovanni; and I said to him: "For Heaven's sake, don't go! In such matters one is always certain to lose, while there is nothing to be gained." His father spoke to like purpose: "Pray, my son, don't go!" But the lad, without heeding any one, ran down the stairs. Reaching the Banchi, where the great scrimmage was, and seeing Bertino lifted from the ground, he ran towards home, and met my brother Cecchino on the way, who asked what was the matter. Though some of the bystanders signed to Giovanni not to tell Cecchino, he cried out like a madman how it was that Bertino Aldobrandi had been killed by the guard. My poor brother gave vent to a bellow which might have been heard ten miles away. Then he turned to Giovanni: "Ah me! but could you tell me which of those men killed him for me?"[1] Giovanni said, yes, that it was a man who had a big two-handed sword, with a blue feather in his bonnet. My poor brother rushed ahead, and having recognised the homicide by those signs, he threw himself with all his dash and spirit into the middle of the band, and before his man could turn on guard, ran him right through the guts, and with the sword's hilt thrust him to the ground. Then he turned upon the rest with such energy and daring, that his one arm was on the point of putting the whole band to flight, had it not been that, while wheeling round to strike an arquebusier, this man fired in self-defence, and hit the brave unfortunate young fellow above the knee of his right leg. While he lay stretched upon the ground, the

[1] *Oimè, saprestimi tu dire che di quelli me l'ha morto?* The *me* is so emphatic, that, though it makes poor English, I have preserved it in my version.

constables scrambled off in disorder as fast as they were able, lest a pair to my brother should arrive upon the scene.

Noticing that the tumult was not subsiding, I too rose from the table, and girding on my sword—for everybody wore one then—I went to the bridge of Sant' Agnolo, where I saw a group of several men assembled. On my coming up and being recognised by some of them, they gave way before me, and showed me what I least of all things wished to see, albeit I made mighty haste to view the sight. On the instant I did not know Cecchino, since he was wearing a different suit of clothes from that in which I had lately seen him. Accordingly, he recognised me first, and said: "Dearest brother, do not be upset by my grave accident; it is only what might be expected in my profession: get me removed from here at once, for I have but few hours to live." They had acquainted me with the whole event while he was speaking, in brief words befitting such occasion. So I answered: "Brother, this is the greatest sorrow and the greatest trial that could happen to me in the whole course of my life. But be of good cheer; for before you lose sight of him who did the mischief, you shall see yourself revenged by my hand." Our words on both sides were to the purport, but of the shortest.

XLIX

The guard was now about fifty paces from us; for Maffio, their officer, had made some of them turn back to take up the corporal my brother killed. Accordingly, I quickly traversed that short space, wrapped in my cape, which I had tightened round me, and came up with Maffio, whom I should most certainly have murdered, for there were plenty of people round, and I had wound my way among them. With the rapidity of lightning, I had half drawn my sword from the sheath, when Berlinghier Berlinghieri, a young man of the greatest daring and my good friend, threw himself from behind upon my arms; he had four other fellows of like kidney with him, who cried out to Maffio: "Away with you, for this man here alone was killing you!" He asked: "Who is he?" and they answered: "Own brother to the man you see there." Without waiting to hear more,

he made haste for Torre di Nona;[1] and they said: "Benvenuto, we prevented you against your will, but did it for your good; now let us go to succour him who must die shortly." Accordingly, we turned and went back to my brother, whom I had at once conveyed into a house. The doctors who were called in consultation, treated him with medicaments, but could not decide to amputate the leg, which might perhaps have saved him.

As soon as his wound had been dressed, Duke Alessandro appeared and most affectionately greeted him. My brother had not as yet lost consciousness; so he said to the Duke: "My lord, this only grieves me, that your Excellency is losing a servant than whom you may perchance find men more valiant in the profession of arms, but none more lovingly and loyally devoted to your service than I have been." The Duke bade him do all he could to keep alive; for the rest, he well knew him to be a man of worth and courage. He then turned to his attendants, ordering them to see that the brave young fellow wanted for nothing.

When he was gone, my brother lost blood so copiously, for nothing could be done to stop it, that he went off his head, and kept raving all the following night, with the exception that once, when they wanted to give him the communion, he said: "You would have done well to confess me before; now it is impossible that I should receive the divine sacrament in this already ruined frame; it will be enough if I partake of it by the divine virtue of the eyesight, whereby it shall be transmitted into my immortal soul, which only prays to Him for mercy and forgiveness." Having spoken thus, the host was elevated; but he straightway relapsed into the same delirious ravings as before, pouring forth a torrent of the most terrible frenzies and horrible imprecations that the mind of man could imagine; nor did he cease once all that night until the day broke.

When the sun appeared above our horizon, he turned to me and said: "Brother, I do not wish to stay here longer, for these fellows will end by making me do something tremendous, which may cause them to repent of the annoy-

[1] The Torre di Nona was one of the principal prisons in Rome, used especially for criminals condemned to death.

ance they have given me." Then he kicked out both his legs—the injured limb we had enclosed in a very heavy box—and made as though he would fling it across a horse's back. Turning his face round to me, he called out thrice—"Farewell, farewell!" and with the last word that most valiant spirit passed away.

At the proper hour, toward nightfall, I had him buried with due ceremony in the church of the Florentines; and afterwards I erected to his memory a very handsome monument of marble, upon which I caused trophies and banners to be carved. I must not omit to mention that one of his friends had asked him who the man was that had killed him, and if he could recognise him; to which he answered that he could, and gave his description. My brother, indeed, attempted to prevent this coming to my ears; but I got it very well impressed upon my mind, as will appear in the sequel.[2]

L

Returning to the monument, I should relate that certain famous men of letters, who knew my brother, composed for me an epitaph, telling me that the noble young man deserved it. The inscription ran thus:—

"Francisco Cellino Florentino, qui quod in teneris annis ad Ioannem Medicem ducem plures victorias retulit et signifer fuit, facile documentum dedit quantæ fortitudinis et consilii vir futurus erat, ni crudelis fati archibuso transfossus, quinto ætatis lustro jaceret, Benvenutus frater posuit. Obiit die xxvii *Maii* MD.XXIX."

He was twenty-five years of age; and since the soldiers called him Cecchino del Piffero,[1] his real name being Giovanfrancesco Cellini, I wanted to engrave the former, by which he was commonly known, under the armorial bearings of our family. This name then I had cut in fine antique characters, all of which were broken save the first and last. I was asked by the learned men who had composed that beautiful epitaph, wherefore I used these broken letters; and my answer was, because the marvellous framework of his body was spoiled and dead; and the reason why the first and last

[2] Varchi, in his *Storia Florentina*, lib. xi., gives a short account of Cecchino Cellini's death in Rome, mentioning also Bertino Aldobrandi, in the attempt to revenge whom he lost his life.

[1] That is, Frank, the Fifer's son.

remained entire was, that the first should symbolise the great gift God had given him, namely, of a human soul, inflamed with his divinity, the which hath never broken, while the second represented the glorious renown of his brave actions. The thought gave satisfaction, and several persons have since availed themselves of my device. Close to the name I had the coat of us Cellini carved upon the stone, altering it in some particulars. In Ravenna, which is a most ancient city, there exist Cellini of our name in the quality of very honourable gentry, who bear a lion rampant or upon a field of azure, holding a lily gules in his dexter paw, with a label in chief and three little lilies or.[2] These are the true arms of the Cellini. My father showed me a shield as ours which had the paw only, together with the other bearings; but I should prefer to follow those of the Cellini of Ravenna, which I have described above. Now to return to what I caused to be engraved upon my brother's tomb: it was the lion's paw, but instead of a lily, I made the lion hold an axe, with the field of the scutcheon quartered; and I put the axe in solely that I might not be unmindful to revenge him.

LI

I went on applying myself with the utmost diligence upon the gold-work for Pope Clement's button. He was very eager to have it, and used to send for me two or three times a week, in order to inspect it; and his delight in the work always increased. Often would he rebuke and scold me, as it were, for the great grief in which my brother's loss had plunged me; and one day, observing me more downcast and out of trim than was proper, he cried aloud: "Benvenuto, oh! I did not know that you were mad. Have you only just learned that there is no remedy against death? One would think that you were trying to run after him." When I left the presence, I continued working at the jewel and the dies[1] for the Mint; but I also took to watching the arquebusier who shot my brother, as though he had been a girl I was in

[2] I believe Cellini meant here to write "on a chief argent a label of four points, and three lilies gules." He has tricked the arms thus in a MS. of the Palatine Library. See Leclanchè, p. 103; see also Piatti, vol. i. p. 233, and Plon, p. 2.

[1] *Ferri.* I have translated this word *dies;* but it seems to mean all the coining instruments, *stampe* or *conii* being the dies proper.

love with. The man had formerly been in the light cavalry, but afterwards had joined the arquebusiers as one of the Bargello's corporals; and what increased my rage was that he had used these boastful words: "If it had not been for me, who killed that brave young man, the least trifle of delay would have resulted in his putting us all to flight with great disaster." When I saw that the fever caused by always seeing him about was depriving me of sleep and appetite, and was bringing me by degrees to sorry plight, I overcame my repugnance to so low and not quite praiseworthy an enterprise, and made my mind up one evening to rid myself of the torment. The fellow lived in a house near a place called Torre Sanguigua, next door to the lodging of one of the most fashionable courtesans in Rome, named Signora Antea. It had just struck twenty-four, and he was standing at the house-door, with his sword in hand, having risen from supper. With great address I stole up to him, holding a large Pistojan dagger,[2] and dealt him a back-handed stroke, with which I meant to cut his head clean off; but as he turned round very suddenly, the blow fell upon the point of his left shoulder and broke the bone. He sprang up, dropped his sword, half-stunned with the great pain, and took to flight. I followed after, and in four steps caught him up, when I lifted my dagger above his head, which he was holding very low, and hit him in the back exactly at the juncture of the nape-bone and the neck. The poniard entered this point so deep into the bone, that, though I used all my strength to pull it out, I was not able. For just at that moment four soldiers with drawn swords sprang out from Antea's lodging, and obliged me to set hand to my own sword to defend my life. Leaving the poniard then, I made off, and fearing I might be recognised, took refuge in the palace of Duke Alessandro, which was between Piazza Navona and the Rotunda.[3] On my arrival, I asked to see the Duke; who told me that, if I was alone, I need only keep quiet and have no further anxiety, but to go on working at the jewel which the Pope had set his heart on, and stay eight days indoors. He gave this advice the more securely, be-

[2] *Pugnal pistolese:* it came in time to mean a cutlass.
[3] That is, the Pantheon.

cause the soldiers had now arrived who interrupted the completion of my deed; they held the dagger in their hand, and were relating how the matter happened, and the great trouble they had to pull the weapon from the neck and head-bone of the man, whose name they did not know. Just then Giovan Bandini came up, and said to them:[4] "That poniard is mine, and I lent it to Benvenuto, who was bent on revenging his brother." The soldiers were profuse in their expressions of regret at having interrupted me, although my vengeance had been amply satisfied.

More than eight days elapsed, and the Pope did not send for me according to his custom. Afterwards he summoned me through his chamberlain, the Bolognese nobleman I have already mentioned, who let me, in his own modest manner, understand that his Holiness knew all, but was very well inclined toward me, and that I had only to mind my work and keep quiet. When we reached the presence, the Pope cast so menacing a glance towards me, that the mere look of his eyes made me tremble. Afterwards, upon examining my work his countenance cleared, and he began to praise me beyond measure, saying that I had done a vast amount in a short time. Then, looking me straight in the face, he added: "Now that you are cured, Benvenuto, take heed how you live."[5] I, who understood his meaning, promised that I would. Immediately upon this, I opened a very fine shop in the Banchi, opposite Raffaello, and there I finished the jewel after the lapse of a few months.

LII

The Pope had sent me all those precious stones, except the diamond, which was pawned to certain Genoese bankers for some pressing need he had of money. The rest were in my custody, together with a model of the diamond. I had five excellent journeymen, and in addition to the great piece,

[4] Bandini bears a distinguished name in Florentine annals. He served Duke Alessandro in affairs of much importance; but afterwards he betrayed the interests of his master, Duke Cosimo, in an embassy to Charles V. in 1543. It seems that he had then been playing into the hands of Filippo Strozzi, for which offence he passed fifteen years in a dungeon. See Varchi and Segni; also Montazio's *Prigionieri del Mastio di Volterra*, cap. vii.

[5] This was the Pope's hint to Cellini that he was aware of the murder he had just committed.

I was engaged on several jobs; so that my shop contained property of much value in jewels, gems, and gold and silver. I kept a shaggy dog, very big and handsome, which Duke Alessandro gave me; the beast was capital as a retriever, since he brought me every sort of birds and game I shot, but he also served most admirably for a watchdog. It happened, as was natural at the age of twenty-nine, that I had taken into my service a girl of great beauty and grace, whom I used as a model in my art, and who was also complaisant of her personal favours to me. Such being the case, I occupied an apartment far away from my workmen's rooms, as well as from the shop; and this communicated by a little dark passage with the maid's bedroom. I used frequently to pass the night with her; and though I sleep as lightly as ever yet did man upon this earth, yet, after indulgence in sexual pleasure, my slumber is sometimes very deep and heavy.

So it chanced one night: for I must say that a thief, under the pretext of being a goldsmith, had spied on me, and cast his eyes upon the precious stones, and made a plan to steal them. Well, then, this fellow broke into the shop, where he found a quantity of little things in gold and silver. He was engaged in bursting open certain boxes to get at the jewels he had noticed, when my dog jumped upon him, and put him to much trouble to defend himself with his sword. The dog, unable to grapple with an armed man, ran several times through the house, and rushed into the rooms of the journeymen, which had been left open because of the great heat. When he found they paid no heed to his loud barking, he dragged their bed-clothes off; and when they still heard nothing, he pulled first one and then another by the arm till he roused them, and, barking furiously, ran before to show them where he wanted them to go. At last it became clear that they refused to follow; for the traitors, cross at being disturbed, threw stones and sticks at him; and this they could well do, for I had ordered them to keep all night a lamp alight there; and in the end they shut their rooms tight; so the dog, abandoning all hope of aid from such rascals, set out alone again on his adventure. He ran down, and not finding the thief in the shop, flew after him. When he got at him, he tore the cape off his back. It would have gone

hard with the fellow had he not called for help to certain tailors, praying them for God's sake to save him from a mad dog; and they, believing what he said, jumped out and drove the dog off with much trouble.

After sunrise my workmen went into the shop, and saw that it had been broken open and all the boxes smashed. They began to scream at the top of their voices: "Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!" The clamour woke me, and I rushed out in a panic. Appearing thus before them, they cried out: "Alas to us! for we have been robbed by some one, who has broken and borne everything away!" These words wrought so forcibly upon my mind that I dared not go to my big chest and look if it still held the jewels of the Pope. So intense was the anxiety, that I seemed to lose my eyesight, and told them they themselves must unlock the chest, and see how many of the Pope's gems were missing. The fellows were all of them in their shirts; and when, on opening the chest, they saw the precious stones and my work with them, they took heart of joy and shouted: "There is no harm done; your piece and all the stones are here; but the thief has left us naked to the shirt, because last night, by reason of the burning heat, we took our clothes off in the shop and left them here." Recovering my senses, I thanked God, and said: "Go and get yourselves new suits of clothes; I will pay when I hear at leisure how the whole thing happened." What caused me the most pain, and made me lose my senses, and take fright—so contrary to my real nature—was the dread lest peradventure folk should fancy I had trumped a story of the robber up to steal the jewels. It had already been said to Pope Clement by one of his most trusted servants, and by others, that is, by Francesco del Nero, Zana de' Biliotti his accountant, the Bishop of Vasona, and several such men:[1] "Why, most blessed Father, do you confide gems of that vast value to a young fellow, who is all fire, more passionate for arms than for his art, and not yet thirty years of age?" The Pope asked in answer if any one of

[1] Of these people, we can trace the Bishop of Vasona. He was Girolamo Schio or Schedo, a native of Vicenza, the confidential agent and confessor of Clement VII., who obtained the See of Vaison in the county of Avignon in 1523, and died at Rome in 1533. His successor in the bishopric was Tomaso Cortesi, the Datary, mentioned above.

them knew that I had done aught to justify such suspicions. Whereto Francesco del Nero, his treasurer, replied:[2] "No, most blessed Father, because he has not as yet had an opportunity." Whereto the Pope rejoined: "I regard him as a thoroughly honest man; and if I saw with my own eyes some crime he had committed, I should not believe it." This was the man who[3] caused me the greatest torment, and who suddenly came up before my mind.

After telling the young men to provide themselves with fresh clothes, I took my piece, together with the gems, setting them as well as I could in their proper places, and went off at once with them to the Pope. Francesco del Nero had already told him something of the trouble in my shop, and had put suspicions in his head. So then, taking the thing rather ill than otherwise, he shot a furious glance upon me, and cried haughtily: "What have you come to do here? What is up?" "Here are all your precious stones, and not one of them is missing." At this the Pope's face cleared, and he said: "So then, you're welcome." I showed him the piece, and while he was inspecting it, I related to him the whole story of the thief and of my agony, and what had been my greatest trouble in the matter. During this speech, he oftentimes turned round to look me sharply in the eyes; and Francesco del Nero being also in the presence, this seemed to make him half sorry that he had not guessed the truth. At last, breaking into laughter at the long tale I was telling, he sent me off with these words: "Go, and take heed to be an honest man, as indeed I know that you are."

LIII

I went on working assiduously at the button, and at the same time laboured for the Mint, when certain pieces of false money got abroad in Rome, stamped with my own dies. They were brought at once to the Pope, who, hearing things against me, said to Giacopo Balducci, the Master of the Mint,

[2] Varchi gives a very ugly account of this man, Francesco del Nero, who was nicknamed the *Crà del Piccadiglio*, in his History of Florence, book iii. "In the whole city of Florence there never was born, in my belief, a man of such irreligion or of such sordid avarice." Giovio confirms the statement.

[3] *Questo fu quello che.* This may be neuter: *This was the circumstance which.*

"Take every means in your power to find the criminal; for we are sure that Benvenuto is an honest fellow." That traitor of a master, being in fact my enemy, replied: "Would God, most blessed Father, that it may turn out as you say; for we have some proofs against him." Upon this the Pope turned to the Governor of Rome, and bade him see he found the malefactor. During those days the Pope sent for me, and leading cautiously in conversation to the topic of the coins, asked me at the fitting moment: "Benvenuto, should you have the heart to coin false money?" To this I replied that I thought I could do so better than all the rascals who gave their minds to such vile work; for fellows who practise lewd trades of that sort are not capable of earning money, nor are they men of much ability. I, on the contrary, with my poor wits could gain enough to keep me comfortably; for when I set dies for the Mint, each morning before dinner I put at least three crowns into my pocket; this was the customary payment for the dies, and the Master of the Mint bore me a grudge, because he would have liked to have them cheaper; so then, what I earned with God's grace and the world's, sufficed me, and by coining false money I should not have made so much. The Pope very well perceived my drift; and whereas he had formerly given orders that they should see I did not fly from Rome, he now told them to look well about and have no heed of me, seeing he was ill-disposed to anger me, and in this way run the risk of losing me. The officials who received these orders were certain clerks of the Camera, who made the proper search, as was their duty, and soon found the rogue. He was a stamper in the service of the Mint, named Cesare Macherone, and a Roman citizen. Together with this man they detected a metal-founder of the Mint.[1]

LIV

On that very day, as I was passing through the Piazza Navona, and had my fine retriever with me, just when we came opposite the gate of the Bargello, my dog flew barking loudly inside the door upon a youth, who had been arrested at the suit of a man called Donnino (a goldsmith from

[1] The word in Cellini is *ovolatore di zecca*.

Parma, and a former pupil of Caradosso), on the charge of having robbed him. The dog strove so violently to tear the fellow to pieces, that the constables were moved to pity. It so happened that he was pleading his own cause with boldness, and Donnino had not evidence enough to support the accusation; and what was more, one of the corporals of the guard, a Genoese, was a friend of the young man's father. The upshot was that, what with the dog and with those other circumstances, they were on the point of releasing their prisoner. When I came up, the dog had lost all fear of sword or staves, and was flying once more at the young man; so they told me if I did not call the brute off they would kill him. I held him back as well as I was able; but just then the fellow, in the act of readjusting his cape, let fall some paper packets from the hood, which Donnino recognised as his property. I too recognised a little ring; whereupon I called out: "This is the thief who broke into my shop and robbed it; and therefore my dog knows him;" then I loosed the dog, who flew again upon the robber. On this the fellow craved for mercy, promising to give back whatever he possessed of mine. When I had secured the dog, he proceeded to restore the gold and silver and the rings which he had stolen from me, and twenty-five crowns in addition. Then he cried once more to me for pity. I told him to make his peace with God, for I should do him neither good nor evil. So I returned to my business; and a few days afterwards, Cesare Macherone, the false coiner, was hanged in the Banchi opposite the Mint; his accomplice was sent to the galleys; the Genoese thief was hanged in the Campo di Fiore, while I remained in better repute as an honest man than I had enjoyed before.

LV

When I had nearly finished my piece, there happened that terrible inundation which flooded the whole of Rome.[1] I waited to see what would happen; the day was well-nigh spent, for the clocks struck twenty-two and the water went on rising formidably. Now the front of my house and shop

[1] This took place on the 8th and 9th October 1530.

faced the Banchi, but the back was several yards higher, because it turned toward Monte Giordano; accordingly, bethinking me first of my own safety and in the next place of my honour, I filled my pockets with the jewels, and gave the gold-piece into the custody of my workmen, and then descended barefoot from the back-windows, and waded as well as I could until I reached Monte Cavallo. There I sought out Messer Giovanni Gaddi, clerk of the Camera, and Bastiano Veneziano, the painter. To the former I confided the precious stones, to keep in safety: he had the same regard for me as though I had been his brother. A few days later, when the rage of the river was spent, I returned to my workshop, and finished the piece with such good fortune, through God's grace and my own great industry, that it was held to be the finest masterpiece which had been ever seen in Rome.[2]

When then I took it to the Pope, he was insatiable in praising me, and said: "Were I but a wealthy emperor, I would give my Benvenuto as much land as his eyes could survey; yet being nowadays but needy bankrupt potentates, we will at any rate give him bread enough to satisfy his modest wishes." I let the Pope run on to the end of his rhodomontade,[3] and then asked him for a mace-bearer's place which happened to be vacant. He replied that he would grant me something of far greater consequence. I begged his Holiness to bestow this little thing on me meanwhile by way of earnest. He began to laugh, and said he was willing, but that he did not wish me to serve, and that I must make some arrangement with the other mace-bearers to be exempted. He would allow them through me a certain favour, for which they had already petitioned, namely, the right of recovering their fees at law. This was accordingly done; and that mace-bearer's office brought me in little less than 200 crowns a year.[4]

[2] This famous masterpiece was preserved in the Castle of S. Angelo during the Papal Government of Rome. It was brought out on Christmas, Easter, and S. Peter's days.

[3] *Quella sua smania di parole.*

[4] Cellini received this post among the Mazzieri (who walked like beadles before the Pope) on April 14, 1531. He resigned it in favour of Pietro Cornaro of Venice in 1535.

LVI

I continued to work for the Pope, executing now one trifle and now another, when he commissioned me to design a chalice of exceeding richness. So I made both drawing and model for the piece. The latter was constructed of wood and wax. Instead of the usual top, I fashioned three figures of a fair size in the round; they represented Faith, Hope, and Charity. Corresponding to these, at the base of the cup, were three circular histories in bas-relief. One was the Nativity of Christ, the second the Resurrection, and the third S. Peter crucified head downwards; for thus I had received commission. While I had this work in hand, the Pope was often pleased to look at it; wherefore, observing that his Holiness had never thought again of giving me anything, and knowing that a post in the Piombo was vacant, I asked for this one evening. The good Pope, quite oblivious of his extravagances at the termination of the last piece, said to me: "That post in the Piombo is worth more than 800 crowns a year, so that if I gave it you, you would spend your time in scratching your paunch,[1] and your magnificent handicraft would be lost, and I should bear the blame." I replied at once as thus: "Cats of a good breed mouse better when they are fat than starving; and likewise honest men who possess some talent, exercise it to far nobler purport when they have the wherewithal to live abundantly; wherefore princes who provide such folk with competences, let your Holiness take notice, are watering the roots of genius; for genius and talent, at their birth, come into this world lean and scabby; and your Holiness should also know that I never asked for the place with the hope of getting it. Only too happy I to have that miserable post of mace-bearer. On the other I built but castles in the air. Your Holiness will do well, since you do not care to give it me, to bestow it on a man of talent who deserves it, and not upon some fat ignoramus who will spend his time scratching his paunch, if I may quote your Holiness's own words. Follow the example of Pope Giulio's illustrious memory, who conferred

[1] *Grattare il corpo*, which I have translated *scratch your paunch*, is equivalent to *twirl your thumbs*.

an office of the same kind upon Bramante, that most admirable architect."

Immediately on finishing this speech, I made my bow, and went off in a fury. Then Bastiano Veneziano the painter approached, and said: "Most blessed Father, may your Holiness be willing to grant it to one who works assiduously in the exercise of some talent; and as your Holiness knows that I am diligent in my art, I beg that I may be thought worthy of it." The Pope replied: "That devil Benvenuto will not brook rebuke. I was inclined to give it him, but it is not right to be so haughty with a Pope. Therefore I do not well know what I am to do." The Bishop of Vasona then came up, and put in a word for Bastiano, saying: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto is but young; and a sword becomes him better than a friar's frock. Let your Holiness give the place to this ingenious person Bastiano. Some time or other you will be able to bestow on Benvenuto a good thing, perhaps more suitable to him than this would be." Then the Pope turning to Messer Bartolommeo Valori, told him: "When next you meet Benvenuto, let him know from me that it was he who got that office in the Piombo for Bastiano the painter, and add that he may reckon on obtaining the next considerable place that falls; meanwhile let him look to his behaviour, and finish my commissions."[2]

The following evening, two hours after sundown, I met Messer Bartolommeo Valori[3] at the corner of the Mint; he was preceded by two torches, and was going in haste to the Pope, who had sent for him. On my taking off my hat, he stopped and called me, and reported in the most friendly manner all the messages the Pope had sent me. I replied that I should complete my work with greater diligence and application than any I had yet attempted, but without the least hope of having any reward whatever from the Pope.

[2] The office of the Piombo in Rome was a bureau in which leaden seals were appended to Bulls and instruments of state. It remained for a long time in the hands of the Cistercians; but it used also to be conferred on laymen, among whom were Bremante and Sebastiano del Piombo. When the latter obtained it, he neglected his art and gave himself up to "scratching his paunch," as Cellini predicted.

[3] Bartolommeo or Baccio Valori, a devoted adherent of the Medici, played an important part in Florentine history. He was Clement's commissary to the Prince of Orange during the siege. Afterwards, feeling himself ill repaid for his services, he joined Filippo Strozzi in his opposition to the Medicean rule, and was beheaded in 1537, together with his son and a nephew.

Messer Bartolommeo reproved me, saying that this was not the way in which one ought to reply to the advances of a Pope. I answered that I should be mad to reply otherwise —mad if I based my hopes on such promises, being certain to get nothing. So I departed, and went off to my business.

Messer Bartolommeo must have reported my audacious speeches to the Pope, and more perhaps than I had really said; for his Holiness waited above two months before he sent to me, and during that while nothing would have induced me to go uncalled for to the palace. Yet he was dying with impatience to see the chalice, and commissioned Messer Ruberto Pucci to give heed to what I was about.[4] That right worthy fellow came daily to visit me, and always gave me some kindly word, which I returned. The time was drawing nigh now for the Pope to travel toward Bologna;[5] so at last, perceiving that I did not mean to come to him, he made Messer Ruberto bid me bring my work, that he might see how I was getting on. Accordingly, I took it; and having shown, as the piece itself proved, that the most important part was finished, I begged him to advance me five hundred crowns, partly on account, and partly because I wanted gold to complete the chalice. The Pope said: "Go on, go on at work till it is finished." I answered, as I took my leave, that I would finish it if he paid me the money. And so I went away.

LVII

When the Pope took his journey to Bologna, he left Cardinal Salviati as Legate of Rome, and gave him commission to push the work that I was doing forward, adding: "Benvenuto is a fellow who esteems his own great talents but slightly, and us less; look to it then that you keep him always going, so that I may find the chalice finished on my return."

That beast of a Cardinal sent for me after eight days, bidding me bring the piece up. On this I went to him without the piece. No sooner had I shown my face, than he

[4] Roberto Pucci was another of the devoted Medicean partisans who remained true to his colours. He sat among the forty-eight senators of Alessandro, and was made a Cardinal by Paul III. in 1534.

[5] On November 18, 1532, Clement went to meet Charles V. at Bologna, where, in 1529, he had already given him the Imperial crown.

called out: "Where is that onion-stew of yours?[1] Have you got it ready?" I answered: "O most reverend Monsignor, I have not got my onion-stew ready, nor shall I make it ready, unless you give me onions to concoct it with." At these words, the Cardinal, who looked more like a donkey than a man, turned uglier by half than he was naturally; and wanting at once to cut the matter short, cried out: "I'll send you to a galley, and then perhaps you'll have the grace[2] to go on with your labour." The bestial manners of the man made me a beast too; and I retorted: "Monsignor, send me to the galleys when I've done deeds worthy of them; but for my present laches, I snap my fingers at your galleys: and what is more, I tell you that, just because of you, I will not set hand further to my piece. Don't send for me again, for I won't appear, no, not if you summon me by the police."

After this, the good Cardinal tried several times to let me know that I ought to go on working, and to bring him what I was doing to look at. I only told his messengers: "Say to Monsignor that he must send me onions, if he wants me to get my stew ready." Nor gave I ever any other answer; so that he threw up the commission in despair.

LVIII

The Pope came back from Bologna, and sent at once for me, because the Cardinal had written the worst he could of my affairs in his despatches. He was in the hottest rage imaginable, and bade me come upon the instant with my piece. I obeyed. Now, while the Pope was staying at Bologna, I had suffered from an attack of inflammation in the eyes, so painful that I scarce could go on living for the torment; and this was the chief reason why I had not carried out my work. The trouble was so serious that I expected for certain to be left without my eyesight; and I had reckoned up the sum on which I could subsist, if I were blind for life. Upon the way to the Pope, I turned over in my mind what I should put forward to excuse myself for not having been

[1] *Cipollata.* Literally, a show of onions and pumpkins; metaphorically, a mess, gallimaufry.

[2] *Arai di grazia di.* I am not sure whether I have given the right shade of meaning in the text above. It may mean: *You will be permitted.*

able to advance his work. I thought that while he was inspecting the chalice, I might tell him of my personal embarrassments. However, I was unable to do so; for when I arrived in the presence, he broke out coarsely at me: "Come here with your work; is it finished?" I displayed it; and his temper rising, he exclaimed: "In God's truth I tell thee, thou that makest it thy business to hold no man in regard, that, were it not for decency and order, I would have thee chucked together with thy work there out of windows." Accordingly, when I perceived that the Pope had become no better than a vicious beast, my chief anxiety was how I could manage to withdraw from his presence. So, while he went on bullying, I tucked the piece beneath my cape, and muttered under my breath: "The whole world could not compel a blind man to execute such things as these." Raising his voice still higher, the Pope shouted: "Come here; what say'st thou?" I stayed in two minds, whether or not to dash at full speed down the staircase; then I took my decision and threw myself upon my knees, shouting as loudly as I could, for he too had not ceased from shouting: "If an infirmity has blinded me, am I bound to go on working?" He retorted: "You saw well enough to make your way hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say." I answered, for I noticed he had dropped his voice a little: "Let your Holiness inquire of your physician, and you will find the truth out." He said: "So ho! softly; at leisure we shall hear if what you say is so." Then, perceiving that he was willing to give me hearing, I added: "I am convinced that the only cause of this great trouble which has happened to me is Cardinal Salviati; for he sent to me immediately after your Holiness's departure, and when I presented myself, he called my work a stew of onions, and told me he would send me to complete it in a galley; and such was the effect upon me of his knavish words, that in my passion I felt my face in flame, and so intolerable a heat attacked my eyes that I could not find my own way home. Two days afterwards, cataracts fell on both my eyes; I quite lost my sight, and after your Holiness's departure I have been unable to work at all."

Rising from my knees, I left the presence without further

license. It was afterwards reported to me that the Pope had said: "One can give commissions, but not the prudence to perform them. I did not tell the Cardinal to go so brutally about this business.[1] If it is true that he is suffering from his eyes, of which I shall get information through my doctor, one ought to make allowance for him." A great gentleman, intimate with the Pope, and a man of very distinguished parts, happened to be present. He asked who I was, using terms like these: "Most blessed Father, pardon if I put a question. I have seen you yield at one and the same time to the hottest anger I ever observed, and then to the warmest compassion; so I beg your Holiness to tell me who the man is; for if he is a person worthy to be helped, I can teach him a secret which may cure him of that infirmity." The Pope replied: "He is the greatest artist who was ever born in his own craft; one day, when we are together, I will show you some of his marvellous works, and the man himself to boot; and I shall be pleased if we can see our way toward doing something to assist him." Three days after this, the Pope sent for me after dinner-time, and I found that great noble in the presence. On my arrival, the Pope had my cope-button brought, and I in the meantime drew forth my chalice. The nobleman said, on looking at it, that he had never seen a more stupendous piece of work. When the button came, he was still more struck with wonder: and looking me straight in the face, he added: "The man is young, I trow, to be so able in his art, and still apt enough to learn much." He then asked me what my name was. I answered: "My name is Benvenuto." He replied: "And Benvenuto shall I be this day to you. Take flower-de-luces, stalk, blossom, root, together; then decoct them over a slack fire; and with the liquid bathe your eyes several times a day; you will most certainly be cured of that weakness; but see that you purge first, and then go forward with the lotion." The Pope gave me some kind words, and so I went away half satisfied.

[1] *Che mettessi tanta mazza.*

LIX

It was true indeed that I had got the sickness; but I believe I caught it from that fine young servant-girl whom I was keeping when my house was robbed. The French disease, for it was that, remained in me more than four months dormant before it showed itself, and then it broke out over my whole body at one instant. It was not like what one commonly observes, but covered my flesh with certain blisters, of the size of six-pences, and rose-coloured. The doctors would not call it the French disease, albeit I told them why I thought it was that. I went on treating myself according to their methods, but derived no benefit. At last, then, I resolved on taking the wood, against the advice of the first physicians in Rome;[1] and I took it with the most scrupulous discipline and rules of abstinence that could be thought of; and after a few days, I perceived in me a great amendment. The result was that at the end of fifty days I was cured and as sound as a fish in the water.

Some time afterwards I sought to mend my shattered health, and with this view I betook myself to shooting when the winter came in. That amusement, however, led me to expose myself to wind and water, and to staying out in marsh-lands; so that, after a few days, I fell a hundred times more ill than I had been before. I put myself once more under doctors' orders, and attended to their directions, but grew always worse. When the fever fell upon me, I resolved on having recourse again to the wood; but the doctors forbade it, saying that if I took it with the fever on me, I should not have a week to live. However, I made my mind up to disobey their orders, observed the same diet as I had formerly adopted, and after drinking the decoction four days, was wholly rid of fever. My health improved enormously; and while I was following this cure, I went on always working at the models of the chalice. I may add that, during the time of that strict abstinence, I produced finer things and of more exquisite invention than at any other period of my life. After fifty days my health was re-established, and I continued with the utmost care to keep it and confirm it. When

[1] That is, Guiacum, called by the Italians *legno santo*.

at last I ventured to relax my rigid diet, I found myself as wholly free from those infirmities as though I had been born again. Although I took pleasure in fortifying the health I so much longed for, yet I never left off working; both the chalice and the Mint had certainly as much of my attention as was due to them and to myself.

LX

It happened that Cardinal Salviati, who, as I have related, entertained an old hostility against me, had been appointed Legate to Parma. In that city a certain Milanese goldsmith, named Tobbia, was taken up for false coining, and condemned to the gallows and the stake. Representations in his favour, as being a man of great ability, were made to the Cardinal, who suspended the execution of the sentence, and wrote to the Pope, saying the best goldsmith in the world had come into his hands, sentenced to death for coining false money, but that he was a good simple fellow, who could plead in his excuse that he had taken counsel with his confessor, and had received, as he said, from him permission to do this. Thereto he added: "If you send for this great artist to Rome, your Holiness will bring down the overweening arrogance of your favourite Benvenuto, and I am quite certain that Tobbia's work will please you far more than his." The Pope accordingly sent for him at once; and when the man arrived, he made us both appear before him, and commissioned each of us to furnish a design for mounting an unicorn's horn, the finest which had ever been seen, and which had been sold for 17,000 ducats of the Camera. The Pope meant to give it to King Francis; but first he wished it richly set in gold, and ordered us to make sketches for this purpose. When they were finished, we took them to the Pope. That of Tobbia was in the form of a candlestick, the horn being stuck in it like a candle, and at the base of the piece he had introduced four little unicorns' heads of a very poor design. When I saw the thing, I could not refrain from laughing gently in my sleeve. The Pope noticed this, and cried: "Here, show me your sketch!" It was a single unicorn's head, proportioned in size to the

horn. I had designed the finest head imaginable; for I took it partly from the horse and partly from the stag, enriching it with fantastic mane and other ornaments. Accordingly, no sooner was it seen, than every one decided in my favour. There were, however, present at the competition certain Milanese gentlemen of the first consequence, who said: "Most blessed Father, your Holiness is sending this magnificent present into France; please to reflect that the French are people of no culture, and will not understand the excellence of Benvenuto's work; pyxes like this one of Tobbia's will suit their taste well, and these too can be finished quicker.[1] Benvenuto will devote himself to completing your chalice, and you will get two pieces done in the same time; moreover, this poor man, whom you have brought to Rome, will have the chance to be employed." The Pope, who was anxious to obtain his chalice, very willingly adopted the advice of the Milanese gentlefolk.

Next day, therefore, he commissioned Tobbia to mount the unicorn's horn, and sent his Master of the Wardrobe to bid me finish the chalice.[2] I replied that I desired nothing in the world more than to complete the beautiful work I had begun: and if the material had been anything but gold, I could very easily have done so myself; but it being gold, his Holiness must give me some of the metal if he wanted me to get through with my work. To this the vulgar courtier answered: "Zounds! don't ask the Pope for gold, unless you mean to drive him into such a fury as will ruin you." I said: "Oh, my good lord, will your lordship please to tell me how one can make bread without flour? Even so without gold this piece of mine cannot be finished." The Master of the Wardrobe, having an inkling that I had made a fool of him, told me he should report all I had spoken to his Holiness; and this he did. The Pope flew into a bestial passion, and swore he would wait to see if I was so mad as not to finish it. More than two months passed

[1] The word I have translated *pyxes* is *ciborii*, vessels for holding the Eucharist.

[2] The Master of the Wardrobe was at that time Giovanni Aleotti. I need hardly remind my readers that *Guardaroba* or wardrobe was the apartment in a palace where arms, plate, furniture, and clothes were stored. We shall find, when we come to Cellini's service under Duke Cosimo, that princes spent much of their time in this place.

thus; and though I had declared I would not give a stroke to the chalice, I did not do so, but always went on working with the greatest interest. When he perceived I was not going to bring it, he began to display real displeasure, and protested he would punish me in one way or another.

A jeweller from Milan in the Papal service happened to be present when these words were spoken. He was called Pompeo, and was closely related to Messer Trajano, the most favoured servant of Pope Clement. The two men came, upon a common understanding, to him and said: "If your Holiness were to deprive Benvenuto of the Mint, perhaps he would take it into his head to complete the chalice." To this the Pope answered: "No; two evil things would happen: first, I should be ill served in the Mint, which concerns me greatly; and secondly, I should certainly not get the chalice." The two Milanese, observing the Pope indisposed towards me, at last so far prevailed that he deprived me of the Mint, and gave it to a young Perugian, commonly known as Fagiuolo.[3] Pompeo came to inform me that his Holiness had taken my place in the Mint away, and that if I did not finish the chalice, he would deprive me of other things besides. I retorted: "Tell his Holiness that he has deprived himself and not me of the Mint, and that he will be doing the same with regard to those other things of which he speaks; and that if he wants to confer the post on me again, nothing will induce me to accept it." The graceless and unlucky fellow went off like an arrow to find the Pope and report this conversation; he added also something of his own invention. Eight days later, the Pope sent the same man to tell me that he did not mean me to finish the chalice, and wanted to have it back precisely at the point to which I had already brought it. I told Pompeo: "This thing is not like the Mint, which it was in his power to take away; but five hundred crowns which I received belong to his Holiness, and I am ready to return them; the piece itself is mine, and with it I shall do what I think best." Pompeo ran off to report my speech, together with some biting words which in my righteous anger I had let fly at himself.

[3] Vasari mentions a Girolamo Fagiuoli, who flourished at this period, but calls him a Bolognese.

LXI

After the lapse of three days, on a Thursday, there came to me two favourite Chamberlains of his Holiness; one of them is alive now, and a bishop; he was called Messer Pier Giovanni, and was an officer of the wardrobe; the other could claim nobler birth, but his name has escaped me. On arriving they spoke as follows: "The Pope hath sent us, Benvenuto; and since you have not chosen to comply with his request on easy terms, his commands now are that either you should give us up his piece, or that we should take you to prison." Thereupon I looked them very cheerfully in the face, replying: "My lords, if I were to give the work to his Holiness, I should be giving what is mine and not his, and at present I have no intention to make him this gift. I have brought it far forward with great labour, and do not want it to go into the hands of some ignorant beast who will destroy it with no trouble." While I spoke thus, the goldsmith Tobbia was standing by, who even presumptuously asked me for the models also of my work. What I retorted, in words worthy of such a rascal, need not here be repeated. Then, when those gentlemen, the Chamberlains, kept urging me to do quickly what I meant to do, I told them I was ready. So I took my cape up, and before I left the shop, I turned to an image of Christ, with solemn reverence and cap in hand, praying as thus: "O gracious and undying, just and holy our Lord, all the things thou doest are according to thy justice, which hath no peer on earth. Thou knowest that I have exactly reached the age of thirty, and that up to this hour I was never threatened with a prison for any of my actions. Now that it is thy will that I should go to prison, with all my heart I thank thee for this dispensation." Thereat I turned round to the two Chamberlains, and addressed them with a certain lowering look I have: "A man of my quality deserved no meaner catchpoles than your lordships: place me between you, and take me as your prisoner where you like." Those two gentlemen, with the most perfect manners, burst out laughing, and put me between them; and so we went off, talking pleasantly, until they brought me to the Governor of

Rome, who was called Il Magalotto.[1] When I reached him (and the Procurator-Fiscal was with him, both waiting for me), the Pope's Chamberlains, still laughing, said to the Governor: "We give up to you this prisoner; now see you take good care of him. We are very glad to have acted in the place of your agents; for Benvenuto has told us that this being his first arrest, he deserved no catchpoles of inferior station than we are." Immediately on leaving us, they sought the Pope; and when they had minutely related the whole matter, he made at first as though he would give way to passion, but afterwards he put control upon himself and laughed, because there were then in the presence certain lords and cardinals, my friends, who had warmly espoused my cause.

Meanwhile, the Governor and the Fiscal were at me, partly bullying, partly expostulating, partly giving advice, and saying it was only reason that a man who ordered work from another should be able to withdraw it at his choice, and in any way which he thought best. To this I replied that such proceedings were not warranted by justice, neither could a Pope act thus; for that a Pope is not of the same kind as certain petty tyrant princes, who treat their folk as badly as they can, without regard to law or justice; and so a Vicar of Christ may not commit any of these acts of violence. Thereat the Governor, assuming his police-court style of threatening and bullying, began to say: "Benvenuto, Benvenuto, you are going about to make me treat you as you deserve." "You will treat me with honour and courtesy, if you wish to act as I deserve." Taking me up again, he cried: "Send for the work at once, and don't wait for a second order." I responded: "My lords, grant me the favour of being allowed to say four more words in my defence." The Fiscal, who was a far more reasonable agent of police than the Governor, turned to him and said: "Monsignor, suppose we let him say a hundred words, if he likes: so long as he gives up the work, that is enough for us." I spoke: "If any man you like to name had ordered a palace or a house to be built, he could with justice tell the

[1] Gregorio Magalotti was a Roman. The Procurator-Fiscal was then Benedetto Valenti. Magalotti is said to have discharged his office with extreme severity, and to have run great risks of his life in consequence.

master-mason: 'I do not want you to go on working at my house or palace;' and after paying him his labour, he would have the right to dismiss him. Likewise, if a nobleman gave commission for a jewel of a thousand crowns' value to be set, when he saw that the jeweller was not serving him according to his desire, he could say: 'Give me back my stone, for I do not want your work.' But in a case of this kind none of those considerations apply; there is neither house nor jewel here; nobody can command me further than that I should return the five hundred crowns which I have had. Therefore, monsignori, do everything you can do; for you will get nothing from me beyond the five hundred crowns. Go and say this to the Pope. Your threats do not frighten me at all; for I am an honest man, and stand in no fear of my sins." The Governor and Fiscal rose, and said they were going to the Pope, and should return with orders which I should soon learn to my cost. So I remained there under guard. I walked up and down a large hall, and they were about three hours away before they came back from the Pope. In that while the flower of our nation among the merchants came to visit me, imploring me not to persist in contending with a Pope, for this might be the ruin of me. I answered them that I had made my mind up quite well what I wished to do.

LXII

No sooner had the Governor returned, together with the Procurator, from the palace, than he sent for me, and spoke to this effect: "Benvenuto, I am certainly sorry to come back from the Pope with such commands as I have received; you must either produce the chalice on the instant, or look to your affairs." Then I replied that "inasmuch as I had never to that hour believed a holy Vicar of Christ could commit an unjust act, so I should like to see it before I did believe it; therefore do the utmost that you can." The Governor rejoined: "I have to report a couple of words more from the Pope to you, and then I will execute the orders given me. He says that you must bring your work to me here, and that after I have seen it put into a box and sealed, I must take it to him. He engages his word

not to break the seal, and to return the piece to you untouched. But this much he wants to have done, in order to preserve his own honour in the affair." In return to this speech, I answered, laughing, that I would very willingly give up my work in the way he mentioned, because I should be glad to know for certain what a Pope's word was really worth.

Accordingly, I sent for my piece, and having had it sealed as described, gave it up to him. The Governor repaired again to the Pope, who took the box, according to what the Governor himself told me, and turned it several times about. Then he asked the Governor if he had seen the work; and he replied that he had, and that it had been sealed up in his presence, and added that it had struck him as a very admirable piece. Thereupon the Pope said: "You shall tell Benvenuto that Popes have authority to bind and loose things of far greater consequence than this;" and while thus speaking he opened the box with some show of anger, taking off the string and seals with which it was done up. Afterwards he paid it prolonged attention; and, as I subsequently heard, showed it to Tobbia the goldsmith, who bestowed much praise upon it. Then the Pope asked him if he felt equal to producing a piece in that style. On his saying yes, the Pope told him to follow it out exactly; then turned to the Governor and said: "See whether Benvenuto will give it up; for if he does, he shall be paid the value fixed on it by men of knowledge in this art; but if he is really bent on finishing it himself, let him name a certain time; and if you are convinced that he means to do it, let him have all the reasonable accommodations he may ask for." The Governor replied: "Most blessed Father, I know the violent temper of this young man; so let me have authority to give him a sound rating after my own fashion." The Pope told him to do what he liked with words, though he was sure he would make matters worse; and if at last he could do nothing else, he must order me to take the five hundred crowns to his jeweller, Pompeo.

The Governor returned, sent for me into his cabinet, and casting one of his catchpole's glances, began to speak as follows: "Popes have authority to loose and bind the whole

world, and what they do is immediately ratified in heaven. Behold your box, then, which has been opened and inspected by his Holiness." I lifted up my voice at once, and said: "I thank God that now I have learned and can report what the faith of Popes is made of." Then the Governor launched out into brutal bullying words and gestures; but perceiving that they came to nothing, he gave up his attempt as desperate, and spoke in somewhat milder tones after this wise: "Benvenuto, I am very sorry that you are so blind to your own interest; but since it is so, go and take the five hundred crowns, when you think fit, to Pompeo." I took my piece up, went away, and carried the crowns to Pompeo on the instant. It is most likely that the Pope had counted on some want of money or other opportunity preventing me from bringing so considerable a sum at once, and was anxious in this way to repiece the broken thread of my obedience. When then he saw Pompeo coming to him with a smile upon his lips and the money in his hand, he soundly rated him, and lamented that the affair had turned out so. Then he said: "Go find Benvenuto in his shop, and treat him with all the courtesies of which your ignorant and brutal nature is capable, and tell him that if he is willing to finish that piece for a reliquary to hold the Corpus Domini when I walk in procession, I will allow him the conveniences he wants in order to complete it; provided only that he goes on working." Pompeo came to me, called me outside the shop, and heaped on me the most mawkish caresses of a donkey,[1] reporting everything the Pope had ordered. I lost no time in answering that "the greatest treasure I could wish for in the world was to regain the favour of so great a Pope, which had been lost to me, not indeed by my fault, but by the fault of my overwhelming illness and the wickedness of those envious men who take pleasure in making mischief; and since the Pope has plenty of servants, do not let him send you round again, if you value your life . . . nay, look well to your safety. I shall not fail, by night or day, to think and do everything I can in the Pope's service; and bear this well in mind, that when you have reported these words to his Holiness, you never in any way whatever meddle with the least of my

[1] *Le più isvenevole carezze d'asino.*

affairs, for I will make you recognise your errors by the punishment they merit." The fellow related everything to the Pope, but in far more brutal terms than I had used; and thus the matter rested for a time while I again attended to my shop and business.

LXIII

Tobbia the goldsmith meanwhile worked at the setting and the decoration of the unicorn's horn. The Pope, moreover, commissioned him to begin the chalice upon the model he had seen in mine. But when Tobbia came to show him what he had done, he was very discontented, and greatly regretted that he had broken with me, blaming all the other man's works and the people who had introduced them to him; and several times Baccino della Croce came from him to tell me that I must not neglect the reliquary. I answered that I begged his Holiness to let me breathe a little after the great illness I had suffered, and from which I was not as yet wholly free, adding that I would make it clear to him that all the hours in which I could work should be spent in his service. I had indeed begun to make his portrait, and was executing a medal in secret. I fashioned the steel dies for stamping this medal in my own house; while I kept a partner in my workshop, who had been my prentice and was called Felice.

At that time, as is the wont of young men, I had fallen in love with a Sicilian girl, who was exceedingly beautiful. On it becoming clear that she returned my affection, her mother perceived how the matter stood, and grew suspicious of what might happen. The truth is that I had arranged to elope with the girl for a year to Florence, unknown to her mother; but she, getting wind of this, left Rome secretly one night, and went off in the direction of Naples. She gave out that she was gone by Cività Vecchia, but she really went by Ostia. I followed them to Cività Vecchia, and did a multitude of mad things to discover her. It would be too long to narrate them all in detail; enough that I was on the point of losing my wits or dying. After two months she wrote to me that she was in Sicily, extremely unhappy. I meanwhile was indulging myself in all the pleasures man can

think of, and had engaged in another love affair, merely to drown the memory of my real passion.

LXIV

It happened through a variety of singular accidents that I became intimate with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of very elevated genius and well instructed in both Latin and Greek letters. In the course of conversation one day we were led to talk about the art of necromancy; apropos of which I said: "Throughout my whole life I have had the most intense desire to see or learn something of this art." Thereto the priest replied: "A stout soul and a steadfast must the man have who sets himself to such an enterprise." I answered that of strength and steadfastness of soul I should have enough and to spare, provided I found the opportunity. Then the priest said: "If you have the heart to dare it, I will amply satisfy your curiosity." Accordingly we agreed upon attempting the adventure.

The priest one evening made his preparations, and bade me find a comrade, or not more than two. I invited Vincenzio Romoli, a very dear friend of mine, and the priest took with him a native of Pistoja, who also cultivated the black art. We went together to the Coliseum; and there the priest, having arrayed himself in necromancer's robes, began to describe circles on the earth with the finest ceremonies that can be imagined. I must say that he had made us bring precious perfumes and fire, and also drugs of fetid odour. When the preliminaries were completed, he made the entrance into the circle; and taking us by the hand, introduced us one by one inside it. Then he assigned our several functions; to the necromancer, his comrade, he gave the pentacle to hold; the other two of us had to look after the fire and the perfumes; and then he began his incantations. This lasted more than an hour and a half; when several legions appeared, and the Coliseum was all full of devils. I was occupied with the precious perfumes, and when the priest perceived in what numbers they were present, he turned to me and said: "Benvenuto, ask them something." I called on them to reunite me with my Sicilian

Angelica. That night we obtained no answer; but I enjoyed the greatest satisfaction of my curiosity in such matters. The necromancer said that we should have to go a second time, and that I should obtain the full accomplishment of my request; but he wished me to bring with me a little boy of pure virginity.

I chose one of my shop-lads, who was about twelve years old, and invited Vincenzio Romoli again; and we also took a certain Agnolino Gaddi, who was a very intimate friend of both. When we came once more to the place appointed, the necromancer made just the same preparations, attended by the same and even more impressive details. Then he introduced us into the circle, which he had reconstructed with art more admirable and yet more wondrous ceremonies. Afterwards he appointed my friend Vincenzio to the ordering of the perfumes and the fire, and with him Agnolino Gaddi. He next placed in my hand the pentacle, which he bid me turn toward the points he indicated, and under the pentacle I held the little boy, my workman. Now the necromancer began to utter those awful invocations, calling by name on multitudes of demons who are captains of their legions, and these he summoned by the virtue and potency of God, the Uncreated, Living, and Eternal, in phrases of the Hebrew, and also of the Greek and Latin tongues; insomuch that in a short space of time the whole Coliseum was full of a hundredfold as many as had appeared upon the first occasion. Vincenzio Romoli, together with Agnolino, tended the fire and heaped on quantities of precious perfumes. At the advice of the necromancer, I again demanded to be reunited with Angelica. The sorcerer turned to me and said: "Hear you what they have replied; that in the space of one month you will be where she is?" Then once more he prayed me to stand firm by him, because the legions were a thousandfold more than he had summoned, and were the most dangerous of all the denizens of hell; and now that they had settled what I asked, it behoved us to be civil to them and dismiss them gently. On the other side, the boy, who was beneath the pentacle, shrieked out in terror that a million of the fiercest men were swarming round and threatening us. He said, moreover, that four huge giants had appeared, who

were striving to force their way inside the circle. Meanwhile the necromancer, trembling with fear, kept doing his best with mild and soft persuasions to dismiss them. Vincenzio Romoli, who quaked like an aspen leaf, looked after the perfumes. Though I was quite as frightened as the rest of them, I tried to show it less, and inspired them all with marvellous courage; but the truth is that I had given myself up for dead when I saw the terror of the necromancer. The boy had stuck his head between his knees, exclaiming: "This is how I will meet death, for we are certainly dead men." Again I said to him: "These creatures are all inferior to us, and what you see is only smoke and shadow; so then raise your eyes." When he had raised them he cried out: "The whole Coliseum is in flames, and the fire is advancing on us;" then covering his face with his hands, he groaned again that he was dead, and that he could not endure the sight longer. The necromancer appealed for my support, entreating me to stand firm by him, and to have assafetida flung upon the coals; so I turned to Vincenzio Romoli, and told him to make the fumigation at once. While uttering these words I looked at Agnolino Gaddi, whose eyes were starting from their sockets in his terror, and who was more than half dead, and said to him: "Agnolo, in time and place like this we must not yield to fright, but do the utmost to bestir ourselves; therefore, up at once, and fling a handful of that assafetida upon the fire." Agnolo, at the moment when he moved to do this, let fly such a volley from his breech, that it was far more effectual than the assafetida.[1] The boy, roused by that great stench and noise, lifted his face a little, and hearing me laugh, he plucked up courage, and said the devils were taking to flight tempestuously. So we abode thus until the matin-bells began to sound. Then the boy told us again that but few remained, and those were at a distance. When the necromancer had concluded his ceremonies, he put off his wizard's robe, and packed up a great bundle of books which he had brought with him; then, all together, we issued with him from the circle, huddling as close as we could to one another, especially the boy, who had got into the middle, and taken the necromancer by his

[1] *Fece una istrombazzata di coregge con tanta abundanzia di merda.*

gown and me by the cloak. All the while that we were going toward our houses in the Banchi, he kept saying that two of the devils he had seen in the Coliseum were gambolling in front of us, skipping now along the roofs and now upon the ground. The necromancer assured me that, often as he had entered magic circles, he had never met with such a serious affair as this. He also tried to persuade me to assist him in consecrating a book, by means of which we should extract immeasurable wealth, since we could call up fiends to show us where treasures were, whereof the earth is full; and after this wise we should become the richest of mankind: love affairs like mine were nothing but vanities and follies without consequence. I replied that if I were a Latin scholar I should be very willing to do what he suggested. He continued to persuade me by arguing that Latin scholarship was of no importance, and that, if he wanted, he could have found plenty of good Latinists; but that he had never met with a man of soul so firm as mine, and that I ought to follow his counsel. Engaged in this conversation, we reached our homes, and each one of us dreamed all that night of devils.

LXV

As we were in the habit of meeting daily, the necromancer kept urging me to join in his adventure. Accordingly, I asked him how long it would take, and where we should have to go. To this he answered that we might get through with it in less than a month, and that the most suitable locality for the purpose was the hill country of Norcia;[1] a master of his in the art had indeed consecrated such a book quite close to Rome, at a place called the Badia di Farfa; but he had met with some difficulties there, which would not occur in the mountains of Norcia; the peasants also of that district are people to be trusted, and have some practice in these matters, so that at a pinch they are able to render valuable assistance.

This priestly sorcerer moved me so by his persuasions that I was well disposed to comply with his request; but I

[1] This district of the Central Apennines was always famous for witches, poisoners, and so forth. The Farfa mentioned below is a village of the Sabine hills.

said I wanted first to finish the medals I was making for the Pope. I had confided what I was doing about them to him alone, begging him to keep my secret. At the same time I never stopped asking him if he believed that I should be reunited to my Sicilian Angelica at the time appointed; for the date was drawing near, and I thought it singular that I heard nothing about her. The necromancer told me that it was quite certain I should find myself where she was, since the devils never break their word when they promise, as they did on that occasion; but he bade me keep my eyes open, and be on the look out against some accident which might happen to me in that connection, and put restraint upon myself to endure somewhat against my inclination, for he could discern a great and imminent danger in it: well would it be for me if I went with him to consecrate the book, since this would avert the peril that menaced me, and would make us both most fortunate.

I was beginning to hanker after the adventure more than he did; but I said that a certain Maestro Giovanni of Castel Bolognese had just come to Rome, very ingenious in the art of making medals of the sort I made in steel, and that I thirsted for nothing more than to compete with him and take the world by storm with some great masterpiece, which I hoped would annihilate all those enemies of mine by the force of genius and not the sword.[2] The sorcerer on his side went on urging: "Nay, prithee, Benvenuto, come with me and shun a great disaster which I see impending over you." However, I had made my mind up, come what would, to finish my medal, and we were now approaching the end of the month. I was so absorbed and enamoured by my work that I thought no more about Angelica or anything of that kind, but gave my whole self up to it.

LXVI

It happened one day, close on the hours of vespers, that I had to go at an unusual time for me from my house to my workshop; for I ought to say that the latter was in the

[2] Gio. Bernardi had been in the Duke of Ferrara's service. Giovio brought him to Rome, where he was patronised by the Cardinals Salviati and De' Medici. He made a famous medal of Clement VII., and was a Pontifical mace-bearer. He died at Faenza in 1555.

Banchi, while I lived behind the Banchi, and went rarely to the shop; all my business there I left in the hands of my partner, Felice. Having stayed a short while in the workshop, I remembered that I had to say something to Alessandro del Bene. So I arose, and when I reached the Banchi, I met a man called Ser Benedetto, who was a great friend of mine. He was a notary, born in Florence, son of a blind man who said prayers about the streets for alms, and a Sienese by race. This Ser Benedetto had been very many years at Naples; afterwards he had settled in Rome, where he transacted business for some Sienese merchants of the Chigi.[1] My partner had over and over again asked him for some moneys which were due for certain little things confided to Ser Benedetto. That very day, meeting him in the Banchi, he demanded his money rather roughly, as his wont was. Benedetto was walking with his masters, and they, annoyed by the interruption, scolded him sharply, saying they would be served by somebody else, in order not to have to listen to such barking. Ser Benedetto did the best he could to excuse himself, swore that he had paid the goldsmith, and said he had no power to curb the rage of madmen. The Sienese took his words ill, and dismissed him on the spot. Leaving them, he ran like an arrow to my shop, probably to take revenge upon Felice. It chanced that just in the middle of the street we met. I, who had heard nothing of the matter, greeted him most kindly, according to my custom, to which courtesy he replied with insults. Then what the sorcerer had said flashed all at once upon my mind; and bridling myself as well as I was able, in the way he bade me, I answered: "Good brother Benedetto, don't fly into a rage with me, for I have done you no harm, nor do I know anything about these affairs of yours. Please go and finish what you have to do with Felice. He is quite capable of giving you a proper answer; but inasmuch as I know nothing about it, you are wrong to abuse me in this way, especially as you are well aware that I am not the man to put up with insults." He retorted that I knew everything, and that he was the man to make me bear a heavier load than that, and that Felice and I were two great rascals. By

[1] The MS. has Figi; but this is probably a mistake of the amanuensis.

this time a crowd had gathered round to hear the quarrel. Provoked by his ugly words, I stooped and took up a lump of mud—for it had rained—and hurled it with a quick and unpremeditated movement at his face. He ducked his head, so that the mud hit him in the middle of the skull. There was a stone in it with several sharp angles, one of which striking him, he fell stunned like a dead man: whereupon all the bystanders, seeing the great quantity of blood, judged that he was really dead.

LXVII

While he was still lying on the ground, and people were preparing to carry him away, Pompeo the jeweller passed by. The Pope had sent for him to give orders about some jewels. Seeing the fellow in such a miserable plight, he asked who had struck him; on which they told him: "Benvenuto did it, but the stupid creature brought it down upon himself." No sooner had Pompeo reached the Pope than he began to speak: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto has this very moment murdered Tobbia; I saw it with my own eyes." On this the Pope in a fury ordered the Governor, who was in the presence, to take and hang me at once in the place where the homicide had been committed, adding that he must do all he could to catch me, and not appear again before him until he had hanged me.

When I saw the unfortunate Benedetto stretched upon the ground, I thought at once of the peril I was in, considering the power of my enemies, and what might ensue from this disaster. Making off, I took refuge in the house of Messer Giovanni Gaddi, clerk of the Camera, with the intention of preparing as soon as possible to escape from Rome. He, however, advised me not to be in such a hurry, for it might turn out perhaps that the evil was not so great as I imagined; and calling Messer Annibal Caro, who lived with him, bade him go for information.

While these arrangements were being made, a Roman gentleman appeared, who belonged to the household of Cardinal de' Medici, and had been sent by him.[1] Taking

[1] Ippolito de' Medici was a Cardinal, much against his natural inclination. When he went as Papal Legate to Hungary in 1532, he assumed the airs

Messer Giovanni and me apart, he told us that the Cardinal had reported to him what the Pope said, and that there was no way of helping me out of the scrape; it would be best for me to shun the first fury of the storm by flight, and not to risk myself in any house in Rome. Upon this gentleman's departure, Messer Giovanni looked me in the face as though he were about to cry, and said: "Ah me! Ah woe is me! There is nothing I can do to aid you!" I replied: "By God's means, I shall aid myself alone; only I request you to put one of your horses at my disposition." They had already saddled a black Turkish horse, the finest and the best in Rome. I mounted with an arquebuse upon the saddle-bow, wound up in readiness to fire, if need were.[2] When I reached Ponte Sisto, I found the whole of the Bargello's guard there, both horse and foot. So, making a virtue of necessity, I put my horse boldly to a sharp trot, and with God's grace, being somehow unperceived by them, passed freely through. Then, with all the speed I could, I took the road to Palombara, a fief of my lord Giovanbatista Savello, whence I sent the horse back to Messer Giovanni, without, however, thinking it well to inform him where I was.[3] Lord Giovanbatista, after very kindly entertaining me two days, advised me to remove and go toward Naples till the storm blew over. So, providing me with company, he set me on the way to Naples.

While travelling, I met a sculptor of my acquaintance, who was going to San Germano to finish the tomb of Piero de' Medici at Monte Cassino.[4] His name was Solosmeo, and he gave me the news that on the very evening of the fray, Pope Clement sent one of his chamberlains to inquire how Tobbia was getting on. Finding him at work, unharmed,

and style of a Condottiere. His jealousy of his cousin Alessandro led to his untimely death by poison in 1535.

[2] The gun was an *arquebuso a ruola*, which had a wheel to cock it.

[3] A village in the Sabina, north of Tivoli. Giov. Battista Savelli, of a great Roman house, was a captain of cavalry in the Papal service after 1530. In 1540 he entered the service of Duke Cosimo, and died in 1553.

[4] This sculptor was Antonio Solosmeo of Settignano. The monument erected to Piero de' Medici (drowned in the Garigliano, 1504) at Monte Cassino is by no means a brilliant piece of Florentine art. Piero was the exiled son of Lorenzo the Magnificent; and the Medici, when they regained their principality, erected this monument to his memory, employing Antonio da San Gallo, Francesco da San Gallo, and a Neapolitan, Matteo de' Quaranta. The work was begun in 1532. Solosmeo appears from this passage in Cellini to have taken the execution of it over.

and without even knowing anything about the matter, the messenger went back and told the Pope, who turned round to Pompeo and said: "You are a good-for-nothing rascal; but I promise you well that you have stirred a snake up which will sting you, and serve you right!" Then he addressed himself to Cardinal de' Medici, and commissioned him to look after me, adding that he should be very sorry to let me slip through his fingers. And so Solosmeo and I went on our way singing toward Monte Cassino, intending to pursue our journey thence in company toward Naples.

LXVIII

When Solosmeo had inspected his affairs at Monte Cassino, we resumed our journey; and having come within a mile of Naples, we were met by an innkeeper, who invited us to his house, and said he had been at Florence many years with Carlo Ginori;[1] adding, that if we put up at his inn, he would treat us most kindly, for the reason that we both were Florentines. We told him frequently that we did not want to go to him. However, he kept passing, sometimes in front and sometimes behind, perpetually repeating that he would have us stop at his hostelry. When this began to bore me, I asked if he could tell me anything about a certain Sicilian woman called Beatrice, who had a beautiful daughter named Angelica, and both were courtesans. Taking it into his head that I was jeering him, he cried out: "God send mischief to all courtesans and such as favour them!" Then he set spurs to his horse, and made off as though he was resolved to leave us. I felt some pleasure at having rid myself in so fair a manner of that ass of an innkeeper; and yet I was rather the loser than the gainer; for the great love I bore Angelica had come back to my mind, and while I was conversing, not without some lover's sighs, upon this subject with Solosmeo, we saw the man returning to us at a gallop. When he drew up, he said: "Two or perhaps three days ago a woman and a girl came back to a house in my neighbourhood; they had the names you mentioned, but whether they are Sicilians I cannot say." I answered: "Such power over me has that

[1] A Gonfalonier of the Republic in 1527.

name of Angelica, that I am now determined to put up at your inn."

We rode on all together with mine host into the town of Naples, and descended at his house. Minutes seemed years to me till I had put my things in order, which I did in the twinkling of an eye; then I went to the house, which was not far from our inn, and found there my Angelica, who greeted me with infinite demonstrations of the most unbounded passion. I stayed with her from evenfall until the following morning, and enjoyed such pleasure as I never had before or since; but while drinking deep of this delight, it occurred to my mind how exactly on that day the month expired, which had been prophesied within the necromantic circle by the devils. So then let every man who enters into relation with those spirits weigh well the inestimable perils I have passed through!

LXIX

I happened to have in my purse a diamond, which I showed about among the goldsmiths; and though I was but young, my reputation as an able artist was so well known even at Naples that they welcomed me most warmly. Among others, I made acquaintance with a most excellent companion, a jeweller, Messer Domenico Fontana by name. This worthy man left his shop for the three days that I spent in Naples, nor ever quitted my company, but showed me many admirable monuments of antiquity in the city and its neighbourhood. Moreover, he took me to pay my respects to the Viceroy of Naples, who had let him know that he should like to see me. When I presented myself to his Excellency, he received me with much honour;[1] and while we were exchanging compliments, the diamond which I have mentioned caught his eye. He made me show it him, and prayed me, if I parted with it, to give him the refusal. Having taken back the stone, I offered it again to his Excellency, adding that the diamond and I were at his service. Then he said that the diamond pleased him well, but that he should be much better pleased if I were to stay with him;

[1] The Spanish Viceroy was at this time Pietro Alvarez de Toledo, Marquis of Villafranca, and uncle of the famous Duke of Alva. He governed Naples for twenty years, from 1532 onwards.

he would make such terms with me as would cause me to feel satisfied. We spoke many words of courtesy on both sides; and then coming to the merits of the diamond, his Excellency bade me without hesitation name the price at which I valued it. Accordingly I said that it was worth exactly two hundred crowns. He rejoined that in his opinion I had not overvalued it; but that since I had set it, and he knew me for the first artist in the world, it would not make the same effect when mounted by another hand. To this I said that I had not set the stone, and that it was not well set; its brilliancy was due to its own excellence; and that if I were to mount it afresh, I could make it show far better than it did. Then I put my thumb-nail to the angles of its facets, took it from the ring, cleaned it up a little, and handed it to the Viceroy. Delighted and astonished, he wrote me out a cheque[2] for the two hundred crowns I had demanded.

When I returned to my lodging, I found letters from the Cardinal de' Medici, in which he told me to come back post-haste to Rome, and to dismount without delay at the palace of his most reverend lordship. I read the letter to my Angelica, who begged me with tears of affection either to remain in Naples or to take her with me. I replied that if she was disposed to come with me, I would give up to her keeping the two hundred ducats I had received from the Viceroy. Her mother perceiving us in this close conversation, drew nigh and said: "Benvenuto, if you want to take my daughter to Rome, leave me a sum of fifteen ducats, to pay for my lying-in, and then I will travel after you." I told the old harridan that I would very gladly leave her thirty if she would give me my Angelica. We made the bargain, and Angelica entreated me to buy her a gown of black velvet, because the stuff was cheap at Naples. I consented to everything, sent for the velvet, settled its price and paid for it; then the old woman, who thought me over head and ears in love, begged for a gown of fine cloth for herself, as well as other outlays for her sons, and a good bit more money than I had offered. I

[2] *Mi fece una polizza.* A *polizza* was an order for money, practically identical with our *cheque.*

turned to her with a pleasant air and said: "My dear Beatrice, are you satisfied with what I offered?" She answered that she was not; thereupon I said that what was not enough for her would be quite enough for me; and having kissed Angelica, we parted, she with tears, and I with laughter, and off at once I set for Rome.

LXX

I left Naples by night with my money in my pocket, and this I did to prevent being set upon or murdered, as is the way there; but when I came to Selciata,[1] I had to defend myself with great address and bodily prowess from several horsemen who came out to assassinate me. During the following days, after leaving Solosmeo at his work in Monte Cassino, I came one morning to breakfast at the inn of Adanagni;[2] and when I was near the house, I shot some birds with my arquebuse. An iron spike, which was in the lock of my musket, tore my right hand. Though the wound was not of any consequence, it seemed to be so, because it bled abundantly. Going into the inn, I put my horse up, and ascended to a large gallery, where I found a party of Neapolitan gentlemen just upon the point of sitting down to table; they had with them a young woman of quality, the loveliest I ever saw. At the moment when I entered the room, I was followed by a very brave young serving-man of mine holding a big partisan in his hand. The sight of us, our arms, and the blood, inspired those poor gentlemen with such terror, particularly as the place was known to be a nest of murderers, that they rose from table and called on God in a panic to protect them. I began to laugh, and said that God had protected them already, for that I was a man to defend them against whoever tried to do them harm. Then I asked them for something to bind up my wounded hand; and the charming lady took out a handkerchief richly embroidered with gold, wishing to make a bandage with it. I refused; but she tore the piece in half, and in the gentlest manner wrapt my hand up with her fingers. The company thus having regained confidence,

[1] Ponte a Selice, between Capua and Aversa.
[2] Anagni, where Boniface VIII. was outraged to the death by the French partisans of Philip le Bel.

we dined together very gaily; and when the meal was over, we all mounted and went off together. The gentlemen, however, were not as yet quite at their ease; so they left me in their cunning to entertain the lady, while they kept at a short distance behind. I rode at her side upon a pretty little horse of mine, making signs to my servant that he should keep somewhat apart, which gave us the opportunity of discussing things that are not sold by the apothecary.[3] In this way I journeyed to Rome with the greatest enjoyment I have ever had.

When I got to Rome, I dismounted at the palace of Cardinal de' Medici, and having obtained an audience of his most reverend lordship, paid my respects, and thanked him warmly for my recall. I then entreated him to secure me from imprisonment, and even from a fine if that were possible. The Cardinal was very glad to see me; told me to stand in no fear; then turned to one of his gentlemen, called Messer Pier Antonio Pecci of Siena, ordering him to tell the Bargello not to touch me.[4] He then asked him how the man was going on whose head I had broken with the stone. Messer Pier Antonio replied that he was very ill, and that he would probably be even worse; for when he heard that I was coming back to Rome, he swore he would die to serve me an ill turn. When the Cardinal heard that, he burst into a fit of laughter, and cried: "The fellow could not have taken a better way than this to make us know that he was born a Sienese." After that he turned to me and said: "For our reputation and your own, refrain these four or five days from going about in the Banchi; after that go where you like, and let fools die at their own pleasure."

I went home and set myself to finishing the medal which I had begun, with the head of Pope Clement and a figure of Peace on the reverse. The figure was a slender woman, dressed in very thin drapery, gathered at the waist, with a little torch in her hand, which was burning a heap of arms bound together like a trophy. In the background I

[3] *i. e.*, private and sentimental.

[4] This Pecci passed into the service of Caterina de' Medici. In 1551 he schemed to withdraw Siena from the Spanish to the French cause, and was declared a rebel.

had shown part of a temple, where was Discord chained with a load of fetters. Round about it ran a legend in these words: *Clauduntur belli portæ.*[5]

During the time that I was finishing this medal, the man whom I had wounded recovered, and the Pope kept incessantly asking for me. I, however, avoided visiting Cardinal de' Medici; for whenever I showed my face before him, his lordship gave me some commission of importance, which hindered me from working at my medal to the end. Consequently Messer Pier Carnesecchi, who was a great favourite of the Pope's, undertook to keep me in sight, and let me adroitly understand how much the Pope desired my services.[6] I told him that in a few days I would prove to his Holiness that his service had never been neglected by me.

LXXI

Not many days had passed before, my medal being finished, I stamped it in gold, silver, and copper. After I had shown it to Messer Pietro, he immediately introduced me to the Pope. It was on a day in April after dinner, and the weather very fine; the Pope was in the Belvedere. After entering the presence, I put my medals together with the dies of steel into his hand. He took them, and recognising at once their mastery of art, looked Messer Piero in the face and said: "The ancients never had such medals made for them as these."

While he and the others were inspecting them, taking up now the dies and now the medals in their hands, I began to speak as submissively as I was able: "If a greater power had not controlled the working of my inauspicious stars, and hindered that with which they violently menaced me, your Holiness, without your fault or mine, would have lost a faithful and loving servant. It must, most blessed Father, be allowed that in those cases where men are risking all upon one throw, it is not wrong to do as certain poor and simple men are wont to say, who tell us we must mark

[5] The medal was struck to celebrate the peace in Christendom between 1530 and 1536.

[6] Piero Carnesecchi was one of the martyrs of free-thought in Italy. He adopted Protestant opinions, and was beheaded and burned in Rome, August 1567.

seven times and cut once.[1] Your Holiness will remember how the malicious and lying tongue of my bitter enemy so easily aroused your anger, that you ordered the Governor to have me taken on the spot and hanged; but I have no doubt that when you had become aware of the irreparable act by which you would have wronged yourself, in cutting off from you a servant such as even now your Holiness hath said he is, I am sure, I repeat, that, before God and the world, you would have felt no trifling twinges of remorse. Excellent and virtuous fathers, and masters of like quality, ought not to let their arm in wrath descend upon their sons and servants with such inconsiderate haste, seeing that subsequent repentance will avail them nothing. But now that God has overruled the malign influences of the stars and saved me for your Holiness, I humbly beg you another time not to let yourself so easily be stirred to rage against me."

The Pope had stopped from looking at the medals and was now listening attentively to what I said. There were many noblemen of the greatest consequence present, which made him blush a little, as it were for shame; and not knowing how else to extricate himself from this entanglement, he said that he could not remember having given such an order. I changed the conversation in order to cover his embarrassment. His Holiness then began to speak again about the medals, and asked what method I had used to stamp them so marvellously, large as they were; for he had never met with ancient pieces of that size. We talked a little on this subject; but being not quite easy that I might not begin another lecture sharper than the last, he praised my medals, and said they gave him the greatest satisfaction, but that he should like another reverse made according to a fancy of his own, if it were possible to stamp them with two different patterns. I said that it was possible to do so. Then his Holiness commissioned me to design the history of Moses when he strikes the rock and water issues from it, with this motto: *Ut bibat populus.*[2] At last he added: "Go Benvenuto; you will not have finished it before I have pro-

[1] *Segnar sette e tagliar uno.* A proverb derived possibly from felling trees; or, as some commentators interpret, from the points made by sculptors on their marble before they block the statue out.

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vided for your fortune." After I had taken leave, the Pope proclaimed before the whole company that he would give me enough to live on wealthily without the need of labouring for any one but him. So I devoted myself entirely to working out this reverse with the Moses on it.

LXXII

In the meantime the Pope was taken ill, and his physicians thought the case was dangerous. Accordingly my enemy began to be afraid of me, and engaged some Neapolitan soldiers to do to me what he was dreading I might do to him.[1] I had therefore much trouble to defend my poor life. In course of time, however, I completed the reverse; and when I took it to the Pope, I found him in bed in a most deplorable condition. Nevertheless, he received me with the greatest kindness, and wished to inspect the medals and the dies. He sent for spectacles and lights, but was unable to see anything clearly. Then he began to fumble with his fingers at them, and having felt them a short while, he fetched a deep sigh, and said to his attendants that he was much concerned about me, but that if God gave him back his health he would make it all right.

Three days afterwards the Pope died, and I was left with all my labour lost; yet I plucked up courage, and told myself that these medals had won me so much celebrity, that any Pope who was elected would give me work to do, and peradventure bring me better fortune. Thus I encouraged and put heart into myself, and buried in oblivion all the injuries which Pompeo had done me. Then putting on my arms and girding my sword, I went to San Piero, and kissed the feet of the dead Pope, not without shedding tears. Afterwards I returned to the Banchi to look on at the great commotion which always happens on such occasions.

While I was sitting in the street with several of my friends, Pompeo went by, attended by ten men very well armed; and when he came just opposite, he stopped, as though about to pick a quarrel with myself. My companions, brave and adventurous young men, made signs to me to

[1] The meaning of this is, that if Clement died, Cellini would have had his opportunity of vengeance during the anarchy which followed a vacancy of the Papal See.

draw my sword; but it flashed through my mind that if I drew, some terrible mischief might result for persons who were wholly innocent. Therefore I considered that it would be better if I put my life to risk alone. When Pompeo had stood there time enough to say two Ave Marias, he laughed derisively in my direction; and going off, his fellows also laughed and wagged their heads, with many other insolent gestures. My companions wanted to begin the fray at once; but I told them hotly that I was quite able to conduct my quarrels to an end by myself, and that I had no need of stouter fighters than I was; so that each of them might mind his business. My friends were angry and went off muttering. Now there was among them my dearest comrade, named Albertaccio del Bene, own brother to Alessandro and Albizzo, who is now a very rich man in Lyons. He was the most redoubtable young man I ever knew, and the most high-spirited, and loved me like himself; and insomuch as he was well aware that my forbearance had not been inspired by want of courage, but by the most daring bravery, for he knew me down to the bottom of my nature, he took my words up and begged me to favour him so far as to associate him with myself in all I meant to do. I replied: "Dear Albertaccio, dearest to me above all men that live, the time will very likely come when you shall give me aid; but in this case, if you love me, do not attend to me, but look to your own business, and go at once like our other friends, for now there is no time to lose." These words were spoken in one breath

LXXIII

In the meanwhile my enemies had proceeded slowly toward Chiavica, as the place was called, and had arrived at the crossing of several roads, going in different directions; but the street in which Pompeo's house stood was the one which leads straight to the Campo di Fiore. Some business or other made him enter the apothecary's shop which stood at the corner of Chiavica, and there he stayed a while transacting it. I had just been told that he had boasted of the insult which he fancied he had put upon me; but be that as it may, it was to his misfortune; for precisely

when I came up to the corner, he was leaving the shop and his bravi had opened their ranks and received him in their midst. I drew a little dagger with a sharpened edge, and breaking the line of his defenders, laid my hands upon his breast so quickly and coolly, that none of them were able to prevent me. Then I aimed to strike him in the face; but fright made him turn his head round; and I stabbed him just beneath the ear. I only gave two blows, for he fell stone dead at the second. I had not meant to kill him; but as the saying goes, knocks are not dealt by measure. With my left hand I plucked back the dagger, and with my right hand drew my sword to defend my life. However, all those bravi ran up to the corpse and took no action against me; so I went back alone through Strada Giulia, considering how best to put myself in safety.

I had walked about three hundred paces, when Piloto the goldsmith, my very good friend, came up and said: "Brother, now that the mischief's done, we must see to saving you." I replied: "Let us go to Albertaccio del Bene's house; it is only a few minutes since I told him I should soon have need of him." When we arrived there, Albertaccio and I embraced with measureless affection; and soon the whole flower of the young men of the Banchi, of all nations except the Milanese, came crowding in; and each and all made proffer of their own life to save mine. Messer Luigi Rucellai also sent with marvellous promptitude and courtesy to put his services at my disposal, as did many other great folk of his station; for they all agreed in blessing my hands,[1] judging that Pompeo had done me too great and unforgivable an injury, and marvelling that I had put up with him so long.

LXXIV

Cardinal Cornaro, on hearing of the affair, despatched thirty soldiers, with as many partisans, pikes, and arquebuses, to bring me with all due respect to his quarters.[1] This he did unasked; whereupon I accepted the invitation, and went off with them, while more than as many of the

[1] *Tutti d' accordo mi benedissono le mani.* This is tantamount to approving Cellini's handiwork in murdering Pompeo.

[1] This was Francesco, brother to Cardinal Marco Cornaro. He received the hat in 1528, while yet a layman, and the Bishopric of Brescia in 1531.

young men bore me company. Meanwhile, Messer Traiano, Pompeo's relative and first chamberlain to the Pope, sent a Milanese of high rank to Cardinal de' Medici, giving him news of the great crime I had committed, and calling on his most reverend lordship to chastise me. The Cardinal retorted on the spot: "His crime would indeed have been great if he had not committed this lesser one; thank Messer Traiano from me for giving me this information of a fact of which I had not heard before." Then he turned and in presence of the nobleman said to the Bishop of Frullì,[2] his gentleman and intimate acquaintance: "Search diligently after my friend Benvenuto; I want to help and defend him, and whoso acts against him acts against myself." The Milanese nobleman went back, much disconcerted, while the Bishop of Frullì come to visit me at Cardinal Cornaro's palace. Presenting himself to the Cardinal, he related how Cardinal de' Medici had sent for Benvenuto, and wanted to be his protector. Now Cardinal Cornaro, who had the touchy temper of a bear, flew into a rage, and told the Bishop he was quite as well able to defend me as Cardinal de' Medici. The Bishop, in reply, entreated to be allowed to speak with me on some matters of his patron which had nothing to do with the affair. Cornaro bade him for that day make as though he had already talked with me.

Cardinal de' Medici was very angry. However, I went the following night, without Cornaro's knowledge, and under good escort, to pay him my respects. Then I begged him to grant me the favour of leaving me where I was, and told him of the great courtesy which Cornaro had shown me; adding that if his most reverend lordship suffered me to stay, I should gain one friend the more in my hour of need; otherwise his lordship might dispose of me exactly as he thought best. He told me to do as I liked; so I returned to Cornaro's palace, and a few days afterwards the Cardinal Farnese was elected Pope.[3]

After he had put affairs of greater consequence in order, the new Pope sent for me, saying that he did not wish any one else to strike his coins. To these words of his Holiness

[2] Forlì. The Bishop was Bernardo de' Medici.
[3] Paul III., elected October 13, 1534.

a gentleman very privately acquainted with him, named Messer Latino Juvinale, made answer that I was in hiding for a murder committed on the person of one Pompeo of Milan, and set forth what could be argued for my justification in the most favourable terms.[4] The Pope replied: "I knew nothing of Pompeo's death, but plenty of Benvenuto's provocation; so let a safe-conduct be at once made out for him, in order that he may be placed in perfect security." A great friend of Pompeo's, who was also intimate with the Pope, happened to be there; he was a Milanese, called Messer Ambrogio.[5] This man said: "In the first days of your papacy it were not well to grant pardons of this kind." The Pope turned to him and answered: "You know less about such matters than I do. Know then that men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, stand above the law; and how far more he, then, who received the provocation I have heard of?" When my safe conduct had been drawn out, I began at once to serve him, and was treated with the utmost favour.

LXXV

Messer Latino Juvinale came to call on me, and gave me orders to strike the coins of the Pope. This roused up all my enemies, who began to look about how they should hinder me; but the Pope, perceiving their drift, scolded them, and insisted that I should go on working. I took the dies in hand, designing a S. Paul, surrounded with this inscription: *Vas electionis.* This piece of money gave far more satisfaction than the models of my competitors; so that the Pope forbade any one else to speak to him of coins, since he wished me only to have to do with them. This encouraged me to apply myself with untroubled spirit to the task; and Messer Latino Juvinale, who had received such orders from the Pope, used to introduce me to his Holiness. I had it much at heart to recover the post of stamper to the Mint; but on this point the Pope took advice, and then told me I must first obtain pardon for the homicide, and this I should get

[4] Latino Giovenale de' Manetti was a Latin poet and a man of humane learning, much esteemed by his contemporaries.

[5] Ambrogio Recalcati. He was for many years the trusted secretary and diplomatic agent of Paul III.

at the holy Maries' day in August through the Caporioni of Rome.[1] I may say that it is usual every year on this solemn festival to grant the freedom of twelve outlaws to these officers. Meanwhile he promised to give me another safe-conduct, which should keep me in security until that time.

When my enemies perceived that they were quite unable to devise the means of keeping me out of the Mint, they resorted to another expedient. The deceased Pompeo had left three thousand ducats as dowry to an illegitimate daughter of his; and they contrived that a certain favourite of Signor Pier Luigi, the Pope's son, should ask her hand in marriage through the medium of his master.[2] Accordingly the match came off; but this fellow was an insignificant country lad, who had been brought up by his lordship; and, as folk said, he got but little of the money, since his lordship laid his hands on it and had the mind to use it. Now the husband of the girl, to please his wife, begged the prince to have me taken up; and he promised to do so when the first flush of my favour with the Pope had passed away. Things stood so about two months, the servant always suing for his wife's dower, the master putting him off with pretexts, but assuring the woman that he would certainly revenge her father's murder. I obtained an inkling of these designs; yet I did not omit to present myself pretty frequently to his lordship, who made show of treating me with great distinction. He had, however, decided to do one or other of two things—either to have me assassinated, or to have me taken up by the Bargello. Accordingly he commissioned a certain little devil of a Corsican soldier in his service to do the trick as cleverly as he could;[3] and my other enemies, with Messer Traiano at the head of them, promised the fellow a reward of one hundred crowns. He assured them that the job would be as easy as sucking a fresh egg.

[1] *Le sante Marie.* So the Feast of the Assumption is called at Florence, because devotion is paid on that day to the various images of the Virgin scattered through the town. The *Caporioni* of Rome were, like aldermen, wardens of the districts into which the city was divided.

[2] Pier Luigi Farnese, Paul III.'s bastard, was successively created Gonfaloniere of the Church, Duke of Castro, Marquis of Novara, and finally Duke of Parma and Piacenza in 1545. He was murdered at Parma by his own courtiers in 1547. He was a man of infamous habits, quite unfit for the high dignities conferred on him.

[3] *Che la facessi più netta che poteva.*

Seeing into their plot, I went about with my eyes open and with good attendance, wearing an under-coat and armlets of mail, for which I had obtained permission.

The Corsican, influenced by avarice, hoped to gain the whole sum of money without risk, and imagined himself capable of carrying the matter through alone. Consequently, one day after dinner, he had me sent for in the name of Signor Pier Luigi. I went off at once, because his lordship had spoken of wanting to order several big silver vases. Leaving my home in a hurry, armed, however, as usual, I walked rapidly through Strada Giulia toward the Palazzo Farnese, not expecting to meet anybody at that hour of day. I had reached the end of the street and was making toward the palace, when, my habit being always to turn the corners wide, I observed the Corsican get up and take his station in the middle of the road. Being prepared, I was not in the least disconcerted; but kept upon my guard, and slackening pace a little, drew nearer toward the wall, in order to give the fellow a wide berth. He on his side came closer to the wall, and when we were now within a short distance of each other, I perceived by his gestures that he had it in his mind to do me mischief, and seeing me alone thus, thought he should succeed. Accordingly, I began to speak and said: "Brave soldier, if it had been night, you might have said you had mistaken me, but since it is full day, you know well enough who I am. I never had anything to do with you, and never injured you, but should be well disposed to do you service." He replied in a high-spirited way, without, however, making room for me to pass, that he did not know what I was saying. Then I answered: "I know very well indeed what you want, and what you are saying; but the job which you have taken in hand is more dangerous and difficult than you imagine, and may peradventure turn out the wrong way for you. Remember that you have to do with a man who would defend himself against a hundred; and the adventure you are on is not esteemed by men of courage like yourself." Meanwhile I also was looking black as thunder, and each of us had changed colour. Folk too gathered round us, for it had become clear that our words meant swords and daggers. He then, not having the spirit

to lay hands on me, cried out: "We shall meet another time." I answered: "I am always glad to meet honest men and those who show themselves as such."

When we parted, I went to his lordship's palace, and found he had not sent for me. When I returned to my shop, the Corsican informed me, through an intimate friend of his and mine, that I need not be on my guard against him, since he wished to be my good brother; but that I ought to be much upon my guard against others, seeing I was in the greatest peril, for folk of much consequence had sworn to have my life. I sent to thank him, and kept the best look-out I could. Not many days after, a friend of mine informed me that Signor Pier Luigi had given strict orders that I should be taken that very evening. They told me this at twenty; whereupon I spoke with some of my friends, who advised me to be off at once. The order had been given for one hour after sunset; accordingly at twenty-three I left in the post for Florence. It seems that when the Corsican showed that he had not pluck enough to do the business as he promised, Signor Pier Luigi on his own authority gave orders to have me taken, merely to stop the mouth of Pompeo's daughter, who was always clamouring to know where her dower had gone to. When he was unable to gratify her in this matter of revenge on either of the two plans he had formed, he bethought him of another, which shall be related in its proper place.

LXXVI

I reached Florence in due course, and paid my respects to the Duke Alessandro, who greeted me with extraordinary kindness and pressed me to remain in his service. There was then at Florence a sculptor called Il Tribolino, and we were gossips, for I had stood godfather to his son.[1] In course of conversation he told me that a certain Giacopo del Sansovino, his first master, had sent for him; and

[1] Niccolo de' Pericoli, a Florentine, who got the nickname of Tribolo in his boyhood, was a sculptor of some distinction. He worked on the bas-reliefs of San Petronio at Bologna, and helped Michel Agnolo da Siena to execute the tomb of Adrian VI. at Rome. Afterwards he was employed upon the sculpture of the Santa Casa at Loreto. He also made some excellent bronze-work for the Medicean villas at Cestello and Petraja. All through his life Tribolo served the Medici, and during the siege of Florence in 1530 he constructed a cork model of the town for Clement VII. Born 1485, died 1550.

whereas he had never seen Venice, and because of the gains he expected, he was very glad to go there.[2] On his asking me if I had ever been at Venice, I said no; this made him invite me to accompany him, and I agreed. So then I told Duke Alessandro that I wanted first to go to Venice, and that afterwards I would return to serve him. He exacted a formal promise to this effect, and bade me present myself before I left the city. Next day, having made my preparations, I went to take leave of the Duke, whom I found in the palace of the Pazzi, at that time inhabited by the wife and daughters of Signor Lorenzo Cibo.[3] Having sent word to his Excellency that I wished to set off for Venice with his good leave, Signor Cosimino de' Medici, now Duke of Florence, returned with the answer that I must go to Niccolò de Monte Aguto, who would give me fifty golden crowns, which his Excellency bestowed on me in sign of his good-will, and afterwards I must return to serve him.

I got the money from Niccolò, and then went to fetch Tribolo, whom I found ready to start; and he asked me whether I had bound my sword. I answered that a man on horseback about to take a journey ought not to bind his sword. He said that the custom was so in Florence, since a certain Ser Maurizio then held office, who was capable of putting S. John the Baptist to the rack for any trifling peccadillo.[4] Accordingly one had to carry one's sword bound till the gates were passed. I laughed at this, and so we set off, joining the courier to Venice, who was nicknamed Il Lamentone. In his company we travelled through Bologna, and arrived one evening at Ferrara. There we halted at the inn of the Piazza, which Lamentone went in search of some Florentine exiles, to take them letters and messages from their wives. The Duke had given orders that only the courier might talk to them, and no one else, under penalty of incurring the same banishment as they had.

[2] This is the famous Giacopo Tatti, who took his artist's surname from his master, Andrea da Monte a Sansovino. His works at Florence, Rome, and Venice are justly famous. He died in 1570, aged ninety-three.

[3] A brother of the Cardinal, and himself Marquis of Massa.

[4] Ser Maurizio was entitled Chancellor, but really superintended the criminal magistracy of Florence. Varchi and Segni both speak of him as harsh and cruel in the discharge of his office.

Meanwhile, since it was a little past the hour of twenty-two, Tribolo and I went to see the Duke of Ferrara come back from Belfiore, where he had been at a jousting match. There we met a number of exiles, who stared at us as though they wished to make us speak with them. Tribolo, who was the most timorous man that I have ever known, kept on saying: "Do not look at them or talk to them, if you care to go back to Florence." So we stayed, and saw the Duke return; afterwards, when we regained our inn, we found Lamentone there. After nightfall there appeared Niccolò Benintendi, and his brother Piero, and another old man, whom I believe to have been Jacopo Nardi,[5] together with some young fellows, who began immediately to ask the courier news, each man of his own family in Florence.[6] Tribolo and I kept at a distance, in order to avoid speaking with them. After they had talked a while with Lamentone, Niccolò Benintendi[7] said: "I know those two men there very well; what's the reason they give themselves such beastly airs, and will not talk to us?" Tribolo kept begging me to hold my tongue, while Lamentone told them that we had not the same permission as he had. Benintendi retorted it was idiotic nonsense, adding "Pox take them," and other pretty flowers of speech. Then I raised my head as gently as I could, and said: "Dear gentlemen, you are able to do us serious injury, while we cannot render you any assistance; and though you have flung words at us which we are far from deserving, we do not mean on that account to get into a rage with you." Thereupon old Nardi said that I had spoken like a worthy young man as I was. But Niccolò Benintendi shouted: "I snap my fingers at them and the Duke."[8] I replied that he was in the wrong toward us, since we had nothing to do with him or his affairs. Old Nardi took our part, telling Benintendi plainly that he was in the wrong, which made him go on muttering insults. On this I bade him know that I could say and do things to

[5] Jacopo Nardi was the excellent historian of Florence, a strong anti-Medicean partisan, who was exiled in 1530.

[6] I have translated the word *brigata* by *family* above, because I find Cellini in one of his letters alluding to his family as *la mia brigatina.*

[7] Niccolò Benintendi, who had been a member of the Eight in 1529, was exiled by the Medici in 1530.

[8] The Florentine slang is *Io ho in culo loro e il duca.*

him which he would not like, and therefore he had better mind his business, and let us alone. Once more he cried out that he snapped his fingers at the Duke and us, and that we were all of us a heap of donkeys.[9] I replied by giving him the lie direct and drawing my sword. The old man wanting to be first upon the staircase, tumbled down some steps, and all the rest of them came huddling after him. I rushed onward, brandishing my sword along the walls with fury, and shouting: "I will kill you all!" but I took good care not to do them any harm, as I might too easily have done. In the midst of this tumult the innkeeper screamed out; Lamentone cried, "For God's sake, hold!" some of them exclaimed, "Oh me, my head!" others, "Let me get out from here." In short, it was an indescribable confusion; they looked like a herd of swine. Then the host came with a light, while I withdrew upstairs and put my sword back in its scabbard. Lamentone told Niccolò Benintendi that he had behaved very ill. The host said to him: "It is as much as one's life is worth to draw swords here; and if the Duke were to know of your brawling, he would have you hanged. I will not do to you what you deserve; but take care you never show yourself again in my inn, or it will be the worse for you." Our host then came up to me, and when I began to make him my excuses, he would not suffer me to say a word, but told me that he knew I was entirely in the right, and bade me be upon my guard against those men upon my journey.

LXXVII

After we had supped, a barge-man appeared, and offered to take us to Venice. I asked if he would let us have the boat to ourselves; he was willing, and so we made our bargain. In the morning we rose early, and mounted our horses for the port, which is a few miles distant from Ferrara. On arriving there, we found Niccolò Benintendi's brother, with three comrades, waiting for me. They had among them two lances, and I had bought a stout pike in Ferrara. Being very well armed to boot, I was not at all

[9] *Un monte di asini.*

frightened, as Tribolo was, who cried: "God help us! those fellows are waiting here to murder us." Lamentone turned to me and said: "The best that you can do is to go back to Ferrara, for I see that the affair is likely to be ugly; for Heaven's sake, Benvenuto, do not risk the fury of these mad beasts." To which I replied: "Let us go forward, for God helps those who have the right on their side; and you shall see how I will help myself. Is not this boat engaged for us?" "Yes," said Lamentone. "Then we will stay in it without them, unless my manhood has deserted me." I put spurs to my horse, and when I was within fifty paces, dismounted and marched boldly forward with my pike. Tribolo stopped behind, all huddled up upon his horse, looking the very image of frost. Lamentone, the courier, meanwhile, was swelling and snorting like the wind. That was his usual habit; but now he did so more than he was wont, being in doubt how this devilish affair would terminate. When I reached the boat, the master presented himself and said that those Florentine gentlemen wanted to embark in it with us, if I was willing. I answered: "The boat is engaged for us and no one else, and it grieves me to the heart that I am not able to have their company." At these words a brave young man of the Magalotti family spoke out: "Benvenuto, we will make you able to have it." To which I answered: "If God and my good cause, together with my own strength of body and mind, possess the will and the power, you shall not make me able to have what you say." So saying I leapt into the boat, and turning my pike's point against them, added: "I'll show you with this weapon that I am not able." Wishing to prove he was in earnest, Magalotti then seized his own and came toward me. I sprang upon the gunwale and hit him such a blow, that, if he had not tumbled backward, I must have pierced his body. His comrades, in lieu of helping him, turned to fly; and when I saw that I could kill him, instead of striking, I said: "Get up, brother; take your arms and go away. I have shown you that I cannot do what I do not want, and what I had the power to do I have not chosen to do." Then I called for Tribolo, the boatman, and Lamentone to embark; and so we got under way for Venice. When we had gone ten miles on the Po, we sighted those young men,

who had got into a skiff and caught us up; and when they were alongside, that idiot Piero Benintendi sang out to me: "Go thy ways this time, Benvenuto; we shall meet in Venice." "Set out betimes then," I shouted, "for I am coming, and any man can meet me where he lists." In due course we arrived at Venice, when I applied to a brother of Cardinal Cornaro, begging him to procure for me the favour of being allowed to carry arms. He advised me to do so without hesitation, saying that the worst risk I ran was that I might lose my sword.

LXXVIII

Accordingly I girded on my sword, and went to visit Jacopo del Sansovino, the sculptor, who had sent for Tribolo. He received me most kindly, and invited us to dinner, and we stayed with him. In course of conversation with Tribolo, he told him that he had no work to give him at the moment, but that he might call again. Hearing this, I burst out laughing, and said pleasantly to Sansovino: "Your house is too far off from his, if he must call again." Poor Tribolo, all in dismay, exclaimed: "I have got your letter here, which you wrote to bid me come." Sansovino rejoined that men of his sort, men of worth and genius, were free to do that and greater things besides. Tribolo shrugged up his shoulders and muttered: "Patience, patience," several times. Thereupon, without regarding the copious dinner which Sansovino had given me, I took the part of my comrade Tribolo, for he was in the right. All the while at table Sansovino had never stopped chattering about his great achievements, abusing Michel Agnolo and the rest of his fellow-sculptors, while he bragged and vaunted himself to the skies. This had so annoyed me that not a single mouthful which I ate had tasted well; but I refrained from saying more than these two words: "Messer Jacopo, men of worth act like men of worth, and men of genius, who produce things beautiful and excellent, shine forth far better when other people praise them than when they boast so confidently of their own achievements." Upon this he and I rose from table blowing off the steam of our choler. The same day, happening to

pass near the Rialto, I met Piero Benintendi in the company of some men; and perceiving that they were going to pick a quarrel with me, I turned into an apothecary's shop till the storm blew over. Afterwards I learned that the young Magalotti, to whom I showed that courtesy, had scolded them roundly; and thus the affair ended.

LXXIX

A few days afterwards we set out on our return to Florence. We lay one night at a place on this side Chioggia, on the left hand as you go toward Ferrara. Here the host insisted upon being paid before we went to bed, and in his own way; and when I observed that it was the custom everywhere else to pay in the morning, he answered: "I insist on being paid overnight, and in my own way." I retorted that men who wanted everything their own way ought to make a world after their own fashion, since things were differently managed here. Our host told me not to go on bothering his brains, because he was determined to do as he had said. Tribolo stood trembling with fear, and nudged me to keep quiet, lest they should do something worse to us; so we paid them in the way they wanted, and afterwards we retired to rest. We had, I must admit, the most capital beds, new in every particular, and as clean as they could be. Nevertheless I did not get one wink of sleep, because I kept on thinking how I could revenge myself. At one time it came into my head to set fire to his house; at another to cut the throats of four fine horses which he had in the stable; I saw well enough that it was easy for me to do all this; but I could not see how it was easy to secure myself and my companion. At last I resolved to put my things and my comrade's on board the boat; and so I did. When the towing-horses had been harnessed to the cable, I ordered the people not to stir before I returned, for I had left a pair of slippers in my bedroom. Accordingly I went back to the inn and called our host, who told me he had nothing to do with us, and that we might go to Jericho.[1] There was a ragged stable-boy about, half asleep, who cried out to me: "The

[1] *E che noi andassimo al bordello.*

master would not move to please the Pope, because he has got a wench in bed with him, whom he has been wanting this long while." Then he asked me for a tip, and I gave him a few Venetian coppers, and told him to make the barge-man wait till I had found my slippers and returned. I went upstairs, took out a little knife as sharp as a razor, and cut the four beds that I found there into ribbons. I had the satisfaction of knowing I had done a damage of more than fifty crowns. Then I ran down to the boat with some pieces of the bed-covers[2] in my pouch, and bade the bargee start at once without delay. We had not gone far before my gossip Tribolo said that he had left behind some little straps belonging to his carpet-bag, and that he must be allowed to go back for them. I answered that he need not take thought for a pair of little straps, since I could make him as many big ones as he liked.[3] He told me I was always joking, but that he must really go back for his straps. Then he began ordering the bargee to stop, while I kept ordering him to go on. Meanwhile I informed my friend what kind of trick I had played our host, and showed him specimens of the bed-covers and other things, which threw him into such a quaking fright that he roared out to the bargee: "On with you, on with you, as quick as you can!" and never thought himself quite safe until we reached the gates of Florence.

When we arrived there, Tribolo said: "Let us bind our swords up, for the love of God; and play me no more of your games, I beg; for all this while I've felt as though my guts were in the saucepan." I made answer: "Gossip Tribolo, you need not tie your sword up, for you have never loosed it;" and this I said at random, because I never once had seen him act the man upon that journey. When he heard the remark, he looked at his sword and cried out: "In God's name, you speak true! Here it is tied, just as I arranged it before I left my house." My gossip deemed that I had been a bad travelling companion to him, because I resented affronts and defended myself against folk who would have done us injury. But I deemed that he had . ted a far worse part with regard to me by never coming to my assistance at

[2] *Sarge. Sargia* is interpreted *sopraccoperta del letto.*

[3] The Italian for straps, *coregge,* has a double meaning, upon which Cellini plays.

such pinches. Let him judge between us who stands by and has no personal interest in our adventures.

LXXX

No sooner had I dismounted than I went to visit Duke Alessandro, and thanked him greatly for his present of the fifty crowns, telling his Excellency that I was always ready to serve him according to my abilities. He gave me orders at once to strike dies for his coinage; and the first I made was a piece of forty soldi, with the Duke's head on one side and San Cosimo and San Damiano on the other.[1] This was in silver, and it gave so much satisfaction that the Duke did not hesitate to say they were the best pieces of money in Christendom. The same said all Florence and every one who saw them. Consequently I asked his Excellency to make me appointments,[2] and to grant me the lodgings of the Mint. He bade me remain in his service, and promised he would give me more than I demanded. Meanwhile he said he had commissioned the Master of the Mint, a certain Carlo Acciaiuoli, and that I might go to him for all the money that I wanted. This I found to be true; but I drew my monies so discreetly, that I had always something to my credit, according to my account.

I then made dies for a giulio,[3] it had San Giovanni in profile, seated with a book in his hand, finer in my judgment than anything which I had done; and on the other side were the armorial bearings of Duke Alessandro. Next I made dies for half-giulios on which I struck the full face of San Giovanni in small. This was the first coin with a head in full face on so thin a piece of silver that had yet been seen. The difficulty of executing it is apparent only to the eyes of such as are past-masters in these crafts. Afterwards I made dies for the golden crowns; this crown had a cross upon one side with some little cherubim, and on the other side his Excellency's arms.

[1] These were the special patrons of the Medicean family, being physician-saints.

[2] *Che mi fermassi una provvisione.*

[3] The *giulio* was a coin of 56 Italian centimes or 8 Tuscan *crazie*, which in Florence was also called *barile* or *gabellotto*, because the sum had to be paid as duty on a barrel of wine.

When I had struck these four sorts, I begged the Duke to make out my appointments and to assign me the lodgings I have mentioned, if he was contented with my service. He told me very graciously that he was quite satisfied, and that he would grant me my request. While we were thus talking, his Excellency was in his wardrobe, looking at a remarkable little gun that had been sent him out of Germany.[4] When he noticed that I too paid particular attention to this pretty instrument, he put it in my hands, saying that he knew how much pleasure I took in such things, and adding that I might choose for earnest of his promises an arquebuse to my own liking from the armoury, excepting only this one piece; he was well aware that I should find things of greater beauty, and not less excellent, there. Upon this invitation, I accepted with thanks; and when he saw me looking round, he ordered his Master of the Wardrobe, a certain Pretino of Lucca, to let me take whatever I liked.[5] Then he went away with the most pleasant words at parting, while I remained, and chose the finest and best arquebuse I ever saw, or ever had, and took it back with me to home.

Two days afterward I brought some drawings which his Excellency had commissioned for gold-work he wanted to give his wife, who was at that time still in Naples.[6] I again asked him to settle my affairs. Then his Excellency told me that he should like me first to execute the die of his portrait in fine style, as I had done for Pope Clement. I began it in wax; and the Duke gave orders, while I was at work upon it, that whenever I went to take his portrait, I should be admitted. Perceiving that I had a lengthy piece of business on my hands, I sent for a certain Pietro Pagolo from Monte Ritondo, in the Roman district, who had been with me from his boyhood in Rome.[7] I found him with one Bernardonaccio,[8] a goldsmith, who did not treat him well; so I brought him away from there, and taught him minutely how to strike coins from those dies. Meanwhile, I went on making the Duke's portrait; and oftentimes I found him napping after

[4] See above, p. 125, for the right meaning of wardrobe.
[5] Messer Francesco of Lucca, surnamed Il Pretino.
[6] Margaret of Austria, natural daughter to Charles V.; was eventually married in 1536 to Alessandro de' Medici.
[7] Pietro Pagolo Galleotti, much praised by Vasari for his artistic skill.
[8] Perhaps Bernardo Sabatini.

dinner with that Lorenzino of his, who afterwards murdered him, and no other company; and much I marvelled that a Duke of that sort showed such confidence about his safety.[9]

LXXXI

It happened at this time that Ottaviano de' Medici,[1] who to all appearances had got the government of everything in his own hands, favoured the old Master of the Mint against the Duke's will. This man was called Bastiano Cennini, an artist of the antiquated school, and of little skill in his craft.[2] Ottaviano mixed his stupid dies with mine in the coinage of crown-pieces. I complained of this to the Duke, who, when he saw how the matter stood, took it very ill, and said to me: "Go, tell this to Ottaviano de' Medici, and show him how it is."[3] I lost no time; and when I had pointed out the injury that had been done to my fine coins, he answered, like the donkey that he was: "We choose to have it so." I replied that it ought not to be so, and that I did not choose to have it so. He said: "And if the Duke likes to have it so?" I answered: "It would not suit me, for the thing is neither just nor reasonable." He told me to take myself off, and that I should have to swallow it in this way, even if I burst. Then I returned to the Duke, and related the whole unpleasant conversation between Ottaviano de' Medici and me, entreating his Excellency not to allow the fine coins which I had made for him to be spoiled, and begging for permission to leave Florence. He replied: "Ottaviano is too presuming: you shall have what you want; for this is an injury offered to myself."

That very day, which was a Thursday, I received from Rome a full safe-conduct from the Pope, with advice to go there at once and get the pardon of Our Lady's feast in mid-August, in order that I might clear myself from the penal-

[9] This is the famous Tuscan Brutus who murdered Alessandro. He was descended from Lorenzo de' Medici, the brother of Cosimo, *Pater Patriæ*, and the uncle of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

[1] This Ottaviano was not descended from either Cosimo or Lorenzo de' Medici, but from an elder, though less illustrious, branch of the great family. He married Francesca Salviati, the aunt of Duke Cosimo. Though a great patron of the arts and an intimate friend of M. A. Buonarroti, he was not popular, owing to his pride of place.

[2] Cellini praises this man, however, in the preface to the *Oreficeria*.

[3] *Mostragnene*. This is perhaps equivalent to *mostraglielo*.

ties attaching to my homicide. I went to the Duke, whom I found in bed, for they told me he was suffering the consequence of a debauch. In little more than two hours I finished what was wanted for his waxen medal; and when I showed it to him, it pleased him extremely. Then I exhibited the safe-conduct sent me at the order of the Pope, and told him how his Holiness had recalled me to execute certain pieces of work; on this account I should like to regain my footing in the fair city of Rome, which would not prevent my attending to his medal. The Duke made answer half in anger: "Benvenuto, do as I desire: stay here; I will provide for your appointments, and will give you the lodgings in the Mint, with much more than you could ask for, because your requests are only just and reasonable. And who do you think will be able to strike the beautiful dies which you have made for me?" Then I said: "My lord, I have thought of everything, for I have here a pupil of mine, a young Roman whom I have taught the art; he will serve your Excellency very well till I return with your medal finished, to remain for ever in your service. I have in Rome a shop open, with journeymen and a pretty business; as soon as I have got my pardon, I will leave all the devotion of Rome[4] to a pupil of mine there, and will come back, with your Excellency's good permission, to you." During this conversation, the Lorenzino de' Medici whom I have above mentioned was present, and no one else. The Duke frequently signed to him that he should join in pressing me to stay; but Lorenzino never said anything except: "Benvenuto, you would do better to remain where you are." I answered that I wanted by all means to regain my hold on Rome. He made no reply, but continued eyeing the Duke with very evil glances. When I had finished the medal to my liking, and shut it in its little box, I said to the Duke: "My lord, pray let me have your good-will, for I will make you a much finer medal than the one I made for Pope Clement. It is only reasonable that I should since that was the first I ever made. Messer Lorenzo here will give me some exquisite reverse, as he is a person learned and of the greatest genius." To these words Lorenzo

[4] *Tutta la divozione di Roma.* It is not very clear what this exactly means. Perhaps "all the affection and reverence I have for the city of Rome," or merely "all my ties in Rome."

suddenly made answer: "I have been thinking of nothing else but how to give you a reverse worthy of his Excellency." The Duke laughed a little, and looking at Lorenzo, said: "Lorenzo, you shall give him the reverse, and he shall do it here and shall not go away." Lorenzo took him up at once, saying: "I will do it as quickly as I can, and I hope to do something that shall make the whole world wonder." The Duke, who held him sometimes for a fool and sometimes for a coward, turned about in bed, and laughed at his bragging words. I took my leave without further ceremony, and left them alone together. The Duke, who did not believe that I was really going, said nothing further. Afterwards, when he knew that I was gone, he sent one of his servants, who caught me up at Siena, and gave me fifty golden ducats with a message from the Duke that I should take and use them for his sake, and should return as soon as possible; "and from Messer Lorenzo I have to tell you that he is preparing an admirable reverse for that medal which you want to make." I had left full directions to Petro Pagolo, the Roman above mentioned, how he had to use the dies; but as it was a very delicate affair, he never quite succeeded in employing them. I remained creditor to the Mint in a matter of more than seventy crowns on account of dies supplied by me.

LXXXII

On the journey to Rome I carried with me that handsome arquebuse which the Duke gave me; and very much to my own pleasure, I used it several times by the way, performing incredible feats by means of it. The little house I had in Strada Giulia was not ready; so I dismounted at the house of Messer Giovanni Gaddi, clerk of the Camera, to whose keeping I had committed, on leaving Rome, many of my arms and other things I cared for. So I did not choose to alight at my shop, but sent for Felice, my partner, and got him to put my little dwelling forthwith into excellent order. The day following, I went to sleep there, after well providing myself with clothes and all things requisite, since I intended to go and thank the Pope next morning.

I had two young serving-lads, and beneath my lodgings

lived a laundress who cooked extremely nicely for me. That evening I entertained several friends at supper, and having passed the time with great enjoyment, betook myself to bed. The night had hardly ended, indeed it was more than an hour before daybreak, when I heard a furious knocking at the house-door, stroke succeeding stroke without a moment's pause. Accordingly I called my elder servant, Cencio[1] (he was the man I took into the necromantic circle), and bade him to go and see who the madman was that knocked so brutally at that hour of the night. While Cencio was on this errand, I lighted another lamp, for I always keep one by me at night; then I made haste to pass an excellent coat of mail over my shirt, and above that some clothes which I caught up at random. Cencio returned, exclaiming: "Heavens, master! it is the Bargello and all his guard; and he says that if you do not open at once, he will knock the door down. They have torches, and a thousand things besides with them!" I answered: "Tell them that I am huddling my clothes on, and will come out to them in my shirt." Supposing it was a trap laid to murder me, as had before been done by Signor Pier Luigi, I seized an excellent dagger with my right hand, and with the left I took the safe-conduct; then I ran to the back-window, which looked out on gardens, and there I saw more than thirty constables; wherefore I knew that I could not escape upon that side. I made the two lads go in front, and told them to open the door exactly when I gave the word to do so. Then taking up an attitude of defence, with the dagger in my right hand and the safe-conduct in my left, I cried to the lads: "Have no fear, but open!" The Bargello, Vittorio, and the officers sprang inside at once, thinking they could easily lay hands upon me; but when they saw me prepared in that way to receive them, they fell back, exclaiming: "We have a serious job on hand here!" Then I threw the safe-conduct to them, and said: "Read that! and since you cannot seize me, I do not mean that you shall touch me." The Bargello upon this ordered some of his men to arrest me, saying he would look to the safe-conduct later. Thereat I presented my arms boldly, calling aloud: "Let God defend the right! Either I shall

[1] *i. e.*, Vincenzio Romoli.

escape your hands alive, or be taken a dead corpse!" The room was crammed with men; they made as though they would resort to violence; I stood upon my guard against them; so that the Bargello saw he would not be able to have me except in the way I said. Accordingly he called his clerk, and while the safe-conduct was being read, he showed by signs two or three times that he meant to have me secured by his officers; but this had no effect of shaking my determination. At last they gave up the attempt, threw my safe-conduct on the ground, and went away without their prize.

LXXXIII

When I returned to bed, I felt so agitated that I could not get to sleep again. My mind was made up to let blood as soon as day broke. However, I asked advice of Messer Gaddi, and he referred to a wretched doctor-fellow he employed,[1] who asked me if I had been frightened. Now, just consider what a judicious doctor this was, after I had narrated an occurrence of that gravity, to ask me such a question! He was an empty fribbler, who kept perpetually laughing about nothing at all. Simpering and sniggering, then, he bade me drink a good cup of Greek wine, keep my spirits up, and not be frightened. Messer Giovanni, however, said: "Master, a man of bronze or marble might be frightened in such circumstances. How much more one of flesh and blood!" The quack responded: "Monsignor, we are not all made after the same pattern; this fellow is no man of bronze or marble, but of pure iron." Then he gave one of his meaningless laughs, and putting his fingers on my wrist, said: "Feel here; this is not a man's pulse, but a lion's or a dragon's." At this, I, whose blood was thumping in my veins, probably far beyond anything which that fool of a doctor had learned from his Hippocrates or Galen, knew at once how serious was my situation; yet, wishing not to add to my uneasiness and to the harm I had already taken, I made show of being in good spirits. While this was happening, Messer Giovanni had ordered dinner, and we all of us sat down to eat in company. I remembered that Messer Lodovico da Fano, Messer Antonio Allegretti, Messer Giovanni

[1] Possibly Bernardino Lilii of Todi.

Greco, all of them men of the finest scholarship, and Messer Annibal Caro, who was then quite young, were present. At table the conversation turned entirely upon my act of daring. They insisted on hearing the whole story over and over again from my apprentice Cencio, who was a youth of superlative talent, bravery, and extreme personal beauty. Each time that he described my truculent behaviour, throwing himself into the attitudes I had assumed, and repeating the words which I had used, he called up some fresh detail to my memory. They kept asking him if he had been afraid; to which he answered that they ought to ask me if I had been afraid, because he felt precisely the same as I had.

All this chattering grew irksome to me; and since I still felt strongly agitated, I rose at last from table, saying that I wanted to go and get new clothes of blue silk and stuff for him and me; adding that I meant to walk in procession after four days at the feast of Our Lady, and meant Cencio to carry a white lighted torch on the occasion. Accordingly I took my leave, and had the blue cloth cut, together with a handsome jacket of blue sarcenet and a little doublet of the same; and I had a similar jacket and waistcoat made for Cencio.

When these things had been cut out, I went to see the Pope, who told me to speak with Messer Ambruogio; for he had given orders that I should execute a large piece of golden plate. So I went to find Messer Ambruogio, who had heard the whole of the affair of the Bargello, and had been in concert with my enemies to bring me back to Rome, and had scolded the Bargello for not laying hands on me. The man excused himself by saying that he could not do so in the face of the safe-conduct which I held. Messer Ambruogio now began to talk about the Pope's commission, and bade me make drawings for it, saying that the business should be put at once in train. Meanwhile the feast of Our Lady came round. Now it is the custom for those who get a pardon upon this occasion to give themselves up to prison; in order to avoid doing which I returned to the Pope, and told his Holiness that I was very unwilling to go to prison, and that I begged him to grant me the favour of a dispensation. The Pope answered that such was the custom, and

that I must follow it. Thereupon I fell again upon my knees, and thanked him for the safe-conduct he had given me, saying at the same time that I should go back with it to serve my Duke in Florence, who was waiting for me so impatiently. On hearing this, the Pope turned to one of his confidential servants and said: "Let Benvenuto get his grace without the prison, and see that his *moto proprio* is made out in due form." As soon as the document had been drawn up, his Holiness signed it; it was then registered at the Capitol; afterwards, upon the day appointed, I walked in procession very honourably between two gentlemen, and so got clear at last.

LXXXIV

Four days had passed when I was attacked with violent fever attended by extreme cold; and taking to my bed, I made my mind up that I was sure to die. I had the first doctors of Rome called in, among whom was Francesco da Norcia, a physician of great age, and of the best repute in Rome.[1] I told them what I believed to be the cause of my illness, and said that I had wished to let blood, but that I had been advised against it; and if it was not too late, I begged them to bleed me now. Maestro Francesco answered that it would not be well for me to let blood then, but that if I had done so before, I should have escaped without mischief; at present they would have to treat the case with other remedies. So they began to doctor me as energetically as they were able, while I grew daily worse and worse so rapidly, that after eight days the physicians despaired of my life, and said that I might be indulged in any whim I had to make me comfortable. Maestro Francesco added: "As long as there is breath in him, call me at all hours; for no one can divine what Nature is able to work in a young man of this kind; moreover, if he should lose consciousness, administer these five remedies one after the other, and send for me, for I will come at any hour of the night; I would rather save him than any of the cardinals in Rome."

Every day Messer Giovanni Gaddi came to see me two or

[1] Francesco Fusconi, physician to Popes Adrian VI., Clement VII. and Paul III.

three times, and each time he took up one or other of my handsome fowling-pieces, coats of mail, or swords, using words like these: "That is a handsome thing, that other is still handsomer;" and likewise with my models and other trifles, so that at last he drove me wild with annoyance. In his company came a certain Matio Franzesi[2] and this man also appeared to be waiting impatiently for my death, not indeed because he would inherit anything from me, but because he wished for what his master seemed to have so much at heart.

Felice, my partner, was always at my side, rendering the greatest services which it is possible for one man to give another. Nature in me was utterly debilitated and undone; I had not strength enough to fetch my breath back if it left me; and yet my brain remained as clear and strong as it had been before my illness. Nevertheless, although I kept my consciousness, a terrible old man used to come to my bedside, and make as though he would drag me by force into a huge boat he had with him. This made me call out to my Felice to draw near and chase that malignant old man away. Felice, who loved me most affectionately, ran weeping and crying: "Away with you, old traitor; you are robbing me of all the good I have in this world." Messer Giovanni Gaddi, who was present, then began to say: "The poor fellow is delirious, and has only a few hours to live." His fellow, Mattio Franzesi, remarked: "He has read Dante, and in the prostration of his sickness this apparition has appeared to him"[3] then he added laughingly: "Away with you, old rascal, and don't bother our friend Benvenuto." When I saw that they were making fun of me, I turned to Messer Gaddi and said: "My dear master, know that I am not raving, and that it is true that this old man is really giving me annoyance; but the best that you can do for me would be to drive that miserable Mattio from my side, who is laughing at my affliction; afterwards if your lordship deigns to visit me again, let me beg you to come with Messer Antonio Allegretti, or with Messer Annibal Caro, or with some other of your accomplished friends, who are persons of quite different intelligence and discretion from that beast." There-

[2] Franzesi was a clever Italian poet. His burlesque Capitoli are printed with those of Berni and others.

[3] *Inferno*, iii., the verses about Charon.

upon Messer Giovanni told Mattio in jest to take himself out of his sight for ever; but because Mattio went on laughing, the joke turned to earnest, for Messer Giovanni would not look upon him again, but sent for Messer Antonio Allegretti, Messer Ludovico, and Messer Annibal Caro. On the arrival of these worthy men, I was greatly comforted, and talked reasonably with them awhile, not however without frequently urging Felice to drive the old man away. Messer Ludovico asked me what it was I seemed to see, and how the man was shaped. While I portrayed him accurately in words, the old man took me by the arm and dragged me violently towards him. This made me cry out for aid, because he was going to fling me under hatches in his hideous boat. On saying that last word, I fell into a terrible swoon, and seemed to be sinking down into the boat. They say that during that fainting-fit I flung myself about and cast bad words at Messer Giovanni Gaddi, to wit, that he came to rob me, and not from any motive of charity, and other insults of the kind, which caused him to be much ashamed. Later on, they say I lay still like one dead; and after waiting by me more than an hour, thinking I was growing cold, they left me for dead. When they returned home, Mattio Franzesi was informed, who wrote to Florence to Messer Benedetto Varchi, my very dear friend, that they had seen me die at such and such an hour of the night. When he heard the news, that most accomplished man and my dear friend composed an admirable sonnet upon my supposed but not real death, which shall be reported in its proper place.

More than three long hours passed, and yet I did not regain consciousness. Felice having used all the remedies prescribed by Maestro Francesco, and seeing that I did not come to, ran post-haste to the physician's door, and knocked so loudly that he woke him up, and made him rise, and begged him with tears to come to the house, for he thought that I was dead. Whereto Maestro Francesco, who was a very choleric man, replied: "My son, of what use do you think I should be if I came? If he is dead, I am more sorry than you are. Do you imagine that if I were to come with my medicine I could blow breath up through his guts[4] and

[4] *Io gli possa soffiare in culo.*

bring him back to life for you?" But when he saw that the poor young fellow was going away weeping, he called him back and gave him an oil with which to anoint my pulses and my heart, telling him to pinch my little fingers and toes very tightly, and to send at once to call him if I should revive. Felice took his way, and did as Maestro Francesco had ordered. It was almost bright day when, thinking they would have to abandon hope, they gave orders to have my shroud made and to wash me. Suddenly I regained consciousness, and called out to Felice to drive away the old man on the moment, who kept tormenting me. He wanted to send for Maestro Francesco, but I told him not to do so, but to come close up to me, because that old man was afraid of him and went away at once. So Felice drew near to the bed; I touched him, and it seemed to me that the infuriated old man withdrew; so I prayed him not to leave me for a second.

When Maestro Francesco appeared, he said it was his dearest wish to save my life, and that he had never in all his days seen greater force in a young man than I had. Then he sat down to write, and prescribed for me perfumes, lotions, unctions, plasters, and a heap of other precious things. Meanwhile I came to life again by the means of more than twenty leeches applied to my buttocks, but with my body bore through, bound, and ground to powder. Many of my friends crowded in to behold the miracle of the resuscitated dead man, and among them people of the first importance.

In their presence I declared that the small amount of gold and money I possessed, perhaps some eight hundred crowns, what with gold, silver, jewels, and cash, should be given by my will to my poor sister in Florence, called Mona Liperata; all the remainder of my property, armour and everything besides, I left to my dearest Felice, together with fifty golden ducats, in order that he might buy mourning. At those words Felice flung his arms around my neck, protesting that he wanted nothing but to have me as he wished alive with him. Then I said: "If you want me alive, touch me as you did before, and threaten the old man, for he is afraid of you." At these words some of the folk were terrified, knowing that

I was not raving, but talking to the purpose and with all my wits. Thus my wretched malady went dragging on, and I got but little better. Maestro Francesco, that most excellent man, came four or five times a day; Messer Giovanni Gaddi, who felt ashamed, did not visit me again. My brother-in-law, the husband of my sister, arrived; he came from Florence for the inheritance; but as he was a very worthy man, he rejoiced exceedingly to have found me alive. The sight of him did me a world of good, and he began to caress me at once, saying he had only come to take care of me in person; and this he did for several days. Afterwards I sent him away, having almost certain hope of my recovery. On this occasion he left the sonnet of Messer Benedetto Varchi, which runs as follows:[5]—

"Who shall, Mattio, yield our pain relief?
Who shall forbid the sad expense of tears?
Alas! 'tis true that in his youthful years
Our friend hath flown, and left us here to grief.

He hath gone up to heaven, who was the chief
Of men renowned in art's immortal spheres;
Among the mighty dead he had no peers,
Nor shall earth see his like, in my belief.

O gentle sprite! if love still sway the blest,
Look down on him thou here didst love, and view
These tears that mourn my loss, not thy great good.

There dost thou gaze on His beatitude
Who made our universe, and findest true
The form of Him thy skill for men expressed."

LXXXV

My sickness had been of such a very serious nature that it seemed impossible for me to fling it off. That worthy man Maestro Francesco da Norcia redoubled his efforts, and brought me every day fresh remedies, trying to restore

[5] This sonnet is so insipid, so untrue to Cellini's real place in art, so false to the far from saintly character of the man, that I would rather have declined translating it, had I not observed it to be a good example of that technical and conventional insincerity which was invading Italy at this epoch. Varchi was really sorry to hear the news of Cellini's death; but for his genuine emotion he found spurious vehicles of utterance. Cellini, meanwhile, had a right to prize it, since it revealed to him what friendship was prepared to utter after his decease.

strength to my miserable unstrung frame. Yet all these endeavours were apparently insufficient to overcome the obstinacy of my malady, so that the physicians were in despair and at their wits' ends what to do. I was tormented by thirst, but had abstained from drinking for many days according to the doctors' orders. Felice, who thought he had done wonders in restoring me, never left my side. That old man ceased to give so much annoyance, yet sometimes he appeared to me in dreams.

One day Felice had gone out of doors, leaving me under the care of a young apprentice and a servant-maid called Beatrice. I asked the apprentice what had become of my lad Cencio, and what was the reason why I had never seen him in attendance on me. The boy replied that Cencio had been far more ill than I was, and that he was even at death's door. Felice had given them orders not to speak to me of this. On hearing the news, I was exceedingly distressed; then I called the maid Beatrice, a Pistojan girl, and asked her to bring me a great crystal water-cooler which stood near, full of clear and fresh water. She ran at once, and brought it to me full; I told her to put it to my lips, adding that if she let me take a draught according to my heart's content, I would give her a new gown. This maid had stolen from me certain little things of some importance, and in her fear of being detected, she would have been very glad if I had died. Accordingly she allowed me twice to take as much as I could of the water, so that in good earnest I swallowed more than a flask full.[1] I then covered myself, and began to sweat, and fell into a deep sleep. After I had slept about an hour, Felice came home and asked the boy how I was getting on. He answered: "I do not know. Beatrice brought him that cooler full of water, and he has drunk almost the whole of it. I don't know now whether he is alive or dead." They say that my poor friend was on the point of falling to the ground, so grieved was he to hear this. Afterwards he took an ugly stick and began to beat the serving-girl with all his might, shouting out: "Ah! traitress, you have killed him for me then?" While Felice was cudgelling and she screaming, I was in a dream; I thought the old man held ropes in his

[1] *Un fiasco*, holding more than a quart.

hand, and while he was preparing to bind me, Felice had arrived and struck him with an axe, so that the old man fled exclaiming: "Let me go, and I promise not to return for a long while." Beatrice in the meantime had run into my bedroom shrieking loudly. This woke me up, and I called out: "Leave her alone; perhaps, when she meant to do me harm, she did me more good than you were able to do with all your efforts. She may indeed have saved my life; so lend me a helping hand, for I have sweated; and be quick about it." Felice recovered his spirits, dried and made me comfortable; and I, being conscious of a great improvement in my state, began to reckon on recovery.

When Maestro Francesco appeared and saw my great improvement, and the servant-girl in tears, and the prentice running to and fro, and Felice laughing, all this disturbance made him think that something extraordinary must have happened, which had been the cause of my amendment. Just then the other doctor, Bernardino, put in his appearance, who at the beginning of my illness had refused to bleed me. Maestro Francesco, that most able man, exclaimed: "Oh, power of Nature! She knows what she requires, and the physicians know nothing." That simpleton, Maestro Bernardino, made answer, saying: "If he had drunk another bottle he would have been cured upon the spot." Maestro Francesco da Norcia, a man of age and great authority, said: "That would have been a terrible misfortune, and would to God that it may fall on you!" Afterwards he turned to me and asked if I could have drunk more water. I answered: "No, because I had entirely quenched my thirst." Then he turned to Maestro Bernardino, and said: "Look you how Nature has taken precisely what she wanted, neither more nor less. In like manner she was asking for what she wanted when the poor young man begged you to bleed him. If you knew that his recovery depended upon his drinking two flasks of water, why did you not say so before? You might then have boasted of his cure." At these words the wretched quack sulkily departed, and never showed his face again.

Maestro Francesco then gave orders that I should be removed from my room and carried to one of the hills there are in Rome. Cardinal Cornaro, when he heard of my im-

provement, had me transported to a place of his on Monte Cavallo. That very evening I was taken with great precautions in a chair, well wrapped up and protected from the cold. No sooner had I reached the place than I began to vomit, during which there came from my stomach a hairy worm about a quarter of a cubit in length: the hairs were long, and the worm was very ugly, speckled of divers colours, green, black, and red. They kept and showed it to the doctor, who said he had never seen anything of the sort before, and afterwards remarked to Felice: "Now take care of your Benvenuto, for he is cured. Do not permit him any irregularities; for though he has escaped this time, another disorder now would be the death of him. You see his malady has been so grave, that if we had brought him the extreme unction, we might not have been in time. Now I know that with a little patience and time he will live to execute more of his fine works." Then he turned to me and said: "My Benvenuto, be prudent, commit no excesses, and when you are quite recovered, I beg you to make me a Madonna with your own hand, and I will always pay my devotions to it for your sake." This I promised to do, and then asked him whether it would be safe for me to travel so far as to Florence. He advised me to wait till I was stronger, and till we could observe how Nature worked in me.

LXXXVI

When eight days had come and gone, my amendment was so slight that life itself became almost a burden to me; indeed I had been more than fifty days in that great suffering. So I made my mind up, and prepared to travel. My dear Felice and I went toward Florence in a pair of baskets;[1] and as I had not written, when I reached my sister's house, she wept and laughed over me all in one breath. That day many friends came to see me; among others Pier Landi, who was the best and dearest friend I ever had. Next day there came a certain Niccolò da Monte Aguto, who was also

[1] *Un paio di ceste*, a kind of litter, here described in the plural, because two of them were perhaps put together. I have thought it best to translate the phrase literally. From a letter of Varchi to Bembo, we learn that Cellini reached Florence, November 9, 1535.

a very great friend of mine. Now he had heard the Duke say: "Benvenuto would have done much better to die, because he is come to put his head into a noose, and I will never pardon him." Accordingly when Niccolò arrived, he said to me in desperation: "Alas! my dear Benvenuto, what have you come to do here? Did you not know what you have done to displease the Duke? I have heard him swear that you were thrusting your head into a halter."[1] Then I replied: "Niccolò, remind his Excellency that Pope Clement wanted to do as much to me before, and quite as unjustly; tell him to keep his eye on me, and give me time to recover; then I will show his Excellency that I have been the most faithful servant he will ever have in all his life; and forasmuch as some enemy must have served me this bad turn through envy, let him wait till I get well; for I shall then be able to give such an account of myself as will make him marvel."

This bad turn had been done me by Giorgetto Vassellario of Arezzo,[2] the painter; perchance in recompense for many benefits conferred on him. I had harboured him in Rome and provided for his costs, while he had turned my whole house upside down; for the man was subject to a species of dry scab, which he was always in the habit of scratching with his hands. It happened, then, that sleeping in the same bed as an excellent workman, named Manno, who was in my service, when he meant to scratch himself, he tore the skin from one of Manno's legs with his filthy claws, the nails of which he never used to cut. The said Manno left my service, and was resolutely bent on killing him. I made the quarrel up, and afterwards got Giorgio into Cardinal de' Medici's household, and continually helped him. For these deserts, then, he told Duke Alessandro that I had abused his Excellency, and had bragged I meant to be the first to leap upon the walls of Florence with his foes the exiles. These words, as I afterwards learned, had been put into Vasari's lips by that excellent fellow[3] Ottaviano de' Medici, who wanted to revenge himself for the Duke's irritation against him, on account of the coinage and my

[2] This is the famous Giorgio Vasari, a bad painter and worse architect, but dear to all lovers of the arts for his anecdotic work upon Italian artists.
[3] *Galantuomo*, used ironically.

departure from Florence. I, being innocent of the crime falsely ascribed to me, felt no fear whatever. Meanwhile that able physician Francesco da Monte Varchi attended to my cure with great skill. He had been brought by my very dear friend Luca Martini, who passed the larger portion of the day with me.[4]

LXXXVII

During this while I had sent my devoted comrade Felice back to Rome, to look after our business there. When I could raise my head a little from the bolster, which was at the end of fifteen days, although I was unable to walk upon my feet, I had myself carried to the palace of the Medici, and placed upon the little upper terrace. There they seated me to wait until the Duke went by. Many of my friends at court came up to greet me, and expressed surprise that I had undergone the inconvenience of being carried in that way, while so shattered by illness; they said that I ought to have waited till I was well, and then to have visited the Duke. A crowd of them collected, all looking at me as a sort of miracle; not merely because they had heard that I was dead, but far more because I had the look of a dead man. Then publicly, before them all, I said how some wicked scoundrel had told my lord the Duke that I had bragged I meant to be the first to scale his Excellency's walls, and also that I had abused him personally; wherefore I had not the heart to live or die till I had purged myself of that infamy, and found out who the audacious rascal was who had uttered such calumnies against me. At these words a large number of those gentlemen came round, expressing great compassion for me; one said one thing, one another, and I told them I would never go thence before I knew who had accused me. At these words Maestro Agostino, the Duke's tailor, made his way through all those gentlemen, and said: "If that is all you want to know, you shall know it at this very moment."

Giorgio the painter, whom I have mentioned, happened just then to pass, and Maestro Agostino exclaimed: "There

[4] Luca Martini was a member of the best literary society in his days, and the author of some famous burlesque pieces.

is the man who accused you; now you know yourself if it be true or not." As fiercely as I could, not being able to leave my seat, I asked Giorgio if it was true that he had accused me. He denied that it was so, and that he had ever said anything of the sort. Maestro Agostino retorted: "You gallows-bird! don't you know that I know it for most certain?" Giorgio made off as quickly as he could, repeating that he had not accused me. Then, after a short while, the Duke came by; whereupon I had myself raised up before his Excellency, and he halted. I told him that I had come there in that way solely in order to clear my character. The Duke gazed at me, and marvelled I was still alive; afterwards he bade me take heed to be an honest man and regain my health.

When I reached home, Niccolò da Monte Aguto came to visit me, and told me that I had escaped one of the most dreadful perils in the world, quite contrary to all his expectations, for he had seen my ruin written with indelible ink; now I must make haste to get well, and afterwards take French leave, because my jeopardy came from a quarter and a man who was able to destroy me. He then said, "Beware," and added: "What displeasure have you given to that rascal Ottaviano de' Medici?" I answered that I had done nothing to displease him, but that he had injured me; and told him all the affair about the Mint. He repeated: "Get hence as quickly as you can, and be of good courage, for you will see your vengeance executed sooner than you expect." I paid the best attention to my health, gave Pietro Pagolo advice about stamping the coins, and then went off upon my way to Rome without saying a word to the Duke or anybody else.

LXXXVIII

When I reached Rome, and had enjoyed the company of my friends awhile, I began the Duke's medal. In a few days I finished the head in steel, and it was the finest work of the kind which I had ever produced. At least once every day there came to visit me a sort of blockhead named Messer Francesco Soderini.[1] When he saw what I was

[1] He had been banished in 1530 as a foe to the Medicean house.

doing, he used frequently to exclaim: "Barbarous wretch! you want then to immortalise that ferocious tyrant! You have never made anything so exquisite, which proves you our inveterate foe and their devoted friend; and yet the Pope and he have had it twice in mind to hang you without any fault of yours. That was the Father and the Son; now beware of the Holy Ghost." It was firmly believed that Duke Alessandro was the son of Pope Clement. Messer Francesco used also to say and swear by all his saints that, if he could, he would have robbed me of the dies for that medal. I responded that he had done well to tell me so, and that I would take such care of them that he should never see them more.

I now sent to Florence to request Lorenzino that he would send me the reverse of the medal. Niccolo da Monte Aguto, to whom I had written, wrote back, saying that he had spoken to that mad melancholy philosopher Lorenzino for it; he had replied that he was thinking night and day of nothing else, and that he would finish it as soon as he was able. Nevertheless, I was not to set my hopes upon his reverse, but I had better invent one out of my own head, and when I had finished it, I might bring it without hesitation to the Duke, for this would be to my advantage.

I composed the design of a reverse which seemed to me appropriate, and pressed the work forward to my best ability. Not being, however, yet recovered from that terrible illness, I gave myself frequent relaxation by going out on fowling expeditions with my friend Felice. This man had no skill in my art; but since we were perpetually day and night together, everybody thought he was a first-rate craftsman. This being so, as he was a fellow of much humour, we used often to laugh together about the great credit he had gained. His name was Felice Guadagni (Gain), which made him say in jest: "I should be called Felice Gain-little if you had not enabled me to acquire such credit that I can call myself Gain-much." I replied that there are two ways of gaining: the first is that by which one gains for one's self, the second that by which one gains for others; so I praised him much more for the second than the first, since he had gained for me my life.

We often held such conversations; but I remember one in particular on the day of Epiphany, when we were together near La Magliana. It was close upon nightfall, and during the day I had shot a good number of ducks and geese; then, as I had almost made my mind up to shoot no more that time, we were returning briskly toward Rome. Calling to my dog by his name, Barucco, and not seeing him in front of me, I turned round and noticed that the well-trained animal was pointing at some geese which had settled in a ditch. I therefore dismounted at once, got my fowling-piece ready, and at a very long range brought two of them down with a single ball. I never used to shoot with more than one ball, and was usually able to hit my mark at two hundred cubits, which cannot be done by other ways of loading. Of the two geese, one was almost dead, and the other, though badly wounded, was flying lamely. My dog retrieved the one and brought it to me; but noticing that the other was diving down into the ditch, I sprang forward to catch it. Trusting to my boots, which came high up the leg, I put one foot forward; it sank in the oozy ground; and so, although I got the goose, the boot of my right leg was full of water. I lifted my foot and let the water run out; then, when I had mounted, we made haste for Rome. The cold, however, was very great, and I felt my leg freeze, so that I said to Felice: "We must do something to help this leg, for I don't know how to bear it longer." The good Felice, without a word, leapt from his horse, and gathering some thistles and bits of stick, began to build a fire. I meanwhile was waiting, and put my hands among the breast-feathers of the geese, and felt them very warm. So I told him not to make the fire, but filled my boot with the feathers of the goose, and was immediately so much comforted that I regained vitality.

LXXXIX

We mounted, and rode rapidly toward Rome; and when we had reached a certain gently rising ground—night had already fallen—looking in the direction of Florence, both with one breath exclaimed in the utmost astonishment: "O God of heaven! what is that great thing one sees there

over Florence?" It resembled a huge beam of fire, which sparkled and gave out extraordinary lustre.

I said to Felice: "Assuredly we shall hear to-morrow that something of vast importance has happened in Florence." As we rode into Rome, the darkness was extreme; and when we came near the Banchi and our own house, my little horse was going in an amble at a furious speed. Now that day they had thrown a heap of plaster and broken tiles in the middle of the road, which neither my horse nor myself perceived. In his fiery pace the beast ran up it; but on coming down upon the other side he turned a complete somersault. He had his head between his legs, and it was only through the power of God himself that I escaped unhurt. The noise we made brought the neighbours out with lights; but I had already jumped to my feet; and so, without remounting, I ran home, laughing to have come unhurt out of an accident enough to break my neck.

On entering the house, I found some friends of mine there, to whom, while we were supping together, I related the adventures of the day's chase and the diabolical apparition of the fiery beam which we had seen. They exclaimed: "What shall we hear to-morrow which this portent has announced?" I answered: "Some revolution must certainly have occurred in Florence." So we supped agreeably; and late the next day there came the news to Rome of Duke Alessandro's death.[1] Upon this many of my acquaintances came to me and said: "You were right in conjecturing that something of great importance had happened at Florence." Just then Francesco Soderini appeared jogging along upon a wretched mule he had, and laughing all the way like a madman. He said to me: "This is the reverse of that vile tyrant's medal which your Lorenzino de' Medici promised you." Then he added: "You wanted to immortalise the dukes for us; but we mean to have no more dukes;" and thereupon he jeered me, as though I had been the captain of the factions which make dukes. Meanwhile a certain Baccio Bettini,[2] who had an ugly big head like a

[1] Alessandro was murdered by his cousin Lorenzino at Florence on the 5th of January 1537.

[2] Bettini was an intimate friend of Buonarroti and a considerable patron of the arts.

bushel, came up and began to banter me in the same way about dukes, calling out: "We have dis-duked them, and won't have any more of them; and you were for making them immortal for us!" with many other tiresome quips of the same kind. I lost my patience at this nonsense, and said to them: "You blockheads! I am a poor goldsmith, who serve whoever pays me; and you are jeering me as though I were a party-leader. However, this shall not make me cast in your teeth the insatiable greediness, idiotcy, and good-for-nothingness of your predecessors. But this one answer I will make to all your silly railleries; that before two or three days at the longest have passed by, you will have another duke, much worse perhaps than he who now has left you."[3]

The following day Bettini came to my shop and said: "There is no need to spend money in couriers, for you know things before they happen. What spirit tells them to you?" Then he informed me that Cosimo de' Medici, the son of Signor Giovanni, was made Duke; but that certain conditions had been imposed at his election, which would hold him back from kicking up his heels at his own pleasure. I now had my opportunity for laughing at them, and saying: "Those men of Florence have set a young man upon a mettlesome horse; next they have buckled spurs upon his heels, and put the bridle freely in his hands, and turned him out upon a magnificent field, full of flowers and fruits and all delightful things; next they have bidden him not to cross certain indicated limits: now tell me, you, who there is that can hold him back, whenever he has but the mind to cross them? Laws cannot be imposed on him who is the master of the law." So they left me alone, and gave me no further annoyance.[4]

[3] This exchange of ironical compliments testifies to Cellini's strong Medicean leanings, and also to the sagacity with which he judged the political situation.

[4] Cellini only spoke the truth on this occasion; for Cosimo soon kicked down the ladder which had lifted him to sovereignty, and showed himself the absolute master of Florence. Cosimo was elected Duke upon the 9th of January 1537.

XC

I now began to attend to my shop, and did some business, not however of much moment, because I had still to think about my health, which was not yet established after that grave illness I had undergone. About this time the Emperor returned victorious from his expedition against Tunis, and the Pope sent for me to take my advice concerning the present of honour it was fit to give him.[1] I answered that it seemed to me most appropriate to present his Imperial Majesty with a golden crucifix, for which I had almost finished an ornament quite to the purpose, and which would confer the highest honour upon his Holiness and me. I had already made three little figures of gold in the round, about a palm high; they were those which I had begun for the chalice of Pope Clement, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity. To these I added in wax what was wanting for the basement of the cross. I carried the whole to the Pope, with the Christ in wax, and many other exquisite decorations which gave him complete satisfaction. Before I took leave of his Holiness, we had agreed on every detail, and calculated the price of the work.

This was one evening four hours after nightfall, and the Pope had ordered Messer Latino Juvenale to see that I had money paid to me next morning. This Messer Latino, who had a pretty big dash of the fool in his composition, bethought him of furnishing the Pope with a new idea, which was, however, wholly of his own invention. So he altered everything which had been arranged; and next morning, when I went for the money, he said with his usual brutal arrogance: "It is our part to invent, and yours to execute; before I left the Pope last night we thought of something far superior." To these first words I answered, without allowing him to proceed farther: "Neither you nor the Pope can think of anything better than a piece of which Christ plays a part; so you may go on with your courtier's nonsense till you have no more to say."

Without uttering one word, he left me in a rage, and

[1] Cellini returns to the year 1535, when Charles V. arrived in November from Tunis.

tried to get the work given to another goldsmith. The Pope, however, refused, and sent for me at once, and told me I had spoken well, but that they wanted to make use of a Book of Hours of Our Lady, which was marvellously illuminated, and had cost the Cardinal de' Medici more than two thousand crowns. They thought that this would be an appropriate present to the Empress, and that for the Emperor they would afterwards make what I had suggested, which was indeed a present worthy of him; but now there was no time to lose, since the Emperor was expected in Rome in about a month and a half. He wanted the book to be enclosed in a case of massive gold, richly worked, and adorned with jewels valued at about six thousand crowns. Accordingly, when the jewels and the gold were given me, I began the work, and driving it briskly forward, in a few days brought it to such beauty that the Pope was astonished, and showed me the most distinguished signs of favour, conceding at the same time that that beast Juvenale should have nothing more to do with me.

I had nearly brought my work to its completion when the Emperor arrived, and numerous triumphal arches of great magnificence were erected in his honour. He entered Rome with extraordinary pomp, the description of which I leave to others, since I mean to treat of those things only which concern myself.[2] Immediately after his arrival, he gave the Pope a diamond which he had bought for twelve thousand crowns. This diamond the Pope committed to my care, ordering me to make a ring to the measure of his Holiness's finger; but first he wished me to bring the book in the state to which I had advanced it. I took it accordingly, and he was highly pleased with it; then he asked my advice concerning the apology which could be reasonably made to the Emperor for the unfinished condition of my work. I said that my indisposition would furnish a sound excuse, since his Majesty, seeing how thin and pale I was, would very readily believe and accept it. To this the Pope replied that he approved of the suggestion, but that I should add on the part of his Holiness, when I presented the book to the Emperor, that I made him the present of myself.

[2] The entry into Rome took place April 6, 1536.

Then he told me in detail how I had to behave, and the words I had to say. These words I repeated to the Pope, asking him if he wished me to deliver them in that way. He replied: "You would acquit yourself to admiration if you had the courage to address the Emperor as you are addressing me." Then I said that I had the courage to speak with far greater ease and freedom to the Emperor, seeing that the Emperor was clothed as I was, and that I should seem to be speaking to a man formed like myself; this was not the case when I addressed his Holiness, in whom I beheld a far superior deity, both by reason of his ecclesiastical adornments, which shed a certain aureole about him, and at the same time because of his Holiness's dignity of venerable age; all these things inspired in me more awe than the Imperial Majesty. To these words the Pope responded: "Go, my Benvenuto; you are a man of ability; do us honour, and it will be well for you."

XCI

The Pope ordered out two Turkish horses, which had belonged to Pope Clement, and were the most beautiful that ever came to Christendom. Messer Durante,[1] his chamberlain, was bidden to bring them through the lower galleries of the palace, and there to give them to the Emperor, repeating certain words which his Holiness dictated to him. We both went down together, and when we reached the presence of the Emperor, the horses made their entrance through those halls with so much spirit and such a noble carriage that the Emperor and every one were struck with wonder. Thereupon Messer Durante advanced in so graceless a manner, and delivered his speech with so much of Brescian lingo, mumbling his words over in his mouth, that one never saw or heard anything worse; indeed the Emperor could not refrain from smiling at him. I meanwhile had already uncovered my piece; and observing that the Emperor had turned his eyes towards me with a very gracious look, I advanced at once and said: "Sacred Majesty, our most holy Father, Pope Paolo, sends this book

[1] Messer Durante Duranti, Prefect of the Camera under Paul III., who gave him the hat in 1544, and the Bishopric of Brescia afterwards.

of the Virgin as a present to your Majesty, the which is written in a fair clerk's hand, and illuminated by the greatest master who ever professed that art; and this rich cover of gold and jewels is unfinished, as you here behold it, by reason of my illness: wherefore his Holiness, together with the book, presents me also, and attaches me to your Majesty in order that I may complete the work; nor this alone, but everything which you may have it in your mind to execute so long as life is left me, will I perform at your service." Thereto the Emperor responded: "The book is acceptable to me, and so are you; but I desire you to complete it for me in Rome; when it is finished, and you are restored to health, bring it me and come to see me." Afterwards, in course of conversation, he called me by my name, which made me wonder, because no words had been dropped in which my name occurred; and he said that he had seen that fastening of Pope Clement's cope, on which I had wrought so many wonderful figures. We continued talking in this way a whole half hour, touching on divers topics artistic and agreeable; then, since it seemed to me that I had acquitted myself with more honour than I had expected, I took the occasion of a slight lull in the conversation to make my bow and to retire. The Emperor was heard to say: "Let five hundred golden crowns be given at once to Benvenuto." The person who brought them up asked who the Pope's man was who had spoken to the Emperor. Messer Durante came forward and robbed me of my five hundred crowns. I complained to the Pope, who told me not to be uneasy, for he knew how everything had happened, and how well I had conducted myself in addressing the Emperor, and of the money I should certainly obtain my share.

XCII

When I returned to my shop, I set my hand with diligence to finishing the diamond ring, concerning which the four first jewellers of Rome were sent to consult with me. This was because the Pope had been informed that the diamond had been set by the first jeweller of the world in Venice; he was called Maestro Miliano Targhetta; and the

diamond being somewhat thin, the job of setting it was too difficult to be attempted without great deliberation. I was well pleased to receive these four jewellers, among whom was a man of Milan called Gaio. He was the most presumptuous donkey in the world, the one who knew least and who thought he knew most; the others were very modest and able craftsmen. In the presence of us all this Gaio began to talk, and said: "Miliano's foil should be preserved, and to do that, Benvenuto, you shall doff your cap;[1] for just as giving diamonds a tint is the most delicate and difficult thing in the jeweller's art, so is Miliano the greatest jeweller that ever lived, and this is the most difficult diamond to tint." I replied that it was all the greater glory for me to compete with so able a master in such an excellent profession. Afterwards I turned to the other jewellers and said: "Look here! I am keeping Miliano's foil, and I will see whether I can improve on it with some of my own manufacture; if not, we will tint it with the same you see here." That ass Gaio exclaimed that if I made a foil like that he would gladly doff his cap to it. To which I replied: "Supposing then I make it better, it will deserve two bows." "Certainly so," said he; and I began to compose my foils.

I took the very greatest pains in mixing the tints, the method of doing which I will explain in the proper place.[2] It is certain that the diamond in question offered more difficulties than any others which before or afterwards have come into my hands, and Miliano's foil was made with true artistic skill. However, that did not dismay me; but having sharpened my wits up, I succeeded not only in making something quite as good, but in exceeding it by far. Then, when I saw that I had surpassed him, I went about to surpass myself, and produced a foil by new processes which was a long way better than what I had previously made. Thereupon I sent for the jewellers; and first I tinted the diamond with Miliano's foil: then I cleaned it well and tinted it afresh with my own. When I showed it to the jewellers, one of the best among them, who was called Raffael del

[1] In the *Oreficeria* Cellini gives an account of how these foils were made and applied. They were composed of paste, and coloured so as to enhance the effect of precious stones, particularly diamonds.
[2] *Oreficeria*, cap. i.

Moro, took the diamond in his hand and said to Gaio: "Benvenuto has outdone the foil of Miliano." Gaio, unwilling to believe it, took the diamond and said: "Benvenuto, this diamond is worth two thousand ducats more than with the foil of Miliano." I rejoined: "Now that I have surpassed Miliano, let us see if I can surpass myself." Then I begged them to wait for me a while, went up into a little cabinet, and having tinted the diamond anew unseen by them, returned and showed it to the jewellers. Gaio broke out at once: "This is the most marvellous thing that I have ever seen in the course of my whole lifetime. The stone is worth upwards of eighteen thousand crowns, whereas we valued it at barely twelve thousand." The other jewellers turned to him and said: "Benvenuto is the glory of our art, and it is only due that we should doff our caps to him and to his foils." Then Gaio said: "I shall go and tell the Pope, and I mean to procure for him one thousand golden crowns for the setting of this diamond." Accordingly he hurried to the Pope and told him the whole story; whereupon his Holiness sent three times on that day to see if the ring was finished.

At twenty-three o'clock I took the ring to the palace; and since the doors were always open to me, I lifted the curtain gently, and saw the Pope in private audience with the Marchese del Guasto.[3] The Marquis must have been pressing something on the Pope which he was unwilling to perform; for I heard him say: "I tell you, no; it is my business to remain neutral, and nothing else." I was retiring as quickly as I could, when the Pope himself called me back; so I entered the room, and presented the diamond ring, upon which he drew me aside, and the Marquis retired to a distance. While looking at the diamond, the Pope whispered to me: "Benvenuto, begin some conversation with me on a subject which shall seem important, and do not stop talking so long as the Marquis remains in this room." Then he took to walking up and down; and the occasion making for my advantage, I was very glad to discourse with him upon the methods I had used to tint the stone. The Marquis

[3] Alfonson d'Avalos, successor and heir to the famous Ferdinando d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara. He acted for many years as Spanish Viceroy of Milan.

remained standing apart, leaning against a piece of tapestry; and now he balanced himself about on one foot, now on the other. The subject I had chosen to discourse upon was of such importance, if fully treated, that I could have talked about it at least three hours. The Pope was entertained to such a degree that he forgot the annoyance of the Marquis standing there. I seasoned what I had to say with that part of natural philosophy which belongs to our profession; and so having spoken for near upon an hour, the Marquis grew tired of waiting, and went off fuming. Then the Pope bestowed on me the most familiar caresses which can be imagined, and exclaimed: "Have patience, my dear Benvenuto, for I will give you a better reward for your virtues than the thousand crowns which Gaio tells me your work is worth."

On this ¶ took my leave; and the Pope praised me in the presence of his household, among whom was the fellow Latino Juvenale, whom I have previously mentioned. This man, having become my enemy, assiduously strove to do me hurt; and noticing that the Pope talked of me with so much affection and warmth, he put in his word: "There is no doubt at all that Benvenuto is a person of very remarkable genius; but while every one is naturally bound to feel more goodwill for his own countrymen than for others, still one ought to consider maturely what language it is right and proper to use when speaking of a Pope. He has had the audacity to say that Pope Clement indeed was the handsomest sovereign that ever reigned, and no less gifted; only that luck was always against him: and he says that your Holiness is quite the opposite; that the tiara seems to weep for rage upon your head; that you look like a truss of straw with clothes on, and that there is nothing in you except good luck." These words, reported by a man who knew most excellently how to say them, had such force that they gained credit with the Pope. Far from having uttered them, such things had never come into my head. If the Pope could have done so without losing credit, he would certainly have taken fierce revenge upon me; but being a man of great tact and talent, he made a show of turning it off with a laugh. Nevertheless he harboured in his heart a deep vindictive

feeling against me, of which I was not slow to be aware, since I had no longer the same easy access to his apartments as formerly, but found the greatest difficulty in procuring audience. As I had now for many years been familiar with the manners of the Roman court, I conceived that some one had done me a bad turn; and on making dexterous inquiries, I was told the whole, but not the name of my calumniator. I could not imagine who the man was; had I but found him out, my vengeance would not have been measured by troy weight.[4]

XCIII

I went on working at my book, and when I had finished it I took it to the Pope, who was in good truth unable to refrain from commending it greatly. I begged him to send me with it to the Emperor, as he had promised. He replied that he would do what he thought fit, and that I had performed my part of the business. So he gave orders that I should be well paid. These two pieces of work, on which I had spent upwards of two months, brought me in five hundred crowns: for the diamond I was paid one hundred and fifty crowns and no more; the rest was given me for the cover of the book, which, however, was worth more than a thousand, being enriched with multitudes of figures, arabesques, enamellings, and jewels. I took what I could get and made my mind up to leave Rome without permission. The Pope meanwhile sent my book to the Emperor by the hand of his grandson Signor Sforza.[1] Upon accepting it, the Emperor expressed great satisfaction, and immediately asked for me. Young Signor Sforza, who had received his instructions, said that I had been prevented by illness from coming. All this was reported to me.

My preparations for the journey into France were made; and I wished to go alone, but was unable on account of a lad in my service called Ascanio. He was of very tender age, and the most admirable servant in the world. When I took him he had left a former master, named Francesco, a Spaniard and a goldsmith. I did not much like to take

[4] *Io ne arei fatte vendette a misura di carbone.*

[1] Sforza Sforza, son of Bosio, Count of Santa Fiore, and of Costanza Farnese, the Pope's natural daughter. He was a youth of sixteen at this epoch.

him, lest I should get into a quarrel with the Spaniard, and said to Ascanio: "I do not want to have you, for fear of offending your master." He contrived that his master should write me a note informing me that I was free to take him. So he had been with me some months; and since he came to us both thin and pale of face, we called him "the little old man;" indeed I almost thought he was one, partly because he was so good a servant, and partly because he was so clever that it seemed unlikely he should have such talent at thirteen years, which he affirmed his age to be. Now to go back to the point from which I started, he improved in person during those few months, and gaining in flesh, became the handsomest youth in Rome. Being the excellent servant which I have described, and showing marvellous aptitude for our art, I felt a warm and fatherly affection for him, and kept him clothed as if he had been my own son. When the boy perceived the improvement he had made, he esteemed it a good piece of luck that he had come into my hands; and he used frequently to go and thank his former master, who had been the cause of his prosperity. Now this man had a handsome young woman to wife, who said to him: "Surgetto" (that was what they called him when he lived with them), "what have you been doing to become so handsome?" Ascanio answered: "Madonna Francesca, it is my master who has made me so handsome, and far more good to boot." In her petty spiteful way she took it very ill that Ascanio should speak so; and having no reputation for chastity, she contrived to caress the lad more perhaps than was quite seemly, which made me notice that he began to visit her more frequently than his wont had been.

One day Ascanio took to beating one of our little shop-boys, who, when I came home from out of doors, complained to me with tears that Ascanio had knocked him about without any cause. Hearing this, I said to Ascanio: "With cause or without cause, see you never strike any one of my family, or else I'll make you feel how I can strike myself." He bandied words with me, which made me jump on him and give him the severest drubbing with both fists and feet that he had ever felt. As soon as he escaped my

clutches, he ran away without cape or cap, and for two days I did not know where he was, and took no care to find him. After that time a Spanish gentleman, called Don Diego, came to speak to me. He was the most generous man in the world. I had made, and was making, some things for him, which had brought us well acquainted. He told me that Ascanio had gone back to his old master, and asked me, if I thought it proper, to send him the cape and cap which I had given him. Thereupon I said that Francesco had behaved badly, and like a low-bred fellow; for if he had told me, when Ascanio first came back to him, that he was in his house, I should very willingly have given him leave; but now that he had kept him two days without informing me, I was resolved he should not have him; and let him take care that I do not set eyes upon the lad in his house. This message was reported by Don Diego, but it only made Francesco laugh. The next morning I saw Ascanio working at some trifles in wire at his master's side. As I was passing he bowed to me, and his master almost laughed me in the face. He sent again to ask through Don Diego whether I would not give Ascanio back the clothes he had received from me; but if not, he did not mind, and Ascanio should not want for clothes. When I heard this, I turned to Don Diego and said: "Don Diego, sir, in all your dealings you are the most liberal and worthy man I ever knew, but that Francesco is quite the opposite of you; he is nothing better than a worthless and dishonoured renegade. Tell him from me that if he does not bring Ascanio here himself to my shop before the bell for vespers, I will assuredly kill him; and tell Ascanio that if he does not quit that house at the hour appointed for his master, I will treat him much in the same way." Don Diego made no answer, but went and inspired such terror in Francesco that he knew not what to do with himself. Ascanio meanwhile had gone to find his father, who had come to Rome from Tagliacozzo, his birthplace; and this man also, when he heard about the row, advised Francesco to bring Ascanio back to me. Francesco said to Ascanio: "Go on your own account, and your father shall go with you." Don Diego put in: "Francesco, I foresee that something very

serious will happen; you know better than I do what a man Benvenuto is; take the lad back courageously, and I will come with you." I had prepared myself, and was pacing up and down the shop waiting for the bell to vespers; my mind was made up to do one of the bloodiest deeds which I had ever attempted in my life. Just then arrived Don Diego, Francesco, Ascanio, and his father, whom I did not know. When Ascanio entered, I gazed at the whole company with eyes of rage, and Francesco, pale as death, began as follows: "See here, I have brought back Ascanio, whom I kept with me, not thinking that I should offend you." Ascanio added humbly: "Master, pardon me; I am at your disposal here, to do whatever you shall order." Then I said: "Have you come to work out the time you promised me?" He answered yes, and that he meant never to leave me. Then I turned and told the shopboy he had beaten to hand him the bundle of clothes, and said to him: "Here are all the clothes I gave you; take with them your discharge, and go where you like." Don Diego stood astonished at this, which was quite the contrary of what he had expected; while Ascanio with his father besought me to pardon and take him back. On my asking who it was who spoke for him, he said it was his father; to whom, after many entreaties, I replied: "Because you are his father, for your sake I will take him back."

XCIV

I had formed the resolution, as I said a short while back, to go toward France; partly because I saw that the Pope did not hold me in the same esteem as formerly, my faithful service having been besmirched by lying tongues; and also because I feared lest those who had the power might play me some worse trick. So I was determined to seek better fortune in a foreign land, and wished to leave Rome without company or license. On the eve of my projected departure, I told my faithful friend Felice to make free use of all my effects during my absence; and in the case of my not returning, left him everything I possessed. Now there was a Perugian workman in my employ, who had helped me on those commissions from the Pope; and after

paying his wages, I told him he must leave my service. He begged me in reply to let him go with me, and said he would come at his own charges; if I stopped to work for the King of France, it would certainly be better for me to have Italians by me, and in particular such persons as I knew to be capable of giving me assistance. His entreaties and arguments persuaded me to take him on the journey in the manner he proposed. Ascanio, who was present at this debate, said, half in tears: "When you took me back, I said I wished to remain with you my lifetime, and so I have it in my mind to do." I told him that nothing in the world would make me consent; but when I saw that the poor lad was preparing to follow on foot, I engaged a horse for him too, put a small valise upon the crupper, and loaded myself with far more useless baggage than I should otherwise have taken.[1]

From home I travelled to Florence, from Florence to Bologna, from Bologna to Venice, and from Venice to Padua. There my dear friend Albertaccio del Bene made me leave the inn for his house; and next day I went to kiss the hand of Messer Pietro Bembo, who was not yet a Cardinal.[2] He received me with marks of the warmest affection which could be bestowed on any man; then turning to Albertaccio, he said: "I want Benvenuto to stay here, with all his followers, even though they be a hundred men; make then your mind up, if you want Benvenuto also, to stay here with me, for I do not mean elsewise to let you have him." Accordingly I spent a very pleasant visit at the house of that most accomplished gentleman. He had a room prepared for me which would have been too grand for a cardinal, and always insisted on my taking my meals beside him. Later on, he began to hint in very modest terms that he should greatly like me to take his portrait. I, who desired nothing in the world more, prepared some snow-white plaster in a little box, and set to work at once. The first day I spent two hours on end at my modelling, and blocked out the fine head

[1] He left Rome, April 1, 1537.

[2] I need hardly say that this is the Bembo who ruled over Italian literature like a dictator from the reign of Leo X. onwards. He was of a noble Venetian house; Paul III. made him Cardinal in 1539. He died, aged seventy-seven, in 1547.

of that eminent man with so much grace of manner that his lordship was fairly astounded. Now, though he was a man of profound erudition and without a rival in poetry, he understood nothing at all about my art; this made him think that I had finished when I had hardly begun, so that I could not make him comprehend what a long time it took to execute a thing of that sort thoroughly. At last I resolved to do it as well as I was able, and to spend the requisite time upon it; but since he wore his beard short after the Venetian fashion, I had great trouble in modelling a head to my own satisfaction. However, I finished it, and judged it about the finest specimen I had produced in all the points pertaining to my art. Great was the astonishment of Messer Pietro, who conceived that I should have completed the waxen model in two hours and the steel in ten, when he found that I employed two hundred on the wax, and then was begging for leave to pursue my journey toward France. This threw him into much concern, and he implored me at least to design the reverse for his medal, which was to be a Pegasus encircled with a wreath of myrtle. I performed my task in the space of some three hours, and gave it a fine air of elegance. He was exceedingly delighted, and said: "This horse seems to me ten times more difficult to do than the little portrait on which you have bestowed so much pains. I cannot understand what made it such a labour." All the same, he kept entreating me to execute the piece in steel, exclaiming: "For Heaven's sake, do it; I know that, if you choose, you will get it quickly finished." I told him that I was not willing to make it there, but promised without fail to take it in hand wherever I might stop to work.

While this debate was being carried on I went to bargain for three horses which I wanted on my travels; and he took care that a secret watch should be kept over my proceedings, for he had vast authority in Padua; wherefore, when I proposed to pay for the horses, which were to cost five hundred ducats, their owner answered: "Illustrious artist, I make you a present of the three horses." I replied: "It is not you who give them me; and from the generous donor I cannot accept them, seeing I have been unable to present him with any specimen of my craft." The good fellow said that,

if I did not take them, I should get no other horses in Padua, and should have to make my journey on foot. Upon that I returned to the magnificent Messer Pietro, who affected to be ignorant of the affair, and only begged me with marks of kindness to remain in Padua. This was contrary to my intention, for I had quite resolved to set out; therefore I had to accept the three horses, and with them we began our journey.

XCV

I chose the route through the Grisons, all other passes being unsafe on account of war. We crossed the mountains of the Alba and Berlina; it was the 8th of May, and the snow upon them lay in masses.[1] At the utmost hazard of our lives we succeeded in surmounting those two Alpine ridges; and when they had been traversed, we stopped at a place which, if I remember rightly, is called Valdistà. There we took up quarters, and at nightfall there arrived a Florentine courier named Busbacca. I had heard him mentioned as a man of character and able in his profession, but I did not know that he had forfeited that reputation by his rogueries. When he saw me in the hostelry, he addressed me by my name, said he was going on business of importance to Lyons, and entreated me to lend him money for the journey. I said I had no money to lend, but that if he liked to join me, I would pay his expenses as far as Lyons. The rascal wept, and wheedled me with a long story, saying: "If a poor courier employed on affairs of national consequence has fallen short of money, it is the duty of a man like you to assist him." Then he added that he was carrying things of the utmost importance from Messer Filippo Strozzi;[2] and showing me a leather case for a cup he had with him, whispered in my ear that it held a goblet of silver which contained jewels to the value of many thousands of ducats, together with letters of vast consequence, sent by Messer Filippo Strozzi. I told him that he ought to let me conceal the jewels about his

[1] I have retained Cellini's spelling of names upon this journey. He passed the Bernina and Albula mountains, descended the valley of the Rhine to Wallenstadt, travelled by Weesen and probably Glarus to Lachen and Zurich, thence to Solothurn, Lausanne, Geneva, Lyons.

[2] Filippo Strozzi was leader of the anti-Medicean party, now in exile. He fell into the hands of Duke Cosimo on the 1st of August in this year, 1537.

own person, which would be much less dangerous than carrying them in the goblet; he might give that up to me, and, its value being probably about ten crowns, I would supply him with twenty-five on the security. To these words the courier replied that he would go with me, since he could not do otherwise, for to give up the goblet would not be to his honour.

Accordingly we struck the bargain so; and taking horse next morning, came to a lake between Valdistate and Vessa; it is fifteen miles long when one reaches Vessa. On beholding the boats upon that lake I took fright; because they are of pine, of no great size and no great thickness, loosely put together, and not even pitched. If I had not seen four German gentlemen, with their four horses, embarking in one of the same sort as ours, I should never have set my foot in it; indeed I should far more likely have turned tail; but when I saw their hare-brained recklessness, I took it into my head that those German waters would not drown folk, as ours do in Italy. However, my two young men kept saying to me: "Benvenuto, it is surely dangerous to embark in this craft with four horses." I replied: "You cowards, do you not observe how those four gentlemen have taken boat before us, and are going on their way with laughter? If this were wine, as indeed 'tis water, I should say that they were going gladly to drown themselves in it; but as it is but water, I know well that they have no more pleasure than we have in drowning there." The lake was fifteen miles long and about three broad; on one side rose a mountain very tall and cavernous, on the other some flat land and grassy. When we had gone about four miles, it began to storm upon the lake, and our oarsmen asked us to help in rowing; this we did awhile. I made gestures and directed them to land us on the farther shore; they said it was not possible, because there was not depth of water for the boat, and there were shoals there, which would make it go to pieces and drown us all; and still they kept on urging us to help them. The boatmen shouted one to the other, calling for assistance. When I saw them thus dismayed, my horse being an intelligent animal, I arranged the bridle on his neck and took the end of the halter with my left hand. The

horse, like most of his kind, being not devoid of reason, seemed to have an instinct of my intention; for having turned his face towards the fresh grass, I meant that he should swim and draw me after him. Just at that moment a great wave broke over the boat. Ascanio shrieked out: "Mercy, my father; save me," and wanted to throw himself upon my neck. Accordingly, I laid hand to my little dagger, and told them to do as I had shown them, seeing that the horses would save their lives as well as I too hoped to escape with mine by the same means; but that if he tried to jump on me, I should kill him. So we went forward several miles in this great peril of our lives.

XCVI

When we had reached the middle of the lake, we found a little bit of level ground where we could land, and I saw that those four German gentlemen had already come to shore there; but on our wishing to disembark, the boatmen would hear nothing of it. Then I said to my young men: "Now is the time to show what stuff we are made of; so draw your swords, and force these fellows to put us on shore." This we did, not however without difficulty, for they offered a stubborn resistance. When at last we got to land, we had to climb that mountain for two miles, and it was more troublesome than getting up a ladder. I was completely clothed in mail, with big boots, and a gun in my hand; and it was raining as though the fountains of the heavens were opened. Those devils, the German gentlemen, leading their little horses by the bridle, accomplished miracles of agility; but our animals were not up to the business, and we burst with the fatigue of making them ascend that hill of difficulty. We had climbed a little way, when Ascanio's horse, an excellent beast of Hungarian race, made a false step. He was going a few paces before the courier Busbacca to whom Ascanio had given his lance to carry for him. Well, the path was so bad that the horse stumbled, and went on scrambling backwards, without being able to regain his footing, till he stuck upon the point of the lance, which that rogue of a courier had not the wit to keep out of his way.

The weapon passed right through his throat; and when my other workman went to help him, his horse also, a black-coloured animal, slipped towards the lake, and held on by some shrub which offered but a slight support. This horse was carrying a pair of saddle-bags, which contained all my money and other valuables. I cried out to the young man to save his own life, and let the horse go to the devil. The fall was more than a mile of precipitous descent above the waters of the lake. Just below the place our boatmen had taken up their station; so that if the horse fell, he would have come precisely on them. I was ahead of the whole company, and we waited to see the horse plunge headlong; it seemed certain that he must go to perdition. During this I said to my young men: "Be under no concern; let us save our lives, and give thanks to God for all that happens. I am only distressed for that poor fellow Busbacca, who tied his goblet and his jewels to the value of several thousands of ducats on the horse's saddle-bow, thinking that the safest place. My things are but a few hundred crowns, and I am in no fear whatever, if only I get God's protection." Then Busbacca cried out: "I am not sorry for my own loss, but for yours." "Why," said I to him, "are you sorry for my trifles, and not for all that property of yours?" He answered: "I will tell you in God's name; in these circumstances and at the point of peril we have reached, truth must be spoken. I know that yours are crowns, and are so in good sooth; but that case in which I said I had so many jewels and other lies, is all full of caviare." On hearing this I could not hold from laughing; my young men laughed too; and he began to cry. The horse extricated itself by a great effort when we had given it up for lost. So then, still laughing, we summoned our forces, and bent ourselves to making the ascent. The four German gentlemen, having gained the top before us, sent down some folk who gave us aid. Thus at length we reached our lodging in the wilderness. Here, being wet to the skin, tired out, and famished, we were most agreeably entertained; we dried ourselves, took rest, and satisfied our hunger, while certain wild herbs were applied to the wounded horse. They pointed out to us the plant in question, of which the hedges were full; and

we were told that if the wound was kept continually plugged with its leaves, the beast would not only recover, but would serve us just as if it had sustained no injury. We proceeded to do as they advised. Then having thanked those gentlemen, and feeling ourselves entirely refreshed, we quitted the place, and travelled onwards, thanking God for saving us from such great perils.

XCVII

We reached a town beyond Vessa, where we passed the night, and heard a watchman through all the hours singing very agreeably; for all the houses of that city being built of pine wood, it was the watchman's only business to warn folk against fire. Busbacca's nerves had been quite shaken by the day's adventures; accordingly, each hour when the watchman sang, he called out in his sleep: "Ah God, I am drowning!" That was because of the fright he had had; and besides, he had got drunk in the evening, because he would sit boozing with all the Germans who were there; and sometimes he cried: "I am burning," and sometimes: "I am drowning;" and at other times he thought he was in hell, and tortured with that caviare suspended round his throat.

This night was so amusing, that it turned all our troubles into laughter. In the morning we rose with very fine weather, and went to dine in a smiling little place called Lacca. Here we obtained excellent entertainment, and then engaged guides, who were returning to a town called Surich. The guide who attended us went along the dyked bank of a lake; there was no other road; and the dyke itself was covered with water, so that the reckless fellow slipped, and fell together with his horse beneath the water. I, who was but a few steps behind him, stopped my horse, and waited to see the donkey get out of the water. Just as if nothing had happened, he began to sing again, and made signs to me to follow. I broke away upon the right hand, and got through some hedges, making my young men and Busbacca take that way. The guide shouted in German that if the folk of those parts saw me they would put me to

death. However, we passed forward, and escaped that other storm.

So we arrived at Surich, a marvellous city, bright and polished like a little gem. There we rested a whole day, then left betimes one morning, and reached another fair city called Solutorno. Thence we came to Usanna, from Usanna to Ginevra, from Ginevra to Lione, always singing and laughing. At Lione I rested four days, and had much pleasant intercourse with some of my friends there; I was also repaid what I had spent upon Busbacca; afterwards I set out upon the road to Paris. This was a delightful journey, except that when we reached Palissa[1] a band of venturers tried to murder us,[2] and it was only by great courage and address that we got free from them. From that point onward we travelled to Paris without the least trouble in the world. Always singing and laughing, we arrived safely at our destination.

XCVIII

After taking some repose in Paris, I went to visit the painter Rosso, who was in the King's service. I thought to find in him one of the sincerest friends I had in the world, seeing that in Rome I had done him the greatest benefits which one man can confer upon another. As these may be described briefly, I will not here omit their mention, in order to expose the shamelessness of such ingratitude. While he was in Rome, then, being a man given to back-biting, he spoke so ill of Raffaello da Urbino's works, that the pupils of the latter were quite resolved to murder him. From this peril I saved him by keeping a close watch upon him day and night. Again, the evil things said by Rosso against San Gallo,[1] that excellent architect, caused the latter to get work taken from him which he had previously procured for him from Messer Agnolo da Cesi; and after this San Gallo used his influence so strenuously against him that he must have been brought to the verge of starvation, had

[1] La Palice.

[2] Cellini, in the narrative of his second French journey, explains that these *venturieri* were a notable crew of very daring brigands in the Lyonese province.

[1] Antonio da San Gallo, one of the best architects of the later Renaissance.

not I pitied his condition and lent him some scores of crowns to live upon. So then, not having been repaid, and knowing that he held employment under the King, I went, as I have said, to look him up. I did not merely expect him to discharge his debt, but also to show me favour and assist in placing me in that great monarch's service.

When Rosso set eyes on me, his countenance changed suddenly, and he exclaimed: "Benvenuto, you have taken this long journey at great charges to your loss; especially at this present time, when all men's thoughts are occupied with war, and not with the bagatelles of our profession." I replied that I had brought money enough to take me back to Rome as I had come to Paris, and that this was not the proper return for the pains I had endured for him, and that now I began to believe what Maestro Antonio da San Gallo said of him. When he tried to turn the matter into jest on this exposure of his baseness, I showed him a letter of exchange for five hundred crowns upon Ricciardo del Bene. Then the rascal was ashamed, and wanted to detain me almost by force; but I laughed at him, and took my leave in the company of a painter whom I found there. This man was called Sguazzella:[2] he too was a Florentine; and I went to lodge in his house, with three horses and three servants, at so much per week. He treated me very well, and was even better paid by me in return.

Afterwards I sought audience of the King, through the introduction of his treasurer, Messer Giuliano Buonaccorti.[3] I met, however, with considerable delays, owing, as I did not then know, to the strenuous exertions Rosso made against my admission to his Majesty. When Messer Giuliano became aware of this, he took me down at once to Fontana Bilio,[4] and brought me into the presence of the King, who granted me a whole hour of very gracious audience. Since he was then on the point of setting out for Lyons, he told Messer Giuliano to take me with him, adding that on the journey we could discuss some works of art his Majesty had it in his head to execute. Accordingly, I followed the

[2] A pupil of Andrea del Sarto, who went with him to France and settled there.
[3] A Florentine exile mentioned by Varchi.
[4] Fontainebleau. Cellini always writes it as above.

court; and on the way I entered into close relations with the Cardinal of Ferrara, who had not at that period obtained the hat.[5] Every evening I used to hold long conversations with the Cardinal, in the course of which his lordship advised me to remain at an abbey of his in Lyons, and there to abide at ease until the King returned from this campaign, adding that he was going on to Grenoble, and that I should enjoy every convenience in the abbey.

When we reached Lyons I was already ill, and my lad Ascanio had taken a quartan fever. The French and their court were both grown irksome to me, and I counted the hours till I could find myself again in Rome. On seeing my anxiety to return home, the Cardinal gave me money sufficient for making him a silver bason and jug. So we took good horses, and set our faces in the direction of Rome, passing the Simplon, and travelling for some while in the company of certain Frenchmen; Ascanio troubled by his quartan, and I by a slow fever which I found it quite impossible to throw off. I had, moreover, got my stomach out of order to such an extent, that for the space of four months, as I verily believe, I hardly ate one whole loaf of bread in the week; and great was my longing to reach Italy, being desirous to die there rather than in France.

XCIX

When we had crossed the mountains of the Simplon, we came to a river near a place called Indevedro.[1] It was broad and very deep, spanned by a long narrow bridge without ramparts. That morning a thick white frost had fallen; and when I reached the bridge, riding before the rest, I recognised how dangerous it was, and bade my servants and young men dismount and lead their horses. So I got across without accident, and rode on talking with one of the Frenchmen, whose condition was that of a gentleman. The other, who was a scrivener, lagged a little way behind, jeering the French gentleman and me because we had been so frightened by nothing at all as to give ourselves the trou-

[5] Ippolito d'Este, son of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara; Archbishop of Milan at the age of fifteen; Cardinal in 1539; spent a large part of his life in France.

[1] Probably the Doveria in the Valdivedro.

ble of walking. I turned round, and seeing him upon the middle of the bridge, begged him to come gently, since the place was very dangerous. The fellow, true to his French nature, cried out in French that I was a man of poor spirit, and that there was no danger whatsoever. While he spoke these words and urged his horse forward, the animal suddenly slipped over the bridge, and fell with legs in air close to a huge rock there was there. Now God is very often merciful to madmen; so the two beasts, human and equine, plunged together into a deep wide pool, where both of them went down below the water. On seeing what had happened, I set off running at full speed, scrambled with much difficulty on to the rock, and dangling over from it, seized the skirt of the scrivener's gown and pulled him up, for he was still submerged beneath the surface. He had drunk his bellyful of water, and was within an ace of being drowned. I then, beholding him out of danger, congratulated the man upon my having been the means of rescuing his life. The fellow to this answered me in French, that I had done nothing; the important things to save were his writings, worth many scores of crowns; and these words he seemed to say in anger, dripping wet and spluttering the while. Thereupon, I turned round to our guides, and ordered them to help the brute, adding that I would see them paid. One of them with great address and trouble set himself to the business, and picked up all the fellow's writings, so that he lost not one of them: the other guide refused to trouble himself by rendering any assistance.

I ought here to say that we had made a purse up, and that I performed the part of paymaster. So, when we reached the place I mentioned, and had dined, I drew some coins from the common purse and gave them to the guide who helped to draw him from the water. Thereupon the fellow called out that I might pay them out of my own pocket; he had no intention of giving the man more than what had been agreed on for his services as guide. Upon this I retorted with insulting language. Then the other guide, who had done nothing, came up and demanded to be rewarded also. I told him that the one who had borne the cross deserved the recompense. He cried out that he would presently show me a

cross which should make me repent. I replied that I would light a candle at that cross, which should, I hoped, make him to be the first to weep his folly. The village we were in lay on the frontier between Venice and the Germans. So the guide ran off to bring the folk together, and came, followed by a crowd, with a boar-spear in his hand. Mounted on my good steed, I lowered the barrel of my arquebuse, and turning to my comrades, cried: "At the first shot I shall bring that fellow down; do you likewise your duty, for these are highway robbers, who have used this little incident to contrive our murder." The innkeeper at whose house we had dined called one of the leaders, an imposing old man, and begged him to put a stop to the disorder, saying: "This is most courageous young man; you may cut him to pieces, but he will certainly kill a lot of you, and perhaps will escape your hands, after doing all the mischief he is able." So matters calmed down: and the old man, their leader, said to me: "Go in peace; you would not have much to boast of against us, even if you had a hundred men to back you." I recognised the truth of his words, and had indeed made up my mind to die among them; therefore, when no further insults were cast at me, I shook my head and exclaimed: "I should certainly have done my utmost to prove I am no statue, but a man of flesh and spirit." Then we resumed our journey; and that evening, at the first lodging we came to, settled our accounts together. There I parted for ever from that beast of a Frenchman, remaining on very friendly terms with the other, who was a gentleman. Afterwards I reached Ferrara, with my three horses and no other company.

Having dismounted, I went to court in order to pay my reverence to the Duke, and gain permission to depart next morning for Loreto. When I had waited until two hours after nightfall, his Excellency appeared. I kissed his hands; he received me with much courtesy, and ordered that water should be brought for me to wash my hands before eating. To this compliment I made a pleasant answer: "Most excellent lord, it is now more than four months that I have eaten only just enough to keep life together; knowing therefore that I could not enjoy the delicacies of your royal table, I will stay and talk with you while your Excellency is sup-

ping; in this way we shall both have more pleasure than if I were to sup with you." Accordingly, we entered into conversation, and prolonged it for the next three hours. At that time I took my leave, and when I got back to the inn, found a most excellent meal ready; for the Duke had sent me the plates from his own banquet, together with some famous wine. Having now fasted two full hours beyond my usual hour for supping, I fell to with hearty appetite; and this was the first time since four months that I felt the power or will to eat.

C

Leaving Ferrara in the morning, I went to Santa Maria at Loreto; and thence, having performed my devotions, pursued the journey to Rome. There I found my most faithful Felice, to whom I abandoned my old shop with all its furniture and appurtenances, and opened another, much larger and roomier, next to Sugherello, the perfumer. I thought for certain that the great King Francis would not have remembered me. Therefore I accepted commissions from several noblemen; and in the meanwhile began the bason and jug ordered by the Cardinal Ferrara. I had a crowd of workmen, and many large affairs on hand in gold and silver.

Now the arrangement I had made with that Perugian workman[1] was that he should write down all the monies which had been disbursed on his account, chiefly for clothes and divers other sundries; and these, together with the costs of travelling, amounted to about seventy crowns. We agreed that he should discharge the debt by monthly payments of three crowns; and this he was well able to do, since he gained more than eight through me. At the end of two months the rascal decamped from my shop, leaving me in the lurch with a mass of business on my hands, and saying that he did not mean to pay me a farthing more. I was resolved to seek redress, but allowed myself to be persuaded to do so by the way of justice. At first I thought of lopping off an arm of his; and assuredly I should have done so, if my friends had not told me that it was a mistake, seeing I should lose my money and perhaps Rome too a second time, foras-

[1] In his *Ricordi* Cellini calls the man Girolamo Pascucci.

much as blows cannot be measured, and that with the agreement I held of his I could at any moment have him taken up. I listened to their advice, though I should have liked to conduct the affair more freely. As a matter of fact, I sued him before the auditor of the Camera, and gained my suit; in consequence of that decree, for which I waited several months, I had him thrown into prison. At the same time I was overwhelmed with large commissions; among others, I had to supply all the ornaments of gold and jewels for the wife of Signor Gierolimo Orsino, father of Signor Paolo, who is now the son-in-law of our Duke Cosimo.[2] These things I had nearly finished; yet others of the greatest consequence were always coming in. I employed eight work-people, and worked day and night together with them, for the sake alike of honour and of gain.

CI

While I was engaged in prosecuting my affairs with so much vigour, there arrived a letter sent post-haste to me by the Cardinal of Ferrara, which ran as follows:—

"Benvenuto, our dear friend,—During these last days the most Christian King here made mention of you, and said that he should like to have you in his service. Whereto I answered that you had promised me, whenever I sent for you to serve his Majesty, that you would come at once. His Majesty then answered: 'It is my will that provision for his journey, according to his merits, should be sent him;' and immediately ordered his Admiral to make me out an order for one thousand golden crowns upon the treasurer of the Exchequer. The Cardinal de' Gaddi, who was present at this conversation, advanced immediately, and told his Majesty that it was not necessary to make these dispositions, seeing that he had sent you money enough, and that you were already on the journey. If then, as I think probable, the facts are quite contrary to those assertions of Cardinal Gaddi, reply to me without delay upon the receipt of this letter; for I will undertake to gather up the fallen thread,

[2] He was Duke of Bracciano, father of Duke Paolo, who married Isabella de' Medici, and murdered her before his second marriage with Vittoria Accoramboni. See my *Renaissance in Italy*, vol. vi.

and have the promised money given you by this magnanimous King."

Now let the world take notice, and all the folk that dwell on it, what power malignant stars with adverse fortune exercise upon us human beings! I had not spoken twice in my lifetime to that little simpleton of a Cardinal de' Gaddi; nor do I think that he meant by this bumptiousness of his to do me any harm, but only, through lightheadedness and senseless folly, to make it seem as though he also held the affairs of artists, whom the King was wanting, under his own personal supervision, just as the Cardinal of Ferrara did. But afterwards he was so stupid as not to tell me anything at all about the matter; elsewise, it is certain that my wish to shield a silly mannikin from reproach, if only for our country's sake, would have made me find out some excuse to mend the bungling of his foolish self-conceit.

Immediately upon the receipt of Cardinal Ferrara's letter, I answered that about Cardinal de' Gaddi I knew absolutely nothing, and that even if he had made overtures of that kind to me, I should not have left Italy without informing his most reverend lordship. I also said that I had more to do in Rome than at any previous time; but that if his most Christian Majesty made sign of wanting me, one word of his, communicated by so great a prince as his most reverend lordship, would suffice to make me set off upon the spot, leaving all other concerns to take their chance.

After I had sent my letter, that traitor, the Perugian workman, devised a piece of malice against me, which succeeded at once, owing to the avarice of Pope Paolo da Farnese, but also far more to that of his bastard, who was then called Duke of Castro.[1] The fellow in question informed one of Signor Pier Luigi's secretaries that, having been with me as workman several years, he was acquainted with all my affairs, on the strength of which he gave his word to Signor Pier Luigi that I was worth more than eighty thousand ducats, and that the greater part of this property consisted in jewels, which jewels belonged to the Church, and that I had stolen them in Castel Sant' Angelo during the sack of Rome, and that all they had to do was to catch me on the spot with secrecy.

[1] He had been invested with the Duchy of Castro in 1537.

It so happened that I had been at work one morning, more than three hours before daybreak, upon the trousseau of the bride I mentioned; then, while my shop was being opened and swept out, I put my cape on to go abroad and take the air. Directing my steps along the Strada Giulia, I turned into Chiavica, and at this corner Crespino, the Bargello, with all his constables, made up to me, and said: "You are the Pope's prisoner." I answered: "Crespino, you have mistaken your man." "No," said Crespino, "you are the artist Benvenuto, and I know you well, and I have to take you to the Castle of Sant' Angelo, where lords go, and men of accomplishments, your peers." Upon that four of his underofficers rushed on me, and would have seized by force a dagger which I wore, and some rings I carried on my finger; but Crespino rebuked them: "Not a man of you shall touch him: it is quite enough if you perform your duty, and see that he does not escape me." Then he came up, and begged me with words of courtesy to surrender my arms. While I was engaged in doing this, it crossed my mind that exactly on that very spot I had assassinated Pompeo. They took me straightway to the castle, and locked me in an upper chamber in the keep. This was the first time that I ever smelt a prison up to the age I then had of thirty-seven years.

CII

Signor Pier Luigi, the Pope's son, had well considered the large sum for which I stood accused; so he begged the reversion of it from his most holy father, and asked that he might have the money made out to himself. The Pope granted this willingly, adding that he would assist in its recovery. Consequently, after having kept me eight whole days in prison, they sent me up for examination, in order to put an end if possible to the affair. I was summoned into one of the great halls of the papal castle, a place of much dignity. My examiners were, first, the Governor of Rome, called Messer Benedetto Conversini of Pistoja,[1] who afterwards became Bishop of Jesi; secondly, the Procurator-Fiscal, whose name I have forgotten;[2] and, thirdly, the judge in criminal

[1] Bishop of Forlimpopoli in 1537, and of Jesi in 1540.
[2] Benedetto Valenti.

cases, Messer Benedetto da Cagli. These three men began at first to question me in gentle terms, which afterwards they changed to words of considerable harshness and menace, apparently because I said to them: "My lords, it is more than half-an-hour now since you have been pestering me with questions about fables and such things, so that one may truly say you are chattering or prattling; by chattering I mean talking without reason, by prattling I mean talking nonsense: therefore I beg you to tell me what it really is you want of me, and to let me hear from your lips reasonable speech, and not jabberings or nonsense." In reply to these words of mine, the Governor, who was a Pistojan, could no longer disguise his furious temper, and began: "You talk very confidently, or rather far too arrogantly; but let me tell you that I will bring your pride down lower than a spaniel by the words of reason you shall hear from me; these will be neither jabberings nor nonsense, as you have it, but shall form a chain of arguments to answer which you will be forced to tax the utmost of your wits." Then he began to speak as follows: "We know for certain that you were in Rome at the time when this unhappy city was subject to the calamity of the sack; at that time you were in this Castle of Sant' Angelo, and were employed as bombardier. Now since you are a jeweller and goldsmith by trade, Pope Clement, being previously acquainted with you, and having by him no one else of your profession, called you into his secret counsels, and made you unset all the jewels of his tiaras, mitres, and rings; afterwards, having confidence in you, he ordered you to sew them into his clothes. While thus engaged, you sequestered, unknown to his Holiness, a portion of them, to the value of eighty thousand crowns. This has been told us by one of your workmen, to whom you disclosed the matter in your braggadocio way. Now, we tell you frankly that you must find the jewels, or their value in money: after that we will release you."

CIII

When I heard these words, I could not hold from bursting into a great roar of laughter; then, having laughed a while, I said: "Thanks be to God that on this first occasion, when it has pleased His Divine Majesty to imprison me, I should not be imprisoned for some folly, as the wont is usually with young men. If what you say were the truth, I run no risk of having to submit to corporal punishment, since the authority of the law was suspended during that season. Indeed, I could excuse myself by saying that, like a faithful servant, I had kept back treasure to that amount for the sacred and holy Apostolic Church, waiting till I could restore it to a good Pope, or else to those who might require it of me; as, for instance, you might, if this were verily the case." When I had spoken so far, the furious Governor would not let me conclude my argument, but exclaimed in a burst of rage: "Interpret the affair as you like best, Benvenuto; it is enough for us to have found the property which we had lost; be quick about it, if you do not want us to use other measures than words." Then they began to rise and leave the chamber; but I stopped them, crying out: "My lords, my examination is not over; bring that to an end, and go then where you choose." They resumed their seats in a very angry temper, making as though they did not mean to listen to a word I said, and at the same time half relieved,[1] as though they had discovered all they wanted to know. I then began my speech, to this effect: "You are to know, my lords, that it is now some twenty years since I first came to Rome, and I have never been sent to prison here or elsewhere." On this that catchpole of a Governor called out: "And yet you have killed men enough here!" I replied: "It is you that say it, and not I; but if some one came to kill you, priest as you are, you would defend yourself, and if you killed him, the sanctity of law would hold you justified. Therefore let me continue my defence, if you wish to report the case to the Pope, and to judge me fairly. Once more I tell you that I have been a sojourner in this marvellous city Rome for nigh on twenty years, and here

[1] *Sollevati.* It may mean *half-risen from their seats.*

I have exercised my art in matters of vast importance. Knowing that this is the seat of Christ, I entertained the reasonable belief that when some temporal prince sought to inflict on me a mortal injury, I might have recourse to this holy chair and to this Vicar of Christ, in confidence that he would surely uphold my cause. Ah me! whither am I now to go? What prince is there who will protect me from this infamous assassination? Was it not your business, before you took me up, to find out what I had done with those eighty thousand ducats? Was it not your duty to inspect the record of the jewels, which have been carefully inscribed by this Apostolic Camera through the last five hundred years? If you had discovered anything missing on that record, then you ought to have seized all my books together with myself. I tell you for a certainty that the registers, on which are written all the jewels of the Pope and the regalia, must be perfectly in order; you will not find there missing a single article of value which belonged to Pope Clement that has not been minutely noted. The one thing of the kind which occurs to me is this: When that poor man Pope Clement wanted to make terms with those thieves of the Imperial army, who had robbed Rome and insulted the Church, a certain Cesare Iscatinaro, if I rightly remember his name, came to negotiate with him;[2] and having nearly concluded the agreement, the Pope in his extremity, to show the man some mark of favour, let fall a diamond from his finger, which was worth about four thousand crowns, and when Iscatinaro stooped to pick it up, the Pope told him to keep it for his sake. I was present at these transactions: and if the diamond of which I speak be missing, I have told you where it went; but I have the firmest conviction that you will find even this noted upon the register. After this you may blush at your leisure for having done such cruel injustice to a man like me, who has performed so many honourable services for the apostolic chair. I would have you know that, but for me, the morning when the Imperial troops entered the Borgo, they would without let or hindrance have forced their way

[2] Gio. Bartolommeo di Gattinara. Raffaello da Montelupo, in his Autobiography, calls him Cattinaro, and relates how "when he came one day into the castle to negotiate a treaty, he was wounded in the arm by one of our arquebusiers." This confirms what follows above.

into the castle. It was I who, unrewarded for this act, betook myself with vigour to the guns which had been abandoned by the cannoneers and soldiers of the ordnance. I put spirit into my comrade Raffaello da Montelupo, the sculptor, who had also left his post and hid himself all frightened in a corner, without stirring foot or finger; I woke his courage up, and he and I alone together slew so many of the enemies that the soldiers took another road. I it was who shot at Iscatinaro when I saw him talking to Pope Clement without the slightest mark of reverence, nay, with the most revolting insolence, like the Lutheran and infidel he was. Pope Clement upon this had the castle searched to find and hang the man who did it. I it was who wounded the Prince of Orange in the head down there below the trenches of the castle. Then, too, how many ornaments of silver, gold, and jewels, how many models and coins, so beautiful and so esteemed, have I not made for Holy Church! Is this then the presumptuous priestly recompense you give a man who has served and loved you with such loyalty, with such mastery of art? Oh, go and report the whole that I have spoken to the Pope; go and tell him that his jewels are all in his possession; that I never received from the Church anything but wounds and stonings at that epoch of the sack; that I never reckoned upon any gain beyond some small remuneration from Pope Paolo, which he had promised me. Now at last I know what to think of his Holiness and you his Ministers."

While I was delievering this speech, they sat and listened in astonishment. Then exchanging glances one with the other, and making signs of much surprise, they left me. All three went together to report what I had spoken to the Pope. The Pope felt some shame, and gave orders that all the records of the jewels should be diligently searched. When they had ascertained that none were missing, they left me in the castle without saying a word more about it. Signor Pier Luigi felt also that he had acted ill; and to end the affair, they set about to contrive my death.

CIV

During the agitations of this time which I have just related, King Francis received news of how the Pope was keeping me in prison, and with what injustice. He had sent a certain gentleman of his, named Monsignor di Morluc, as his ambassador to Rome;[1] to him therefore he now wrote, claiming me from the Pope as the man of his Majesty. The Pope was a person of extraordinary sense and ability, but in this affair of mine he behaved weakly and unintelligently; for he made answer to the King's envoy that his Majesty need pay me no attention, since I was a fellow who gave much trouble by fighting; therefore he advised his Majesty to leave me alone, adding that he kept me in prison for homicides and other deviltries which I had played. To this the King sent answer that justice in his realm was excellently maintained; for even as his Majesty was wont to shower rewards and favours upon men of parts and virtue, so did he ever chastise the troublesome. His Holiness had let me go, not caring for the service of the said Benvenuto, and the King, when he saw him in his realm, most willingly adopted him; therefore he now asked for him in the quality of his own man. Such a demand was certainly one of the most honourable marks of favour which a man of my sort could desire; yet it proved the source of infinite annoyance and hurt to me. The Pope was roused to such fury by the jealous fear he had lest I should go and tell the whole world how infamously I had been treated, that he kept revolving ways in which I might be put to death without injury to his own credit.

The castellan of Sant' Angelo was one of our Florentines, called Messer Giorgio, a knight of the Ugolini family.[2] This worthy man showed me the greatest courtesy, and let me go free about the castle on parole. He was well aware how greatly I had been wronged; and when I wanted to give security for leave to walk about the castle, he replied that

[1] Jean de Montluc, brother of the celebrated Marshal, Bishop of Valence, a friend of Margaret of Navarre, and, like her, a protector of the Huguenots. He negotiated the election of the Duke of Anjou to the throne of Poland.
[2] It is only known of this man that he was a Knight of Jerusalem, and had been Commendatore of Prato in 1511.

though he could not take that, seeing the Pope set too much importance upon my affair, yet he would frankly trust my word, because he was informed by every one what a worthy man I was. So I passed my parole, and he granted me conveniences for working at my trade. I then, reflecting that the Pope's anger against me must subside, as well because of my innocence as because of the favour shown me by the King, kept my shop in Rome open, while Ascanio, my prentice, came to the castle and brought me things to work at. I could not indeed do much, feeling myself imprisoned so unjustly; yet I made a virtue of necessity, and bore my adverse fortune with as light a heart as I was able.

I had secured the attachment of all the guards and many soldiers of the castle. Now the Pope used to come at times to sup there, and on those occasions no watch was kept, but the place stood open like an ordinary palace. Consequently, while the Pope was there, the prisoners used to be shut up with great precautions; none such, however, were taken with me, who had the license to go where I liked, even at those times, about its precincts. Often then those soldiers told me that I ought to escape, and that they would aid and abet me, knowing as they did how greatly I had been wronged. I answered that I had given my parole to the castellan, who was such a worthy man, and had done me such kind offices. One very brave and clever soldier used to say to me: "My Benvenuto, you must know that a prisoner is not obliged, and cannot be obliged, to keep faith, any more than aught else which befits a free man. Do what I tell you; escape from that rascal of a Pope and that bastard his son, for both are bent on having your life by villainy." I had, however, made my mind up rather to lose my life than to break the promise I had given that good man the castellan. So I bore the extreme discomforts of my situation, and had for companion of misery a friar of the Palavisina house, who was a very famous preacher.[3]

[3] Cellini means Pallavicini. Nothing seems to be known about him, except that his imprisonment is mentioned in a letter of Caro's under date 1540.

CV

This man had been arrested as a Lutheran. He was an excellent companion; but, from the point of view of his religion, I found him the biggest scoundrel in the world, to whom all kinds of vices were acceptable. His fine intellectual qualities won my admiration; but I hated his dirty vices, and frankly taxed him with them. This friar kept perpetually reminding me that I was in no wise bound to observe faith with the castellan, since I had become a prisoner. I replied to these arguments that he might be speaking the truth as a friar, but that as a man he spoke the contrary; for every one who called himself a man, and not a monk, was bound to keep his word under all circumstances in which he chanced to be. I therefore, being a man, and not a monk, was not going to break the simple and loyal word which I had given. Seeing then that he could not sap my honour by the subtle and ingenious sophistries he so eloquently developed, the friar hit upon another way of tempting me. He allowed some days to pass, during which he read me the sermons of Fra Jerolimo Savonarola; and these he expounded with such lucidity and learning that his comment was even finer than the text. I remained in ecstasies of admiration; and there was nothing in the world I would not have done for him, except, as I have said, to break my promised word. When he saw the effect his talents had produced upon my mind, he thought of yet another method. Cautiously he began to ask what means I should have taken, supposing my jailers had locked me up, in order to set the dungeon doors open and effect my flight. I then, who wanted to display the sharpness of my own wits to so ingenious a man, replied that I was quite sure of being able to open the most baffling locks and bars, far more those of our prison, to do which would be the same to me as eating a bit of new cheese. In order then to gain my secret, the friar now made light of these assertions, averring that persons who have gained some credit by their abilities, are wont to talk big of things which, if they had to put their boasts in action, would speedily discredit them, and much to their dishonour. Himself had heard me speak so far from

the truth, that he was inclined to think I should, when pushed to proof, end in a dishonourable failure. Upon this, feeling myself stung to the quick by that devil of a friar, I responded that I always made a practice of promising in words less than I could perform in deeds; what I had said about the keys was the merest trifle; in a few words I could make him understand that the matter was as I had told it; then, all too heedlessly, I demonstrated the facility with which my assertions could be carried into act. He affected to pay little attention; but all the same he learned my lesson well by heart with keen intelligence.

As I have said above, the worthy castellan let me roam at pleasure over the whole fortress. Not even at night did he lock me in, as was the custom with the other prisoners. Moreover, he allowed me to employ myself as I liked best, with gold or silver or with wax according to my whim. So then I laboured several weeks at the bason ordered by Cardinal Ferrara, but the irksomeness of my imprisonment bred in me a disgust for such employment, and I took to modelling in wax some little figures of my fancy, for mere recreation. Of the wax which I used, the friar stole a piece; and with this he proceeded to get false keys made, upon the method I had heedlessly revealed to him. He had chosen for his accomplice a registrar named Luigi, a Paduan, who was in the castellan's service. When the keys were ordered, the locksmith revealed their plot; and the castellan who came at times to see me in my chamber, noticing the wax which I was using, recognised it at once and exclaimed: "It is true that this poor fellow Benvenuto has suffered a most grievous wrong; yet he ought not to have dealt thus with me, for I have ever strained my sense of right to show him kindness. Now I shall keep him straitly under lock and key, and shall take good care to do him no more service." Accordingly, he had me shut up with disagreeable circumstances, among the worst of which were the words flung at me by some of his devoted servants, who were indeed extremely fond of me, but now, on this occasion, cast in my teeth all the kind offices the castellan had done me; they came, in fact, to calling me ungrateful, light, and disloyal. One of them in particular used those injurious terms more insolently than was decent;

whereupon I, being convinced of my innocence, retorted hotly that I had never broken faith, and would maintain these words at the peril of my life, and that if he or any of his fellows abused me so unjustly, I would fling the lie back in his throat. The man, intolerant of my rebuke, rushed to the castellan's room, and brought me the wax with the model of the keys. No sooner had I seen the wax than I told him that both he and I were in the right; but I begged him to procure for me an audience with the castellan, for I meant to explain frankly how the matter stood, which was of far more consequence than they imagined. The castellan sent for me at once, and I told him the whole course of events. This made him arrest the friar, who betrayed the registrar, and the latter ran a risk of being hanged. However, the castellan hushed the affair up, although it had reached the Pope's ears; he saved his registrar from the gallows, and gave me the same freedom as I had before.

CVI

When I saw how rigorously this affair was prosecuted, I began to think of my own concerns, and said: "Supposing another of these storms should rise, and the man should lose confidence in me, I should then be under no obligation to him, and might wish to use my wits a little, which would certainly work their end better than those of that rascally friar." So I began to have new sheets of a coarse fabric brought me, and did not send the dirty ones away. When my servants asked for them, I bade them hold their tongues, saying I had given the sheets to some of those poor soldiers; and if the matter came to knowledge, the wretched fellows ran risk of the galleys. This made my young men and attendants, especially Felice, keep the secret of the sheets in all loyalty. I meanwhile set myself to emptying a straw mattress, the stuffing of which I burned, having a chimney in my prison. Out of the sheets I cut strips, the third of a cubit in breadth; and when I had made enough in my opinion to clear the great height of the central keep of Sant' Angelo, I told my servants that I had given away what I wanted; they must now bring me others of a finer fabric, and I would

always send back the dirty ones. This affair was presently forgotten.

Now my workpeople and serving-men were obliged to close my shop at the order of the Cardinals Santi Quattro[1] and Cornaro, who told me openly that the Pope would not hear of setting me at large, and that the great favours shown me by King Francis had done far more harm than good. It seems that the last words spoken from the King by Monsignor di Morluc had been to this effect, namely, that the Pope ought to hand me over to the ordinary judges of the court; if I had done wrong, he could chastise me; but otherwise, it was but reason that he should set me at liberty. This message so irritated the Pope that he made his mind up to keep me a prisoner for life. At the same time, the castellan most certainly did his utmost to assist me.

When my enemies perceived that my shop was closed, they lost no opportunity of taunting and reviling those servants and friends of mine who came to visit me in prison. It happened on one occasion that Ascanio, who came twice a day to visit me, asked to have a jacket cut out for him from a blue silk vest of mine I never used. I had only worn it once, on the occasion when I walked in procession. I replied that these were not the times nor was I in the place to wear such clothes. The young man took my refusal of this miserable vest so ill that he told me he wanted to go home to Tagliacozzo. All in a rage, I answered that he could not please me better than by taking himself off; and he swore with passion that he would never show his face to me again. When these words passed between us, we were walking round the keep of the castle. It happened that the castellan was also taking the air there; so just when we met his lordship Ascanio said: "I am going away; farewell for ever!" I added: "For ever, is my wish too; and thus in sooth shall it be. I shall tell the sentinels not to let you pass again!" Then, turning to the castellan, I begged him with all my heart to order the guards to keep Ascanio out, adding: "This little peasant comes here to add to my great trouble; I entreat you, therefore, my lord, not to let him enter any more." The castellan was much grieved, because he knew him to be

[1] Antonio Pucci, a Florentine, Cardinal de' Quattro Santi Coronati.

a lad of marvellous talents; he was, moreover, so fair of person that every one who once set eyes on him seemed bound to love him beyond measure.

The boy went away weeping. That day he had with him a small scimitar, which it was at times his wont to carry hidden beneath his clothes. Leaving the castle then, and having his face wet with tears, he chanced to meet two of my chief enemies, Jeronimo the Perugian,[2] and a certain Michele, goldsmiths both of them. Michele, being Jeronimo's friend and Ascanio's enemy, called out: "What is Ascanio crying for? Perhaps his father is dead; I mean that father in the castle!" Ascanio answered on the instant: "He is alive, but you shall die this minute." Then, raising his hand, he struck two blows with the scimitar, both at the fellow's head; the first felled him to earth, the second lopped three fingers off his right hand, though it was aimed at his head. He lay there like a dead man. The matter was at once reported to the Pope, who cried in a great fury: "Since the King wants him to be tried, go and give him three days to prepare his defence!" So they came, and executed the commission which the Pope had given them.

The excellent castellan went off upon the spot to his Holiness, and informed him that I was no accomplice in the matter, and that I had sent Ascanio about his business. So ably did he plead my cause that he saved my life from this impending tempest. Ascanio meanwhile escaped to Tagliacozzo, to his home there, whence he wrote begging a thousand times my pardon, and acknowledging his wrong in adding troubles to my grave disaster; but protesting that if through God's grace I came out from the prison, he meant never to abandon me. I let him understand that he must mind his art, and that if God set me at large again I would certainly recall him.

CVII

The castellan was subject to a certain sickness, which came upon him every year and deprived him of his wits. The sign of its approach was that he kept continually talking, or rather jabbering, to no purpose. These humours took a dif-

[2] *i. e.*, Girolamo Pascucci.

ferent shape each year; one time he thought he was an oil-jar; another time he thought he was a frog, and hopped about as frogs do; another time he thought he was dead, and then they had to bury him; not a year passed but he got some such hypochondriac notions into his head. At this season he imagined that he was a bat, and when he went abroad to take the air, he used to scream like bats in a high thin tone; and then he would flap his hands and body as though he were about to fly. The doctors, when they saw the fit was coming on him, and his old servants, gave him all the distractions they could think of; and since they had noticed that he derived much pleasure from my conversation, they were always fetching me to keep him company. At times the poor man detained me for four or five stricken hours without ever letting me cease talking. He used to keep me at his table, eating opposite to him, and never stopped chatting and making me chat; but during those discourses I contrived to make a good meal. He, poor man, could neither eat nor sleep; so that at last he wore me out. I was at the end of my strength; and sometimes when I looked at him, I noticed that his eyeballs were rolling in a frightful manner, one looking one way and the other in another.

He took it into his head to ask me whether I had ever had a fancy to fly. I answered that it had always been my ambition to do those things which offer the greatest difficulties to men, and that I had done them; as to flying, the God of Nature had gifted me with a body well suited for running and leaping far beyond the common average, and that with the talents I possessed for manual art I felt sure I had the courage to try flying. He then inquired what methods I should use; to which I answered that, taking into consideration all flying creatures, and wishing to imitate by art what they derived from nature, none was so apt a model as the bat. No sooner had the poor man heard the name bat, which recalled the humour he was suffering under, than he cried out at the top of his voice: "He says true—he says true; the bat's the thing—the bat's the thing!" Then he turned to me and said: "Benvenuto, if one gave you the opportunity, should you have the heart to fly?" I said if he would set me at liberty, I felt quite up to flying down to Prati, after

making myself a pair of wings out of waxed linen. Thereupon he replied: "I too should be prepared to take flight; but since the Pope has bidden me guard you as though you were his own eyes, and I know you a clever devil who would certainly escape, I shall now have you locked up with a hundred keys in order to prevent you slipping through my fingers." I then began to implore him, and remind him that I might have fled, but that on account of the word which I had given him I would never have betrayed his trust: therefore I begged him for the love of God, and by the kindness he had always shown me, not to add greater evils to the misery of my present situation. While I was pouring out these entreaties, he gave strict orders to have me bound and taken and locked up in prison. On seeing that it could not be helped, I told him before all his servants: "Lock me well up, and keep good watch on me; for I shall certainly contrive to escape." So they took and confined me with the utmost care.

CVIII

I then began to deliberate upon the best way of making my escape. No sooner had I been locked in, than I went about exploring my prison; and when I thought I had discovered how to get out of it, I pondered the means of descending from the lofty keep, for so the great round central tower is called. I took those new sheets of mine, which, as I have said already, I had cut in strips and sewn together; then I reckoned up the quantity which would be sufficient for my purpose. Having made this estimate and put all things in order, I looked out a pair of pincers which I had abstracted from a Savoyard belonging to the guard of the castle. This man superintended the casks and cisterns; he also amused himself with carpentering. Now he possessed several pairs of pincers, among which was one both big and heavy. I then, thinking it would suit my purpose, took it and hid it in my straw mattress. The time had now come for me to use it; so I began to try the nails which kept the hinges of my door in place.[1] The door was double, and the

[1] The door seems to have been hung upon hinges with plates nailed into the posts. Cellini calls these plates *bandelle*.

clinching of the nails could not be seen; so that when I attempted to draw one out, I met with the greatest trouble; in the end, however, I succeeded. When I had drawn the first nail, I bethought me how to prevent its being noticed. For this purpose I mixed some rust, which I had scraped from old iron, with a little wax, obtaining exactly the same colour as the heads of the long nails which I had extracted. Then I set myself to counterfeit these heads and place them on the holdfasts; for each nail I extracted I made a counterfeit in wax. I left the hinges attached to their door-posts at top and bottom by means of some of the same nails that I had drawn; but I took care to cut these and replace them lightly, so that they only just supported the irons of the hinges.

All this I performed with the greatest difficulty, because the castellan kept dreaming every night that I had escaped, which made him send from time to time to inspect my prison. The man who came had the title and behaviour of a catchpoll. He was called Bozza, and used always to bring with him another of the same sort, named Giovanni and nicknamed Pedignone; the latter was a soldier, and Bozza a serving-man. Giovanni never entered my prison without saying something offensive to me. He came from the district of Prato, and had been an apothecary in the town there. Every evening he minutely examined the holdfasts of the hinges and the whole chamber, and I used to say: "Keep a good watch over me, for I am resolved by all means to escape." These words bred a great enmity between him and me, so that I was obliged to use precautions to conceal my tools, that is to say, my pincers and a great big poniard and other appurtenances. All these I put away together in my mattress, where I also kept the strips of linen I had made. When day broke, I used immediately to sweep my room out; and though I am by nature a lover of cleanliness, at that time I kept myself unusually spick and span. After sweeping up, I made my bed as daintily as I could, laying flowers upon it, which a Savoyard used to bring me nearly every morning. He had the care of the cistern and the casks, and also amused himself with carpentering; it was from him I stole the pincers which I used in order to draw out the nails from the holdfasts of the hinges.

CIX

Well, to return to the subject of my bed; when Bozza and Pedignone came, I always told them to give it a wide berth, so as not to dirty and spoil it for me. Now and then, just to irritate me, they would touch it lightly, upon which I cried: "Ah, dirty cowards! I'll lay my hand on one of your swords there, and will do you a mischief that will make you wonder. Do you think you are fit to touch the bed of a man like me? When I chastise you I shall not heed my own life, for I am certain to take yours. Let me alone then with my troubles and my tribulations, and don't give me more annoyance than I have already; if not, I shall make you see what a desperate man is able to do." These words they reported to the castellan, who gave them express orders never to go near my bed, and when they came to me, to come without swords, but for the rest to keep a watchful guard upon me.

Having thus secured my bed from meddlers, I felt as though the main point was gained; for there lay all things needful to my venture. It happened on the evening of a certain feast-day that the castellan was seriously indisposed; his humours grew extravagant; he kept repeating that he was a bat, and if they heard that Benvenuto had flown away, they must let him go to catch me up, since he could fly by night most certainly as well or better than myself; for it was thus he argued: "Benvenuto is a counterfeit bat, but I am a real one; and since he is committed to my care, leave me to act; I shall be sure to catch him." He had passed several nights in this frenzy, and had worn out all his servants, whereof I received full information through divers channels, but especially from the Savoyard, who was my friend at heart.

On the evening of that feast-day, then, I made my mind up to escape, come what might; and first I prayed most devoutly to God, imploring His Divine Majesty to protect and succour me in that so perilous a venture. Afterwards I set to work at all the things I needed, and laboured the whole of the night. It was two hours before daybreak when at last I removed those hinges with the greatest toil; but the wooden panel itself and the bolt too offered such resistance

that I could not open the door; so I had to cut into the wood; yet in the end I got it open, and shouldering the strips of linen which I had rolled up like bundles of flax upon two sticks, I went forth and directed my steps toward the latrines of the keep. Spying from within two tiles upon the roof, I was able at once to clamber up with ease. I wore a white doublet with a pair of white hose and a pair of half boots, into which I had stuck the poniard I have mentioned.

After scaling the roof, I took one end of my linen roll and attached it to a piece of antique tile which was built into the fortress wall; it happened to jut out scarcely four fingers. In order to fix the band, I gave it the form of a stirrup. When I had attached it to that piece of tile, I turned to God and said: "Lord God, give aid to my good cause; you know that it is good; you see that I am aiding myself." Then I let myself go gently by degrees, supporting myself with the sinews of my arms, until I touched the ground. There was no moonshine, but the light of a fair open heaven. When I stood upon my feet on solid earth, I looked up at the vast height which I had descended with such spirit, and went gladly away, thinking I was free. But this was not the case; for the castellan on that side of the fortress had built two lofty walls, the space between which he used for stable and henyard; the place was barred with thick iron bolts outside. I was terribly disgusted to find there was no exit from this trap; but while I paced up and down debating what to do, I stumbled on a long pole which was covered up with straw. Not without great trouble I succeeded in placing it against the wall, and then swarmed up it by the force of my arms until I reached the top. But since the wall ended in a sharp ridge, I had not strength enough to drag the pole up after me. Accordingly I made my mind up to use a portion of the second roll of linen which I had there; the other was left hanging from the keep of the castle. So I cut a piece off, tied it to the pole, and clambered down the wall, enduring the utmost toil and fatigue. I was quite exhausted, and had, moreover, flayed the inside of my hands, which bled freely. This compelled me to rest awhile, and I bathed my hands in my own urine. When I thought that my strength was recovered, I advanced quickly toward the

last rampart, which faces toward Prati. There I put my bundle of linen lines down upon the ground, meaning to fasten them round a battlement, and descend the lesser as I had the greater height. But no sooner had I placed the linen, than I became aware behind me of a sentinel, who was going the rounds. Seeing my designs interrupted and my life in peril, I resolved to face the guard. This fellow, when he noticed my bold front, and that I was marching on him with weapon in hand, quickened his pace and gave me a wide berth. I had left my lines some little way behind; so I turned with hasty steps to regain them; and though I came within sight of another sentinel, he seemed as though he did not choose to take notice of me. Having found my lines and attached them to the battlement, I let myself go. On the descent, whether it was that I thought I had really come to earth and relaxed my grasp to jump, or whether my hands were so tired that they could not keep their hold, at any rate I fell, struck my head in falling, and lay stunned for more than an hour and a half, so far as I could judge.

It was just upon daybreak, when the fresh breeze which blows an hour before the sun revived me; yet I did not immediately recover my senses, for I thought my head had been cut off and fancied that I was in purgatory. With time, little by little, my faculties returned, and I perceived that I was outside the castle, and in a flash remembered all my adventures. I was aware of the wound in my head before I knew my leg was broken; for I put my hands up, and withdrew them covered with blood. Then I searched the spot well, and judged and ascertained that I had sustained no injury of consequence there; but when I wanted to stand up, I discovered that my right leg was broken three inches above the heel. Not even this dismayed me: I drew forth my poniard with its scabbard; the latter had a metal point ending in a large ball, which had caused the fracture of my leg; for the bone, coming into violent contact with the ball, and not being able to bend, had snapped at that point. I threw the sheath away, and with the poniard cut a piece of the linen which I had left. Then I bound my leg up as well as I could, and crawled on all fours with the poniard in my hand toward the city gate. When I reached it, I found it

shut; but I noticed a stone just beneath the door which did not appear to be very firmly fixed. This I attempted to dislodge; after setting my hands to it, and feeling it move, it easily gave way, and I drew it out. Through the gap thus made I crept into the town.

CX

I had crawled more than five hundred paces from the place where I fell, to the gate by which I entered. No sooner had I got inside than some mastiff dogs set upon me and bit me badly. When they returned to the attack and worried me, I drew my poniard and wounded one of them so sharply that he howled aloud, and all the dogs, according to their nature, ran after him. I meanwhile made the best way I could on all fours toward the church of the Trespontina.

On arriving at the opening of the street which leads to Sant' Agnolo, I turned off in the direction of San Piero; and now the dawn had risen over me, and I felt myself in danger. When therefore I chanced to meet a water-carrier driving his donkey laden with full buckets, I called the fellow, and begged him to carry me upon his back to the terrace by the steps of San Piero, adding: "I am an unfortunate young man, who, while escaping from a window in a love-adventure, have fallen and broken my leg. The place from which I made my exit is one of great importance; and if I am discovered, I run risk of being cut to pieces; so for heaven's sake lift me quickly, and I will give you a crown of gold." Saying this, I clapped my hand to my purse, where I had a good quantity. He took me up at once, hitched me on his back, and carried me to the raised terrace by the steps to San Piero. There I bade him leave me, saying he must run back to his donkey.

I resumed my march, crawling always on all fours, and making for the palace of the Duchess, wife of Duke Ottavio and daughter of the Emperor.[1] She was his natural child, and had been married to Duke Alessandro. I chose her house for refuge, because I was quite certain that many of my friends, who had come with that great princess from

[1] Margaret of Austria, who married Ottaviano Farnese in November 1538, after Alessandro's murder.

Florence, were tarrying there; also because she had taken me into favour through something which the castellan had said in my behalf. Wishing to be of service to me, he told the Pope that I had saved the city more than a thousand crowns of damage, caused by heavy rain on the occasion when the Duchess made her entrance into Rome. He related how he was in despair, and how I put heart into him, and went on to describe how I had pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest, and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then, when I began to fire, the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out; and so I was the sole cause of the festival succeeding, to the joy of everybody. On hearing this narration the Duchess said: "That Benvenuto is one of the artists of merit, who enjoyed the goodwill of my late husband, Duke Alessandro, and I shall always hold them in mind if an opportunity comes of doing such men service." She also talked of me to Duke Ottavio. For these reasons I meant to go straight to the house of her Excellency, which was a very fine palace situated in Borgio Vecchio.

I should have been quite safe from recapture by the Pope if I could have stayed there; but my exploits up to this point had been too marvellous for a human being, and God was unwilling to encourage my vainglory; accordingly, for my own good, He chastised me a second time worse even than the first. The cause of this was that while I was crawling on all fours up those steps, a servant of Cardinal Cornaro recognised me. His master was then lodging in the palace; so the servant ran up to his room and woke him, crying: "Most reverend Monsignor, your friend Benvenuto is down there; he has escaped from the castle, and is crawling on all fours, streaming with blood; to all appearances he has broken a leg, and we don't know whither he is going." The Cardinal exclaimed at once: "Run and carry him upon your back into my room here." When I arrived, he told me to be under no apprehension, and sent for the first physicians of Rome to take my case in hand. Among them was Maestro Jacomo of Perugia, a most excellent and able surgeon. He set the bone with dexterity, then bound the limb up, and

bled me with his own hand. It happened that my veins were swollen far beyond their usual size, and he too wished to make a pretty wide incision; accordingly the blood sprang forth so copiously, and spurted with such force into his face, that he had to abandon the operation. He regarded this as a very bad omen, and could hardly be prevailed upon to undertake my cure. Indeed, he often expressed a wish to leave me, remembering that he ran no little risk of punishment for having treated my case, or rather for having proceeded to the end with it. The Cardinal had me placed in a secret chamber, and went off immediately to beg me from the Pope.

CXI

During this while all Rome was in an uproar; for they had observed the bands of linen fastened to the great keep of the castle, and folk were running in crowds to behold so extraordinary a thing. The castellan had gone off into one of his worst fits of frenzy; in spite of all his servants, he insisted upon taking his flight also from the tower, saying that no one could recapture me except himself if he were to fly after me. Messer Ruberto Pucci, the father of Messer Pandolfo,[1] having heard of the great event, went in person to inspect the place; afterwards he came to the palace, where he met with Cardinal Cornaro, who told him exactly what had happened, and how I was lodged in one of his own chambers, and already in the doctor's hands. These two worthy men went together, and threw themselves upon their knees before the Pope; but he, before they could get a word out, cried aloud: "I know all that you want of me." Messer Ruberto Pucci then began: "Most blessed Father, we beg you for Heaven's grace to give us up that unfortunate man; surely his great talents entitle him to exceptional treatment; moreover, he has displayed such audacity, blent with so much ingenuity, that his exploit might seem superhuman. We know not for what crimes your Holiness has kept him so long in prison; however, if those crimes are too exorbitant, your Holiness is wise and holy, and may your will be done unquestioned; still, if they are such as can be con-

[1] See above, p. 119.

doned, we entreat you to pardon him for our sake. The Pope, when he heard this, felt shame, and answered: "I have kept him in prison at the request of some of my people, since he is a little too violent in his behaviour; but recognising his talents, and wishing to keep him near our person, we had intended to treat him so well that he should have no reason to return to France. I am very sorry to hear of his bad accident; tell him to mind his health, and when he is recovered, we will make it up to him for all his troubles."

Those two excellent men returned and told me the good news they were bringing from the Pope. Meanwhile the nobility of Rome, young, old, and all sorts, came to visit me. The castellan, out of his mind as he was, had himself carried to the Pope; and when he was in the presence of his Holiness, began to cry out, and to say that if he did not send me back to prison, he would do him a great wrong. "He escaped under parole which he gave me; woe is me that he has flown away when he promised not to fly!" The Pope said, laughing: "Go, go; for I will give him back to you without fail." The castellan then added, speaking to the Pope: "Send the Governor to him to find out who helped him to escape; for if it is one of my men, I will hang him from the battlement whence Benvenuto leaped." On his departure the Pope called the Governor, and said, smiling: "That is a brave fellow, and his exploit is something marvellous; all the same, when I was a young man, I also descended from the fortress at that very spot." In so saying the Pope spoke the truth: for he had been imprisoned in the castle for forging a brief at the time when he was abbreviator *di Parco Majoris*.[2] Pope Alexander kept him confined for some length of time; and afterwards, his offence being of too ugly a nature, had resolved on cutting off his head. He postponed the execution, however, till after Corpus Domini; and Farnese, getting wind of the Pope's will, summoned Pietro Chiavelluzzi with a lot of horses, and managed to corrupt some of the castle guards with money. Accordingly, upon the day of Corpus Domini, while the Pope

[2] The Collegium Abbreviatorum di Parco Majori consisted of seventy-two members. It was established by Pius II. Onofrio Panvinio tells this story of Paul III.'s imprisonment and escape, but places it in the Papacy of Innocent VIII. See *Vita Pauli III.*, in continuation of Platina.

was going in procession, Farnese got into a basket and was let down by a rope to the ground. At that time the outer walls had not been built around the castle; only the great central tower existed; so that he had not the same enormous difficulty that I met with in escaping; moreover, he had been imprisoned justly, and I against all equity. What he wanted was to brag before the Governor of having in his youth been spirited and brave; and it did not occur to him that he was calling attention to his own huge rogueries. He said then: "Go and tell him to reveal his accomplice without apprehension to you, be the man who he may be, since I have pardoned him: and this you may assure him without reservation."

CXII

So the Governor came to see me. Two days before he had been made Bishop of Jesi;[1] and when he entered he said: "Friend Benvenuto, although my office is wont to frighten men, I come to set your mind at rest, and to do this I have full authority from his Holiness's own lips, who told me how he also escaped from Sant' Angelo, but had many aids and much company, else he would not have been able to accomplish it. I swear by the sacraments which I carry on my person (for I was consecrated Bishop two days since) that the Pope has set you free and pardoned you, and is very sorry for your accident. Attend to your health, and take all things for the best; for your imprisonment, which you certainly underwent without a shadow of guilt, will have been for your perpetual welfare. Henceforward you will tread down poverty, and will have to go back to France, wearing out your life in this place and in that. Tell me then frankly how the matter went, and who rendered you assistance; afterwards take comfort, repose, and recover." I began at the beginning, and related the whole story exactly as it had happened, giving him the most minute countersigns, down to the water-carrier who bore me on his back. When the Governor had heard the whole, he said: "Of a surety these are too great exploits for one man alone; no one but you could have performed them." So he made me

[1] Cellini confuses Jesi with Forlimpopoli. See above, p. 212, note.

reach my hand forth, and said: "Be of good courage and comfort your heart, for by this hand which I am holding you are free, and if you live, shall live in happiness." While thus conversing with me, he had kept a whole heap of great lords and noblemen waiting, who were come to visit me, saying one to the other: "Let us go to see this man who works miracles." So, when he departed, they stayed by me, and one made me offers of kindness, and another made me presents.

While I was being entertained in this way, the Governor returned to the Pope, and reported all that I had said. As chance would have it, Signor Pier Luigi, the Pope's son, happened to be present, and all the company gave signs of great astonishment. His Holiness remarked: "Of a truth this is a marvellous exploit." Then Pier Luigi began to speak as follows: "Most blessed Father, if you set that man free, he will do something still more marvellous, because he has by far too bold a spirit. I will tell you another story about him which you do not know. That Benvenuto of yours, before he was imprisoned, came to words with a gentleman of Cardinal Santa Fiore,[2] about some trifle which the latter had said to him. Now Benvenuto's retort was so swaggeringly insolent that it amounted to throwing down a cartel. The gentleman referred the matter to the Cardinal, who said that if he once laid hands on Benvenuto he would soon clear his head of such folly. When the fellow heard this, he got a little fowling-piece of his ready, with which he is accustomed to hit a penny in the middle; accordingly, one day when the Cardinal was looking out of a window, Benvenuto's shop being under the palace of the Cardinal, he took his gun and pointed it upon the Cardinal. The Cardinal, however, had been warned, and presently withdrew. Benvenuto, in order that his intention might escape notice, aimed at a pigeon which was brooding high up in a hole of the palace, and hit it exactly in the head—a feat one would have thought incredible. Now let your Holiness do what you think best about him; I have discharged my duty by saying what I have. It might even come into his head,

[2] Ascanio Sforza, son of Bosio, Count of Santa Fiore, and grandson of Paul III. He got the hat in 1534, at the age of sixteen.

imagining that he had been wrongly imprisoned, to fire upon your Holiness. Indeed he is too truculent, by far too confident in his own powers. When he killed Pompeo, he gave him two stabs with a poniard in the throat, in the midst of ten men who were guarding him; then he escaped, to their great shame, and yet they were no inconsiderable persons."

CXIII

While these words were being spoken, the gentleman of Santa Fiore with whom I had that quarrel was present, and confirmed to the Pope what had been spoken by his son. The Pope swelled with rage, but said nothing. I shall now proceed to give my own version of the affair, truly and honestly.

This gentleman came to me one day, and showed me a little gold ring which had been discoloured by quicksilver, saying at the same time: "Polish up this ring for me, and be quick about it." I was engaged at the moment upon jewel-work of gold and gems of great importance: besides, I did not care to be ordered about so haughtily by a man I had never seen or spoken to; so I replied that I did not happen to have by me the proper tool for cleaning up his ring,[1] and that he had better go to another goldsmith. Without further provocation he retorted that I was a donkey; whereupon I said that he was not speaking the truth; that I was a better man than he in every respect, but that if he kept on irritating me I would give him harder kicks than any donkey could. He related the matter to the Cardinal, and painted me as black as the devil in hell. Two days afterwards I shot a wild pigeon in a cleft high up behind the palace. The bird was brooding in that cleft, and I had often seen a goldsmith named Giovan Francesco della Tacca, from Milan, fire at it; but he never hit it. On the day when I shot it, the pigeon scarcely showed its head, being suspicious because it had been so often fired at. Now this Giovan Francesco and I were rivals in shooting wildfowl; and some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who happened to be at my shop, called my attention, saying: "Up there is Giovan

[1] Cellini calls it *isvivatoio*. It is properly *avvivatoio*, a sort of brass rod with a wooden handle.

Francesco della Tacca's pigeon, at which he has so often fired; look now, the poor creature is so frightened that it hardly ventures to put its head out." I raised my eyes, and said: "That morsel of its head is quite enough for me to shoot it by, if it only stays till I can point my gun." The gentlemen protested that even the man who invented fire-arms could not hit it. I replied: "I bet a bottle of that excellent Greek wine Palombo the host keeps, that if it keeps quiet long enough for me to point my good Broccardo (so I used to call my gun), I will hit it in that portion of its head which it is showing." So I aimed my gun, elevating my arms, and using no other rest, and did what I had promised, without thinking of the Cardinal or any other person; on the contrary, I held the Cardinal for my very good patron. Let the world, then, take notice, when Fortune has the will to ruin a man, how many divers ways she takes! The Pope, swelling with rage and grumbling, remained revolving what his son had told him.

CXIV

Two days afterwards the Cardinal Cornaro went to beg a bishopric from the Pope for a gentleman of his called Messer Andrea Centano. The Pope, in truth, had promised him a bishopric; and this being now vacant, the Cardinal reminded him of his word. The Pope acknowledged his obligation, but said that he too wanted a favour from his most reverend lordship, which was that he would give up Benvenuto to him. On this the Cardinal replied: "Oh, if your Holiness has pardoned him and set him free at my disposal, what will the world say of you and me?" The Pope answered: "I want Benvenuto, you want the bishopric; let the world say what it chooses." The good Cardinal entreated his Holiness to give him the bishopric, and for the rest to think the matter over, and then to act according as his Holiness decided. The Pope, feeling a certain amount of shame at so wickedly breaking his word, took what seemed a middle course: "I will send for Benvenuto, and in order to gratify the whim I have, will put him in those rooms which open on my private garden; there he can attend to his recovery, and I will not prevent any of his friends from

coming to visit him. Moreover, I will defray his expenses until this caprice of mine has left me."

The Cardinal came home, and sent the candidate for this bishopric on the spot to inform me that the Pope was resolved to have me back, but that he meant to keep me in a ground-floor room in his private garden, where I could receive the visits of my friends, as I had done in his own house. I implored this Messer Andrea to ask the Cardinal not to give me up to the Pope, but to let me act on my own account. I would have myself wrapped up in a mattress, and carried to a safe place outside Rome; for if he gave me up to the Pope, he would certainly be sending me to death. It is believed that when the Cardinal heard my petition he was not ill-disposed to grant it; but Messer Andrea, wanting to secure the bishopric, denounced me to the Pope, who sent at once and had me lodged in the ground-floor chamber of his private garden. The Cardinal sent me word not to eat the food provided for me by the Pope; he would supply me with provisions; meanwhile I was to keep my spirits up, for he would work in my cause till I was set free. Matters being thus arranged, I received daily visits and generous offers from many great lords and gentlemen. Food came from the Pope, which I refused to touch, only eating that which came from Cardinal Cornaro; and thus I remained awhile.

I had among my friends a young Greek of the age of twenty-five years. He was extremely active in all physical exercises, and the best swordsman in Rome; rather poor-spirited, however, but loyal to the backbone; honest, and ready to believe what people told him. He had heard it said that the Pope made known his intention of compensating me for all I had gone through. It is true that the Pope began by saying so, but he ended by saying quite the opposite. I then determined to confide in the young Greek, and said to him: "Dearest brother, they are plotting my ruin; so now the time has come to help me. Do they imagine, when they heap those extraordinary favours on me, that I am not aware they are done to betray me?" The worthy young man answered: "My Benvenuto, they say in Rome that the Pope has bestowed on you an office with an income of five hundred crowns; I beseech you therefore not to let

those suspicions deprive you of so great a windfall." All the same I begged him with clasped hands to aid me in escaping from that place, saying I knew well that a Pope of that sort, though he could do me much good if he chose, was really studying secretly, and to save appearances, how he might best destroy me; therefore we must be quick and try to save me from his clutches. If my friend would get me out of that place by the means I meant to tell him, I should always regard him as the saviour of my life, and when occasion came would lay it down for him with gladness. The poor young man shed tears, and cried: "Oh, my dear brother, though you are bringing destruction on your head, I cannot but fulfil your wishes; so explain your plan, and I will do whatever you may order, albeit much against my will." Accordingly we came to an agreement, and I disclosed to him the details of my scheme, which was certain to have succeeded without difficulty. When I hoped that he was coming to execute it, he came and told me that for my own good he meant to disobey me, being convinced of the truth of what he had heard from men close to the Pope's person, who understood the real state of my affairs. Having nothing else to rely upon, I remained in despair and misery. This passed on the day of Corpus Domini 1539.

CXV

After my conversation with the Greek, the whole day wore away, and at night there came abundant provisons from the kitchen of the Pope; the Cardinal Cornaro also sent good store of viands from his kitchen; and some friends of mine being present when they arrived, I made them stay to supper, and enjoyed their society, keeping my leg in splints beneath the bed-clothes. An hour after nightfall they left me; and two of my servants, having made me comfortable for the night, went to sleep in the antechamber. I had a dog, black as a mulberry, one of those hairy ones, who followed me admirably when I went out shooting, and never left my side. During the night he lay beneath my bed, and I had to call out at least three times to my servant to turn him out, because he howled so fearfully. When the servants entered, the dog flew at

them and tried to bite them. They were frightened, and thought he must be mad, because he went on howling. In this way we passed the first four hours of the night. At the stroke of four the Bargello came into my room with a band of constables. Then the dog sprang forth and flew at them with such fury, tearing their capes and hose, that in their fright they fancied he was mad. But the Bargello, like an experienced person, told them: "It is the nature of good dogs to divine and foretell the mischance coming on their masters. Two of you take sticks and beat the dog off; while the others strap Benvenuto on this chair; then carry him to the place you wot of." It was, as I have said, the night after Corpus Domini, and about four o'clock.

The officers carried me, well shut up and covered, and four of them went in front, making the few passengers who were still abroad get out of the way. So they bore me to Torre di Nona, such is the name of the place, and put me in the condemned cell. I was left upon a wretched mattress under the care of a guard, who kept all night mourning over my bad luck, and saying to me: "Alas! poor Benvenuto, what have you done to those great folk?" I could now form a very good opinion of what was going to happen to me, partly by the place in which I found myself, and also by what the man had told me.[1] During a portion of that night I kept racking my brains what the cause could be why God thought fit to try me so, and not being able to discover it, I was violently agitated in my soul. The guard did the best he could to comfort me; but I begged him for the love of God to stop talking, seeing I should be better able to compose myself alone in quiet. He promised to do as I asked; and then I turned my whole heart to God, devoutly entreating Him to deign to take me into His kingdom. I had, it is true, murmured against my lot, because it seemed to me that, so far as human laws go, my departure from the world in this way would be too unjust; it is true also that I had committed homicides, but His Vicar had called me from my native city and pardoned me by the authority he had from Him and from the laws; and what

[1] Cellini thought he was going to have his throat cut. And indeed the Torre di Nona was a suspicious place, it being one of the worst criminal prisons in Rome.

I had done had all been done in defence of the body which His Majesty had lent me; so I could not admit that I deserved death according to the dispensation under which man dwells here; but it seemed that what was happening to me was the same as what happens to unlucky people in the street, when a stone falls from some great height upon their head and kills them; this we see clearly to be the influence of the stars; not indeed that the stars conspire to do us good or evil, but the effect results from their conjunctions, to which we are subordinated. At the same time I know that I am possessed of free-will, and if I could exert the faith of a saint, I am sure that the angels of heaven would bear me from this dungeon and relieve me of all my afflictions; yet inasmuch as God has not deemed me worthy of such miracles, I conclude that those celestial influences must be wreaking their malignity upon me. In this long struggle of the soul I spent some time; then I found comfort, and fell presently asleep.

CXVI

When the day dawned, the guard woke me up and said: "Oh, unfortunate but worthy man, you have no more time to go on sleeping, for one is waiting here to give you evil news." I answered: "The sooner I escape from this earthly prison, the happier shall I be; especially as I am sure my soul is saved, and that I am going to an undeserved death. Christ, the glorious and divine, elects me to the company of His disciples and friends, who, like Himself, were condemned to die unjustly. I too am sentenced to an unjust death, and I thank God with humility for this sign of grace. Why does not the man come forward who has to pronounce my doom?" The guard replied: "He is too grieved for you, and sheds tears." Then I called him by his name of Messer Benedetto da Cagli,[1] and cried: "Come forward, Messer Benedetto, my friend, for now, I am resolved and in good frame of mind; far greater glory is it for me to die unjustly than if I had deserved this fate. Come forward, I beg, and let me have a priest, in order that I may speak a couple of words with him. I do not indeed stand in need of this, for I have

[1] It will be remembered that Benedetto da Cagli was one of Cellini's three examiners during his first imprisonment in S. Angelo.

already made my heart's confession to my Lord God; yet I should like to observe the ordinances of our Holy Mother Church; for though she has done me this abominable wrong, I pardon her with all my soul. So come, friend Messer Benedetto, and despatch my business before I lose control over my better instincts."

After I had uttered these words, the worthy man told the guard to lock the door, because nothing could be done without his presence. He then repaired to the house of Signor Pier Luigi's wife, who happened to be in company with the Duchess of whom I spoke above.[2] Presenting himself before them both, he spoke as follows: "My most illustrious mistress, I entreat you for the love of God to tell the Pope that he must send some one else to pronounce sentence upon Benvenuto and perform my office; I renounce the task, and am quite decided not to carry it through." Then, sighing, he departed with the strongest signs of inward sorrow. The Duchess, who was present, frowned and said: "So this is the fine justice dealt out here in Rome by God's Vicar! The Duke, my late husband, particularly esteemed this man for his good qualities and eminent abilities; he was unwilling to let him return to Rome, and would gladly have kept him close to his own person." Upon this she retired, muttering words of indignation and displeasure. Signor Pier Luigi's wife, who was called Signora Jerolima, betook herself to the Pope, and threw herself upon her knees before him in the presence of several cardinals. She pleaded my cause so warmly that she woke the Pope to shame; whereupon he said: "For your sake we will leave him quiet; yet you must know that we had no ill-will against him." These words he spoke because of the cardinals who were around him, and had listened to the eloquence of that brave-spirited lady.

Meanwhile I abode in extreme discomfort, and my heart kept thumping against my ribs. Not less was the discomfort of the men appointed to discharge the evil business of my execution; but when the hour for dinner was already past, they betook themselves to their several affairs, and

[2] The wife of Pier Luigi Farnese was Jeronima, daughter of Luigi Orsini, Count of Pitigliano.

my meal was also served me. This filled me with a glad astonishment, and I exclaimed: "For once truth has been stronger than the malice of the stars! I pray God, therefore, that, if it be His pleasure, He will save me from this fearful peril." Then I fell to eating with the same stout heart for my salvation as I had previously prepared for my perdition. I dined well, and afterwards remained without seeing or hearing any one until an hour after nightfall. At that time the Bargello arrived with a large part of his guard, and had me replaced in the chair which brought me on the previous evening to the prison. He spoke very kindly to me, bidding me be under no apprehension; and bade his constables take good care not to strike against my broken leg, but to treat me as though I were the apple of their eye. The men obeyed, and brought me to the castle whence I had escaped; then, when we had mounted to the keep, they left me shut up in a dungeon opening upon a little court there is there.

CXVII

The castellan, meanwhile, ill and afflicted as he was, had himself transported to my prison, and exclaimed: "You see that I have recaptured you!" "Yes," said I, "but you see that I escaped, as I told you I would. And if I had not been sold by a Venetian Cardinal, under Papal guarantee, for the price of a bishopric, the Pope a Roman and a Farnese (and both of them have scratched with impious hands the face of the most sacred laws), you would not have recovered me. But now that they have opened this vile way of dealing, do you the worst you can in your turn; I care for nothing in the world." The wretched man began shouting at the top of his voice: "Ah, woe is me! woe is me! It is all the same to this fellow whether he lives or dies, and behold, he is more fiery than when he was in health. Put him down there below the garden, and do not speak to me of him again, for he is the destined cause of my death."

So I was taken into a gloomy dungeon below the level of a garden, which swam with water, and was full of big spiders and many venomous worms. They flung me a wretched mattress of course hemp, gave me no supper, and

locked four doors upon me. In that condition I abode until the nineteenth hour of the following day. Then I received food, and I requested my jailers to give me some of my books to read. None of them spoke a word, but they referred my prayer to the unfortunate castellan, who had made inquiries concerning what I said. Next morning they brought me an Italian Bible which belonged to me, and a copy of the Chronicles of Giovanni Villani.[1] When I asked for certain other of my books, I was told that I could have no more, and that I had got too many already.

Thus, then, I continued to exist in misery upon that rotten mattress, which in three days soaked up water like a sponge. I could hardly stir because of my broken leg; and when I had to get out of bed to obey a call of nature, I crawled on all fours with extreme distress, in order not to foul the place I slept in. For one hour and a half each day I got a little glimmering of light, which penetrated that unhappy cavern through a very narrow aperture. Only for so short a space of time could I read; the rest of the day and night I abode in darkness, enduring my lot, nor ever without meditations upon God and on our human frailty. I thought it certain that a few more days would put an end of my unlucky life in that sad place and in that miserable manner. Nevertheless, as well as I was able, I comforted my soul by calling to mind how much more painful it would have been, on passing from this life, to have suffered that unimaginable horror of the hangman's knife. Now, being as I was, I should depart with the anodyne of sleepiness, which robbed death of half its former terrors. Little by little I felt my vital forces waning, until at last my vigorous temperament had become adapted to that purgatory. When I felt it quite acclimatised, I resolved to put up with all those indescribable discomforts so long as it held out.

CXVIII

I began the Bible from the commencement, reading and reflecting on it so devoutly, and finding in it such deep treasures of delight, that, if I had been able, I should have

[1] This mention of an Italian Bible shows that we are still in the days before the Council of Trent.

done naught else but study it. However, light was wanting; and the thought of all my troubles kept recurring and gnawing at me in the darkness, until I often made my mind up to put an end somehow to my own life. They did not allow me a knife, however, and so it was no easy matter to commit suicide. Once, notwithstanding, I took and propped a wooden pole I found there, in position like a trap. I meant to make it topple over on my head, and it would certainly have dashed my brains out; but when I had arranged the whole machine, and was approaching to put it in motion, just at the moment of my setting my hand to it, I was seized by an invisible power and flung four cubits from the spot, in such a terror that I lay half dead. Like that I remained from dawn until the nineteenth hour, when they brought my food. The jailers must have visited my cell several times without my taking notice of them; for when at last I heard them, Captain Sandrino Monaldi[1] had entered, and I heard him saying: "Ah, unhappy man! behold the end to which so rare a genius has come!" Roused by these words, I opened my eyes, and caught sight of priests with long gowns on their backs, who were saying: "Oh, you told us he was dead!" Bozza replied: "Dead I found him, and therefore I told you so." Then they lifted me from where I lay, and after shaking up the mattress, which was now as soppy as a dish of maccaroni, they flung it outside the dungeon. The castellan, when these things were reported to him, sent me another mattress. Thereafter, when I searched my memory to find what could have diverted me from that design of suicide, I came to the conclusion that it must have been some power divine and my good guardian angel.

CXIX

During the following night there appeared to me in dreams a marvellous being in the form of a most lovely youth, who cried, as though he wanted to reprove me: "Knowest thou who lent thee that body, which thou wouldst have spoiled before its time?" I seemed to answer

[1] A Florentine, banished in 1530 for having been in arms against the Medici.

that I recognized all things pertaining to me as gifts from the God of nature. "So, then," he said, "thou hast contempt for His handiwork, through this thy will to spoil it? Commit thyself unto His guidance, and lose not hope in His great goodness!" Much more he added, in words of marvellous efficacy, the thousandth part of which I cannot now remember.

I began to consider that the angel of my vision spoke the truth. So I cast my eyes around the prison, and saw some scraps of rotten brick, with the fragments of which, rubbing one against the other, I composed a paste. Then, creeping on all fours, as I was compelled to go, I crawled up to an angle of my dungeon door, and gnawed a splinter from it with my teeth. Having achieved this feat, I waited till the light came on my prison; that was from the hour of twenty and a half to twenty-one and a half. When it arrived, I began to write, the best I could, on some blank pages in my Bible, and rebuked the regents of my intellectual self for being too impatient to endure this life; they replied to my body with excuses drawn from all that they had suffered; and the body gave them hope of better fortune. To this effect, then, by way of dialogue, I wrote as follows:—

Benvenuto in the body.

Afflicted regents of my soul!
Ah, cruel ye! have ye such hate of life?

The Spirits of his soul.

If Heaven against you roll,
Who stands for us? who saves us in the strife?
Let us, O let us go toward better life!

Benvenuto.

Nay, go not yet awhile!
Ye shall be happier and lighter far—
Heaven gives this hope—than ye were ever yet!

The Spirits.

We will remain some little while,
If only by great God you promised are
Such grace that no worse woes on us be set.

After this I recovered strength; and when I had heartened up myself, I continued reading in the Bible, and my eyes became so used to that darkness that I could now read for three hours instead of the bare hour and a half I was able to employ before.

With profound astonishment I dwelt upon the force of God's Spirit in those men of great simplicity, who believed so fervently that He would bring all their heart's desire to pass. I then proceeded to reckon in my own case too on God's assistance, both because of His divine power and mercy, and also because of my own innocence; and at all hours, sometimes in prayer and sometimes in communion with God, I abode in those high thoughts of Him. There flowed into my soul so powerful a delight from these reflections upon God, that I took no further thought for all the anguish I had suffered, but rather spent the day in singing psalms and divers other compositions on the theme of His divinity.

I was greatly troubled, however, by one particular annoyance: my nails had grown so long that I could not touch my body without wounding it; I could not dress myself but what they turned inside or out, to my great torment. Moreover, my teeth began to perish in my mouth. I became aware of this because the dead teeth being pushed out by the living ones, my gums were gradually perforated, and the points of the roots pierced through the tops of their cases. When I was aware of this, I used to pull one out, as though it were a weapon from a scabbard, without any pain or loss of blood. Very many of them did I lose in this way. Nevertheless, I accommodated myself to these new troubles also; at times I sang, at times I prayed, and at times I wrote by means of the paste of brick-dust I have described above. At this time I began composing a Capitolo in praise of my prison, relating in it all the accidents which had befallen me.[1] This poem I mean to insert in its proper place.

[1] Capitolo is the technical name for a copy of verses in *terza rima* on a chosen theme. Poems of this kind, mostly burlesque or satirical, were very popular in Cellini's age. They used to be written on trifling or obscene subjects in a mock-heroic style. Berni stamped the character of high art upon the species, which had long been in use among the unlettered vulgar. See for further particulars Symonds' *Renaissance in Italy*, vol. v. chap. xiv.

CXX

The good castellan used frequently to send messengers to find out secretly what I was doing. So it happened on the last day of July that I was rejoicing greatly by myself alone while I bethought me of the festival they keep in Rome upon the 1st of August; and I was saying to myself: "In former years I kept the feast among the pleasures and the frailties of the world; this year I shall keep it in communion with God. Oh, how far more happy am I thus than I was then!" The persons who heard me speak these words reported them to the castellan. He was greatly annoyed, and exclaimed: "Ah, God! that fellow lives and triumphs in his infinite distress, while I lack all things in the midst of comfort, and am dying only on account of him! Go quickly, and fling him into that deepest of the subterranean dungeons where the preacher Foiano was starved to death.[1] Perhaps when he finds himself in such ill plight he will begin to droop his crest."

Captain Sandrino Monaldi came at once into my prison with about twenty of the castellan's servants. They found me on my knees; and I did not turn at their approach, but went on paying my orisons before a God the Father, surrounded with angels, and a Christ arising victorious from the grave, which I had sketched upon the wall with a little piece of charcoal I had found covered up with earth. This was after I had lain four months upon my back in bed with my leg broken, and had so often dreamed that angels came and ministered to me, that at the end of those four months the limb became as sound as though it never had been fractured. So then these fellows entered, all in armour, as fearful of me as though I were a poison-breathing dragon. The captain spoke as follows: "You must be aware that there are many of us here, and our entrance has made a tumult in this place, yet you do not turn round." When I heard these words, I was well able to conceive what greater

[1] Fra Benedetto da Foiano had incurred the wrath of Pope Clement VII. by preaching against the Medici in Florence. He was sent to Rome and imprisoned in a noisome dungeon of S. Angelo in the year 1530, where Clement made him perish miserably by diminishing his food and water daily till he died. See Varchi's *Storia Fiorentina*, lib. xii. chap. 4.

harm might happen to me, but being used and hardened to misfortune, I said to them: "Unto this God who supports me, to Him in heaven I have turned my soul, my contemplation, and all my vital spirits; to you I have turned precisely what belongs to you. What there is of good in me, you are not worthy to behold, nor can you touch it. Do then to that which is under your control all the evil you are able." The captain, in some alarm, and not knowing what I might be on the point of doing, said to four of his tallest fellows: "Put all your arms aside." When they had done so, he added: "Now upon the instant leap on him, and secure him well. Do you think he is the devil, that so many of us should be afraid of him? Hold him tight now, that he may not escape you." Seized by them with force and roughly handled, and anticipating something far worse than what afterwards happened, I lifted my eyes to Christ and said: "Oh, just God, Thou paidest all our debts upon that high-raised cross of Thine; wherefore then must my innocence be made to pay the debts of whom I do not even know? Nevertheless, Thy will be done." Meanwhile the men were carrying me away with a great lighted torch; and I thought that they were about to throw me down the oubliette of Sammabo. This was the name given to a fearful place which had swallowed many men alive; for when they are cast into it, they fall to the bottom of a deep pit in the foundations of the castle. This did not, however, happen to me; wherefore I thought that I had made a very good bargain when they placed me in that hideous dungeon I have spoken of, where Fra Foiano died of hunger, and left me there without doing me further injury.

When I was alone, I began to sing a *De profundis clamavi*, a *Miserere*, and *In te Domine speravi*. During the whole of that first day of August I kept festival with God, my heart rejoicing ever in the strength of hope and faith. On the second day they drew me from that hole, and took me back again to the prison where I had drawn those representations of God. On arriving there, the sight of them filled me with such sweetness and such gladness that I wept abundantly. On every day that followed, the castellan sent to know what I was doing and saying. The Pope, who had heard the

whole history (and I must add that the doctors had already given the castellan over), spoke as follows: "Before my castellan dies I will let him put that Benvenuto to death in any way he likes, for he is the cause of his death, and so the good man shall not die unrevenged." On hearing these words from the mouth of Duke Pier Luigi, the castellan replied: "So, then, the Pope has given me Benvenuto, and wishes me to take my vengeance on him? Dismiss the matter from your mind, and leave me to act." If the heart of the Pope was ill-disposed against me, that of the castellan was now at the commencement savage and cruel in the extreme. At this juncture the invisible being who had diverted me from my intention of suicide, came to me, being still invisible, but with a clear voice, and shook me, and made me rise, and said to me: "Ah me! my Benvenuto, quick, quick, betake thyself to God with thy accustomed prayers, and cry out loudly, loudly!" In a sudden consternation I fell upon my knees, and recited several of my prayers in a loud voice; after this I said *Qui habitat in adjutorio;* then I communed a space with God; and in an instant the same clear and open voice said to me: "Go to rest, and have no further fear!" The meaning of this was, that the castellan, after giving the most cruel orders for my death, suddenly countermanded them, and said: "Is not this Benvenuto the man whom I have so warmly defended, whom I know of a surety to be innocent, and who has been so greatly wronged? Oh, how will God have mercy on me and my sins if I do not pardon those who have done me the greatest injuries? Oh, why should I injure a man both worthy and innocent, who has only done me services and honour? Go to! instead of killing him, I give him life and liberty: and in my will I'll have it written that none shall demand of him the heavy debt for his expenses here which he would elsewise have to pay." This the Pope heard, and took it very ill indeed.

CXXI

I meanwhile continued to pray as usual, and to write my Capitolo, and every night I was visited with the gladdest and most pleasant dreams that could be possibly imagined.

It seemed to me while dreaming that I was always in the visible company of that being whose voice and touch, while he was still invisible, I had so often felt. To him I made but one request, and this I urged most earnestly, namely, that he would bring me where I could behold the sun. I told him that this was the sole desire I had, and that if I could but see the sun once only, I should die contented. All the disagreeable circumstances of my prison had become, as it were, to me friendly and companionable; not one of them gave me annoyance. Nevertheless, I ought to say that the castellan's parasites, who were waiting for him to hang me from the battlement whence I had made my escape, when they saw that he had changed his mind to the exact opposite of what he previously threatened, were unable to endure the disappointment. Accordingly, they kept continually trying to inspire me with the fear of imminent death by means of various terrifying hints. But, as I have already said, I had become so well acquainted with troubles of this sort that I was incapable of fear, and nothing any longer could disturb me; only I had that one great longing to behold the sphere of the sun, if only in a dream.

Thus then, while I spent many hours a day in prayer with deep emotion of the spirit toward Christ, I used always to say: "Ah, very Son of God! I pray Thee by Thy birth, by Thy death upon the cross, and by Thy glorious resurrection, that Thou wilt deign to let me see the sun, if not otherwise, at least in dreams. But if Thou wilt grant me to behold it with these mortal eyes of mine, I engage myself to come and visit Thee at Thy holy sepulchre." This vow and these my greatest prayers to God I made upon the 2nd of October in the year 1539. Upon the following morning, which was the 3rd of October, I woke at daybreak, perhaps an hour before the rising of the sun. Dragging myself from the miserable lair in which I lay, I put some clothes on, for it had begun to be cold; then I prayed more devoutly than ever I had done in the past, fervently imploring Christ that He would at least grant me the favour of knowing by divine inspiration what sin I was so sorely expiating; and since His Divine Majesty had not deemed

me worthy of beholding the sun even in a dream I besought Him to let me know the cause of my punishment.

CXXII

I had barely uttered these words, when that invisible being, like a whirlwind, caught me up and bore me away into a large room, where he made himself visible to my eyes in human form, appearing like a young man whose beard is just growing, with a face of indescribable beauty, but austere, not wanton. He bade me look around the room, and said: "The crowd of men thou seest in this place are all those who up to this day have been born and afterwards have died upon the earth." Thereupon I asked him why he brought me hither, and he answered: "Come with me and thou shalt soon behold." In my hand I had a poniard, and upon my back a coat of mail; and so he led me through that vast hall, pointing out the people who were walking by innumerable thousands up and down, this way and that. He led me onward, and went forth in front of me through a little low door into a place which looked like a narrow street; and when he drew me after him into the street, at the moment of leaving the hall, behold I was disarmed and clothed in a white shirt, with nothing on my head, and I was walking on the right hand of my companion. Finding myself in this condition, I was seized with wonder, because I did not recognise the street; and when I lifted my eyes, I discerned that the splendour of the sun was striking on a wall, as it were a house-front, just above my head. Then I said: "Oh, my friend! what must I do in order to be able to ascend so high that I may gaze upon the sphere of the sun himself?" He pointed out some huge stairs which were on my right hand, and said to me: "Go up thither by thyself." Quitting his side, I ascended the stairs backwards, and gradually began to come within the region of the sunlight. Then I hastened my steps, and went on, always walking backwards as I have described, until I discovered the whole sphere of the sun. The strength of his rays, as is their wont, first made me close my eyes; but becoming aware of my misdoing, I opened them wide, and gazing steadfastly at the sun, exclaimed: "Oh, my sun, for whom

I have so passionately yearned! Albeit your rays may blind me, I do not wish to look on anything again but this!" So I stayed awhile with my eyes fixed steadily on him; and after a brief space I beheld in one moment the whole might of those great burning rays fling themselves upon the left side of the sun; so that the orb remained quite clear without its rays, and I was able to contemplate it with vast delight. It seemed to me something marvellous that the rays should be removed in that manner. Then I reflected what divine grace it was which God had granted me that morning, and cried aloud: "Oh, wonderful Thy power! oh, glorious Thy virtue! How far greater is the grace which Thou art granting me than that which I expected!" The sun without his rays appeared to me to be a bath of the purest molten gold, neither more nor less. While I stood contemplating this wondrous thing, I noticed that the middle of the sphere began to swell, and the swollen surface grew, and suddenly a Christ upon the cross formed itself out of the same substance as the sun. He bore the aspect of divine benignity, with such fair grace that the mind of man could not conceive the thousandth part of it; and while I gazed in ecstasy, I shouted: "A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency Divine! O immeasurable Goodness! what is it Thou hast deigned this day to show me!" While I was gazing and exclaiming thus, the Christ moved toward that part where his rays were settled, and the middle of the sun once more bulged out as it had done before; the boss expanded, and suddenly transformed itself into the shape of a most beautiful Madonna, who appeared to be sitting enthroned on high, holding her child in her arms with an attitude of the greatest charm and a smile upon her face. On each side of her was an angel, whose beauty far surpasses man's imagination. I also saw within the rondure of the sun, upon the right hand, a figure robed like a priest; this turned its back to me, and kept its face directed to the Madonna and the Christ. All these things I beheld, actual, clear, and vivid, and kept returning thanks to the glory of God as loud as I was able. The marvellous apparition remained before me little more than half a quarter of an hour; then it dissolved, and I was carried back to my dark lair.

I began at once to shout aloud: "The virtue of God hath deigned to show me all His glory, the which perchance no mortal eye hath ever seen before. Therefore I know surely that I am free and fortunate and in the grace of God; but you miscreants shall be miscreants still, accursed, and in the wrath of God. Mark this, for I am certain of it, that on the day of All Saints, the day upon which I was born in 1500, on the first of November, at four hours after night-fall, on that day which is coming you will be forced to lead me from this gloomy dungeon; less than this you will not be able to do, because I have seen it with these eyes of mine and in that throne of God. The priest who kept his face turned to God and his back to me, that priest was S. Peter, pleading my cause, for the shame he felt that such foul wrongs should be done to Christians in his own house. You may go and tell it to whom you like; for none on earth has the power to do me harm henceforward; and tell that lord who keeps me here, that if he will give me wax or paper and the means of portraying this glory of God which was revealed to me, most assuredly shall I convince him of that which now perhaps he holds in doubt."

CXXIII

The physicians gave the castellan no hope of his recovery, yet he remained with a clear intellect, and the humours which used to afflict him every year had passed away. He devoted himself entirely to the care of his soul, and his conscience seemed to smite him, because he felt that I had suffered and was suffering a grievous wrong. The Pope received information from him of the extraordinary things which I related; in answer to which his Holiness sent word —as one who had no faith either in God or aught beside— that I was mad, and that he must do his best to mend his health. When the castellan received this message, he sent to cheer me up, and furnished me with writing materials and wax, and certain little wooden instruments employed in working wax, adding many words of courtesy, which were reported by one of his servants who bore me good-will. This man was totally the opposite of that rascally gang who had

wished to see me hanged. I took the paper and the wax, and began to work; and while I was working I wrote the following sonnet addressed to the castellan:—

"If I, my lord, could show to you the truth,
Of that Eternal Light to me by Heaven
In this low life revealed, you sure had given
More heed to mine than to a monarch's sooth.

Ah! could the Pastor of Christ's flock in ruth
Believe how God this soul with sight hath shriven
Of glory unto which no wight hath striven
Ere he escaped earth's cave of care uncouth;

The gates of Justice, holy and austere,
Would roll asunder, and rude impious Rage
Fall chained with shrieks that should assail the skies.

Had I but light, ah me! my art should rear
A monument of Heaven's high equipage!
Nor should my misery bear so grim a guise."

CXXIV

On the following day, when the servant of the castellan who was my friend brought me my food, I gave him this sonnet copied out in writing. Without informing the other ill-disposed servants who were my enemies, he handed it to the castellan. At that time this worthy man would gladly have granted me my liberty, because he fancied that the great wrong done to me was a main cause of his death. He took the sonnet, and having read it more than once, exclaimed: "These are neither the words nor the thoughts of a madman, but rather of a sound and worthy fellow." Without delay he ordered his secretary to take it to the Pope, and place it in his own hands, adding a request for my deliverance.

While the secretary was on his way with my sonnet to the Pope, the castellan sent me lights for day and night, together with all the conveniences one could wish for in that place. The result of this was that I began to recover from my physical depression, which had reached a very serious degree.

The Pope read the sonnet several times. Then he sent word to the castellan that he meant presently to do what would be pleasing to him. Certainly the Pope had no unwillingness to release me then; but Signor Pier Luigi, his son, as it were in the Pope's despite, kept me there by force.

The death of the castellan was drawing near; and while I was engaged in drawing and modelling that miracle which I had seen, upon the morning of All Saints' day he sent his nephew, Piero Ugolini, to show me certain jewels. No sooner had I set eyes on them than I exclaimed: "This is the countersign of my deliverance!" Then the young man, who was not a person of much intelligence, began to say: "Never think of that, Benvenuto!" I replied: "Take your gems away, for I am so treated here that I have no light to see by except what this murky cavern gives, and that is not enough to test the quality of precious stones. But, as regards my deliverance from this dungeon, the day will not end before you come to fetch me out. It shall and must be so, and you will not be able to prevent it." The man departed, and had me locked in; but after he had remained away two hours by the clock, he returned without armed men, bringing only a couple of lads to assist my movements; so after this fashion he conducted me to the spacious rooms which I had previously occupied (that is to say, in 1538), where I obtained all the conveniences I asked for.

CXXV

After the lapse of a few days, the castellan, who now believed that I was at large and free, succumbed to his disease and departed this life. In his room remained his brother, Messer Antonio Ugolini, who had informed the deceased governor that I was duly released. From what I learned, this Messer Antonio received commission from the Pope to let me occupy that commodious prison until he had decided what to do with me.

Messer Durante of Brescia, whom I have previously mentioned, engaged the soldier (formerly druggist of Prato) to administer some deadly liquor in my food;[1] the poison

[1] For Messer Durante, see above, p. 188. For the druggist of Prato employed as a warder in S. Angelo, see above, p. 226.

was to work slowly, producing its effect at the end of four or five months. They resolved on mixing pounded diamond with my victuals. Now the diamond is not a poison in any true sense of the word, but its incomparable hardness enables it, unlike ordinary stones, to retain very acute angles. When every other stone is pounded, that extreme sharpness of edge is lost; their fragments becoming blunt and rounded. The diamond alone preserves its trenchant qualities; wherefore, if it chances to enter the stomach together with food, the peristaltic motion[2] needful to digestion brings it into contact with the coats of the stomach and the bowels, where it sticks, and by the action of fresh food forcing it farther inwards, after some time perforates the organs. This eventually causes death. Any other sort of stone or glass mingled with the food has not the power to attach itself, but passes onward with the victuals. Now Messer Durante entrusted a diamond of trifling value to one of the guards; and it is said that a certain Lione, a goldsmith of Arezzo, my great enemy, was commissioned to pound it.[3] The man happened to be very poor, and the diamond was worth perhaps some scores of crowns. He told the guard that the dust he gave him back was the diamond in question properly ground down. The morning when I took it, they mixed it with all I had to eat; it was a Friday, and I had it in salad, sauce, and pottage. That morning I ate heartily, for I had fasted on the previous evening; and this day was a festival. It is true that I felt the victuals scrunch beneath my teeth; but I was not thinking about knaveries of this sort. When I had finished, some scraps of salad remained upon my plate, and certain very fine and glittering splinters caught my eye among these remnants. I collected them, and took them to the window, which let a flood of light into the room; and while I was examining them, I remembered that the food I ate that morning had scrunched more than usual. On applying my senses strictly to the matter, the verdict of my eyesight was that they were certainly fragments of pounded

[2] *In quel girare che e' fanno e' cibi.* I have for the sake of clearness used the technical phrase above.

[3] The name of Leone Leoni is otherwise known as a goldsmith and bronze-caster. He made the tomb for Giangiacomo de' Medici, Il Medighino, in the Cathedral of Milan.

diamond. Upon this I gave myself up without doubt as dead, and in my sorrow had recourse with pious heart to holy prayers. I had resolved the question, and thought that I was doomed. For the space of a whole hour I prayed fervently to God, returning thanks to Him for so merciful a death. Since my stars had sentenced me to die, I thought it no bad bargain to escape from life so easily. I was resigned, and blessed the world and all the years which I had passed in it. Now I was returning to a better kingdom with the grace of God, the which I thought I had most certainly acquired.

While I stood revolving these thoughts in my mind, I held in my hand some flimsy particles of the reputed diamond, which of a truth I firmly believed to be such. Now hope is immortal in the human breast; therefore I felt myself, as it were, lured onward by a gleam of idle expectation. Accordingly, I took up a little knife and a few of those particles, and placed them on an iron bar of my prison. Then I brought the knife's point with a slow strong grinding pressure to bear upon the stone, and felt it crumble. Examining the substance with my eyes, I saw that it was so. In a moment new hope took possession of my soul, and I exclaimed: "Here I do not find my true foe, Messer Durante, but a piece of bad soft stone, which cannot do me any harm whatever!" Previously I had been resolved to remain quiet and to die in peace; now I revolved other plans; but first I rendered thanks to God and blessed poverty; for though poverty is oftentimes the cause of bringing men to death, on this occasion it had been the very cause of my salvation. I mean in this way: Messer Durante, my enemy, or whoever it was, gave a diamond to Lione to pound for me of the worth of more than a hundred crowns; poverty induced him to keep this for himself, and to pound for me a greenish beryl of the value of two carlins, thinking perhaps, because it also was a stone, that it would work the same effect as the diamond.

CXXVI

At this time the Bishop of Pavia, brother of the Count of San Secondo, and commonly called Monsignor de' Rossi

of Parma, happened to be imprisoned in the castle for some troublesome affairs at Pavia.[1] Knowing him to be my friend, I thrust my head out of the hole in my cell, and called him with a loud voice, crying that those thieves had given me a pounded diamond with the intention of killing me. I also sent some of the splinters which I had preserved, by the hand of one of his servants, for him to see. I did not disclose my discovery that the stone was not a diamond, but told him that they had most assuredly poisoned me, after the death of that most worthy man the castellan. During the short space of time I had to live, I begged him to allow me one loaf a day from his own stores, seeing that I had resolved to eat nothing which came from them. To this request he answered that he would supply me with victuals.

Messer Antonio, who was certainly not cognisant of the plot against my life, stirred up a great noise, and demanded to see the pounded stone, being also persuaded that it was a diamond; but on reflection that the Pope was probably at the bottom of the affair, he passed it over lightly after giving his attention to the incident.

Henceforth I ate the victuals sent me by the Bishop, and continued writing my Capitolo on the prison, into which I inserted daily all the new events which happened to me, point by point. But Messer Antonio also sent me food; and he did this by the hand of that Giovanni of Prato, the druggist, then soldier in the castle, whom I have previously mentioned. He was a deadly foe of mine, and was the man who had administered the powdered diamond. So I told him that I would partake of nothing he brought me unless he tasted it before my eyes.[2] The man replied that Popes have their meat tasted. I answered: "Noblemen are bound to taste the meat for Popes; in like measure, you, soldier, druggist, peasant from Prato, are bound to taste the meat for a Florentine of my station." He retorted with coarse words, which I was not slow to pay back in kind.

Now Messer Antonio felt a certain shame for his behaviour; he had it also in his mind to make me pay the costs

[1] Gio. Girolamo de' Rossi, known in literature as a poet and historian of secondary importance.

[2] *Me ne faceva la credenza.*

which the late castellan, poor man, remitted in my favour. So he hunted out another of his servants, who was my friend, and sent me food by this man's hands. The meat was tasted for me now with good grace, and no need for altercation. The servant in question told me that the Pope was being pestered every day by Monsignor di Morluc, who kept asking for my extradition on the part of the French King. The Pope, however, showed little disposition to give me up; and Cardinal Farnese, formerly my friend and patron, had declared that I ought not to reckon on issuing from that prison for some length of time.[3] I replied that I should get out in spite of them all. The excellent young fellow besought me to keep quiet, and not to let such words of mine be heard, for they might do me some grave injury; having firm confidence in God, it was my duty to await His mercy, remaining in the meanwhile tranquil. I answered that the power and goodness of God are not bound to stand in awe before the malign forces of iniquity.

CXXVII

A few days had passed when the Cardinal of Ferrara arrived in Rome. He went to pay his respects to the Pope, and the Pope detained him up to supper-time. Now the Pope was a man of great talent for affairs, and he wanted to talk at his ease with the Cardinal about French politics. Everybody knows that folk, when they are feasting together, say things which they would otherwise retain. This therefore happened. The great King Francis was most frank and liberal in all his dealings, and the Cardinal was well acquainted with his temper. Therefore the latter could indulge the Pope beyond his boldest expectations. This raised his Holiness to a high pitch of merriment and gladness, all the more because he was accustomed to drink freely once a week, and went indeed to vomit after his indulgence. When, therefore, the Cardinal observed that the Pope was well disposed, and ripe to grant favours, he begged for me at the King's demand, pressing the matter hotly, and proving that his Majesty had it much at heart. Upon this the Pope

[3] This was the Cardinal Alessandro, son of Pier Luigi Farnese.

laughed aloud; he felt the moment for his vomit at hand; the excessive quantity of wine which he had drunk was also operating; so he said: "On the spot, this instant, you shall take him to your house." Then, having given express orders to this purpose, he rose from table. The Cardinal immediately sent for me, before Signor Pier Luigi could get wind of the affair; for it was certain that he would not have allowed me to be loosed from prison.

The Pope's mandatary came together with two great gentlemen of the Cardinal's, and when four o'clock of the night was passed, they removed me from my prison, and brought me into the presence of the Cardinal, who received me with indescribable kindness. I was well lodged, and left to enjoy the comforts of my situation.

Messer Antonio, the old castellan's brother, and his successor in the office, insisted on extracting from me the costs for food and other fees and perquisites claimed by sheriffs and such fry, paying no heed to his predecessor's will in my behalf. This affair cost me several scores of crowns; but I paid them, because the Cardinal told me to be well upon my guard if I wanted to preserve my life, adding that had he not extracted me that evening from the prison, I should never have got out. Indeed, he had already been informed that the Pope greatly regretted having let me go.

CXXVIII

I am now obliged to take a step backwards, in order to resume the thread of some events which will be found in my Capitolo. While I was sojourning those few days in the chamber of the Cardinal, and afterwards in the Pope's private garden, there came among my other friends to visit me a cashier of Messer Bindo Altoviti, who was called Bernardo Galluzzi. I had entrusted to him a sum of several hundred crowns, and the young man sought me out in the Pope's garden, expressing his wish to give back this money to the uttermost farthing. I answered that I did not know where to place my property, either with a dearer friend or in a place that seemed to me more safe. He showed the strongest possible repugnance to keeping it, and I was, as it

were, obliged to force him. Now that I had left the castle for the last time, I discovered that poor Bernardo Galluzzi was ruined, whereby I lost my money. Now while I was still imprisoned in that dungeon, I had a terrible dream, in which it seemed to me that words of the greatest consequence were written with a pen upon my forehead; the being who did this to me repeated at least three times that I should hold my tongue and not report the words to any one. When I awoke I felt that my forehead had been meddled with. In my Capitolo upon the prison I have related many incidents of this sort. Among others, it was told me (I not knowing what I then prophesied) how everything which afterwards happened to Signor Pier Luigi would take place, so clearly and so circumstantially that I am under the persuasion it was an angel from heaven who informed me. I will not omit to relate another circumstance also, which is perhaps the most remarkable which has ever happened to any one. I do so in order to justify the divinity of God and of His secrets, who deigned to grant me that great favour; for ever since the time of my strange vision until now an aureole of glory (marvellous to relate) has rested on my head. This is visible to every sort of men to whom I have chosen to point it out; but those have been very few. This halo can be observed above my shadow in the morning from the rising of the sun for about two hours, and far better when the grass is drenched with dew. It is also visible at evening about sunset. I became aware of it in France at Paris; for the air in those parts is so much freer from mist, that one can see it there far better manifested than in Italy, mists being far more frequent among us. However, I am always able to see it and to show it to others, but not so well as in the country I have mentioned.

Now I will set forth the Capitolo I wrote in prison, and in praise of the said prison; after that I will follow the course of the good and evil things which have happened to me from time to time; and I mean also to relate what happens in the future.

THIS CAPITOLO I WRITE TO LUCA MARTINI, ADDRESSING HIM IN IT AS WILL APPEAR.[1]

Whoso would know the power of God's dominion,
And how a man resembles that high good,
Must lie in prison, is my firm opinion:

On grievous thoughts and cares of home must brood,
Oppressed with carking pains in flesh and bone,
Far from his native land full many a rood.

If you would fain by worthy deeds be known,
Seek to be prisoned without cause, lie long,
And find no friend to listen to your moan.

See that men rob you of your all by wrong;
Add perils to your life; be used with force,
Hopeless of help, by brutal foes and strong.

Be driven at length to some mad desperate course;
Burst from your dungeon, leap the castle wall;
Recaptured, find the prison ten times worse.

Now listen, Luca, to the best of all!
Your leg's been broken; you've been bought and sold;
Your dungeon's dripping; you've no cloak or shawl.

Never one friendly word; your victuals cold
Are brought with sorry news by some base groom
Of Prato—soldier now—druggist of old.

Mark well how Glory steeps her sons in gloom!
You have no seat to sit on, save the stool:
Yet were you active from your mother's womb.

The knave who serves hath orders strict and cool
To list no word you utter, give you naught,
Scarcely to ope the door; such is their rule.

These toys hath Glory for her nursling wrought!
No paper, pens, ink, fire, or tools of steel,
To exercise the quick brain's teeming thought.

[1] Cellini's Capitolo in Praise of the Prison is clearly made up of pieces written, as described above, in the dungeon of S. Angelo, and of passages which he afterwards composed to bring these pieces into a coherent whole. He has not displayed much literary skill in the redaction, and I have been at pains to preserve the roughness of the original.

Alack that I so little can reveal!
Fancy one hundred for each separate ill:
Full space and place I've left for prison weal!

But now my former purpose to fulfil,
And sing the dungeon's praise with honour due—
For this angelic tongues were scant of skill.

Here never languish honest men and true,
Except by placemen's fraud, misgovernment,
Jealousies, anger, or some spiteful crew.

To tell the truth whereon my mind is bent,
Here man knows God, nor even stints to pray,
Feeling his soul with hell's fierce anguish rent.

Let one be famed as bad as mortal may,
Send him in jail two sorry years to pine,
He'll come forth holy, wise, beloved alway.

Here soul, flesh, clothes their substance gross refine;
Each bulky lout grows light like gossamere;
Celestial thrones before purged eyeballs shine.

I'll tell thee a great marvel! Friend, give ear!
The fancy took me on one day to write:
Learn now what shifts one may be put to here.

My cell I search, prick brows and hair upright,
Then turn me toward a cranny in the door,
And with my teeth a splinter disunite;

Next find a piece of brick upon the floor,
Crumble a part thereof to powder small,
And form a paste by sprinkling water o'er.[2]

Then, then came Poesy with fiery call
Into my carcass, by the way methought
Whence bread goes forth—there was none else at all.

Now to return unto my primal thought:
Who wills to know what weal awaits him, must
First learn the ill that God for him hath wrought.

The jail contains all arts in act and trust;
Should you but hanker after surgeon's skill,
'Twill draw the spoiled blood from your veins adust.

[2] The Italian is *acqua morta;* probably a slang phrase for urine.

Next there is something in itself that will
Make you right eloquent, a bold brave spark,
Big with high-soaring thoughts for good and ill.

Blessed is the man who lies in dungeon dark,
Languishing many a month, then takes his flight
Of war, truce, peace he knows, and tells the mark.

Needs be that all things turn to his delight;
The jail has crammed his brains so full of wit,
They'll dance no morris to upset the wight.

Perchance thou'lt urge: "Think how thy life did flit;
Nor is it true the jail can teach thee lore,
To fill thy breast and heart with strength of it!"

Nay, for myself I'll ever praise it more:
Yet would I like one law passed—that the man
Whose acts deserve it should not scape this score.

Whoso hath gotten the poor folk in ban,
I'd make him learn those lessons of the jail;
For then he'd know all a good ruler can:

He'd act like men who weigh by reason's scale,
Nor dare to swerve from truth and right aside,
Nor would confusion in the realm prevail.

While I was bound in prison to abide,
Foison of priests, friars, soldiers I could see;
But those who best deserved it least I spied.

Ah! could you know what rage came over me,
When for such rogues the jail relaxed her hold!
This makes one weep that one was born to be!

I'll add no more. Now I'm become fine gold,
Such gold as none flings lightly to the wind,
Fit for the best work eyes shall e'er behold.

Another point hath passed into my mind,
Which I've not told thee, Luca; where I wrote
Was in the book of one our kith and kind.[3]

There down the margins I was wont to note
Each torment grim that crushed me like a vice:
The paste my hurrying thoughts could hardly float.

[3] *Un nostro parente.* He says above that he wrote the Capitolo on the leaves of his Bible.

To make an O, I dipped the splinter thrice
In that thick mud; worse woe could scarcely grind
Spirits in hell debarred from Paradise.

Seeing I'm not the first by fraud confined,
This I'll omit; and once more seek the cell
Wherein I rack for rage both heart and mind.

I praise it more than other tongues will tell;
And, for advice to such as do not know,
Swear that without it none can labour well.

Yet oh! for one like Him I learned but now,
Who'd cry to me as by Bethesda's shore:
Take thy clothes, Benvenuto, rise and go!

Credo I'd sing, Salve reginas pour
And Paternosters; alms I'd then bestow
Morn after morn on blind folk, lame, and poor.

Ah me! how many a time my cheek must grow
Blanched by those lilies! Shall I then forswear
Florence and France through them for evermore?[4]

If to the hospital I come, and fair
Find the Annunziata limned, I'll fly:
Else shall I show myself a brute beast there.[5]

These words flout not Her worshipped sanctity,
Nor those Her lilies, glorious, holy, pure,
The which illumine earth and heaven high!

But for I find at every coign obscure
Base lilies which spread hooks where flowers should blow
Needs must I fear lest these to ruin lure.[6]

To think how many walk like me in woe!
Born what, how slaved to serve that hateful sign!
Souls lively, graceful, like to gods below!

I saw that lethal heraldry decline
From heaven like lightning among people vain;
Then on the stone I saw strange lustre shine.

[4] Here he begins to play upon the lilies, which were arms of the Farnesi, of Florence, and of France.
[5] Gabriel holds the lily in Italian paintings when he salutes the Virgin Mary with *Ave Virgo!*
[6] That is, he finds everywhere in Italy the arms of the Farnesi.

The castle's bell must break ere I with strain
Thence issued; and these things Who speaketh true
In heaven on earth, to me made wondrous plain.[7]

Next I beheld a bier of sombre hue
Adorned with broken lilies; crosses, tears;
And on their beds a lost woe-stricken crew.[8]

I saw the Death who racks our souls with fears;
This man and that she menaced, while she cried:
"I clip the folk who harm thee with these shears!"

That worthy one then on my brow wrote wide
With Peter's pen words which—for he bade shun
To speak them thrice—within my breast I hide.[9]

Him I beheld who drives and checks the sun,
Clad with its splendour 'mid his court on high,
Seld-seen by mortal eyes, if e'er by one.[10]

Then did a solitary sparrow cry
Loud from the keep; hearing which note, I said:
"He tells that I shall live and you must die!"

I sang, and wrote my hard case, head by head,
Asking from God pardon and aid in need,
For now I felt mine eyes outworn and dead.

Ne'er lion, tiger, wolf, or bear knew greed
Hungrier than that man felt for human blood;
Nor viper with more venomous fang did feed.[11]

The cruel chief was he of robbers' brood,
Worst of the worst among a gang of knaves;
Hist! I'll speak soft lest I be understood!

Say, have ye seen catchpolls, the famished slaves,
In act a poor man's homestead to distrain,
Smashing down Christs, Madonnas, with their staves?

So on the first of August did that train
Dislodge me to a tomb more foul, more cold:—
"November damns and dooms each rogue to pain!"[12]

[7] Allusion to his prevision of the castellan's death.
[8] Allusion to his prevision of Pier Luigi Farnese's murder.
[9] Allusion to the angel who visited him in prison.
[10] Allusion to his vision of the sun in the dungeon.
[11] An invective against Pier Luigi Farnese.
[12] Allusion to the prophetic words he flung at the officers who took him to Foiano's dungeon.

I at mine ears a trumpet had which told
Truth; and each word to them I did repeat,
Reckless, if but grief's load from me were rolled.

They, when they saw their final hope retreat,
Gave me a diamond, pounded, no fair ring,
Deeming that I must die if I should eat.

That villain churl whose office 'twas to bring
My food, I bade taste first; but meanwhile thought:
"Not here I find my foe Durante's sting!"

Yet erst my mind unto high God I brought
Beseeching Him to pardon all my sin,
And spoke a Miserere sorrow-fraught.

Then when I gained some respite from that din
Of troubles, and had given my soul to God,
Contented better realms and state to win,

I saw along the path which saints have trod,
From heaven descending, glad, with glorious palm,
An angel: clear he cried, "Upon earth's sod

Live longer thou! Through Him who heard thy psalm,
Those foes shall perish, each and all, in strife,
While thou remainest happy, free, and calm,
Blessed by our Sire in heaven on earth for life!"

SECOND BOOK

I

I REMAINED for some time in the Cardinal of Ferrara's palace, very well regarded in general by everybody, and much more visited even than I had previously been. Everybody was astonished that I should have come out of prison and have been able to live through such indescribable afflictions;[1] and while I was recovering my breath and endeavouring to resume the habit of my art, I had great pleasure in re-writing the Capitolo. Afterwards, with a view to re-establishing my strength, I determined to take a journey of a few days for change of air. My good friend the Cardinal gave me permission and lent me horses; and I had two young Romans for my companions, one of them a craftsman in my trade, the other only a comrade in our journey. We left Rome, and took the road to Tagliacozzo, intending to visit my pupil Ascanio, who lived there. On our arrival, I found the lad, together with his father, brothers, sisters, and stepmother. I was entertained by them two days with indescribable kindness; then I turned my face towards Rome, taking Ascanio with me. On the road we fell to conversing about our art, which made me die of impatience to get back and recommence my labours.

Having reached Rome, I got myself at once in readiness to work, and was fortunate enough to find again a silver basin which I had begun for the Cardinal before I was imprisoned. Together with this basin I had begun a very beautiful little jug; but this had been stolen, with a great quantity of other valuable articles. I set Pagolo, whom I have previously mentioned, to work upon the basin. At the same time I re-

[1] This assertion is well supported by contemporary letters of Caro and Alamanni.

commenced the jug, which was designed with round figures and bas-reliefs. The basin was executed in a similar style, with round figures and fishes in bas-relief. The whole had such richness and good keeping, that every one who beheld it expressed astonishment at the force of the design and beauty of invention, and also at the delicacy[2] with which these young men worked.

The Cardinal came at least twice a day to see me, bringing with him Messer Luigi Alamanni and Messer Gabriel Cesano;[3] and here we used to pass an hour or two pleasantly together. Notwithstanding I had very much to do, he kept giving me fresh commissions. Among others, I had to make his pontifical seal of the size of the hand of a boy of twelve. On it I engraved in intaglio two little histories, the one of San Giovanni preaching in the wilderness, the other of Sant' Ambrogio expelling the Arians[4] on horseback with a lash in his hand. The fire and correctness of design of this piece, and its nicety of workmanship, made every one say that I had surpassed the great Lautizio, who ranked alone in this branch of the profession. The Cardinal was so proud of it that he used to compare it complacently with the other seals of the Roman cardinals, which were nearly all from the hand of Lautizio.

II

In addition to these things the Cardinal ordered me to make the model for a salt-cellar; but he said he should like me to leave the beaten track pursued by such as fabricated these things. Messer Luigi, apropos of this salt-cellar, made an eloquent description of his own idea; Messer Gabriello Cesano also spoke exceedingly well to the same purpose. The Cardinal, who was a very kindly listener, showed extreme satisfaction with the designs which these two able men of letters had described in words. Then he turned to me and said: "My Benvenuto, the design of Messer Luigi and that of Messer Gabriello please me both so well that I know not how to choose between them; therefore I leave the choice to you, who will have to execute the work." I replied as

[2] *Pulitezza.* This indicates precision, neatness, cleanness of execution.
[3] The name of Cesano is well known in the literary correspondence of those times.
[4] It will be remembered that the Cardinal was Archbishop of Milan.

follows: "It is apparent, my lords, of what vast consequence are the sons of kings and emperors, and what a marvellous brightness of divinity appears in them; nevertheless, if you ask some poor humble shepherd which he loves best, those royal children or his sons, he will certainly tell you that he loves his own sons best. Now I too have a great affection for the children which I bring forth from my art; consequently the first which I will show you, most reverend monsignor my good master, shall be of my own making and invention. There are many things beautiful enough in words which do not match together well when executed by an artist." Then I turned to the two scholars and said: "You have spoken, I will do." Upon this Messer Luigi Alamanni smiled, and added a great many witty things, with the greatest charm of manner, in my praise; they became him well, for he was handsome of face and figure, and had a gentle voice. Messer Gabriello Cesano was quite the opposite, as ugly and displeasing as the other was agreeable; accordingly he spoke as he looked.

Messer Luigi had suggested that I should fashion a Venus with Cupid, surrounded by a crowd of pretty emblems, all in proper keeping with the subject. Messer Gabriello proposed that I should model an Amphitrite, the wife of Neptune, together with those Tritons of the sea, and many such-like fancies, good enough to describe in words, but not to execute in metal.

I first laid down an oval framework, considerably longer than half a cubit—almost two-thirds, in fact; and upon this ground, wishing to suggest the interminglement of land and ocean, I modelled two figures, considerably taller than a palm in height, which were seated with their legs interlaced, suggesting those lengthier branches of the sea which run up into the continents. The sea was a man, and in his hand I placed a ship, elaborately wrought in all its details, and well adapted to hold a quantity of salt. Beneath him I grouped the four sea-horses, and in his right hand he held his trident. The earth I fashioned like a woman, with all the beauty of form, the grace, and charm of which my art was capable. She had a richly decorated temple firmly based upon the ground at one side; and here her hand

rested. This I intended to receive the pepper. In her other hand I put a cornucopia, overflowing with all the natural treasures I could think of. Below this goddess, in the part which represented earth, I collected the fairest animals that haunt our globe. In the quarter presided over by the deity of ocean, I fashioned such choice kinds of fishes and shells as could be properly displayed in that small space. What remained of the oval I filled in with luxuriant ornamentation.

Then I waited for the Cardinal; and when he came, attended by the two accomplished gentlemen, I produced the model I had made in wax. On beholding it, Messer Gabriel Cesano was the first to lift his voice up, and to cry: "This is a piece which it will take the lives of ten men to finish: do not expect, most reverend monsignor, if you order it, to get it in your lifetime. Benvenuto, it seems, has chosen to display his children in a vision, but not to give them to the touch, as we did when we spoke of things that could be carried out, while he has shown a thing beyond the bounds of possibility." Messer Alamanni took my side; but the Cardinal said he did not care to undertake so important an affair. Then I turned to them and said: "Most reverend monsignor, and you, gentlemen, fulfilled with learning; I tell you that I hope to complete this piece for whosoever shall be destined to possess it;[1] and each one of you shall live to see it executed a hundred times more richly than the model. Indeed, I hope that time will be left me to produce far greater things than this." The Cardinal replied in heat: "Unless you make it for the King, to whom I mean to take you, I do not think that you will make it for another man alive." Then he showed me letters in which the King, under one heading, bade him return as soon as possible, bringing Benvenuto with him. At this I raised my hands to heaven, exclaiming: "Oh, when will that moment come, and quickly?" The Cardinal bade me put myself in readiness, and arrange the affairs I had in Rome. He gave me ten days for these preparations.

[1] *A chi l'arà avere.* For whomsoever it is going to belong to.

III

When the time came to travel, he gave me a fine and excellent horse. The animal was called Tornon, because it was a gift from the Cardinal Tornon.[1] My apprentices, Pagolo and Ascanio, were also furnished with good mounts.

The Cardinal divided his household, which was very numerous, into two sections. The first, and the more distinguished, he took with him, following the route of Romagna, with the object of visiting Madonna del Loreto, and then making for Ferrara, his own home. The other section he sent upon the road to Florence. This was the larger train; it counted a great multitude, including the flower of his horse. He told me that if I wished to make the journey without peril, I had better go with him, otherwise I ran some risk of my life. I expressed my inclination to his most reverend lordship to travel in his suite. But, having done so, since the will of Heaven must be accomplished, it pleased God to remind me of my poor sister, who had suffered greatly from the news of my misfortunes. I also remembered my cousins, who were nuns in Viterbo, the one abbess and the other camerlinga,[2] and who had therefore that rich convent under their control. They too had endured sore tribulation for my sake, and to their fervent prayers I firmly believed that I owed the grace of my deliverance by God. Accordingly, when these things came into my mind, I decided for the route to Florence. I might have travelled free of expense with the Cardinal or with that other train of his, but I chose to take my own way by myself. Eventually I joined company with a very famous clockmaker, called Maestro Cherubino, my esteemed friend. Thrown together by accident, we performed the journey with much enjoyment on both sides.

I had left Rome on Monday in Passion Week, together with Pagolo and Ascanio.[3] At Monte Ruosi we joined the company which I have mentioned. Since I had expressed

[1] This was the famous François de Tournon, made Cardinal in 1530, and employed as minister by François I.

[2] This official in a convent was the same as cellarer or superintendent of the cellar and provisions.

[3] This was March 22, 1540.

my intention of following the Cardinal, I did not anticipate that any of my enemies would be upon the watch to harm me. Yet I ran a narrow risk of coming to grief at Monte Ruesi; for a band of men had been sent forward, well armed, to do me mischief there. It was so ordained by God that, while we were at dinner, these fellows, on the news that I was not travelling in the Cardinal's suite, made preparation to attack me. Just at that moment the Cardinal's retinue arrived, and I was glad enough to travel with their escort safely to Viterbo. From that place onward I had no apprehension of danger, especially as I made a point of travelling a few miles in front, and the best men of the retinue kept a good watch over me.[1] I arrived by God's grace safe and sound at Viterbo, where my cousins and all the convent received me with the greatest kindness.

IV

After leaving Viterbo with the comrades I have mentioned, we pursued our journey on horseback, sometimes in front and sometimes behind the Cardinal's household. This brought us upon Maundy Thursday at twenty-two o'clock within one stage of Siena. At this place there happened to be some return-horses; and the people of the post were waiting for an opportunity to hire them at a small fee to any traveller who would take them back to the post-station in Siena. When I was aware of this, I dismounted from my horse Tornon, saddled one of the beasts with my pad and stirrups, and gave a giulio to the groom in waiting.[2]

I left my horse under the care of my young men to bring after me, and rode on in front, wishing to arrive half-an-hour earlier in Siena, where I had some friends to visit and some business to transact. Although I went at a smart pace, I did not override the post-horse. When I reached Siena, I engaged good rooms at the inn for five persons, and told the groom of the house to take the horse back to the post,

[1] *Tenevano molto conto di me.* This is perhaps equivalent to *held me in high esteem.* But Cellini uses the same phrase with the meaning I have given above, in Book I. chap. lxxxvi.

[2] The word I have translated by "pad" above is *cucino* in the original. It seems to have been a sort of cushion flung upon the saddle, and to which the stirrups were attached.

which was outside the Camollia gate; I forgot, however, to remove my stirrups and my pad.

That evening of Holy Thursday we passed together with much gaiety; and next morning, which was Good Friday, I remembered my stirrups and my pad. On my sending for them, the postmaster replied that he did not mean to give them up, because I had overridden his horse. We exchanged messages several times, and he kept saying that he meant to keep them, adding expressions of intolerable insult. The host where I was lodging told me: "You will get off well if he does nothing worse than to detain your gear; for you must know that he is the most brutal fellow that ever disgraced our city, and has two sons, soldiers of great courage, who are even more brutal than he is. I advise you then to purchase what you want, and to pursue your journey without moving farther in this matter."

I bought a new pair of stirrups, although I still hoped to regain my good pad by persuasion; and since I was very well mounted, and well armed with shirt and sleeves of mail, and carried an excellent arquebuse upon my saddle-bow, I was not afraid of the brutality and violence which that mad beast was said to be possessed of. I had also accustomed my young men to carry shirts of mail, and had great confidence in the Roman, who, while we were in Rome together, had never left it off, so far as I could see; Ascanio too, although he was but a stripling, was in the habit of wearing one. Besides, as it was Good Friday, I imagined that the madnesses of madmen might be giving themselves a holiday. When we came to the Camollia gate, I at once recognised the postmaster by the indications given me; for he was blind of the left eye. Riding up to him then, and leaving my young men and companions at a little distance, I courteously addressed him: "Master of the post, if I assure you that I did not override your horse, why are you unwilling to give me back my pad and stirrups?" The reply he made was precisely as mad and brutal as had been foretold me. This roused me to exclaim: "How then! are you not a Christian? or do you want upon Good Friday to force us both into a scandal?" He answered that Good Friday or the Devil's Friday was all the same to him, and that if I did

not take myself away, he would fell me to the ground with a spontoon which he had taken up—me and the arquebuse I had my hand on. Upon hearing these truculent words, an old gentleman of Siena joined us; he was dressed like a citizen, and was returning from the religious functions proper to that day. It seems that he had gathered the sense of my arguments before he came up to where we stood; and this impelled him to rebuke the postmaster with warmth, taking my side, and reprimanding the man's two sons for not doing their duty to passing strangers; so that their manners were an offence to God and a disgrace to the city of Siena. The two young fellows wagged their heads without saying a word, and withdrew inside the house. Their father, stung to fury by the scolding of that respectable gentleman, poured out a volley of abusive blasphemies, and levelled his spontoon, swearing he would murder me. When I saw him determined to do some act of bestial violence, I pointed the muzzle of my arquebuse, with the object only of keeping him at a distance. Doubly enraged by this, he flung himself upon me. Though I had prepared the arquebuse for my defence, I had not yet levelled it exactly at him; indeed it was pointed too high. It went off of itself; and the ball, striking the arch of the door and glancing backwards, wounded him in the throat, so that he fell dead to earth. Upon this the two young men came running out; one caught up a partisan from the rack which stood there, the other seized the spontoon of his father. Springing upon my followers, the one who had the spontoon smote Pagolo the Roman first above the left nipple. The other attacked a Milanese who was in our company, and had the ways and manners of a perfect fool. This man screamed out that he had nothing in the world to do with me, and parried the point of the partisan with a little stick he held; but this availed him naught: in spite of his words and fencing, he received a flesh wound in the mouth. Messer Cherubino wore the habit of a priest; for though he was a clockmaker by trade, he held benefices of some value from the Pope. Ascanio, who was well armed, stood his ground without trying to escape, as the Milanese had done; so these two came off unhurt. I had set spurs to my horse, and while he was galloping, had

charged and got my arquebuse in readiness again; but now I turned back, burning with fury, and meaning to play my part this time in earnest. I thought that my young men had been killed, and was resolved to die with them. The horse had not gone many paces when I met them riding toward me, and asked if they were hurt. Ascanio answered that Pagolo was wounded to the death. Then I said: "O Pagolo, my son, did the spontoon then pierce through your armour?" "No," he replied, "for I put my shirt of mail in the valise this morning." "So then, I suppose, one wears chain-mail in Rome to swagger before ladies, but where there is danger, and one wants it, one keeps it locked up in a portmanteau? You deserve what you have got, and you are now the cause of sending me back to die here too." While I was uttering these words, I kept riding briskly onward; but both the young men implored me for the love of God to save myself and them, and not to rush on certain death. Just then I met Messer Cherubino and the wounded Milanese. The former cried out that no one was badly wounded; the blow given to Pagolo had only grazed the skin;[2] but the old postmaster was stretched out dead; his sons with other folk were getting ready for attack, and we must almost certainly be cut to pieces: "Accordingly, Benvenuto, since fortune has saved us from this first tempest, do not tempt her again, for things may not go so favourably a second time." To this I replied: "If you are satisfied to have it thus, so also am I;" and turning to Pagolo and Ascanio, I said: "Strike spurs to your horses, and let us gallop to Staggia without stopping;[3] there we shall be in safety." The wounded Milanese groaned out: "A pox upon our peccadilloes! the sole cause of my misfortune was that I sinned by taking a little broth this morning, having nothing else to break my fast with." In spite of the great peril we were in, we could not help laughing a little at the donkey and his silly speeches. Then we set spurs to our horses, and left Messer Cherubino and the Milanese to follow at their leisure.

[2] The Italian is peculiar: *il colpo di Pagolo era ito tanto ritto che non era isfandato.*

[3] Staggia is the next post on the way to Florence.

V

While we were making our escape, the sons of the dead man ran to the Duke of Melfi, and begged for some light horsemen to catch us up and take us prisoners.[1] The Duke upon being informed that we were the Cardinal of Ferrara's men, refused to give them troops or leave to follow. We meanwhile arrived at Staggia, where we were in safety. There we sent for a doctor, the best who could be had in such a place; and on his examining Pagolo, we discovered that the wound was only skin-deep; so I felt sure[2] that he would escape without mischief. Then we ordered dinner; and at this juncture there arrived Messer Cherubino and that Milanese simpleton, who kept always muttering: "A plague upon your quarrels," and complaining that he was excommunicated because he had not been able to say a single Paternoster on that holy morning. He was very ugly, and his mouth, which nature had made large, had been expanded at least three inches by his wound; so that what with his ludicrous Milanese jargon and his silly way of talking, he gave us so much matter for mirth, that, instead of bemoaning our ill-luck, we could not hold from laughing at every word he uttered. When the doctor wanted to sew up his wound, and had already made three stitches with his needle, the fellow told him to hold hard a while, since he did not want him out of malice to sew his whole mouth up. Then he took up a spoon, and said he wished to have his mouth left open enough to take that spoon in, in order that he might return alive to his own folk. These things he said with such odd waggings of the head, that we never stopped from laughing, and so pursued our journey mirthfully to Florence.

We dismounted at the house of my poor sister, who, together with her husband, overwhelmed us with kind attentions. Messer Cherubino and the Milanese went about their business. In Florence we remained four days, during which Pagolo got well. It was lucky for us that whenever we talked about that Milanese donkey, we laughed as much

[1] The Duke of Melfi, or Amalfi, was at this time Alfonso Piccolomini, acting as captain-general of the Sienese in the interests of Charles V.

[2] *Cognobbi.* The subject to this verb may be either Cellini or the doctor.

as our misfortunes made us weep, so that we kept laughing and crying both at the same moment.

Pagolo recovered, as I have said, with ease; and then we travelled toward Ferrara, where we found our lord the Cardinal had not yet arrived. He had already heard of all our accidents, and said, when he expressed his concern for them: "I pray to God that I may be allowed to bring you alive to the King, according to my promise." In Ferrara he sent me to reside at a palace of his, a very handsome place called Belfiore, close under the city walls. There he provided me with all things necessary for my work. A little later, he arranged to leave for France without me; and observing that I was very ill pleased with this, he said to me: "Benvenuto, I am acting for your welfare; before I take you out of Italy, I want you to know exactly what you will have to do when you come to France. Meanwhile, push on my basin and the jug with all the speed you can. I shall leave orders with my factor to give you everything that you may want."

He then departed, and I remained sorely dissatisfied, and more than once I was upon the point of taking myself off without license. The only thing which kept me back was that he had procured my freedom from Pope Paolo; for the rest, I was ill-contented and put to considerable losses. However, I clothed my mind with the gratitude due to that great benefit, and disposed myself to be patient and to await the termination of the business. So I set myself to work with my two men, and made great progress with the jug and basin. The air was unwholesome where we lodged, and toward summer we all of us suffered somewhat in our health. During our indisposition we went about inspecting the domain; it was very large, and left in a wild state for about a mile of open ground, haunted too by multitudes of peacocks, which bred and nested there like wildfowl. This put it into my head to charge my gun with a noiseless kind of powder; then I tracked some of the young birds, and every other day killed one, which furnished us with abundance of meat, of such excellent quality that we shook our sickness off. For several months following we went on working merrily, and got the

jug and basin forward; but it was a task that required much time.

VI

At that period the Duke of Ferrara came to terms with Pope Paul about some old matters in dispute between them relating to Modena and certain other cities. The Church having a strong claim to them, the Duke was forced to purchase peace by paying down an enormous sum of money; I think that it exceeded three hundred thousand ducats of the Camera. There was an old treasurer in the service of the Duke, who had been brought up by his father, Duke Alfonso, and was called Messer Girolamo Giliolo. He could not endure to see so much money going to the Pope, and went about the streets crying: "Duke Alfonso, his father, would sooner have attacked and taken Rome with this money than have shown it to the Pope." Nothing would induce him to disburse it; at last, however, the Duke compelled him to make the payments, which caused the old man such anguish that he sickened of a dangerous colic and was brought to death's door. During this man's illness the Duke sent for me, and bade me take his portrait; this I did upon a circular piece of black stone about the size of a little trencher. The Duke took so much pleasure in my work and conversation, that he not unfrequently posed through four or five hours at a stretch for his own portrait, and sometimes invited me to supper. It took me eight days to complete his likeness; then he ordered me to design the reverse. On it I modelled Peace, giving her the form of a woman with a torch in her hand, setting fire to a trophy of arms; I portrayed her in an attitude of gladness, with very thin drapery, and below her feet lay Fury in despair, downcast and sad, and loaded with chains. I devoted much study and attention to this work, and it won me the greatest honour. The Duke was never tired of expressing his satisfaction, and gave me inscriptions for both sides of the medal. That on the reverse ran as follows: *Pretiosa in conspectu Domini;* it meant that his peace with the Pope had been dearly bought.

VII

While I was still engaged upon the reverse of this medal, the Cardinal sent me letters bidding me prepare for my journey, since the King had asked after me. His next communication would contain full details respecting all that he had promised. Accordingly, I had my jug and basin packed up, after showing them to the Duke. Now a Ferrarese gentleman named Alberto Bendedio was the Cardinal's agent, and he had been twelve years confined to his house, without once leaving it, by reason of some physical infirmity. One day he sent in a vast hurry for me, saying I must take the post at once, in order to present myself before the King of France, who had eagerly been asking for me, under the impression that I was in France. By way of apology, the Cardinal told him that I was staying, slightly indisposed, in his abbey at Lyons, but that he would have me brought immediately to his Majesty. Therefore I must lose no time, but travel with the post.

Now Messer Alberto was a man of sterling worth, but proud, and illness had made his haughty temper insupportable. As I have just said, he bade me to get ready on the spot and take the journey by the common post. I said that it was not the custom to pursue my profession in the post, and that if I had to go, it was my intention to make easy stages and to take with me the workmen Ascanio and Pagolo, whom I had brought from Rome. Moreover, I wanted a servant on horseback to be at my orders, and money sufficient for my costs upon the way. The infirm old man replied, upon a tone of mighty haughtiness, that the sons of dukes were wont to travel as I had described, and in no other fashion. I retorted that the sons of my art travelled in the way I had informed him, and that not being a duke's son, I knew nothing about the customs of such folk; if he treated me to language with which my ears were unfamiliar, I would not go at all; the Cardinal having broken faith with me, and such scurvy words having been spoken, I should make my mind up once for all to take no further trouble with the Ferrarese. Then I turned my back, and, he threatening, I grumbling, took my leave.

I next went to the Duke with my medal, which was finished. He received me with the highest marks of honour and esteem. It seems that he had given orders to Messer Girolamo Giliolo to reward me for my labour with a diamond ring worth two hundred crowns, which was to be presented by Fiaschino, his chamberlain. Accordingly, this fellow, on the evening after I had brought the medal, at one hour past nightfall, handed me a ring with a diamond of showy appearance, and spoke as follows on the part of his master: "Take this diamond as a remembrance of his Excellency, to adorn the unique artist's hand which has produced a masterpiece of so singular merit." When day broke, I examined the ring, and found the stone to be a miserable thin diamond, worth about ten crowns. I felt sure that the Duke had not meant to accompany such magnificent compliments with so trifling a gift, but that he must have intended to reward me handsomely. Being then convinced that the trick proceeded from his rogue of a treasurer, I gave the ring to a friend of mine, begging him to return it to the chamberlain, Fiaschino, as he best could. The man I chose was Bernardo Saliti, who executed his commission admirably. Fiaschino came at once to see me, and declared, with vehement expostulations, that the Duke would take it very ill if I refused a present he had meant so kindly; perhaps I should have to repent of my waywardness. I answered that the ring his Excellency had given me was worth about ten crowns, and that the work I had done for him was worth more than two hundred. Wishing, however, to show his Excellency how highly I esteemed his courtesy, I should be happy if he bestowed on me only one of those rings for the cramp, which come from England and are worth tenpence.[1] I would treasure that so long as I lived in remembrance of his Excellency, together with the honourable message he had sent me; for I considered that the splendid favours of his Excellency had amply recompensed my pains, whereas that paltry stone insulted them. This speech annoyed the Duke so much that he sent for his treasurer, and scolded him more sharply than he had ever done before. At the same

[1] *Anello del granchio*, a metal ring of lead and copper, such as are now worn in Italy under the name of *anello di salute*.

time he gave me orders, under pain of his displeasure, not to leave Ferrara without duly informing him; and commanded the treasurer to present me with a diamond up to three hundred crowns in value. The miserly official found a stone rising a trifle above sixty crowns, and let it be heard that it was worth upwards of two hundred.

VIII

Meanwhile Messer Alberto returned to reason, and provided me with all I had demanded. My mind was made up to quit Ferrara without fail that very day; but the Duke's attentive chamberlain arranged with Messer Alberto that I should get no horses then. I had loaded a mule with my baggage, including the case which held the Cardinal's jug and basin. Just then a Ferrarese nobleman named Messer Alfonso de' Trotti arrived.[1] He was far advanced in years, and a person of excessive affectation; a great dilettante of the arts, but one of those men who are very difficult to satisfy, and who, if they chance to stumble on something which suits their taste, exalt it so in their own fancy that they never expect to see the like of it again. Well, this Messer Alfonso arrived, and Messer Alberto said to him: "I am sorry that you are come so late; the jug and basin we are sending to the Cardinal in France have been already packed." He answered that it did not signify to him; and beckoning to his servant, sent him home to fetch a jug in white Faenzo clay, the workmanship of which was very exquisite. During the time the servant took to go and return, Messer Alfonso said to Messer Alberto: "I will tell you why I do not care any longer to look at vases; it is that I once beheld a piece of silver, antique, of such beauty and such finish that the human imagination cannot possibly conceive its rarity. Therefore I would rather not inspect any objects of the kind, for fear of spoiling the unique impression I retain of that. I must tell you that a gentleman of great quality and accomplishments, who went to Rome upon matters of business, had this antique vase shown to him in secret. By adroitly using a large sum of money, he

[1] This man was a member of a very noble Ferrarese family, and much esteemed for his official talents.

bribed the person in whose hands it was, and brought it with him to these parts; but he keeps it jealously from all eyes, in order that the Duke may not get wind of it, fearing he should in some way be deprived of his treasure." While spinning out this lengthy yarn, Messer Alfonso did not look at me, because we were not previously acquainted. But when that precious clay model appeared, he displayed it with such airs of ostentation, pomp, and mountebank ceremony, that, after inspecting it, I turned to Messer Alberto and said: "I am indeed lucky to have had the privilege to see it!"[2] Messer Alfonso, quite affronted, let some contemptuous words escape him, and exclaimed: "Who are you, then, you who do not know what you are saying?" I replied: "Listen for a moment, and afterwards judge which of us knows best what he is saying." Then turning to Messer Alberto, who was a man of great gravity and talent, I began: "This is a copy from a little silver goblet, of such and such a weight, which I made at such and such a time for that charlatan Maestro Jacopo, the surgeon from Carpi. He came to Rome and spent six months there, during which he bedaubed some scores of noblemen and unfortunate gentlefolk with his dirty salves, extracting many thousands of ducats from their pockets. At that time I made for him this vase and one of a different pattern. He paid me very badly; and at the present moment in Rome all the miserable people who used his ointment are crippled and in a deplorable state of health.[3] It is indeed great glory for me that my works are held in such repute among you wealthy lords; but I can assure you that during these many years past I have been progressing in my art with all my might, and I think that the vase I am taking with me into France is far more worthy of cardinals and kings than that piece belonging to your little quack doctor."

After I had made this speech, Messer Alfonso seemed dying with desire to see the jug and basin, but I refused to open the box. We remained some while disputing the matter, when he said that he would go to the Duke and

[2] *Pur beato che io l' ho veduto!* Leclanché translates thus: "*Par Dieu! il y a longtemps que je l' ai vu!*" I think Cellini probably meant to hint that he had seen it before.

[3] See above, book i., p. 53, for this story.

get an order from his Excellency to have it shown him. Then Messer Alberto Bendedio, in the high and mighty manner which belonged to him, exclaimed: "Before you leave this room, Messer Alfonso, you shall see it, without employing the Duke's influence." On hearing these words I took my leave, and left Ascanio and Pagolo to show it. They told me afterwards that he had spoken enthusiastically in my praise. After this he wanted to become better acquainted with me; but I was wearying to leave Ferrara and get away from all its folk. The only advantages I had enjoyed there were the society of Cardinal Salviati and the Cardinal of Ravenna, and the friendship of some ingenious musicians;[4] no one else had been to me of any good; for the Ferrarese are a very avaricious people, greedy of their neighbours' money, however they may lay their hands on it; they are all the same in this respect.

At the hour of twenty-two Fiaschino arrived, and gave me the diamond of sixty crowns, of which I spoke above. He told me, with a hang-dog look and a few brief words, that I might wear it for his Excellency's sake. I replied: "I will do so." Then putting my foot in the stirrup in his presence, I set off upon my travels without further leave-taking. The man noted down my act and words, and reported them to the Duke, who was highly incensed, and showed a strong inclination to make me retrace my steps.

IX

That evening I rode more than ten miles, always at a trot; and when, upon the next day, I found myself outside the Ferrarese domain, I felt excessively relieved; indeed I had met with nothing to my liking there, except those peacocks which restored my health. We journeyed by the Monsanese, avoiding the city of Milan on account of the apprehension I have spoken of;[1] so that we arrived safe and sound at Lyons. Counting Pagolo and Ascanio and a servant, we were four men, with four very good horses. At

[4] Cardinal Giovanni Salviati was Archbishop of Ferrara; Cardinal Benedetto Accolti, Archbishop of Ravenna, was then staying at Ferrara; the court was famous for its excellent orchestra and theatrical display of all kinds.

[1] The *Monsanese* is the *Mont Cenis*. Cellini forgets that he has not mentioned this apprehension which made him turn aside from Milan. It may have been the fear of plague, or perhaps of some enemy.

Lyons we waited several days for the muleteer, who carried the silver cup and basin, as well as our other baggage; our lodging was in an abbey of the Cardinal's. When the muleteer arrived, we loaded all our goods upon a little cart, and then set off toward Paris. On the road we met with some annoyances, but not of any great moment.

We found the Court of the King at Fontana Beliò;[2] there we presented ourselves to the Cardinal, who provided us at once with lodgings, and that evening we were comfortable. On the following day the cart turned up; so we unpacked our things, and when the Cardinal heard this he told the King, who expressed a wish to see me at once. I went to his Majesty with the cup and basin; then, upon entering his presence, I kissed his knee, and he received me very graciously. I thanked his Majesty for freeing me from prison, saying that all princes unique for generosity upon this earth, as was his Majesty, lay under special obligations to set free men of talent, and particularly those that were innocent, as I was; such benefits, I added, were inscribed upon the book of God before any other good actions. The King, while I was delivering this speech, continued listening till the end with the utmost courtesy, dropping a few words such as only he could utter. Then he took the vase and basin, and exclaimed: "Of a truth I hardly think the ancients can have seen a piece so beautiful as this. I well remember to have inspected all the best works, and by the greatest masters of all Italy, but I never set my eyes on anything which stirred me to such admiration." These words the King addressed in French to the Cardinal of Ferrara, with many others of even warmer praise. Then he turned to me and said in Italian: "Benvenuto, amuse yourself for a few days, make good cheer, and spend your time in pleasure; in the meanwhile we will think of giving you the wherewithal to execute some fine works of art for us."

X

The Cardinal of Ferrara saw that the King had been vastly pleased by my arrival; he also judged that the trifles which I

[2] It is thus that Cellini always writes Fontainebleau.

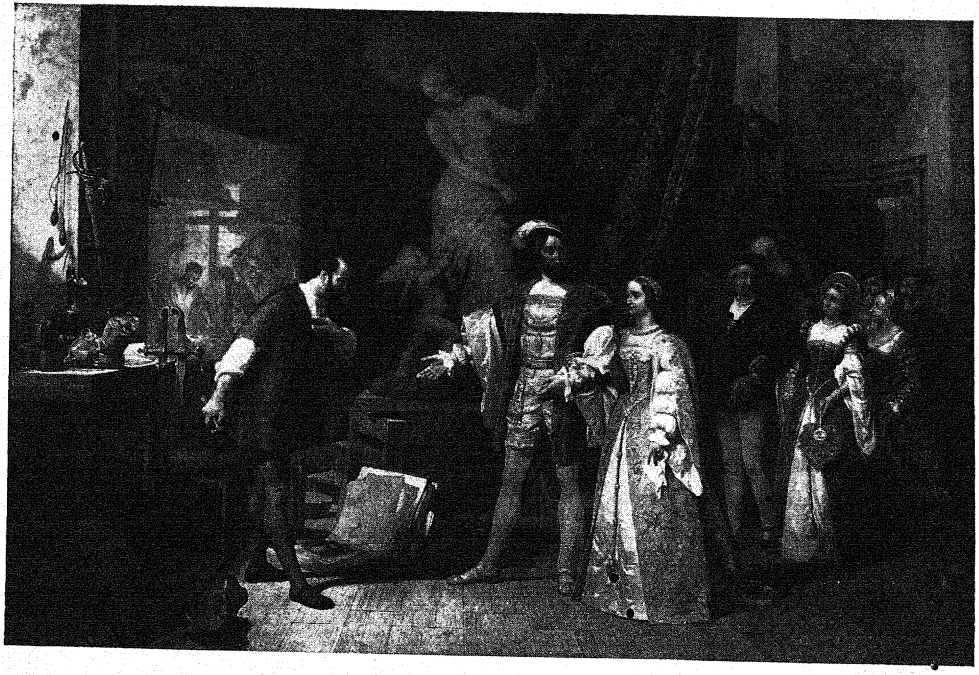
showed him of my handicraft had encouraged him to hope for the execution of some considerable things he had in mind. At this time, however, we were following the court with the weariest trouble and fatigue; the reason of this was that the train of the King drags itself along with never less than 12,000 horse behind it; this calculation is the very lowest; for when the court is complete in times of peace, there are some 18,000, which makes 12,000 less than the average. Consequently we had to journey after it through places where sometimes there were scarcely two houses to be found; and then we set up canvas tents like gipsies, and suffered at times very great discomfort. I therefore kept urging the Cardinal to put the King in mind of employing me in some locality were I could stop and work. The Cardinal answered that it was far better to wait until the King should think of it himself, and that I ought to show myself at times to his Majesty while he was at table. This I did then; and one morning, at his dinner, the King called me. He began to talk to me in Italian, saying he had it in his mind to execute several great works, and that he would soon give orders where I was to labour, and provide me with all necessaries. These communications he mingled with discourse on divers pleasant matters. The Cardinal of Ferrara was there, because he almost always ate in the morning at the King's table. He had heard our conversation, and when the King rose, he spoke in my favour to this purport, as I afterwards was informed: "Sacred Majesty, this man Benvenuto is very eager to get to work again; it seems almost a sin to let an artist of his abilities waste his time." The King replied that he had spoken well, and told him to arrange with me all things for my support according to my wishes.

Upon the evening of the day when he received this commission, the Cardinal sent for me after supper, and told me that his Majesty was resolved to let me begin working, but that he wanted me first to come to an understanding about my appointments. To this the Cardinal added: "It seems to me that if his Majesty allows you three hundred crowns a year, you will be able to keep yourself very well indeed; furthermore, I advise you to leave yourself in my hands, for every day offers the opportunity of doing some service in

this great kingdom, and I shall exert myself with vigour in your interest." Then I began to speak as follows: "When your most reverend lordship left me in Ferrara, you gave me a promise, which I had never asked for, not to bring me out of Italy before I clearly understood the terms on which I should be placed here with his Majesty. Instead of sending to communicate these details, your most reverend lordship urgently ordered me to come by the post, as if an art like mine was carried on post-haste. Had you written to tell me of three hundred crowns, as you have now spoken, I would not have stirred a foot for twice that sum. Nevertheless, I thank God and your most reverend lordship for all things, seeing God has employed you as the instrument for my great good in procuring my liberation from imprisonment. Therefore I assure your lordship that all the troubles you are now causing me fall a thousand times short of the great good which you have done me. With all my heart I thank you, and take good leave of you; wherever I may be, so long as I have life, I will pray God for you." The Cardinal was greatly irritated, and cried out in a rage: "Go where you choose; it is impossible to help people against their will." Some of his good-for-nothing courtiers who were present said: "That fellow sets great store on himself, for he is refusing three hundred ducats a year." Another, who was a man of talent, replied: "The King will never find his equal, and our Cardinal wants to cheapen him, as though he were a load of wood." This was Messer Luigi Alamanni who spoke to the above effect, as I was afterwards informed. All this happened on the last day of October, in Dauphiné, at a castle the name of which I do not remember.

XI

On leaving the Cardinal I repaired to my lodging, which was three miles distant, in company with a secretary of the Cardinal returning to the same quarters. On the road, this man never stopped asking me what I meant to do with myself, and what my own terms regarding the appointment would have been. I gave him only one word back for answer, which was that—I knew all. When we came to our



Francis I visiting the studio of Benvenuto Cellini

From the painting by Pierre Charles Compte

quarters, I found Pagolo and Ascanio there; and seeing me much troubled, they implored me to tell them what was the matter. To the poor young men, whe were all dismayed, I said for answer: "To-morrow I shall give you money amply sufficient for your journey home. I mean myself to go about a most important business without you, which for a long time I have had it in my mind to do." Our room adjoined that of the secretary; and I think it not improbable that he wrote to the Cardinal, and informed him of my purpose. However, I never knew anything for certain about this. The night passed without sleep, and I kept wearying for the day, in order to carry out my resolution.

No sooner did it dawn than I ordered out the horses, made my preparations in a moment, and gave the two young men everything which I had brought with me, and fifty ducats of gold in addition. I reserved the same sum for myself, together with the diamond the Duke had given me; I only kept two shirts and some well-worn riding-clothes which I had upon my back. I found it almost impossible to get free of the two young men, who insisted upon going with me, whatever happened. At last I was obliged to treat them with contempt, and use this language: "One of you has his first beard, and the other is just getting it; and both of you have learned as much from me as I could teach in my poor art, so that you are now the first craftsmen among the youths of Italy. Are you not ashamed to have no courage to quit this go-cart, but must always creep about in leading-strings? The thing is too disgraceful! Or if I were to send you away without money, what would you say then? Come, take yourselves out of my sight, and may God bless you a thousand times. Farewell!"

I turned my horse and left them weeping. Then I took my way along a very fair road through a forest, hoping to make at least forty miles that day, and reach the most out-of-the-way place I could. I had already ridden about two miles, and during that short time had resolved never to revisit any of those parts where I was known. I also determined to abandon my art so soon as I had made a Christ three cubits in height, reproducing, so far as I was able, that infinite beauty which He had Himself revealed to me. So then, being thoroughly

resolved, I turned my face toward the Holy Sepulchre.[1] Just when I thought I had got so far that nobody could find me, I heard horses galloping after. They filled me with some uneasiness, because that district is infested with a race of brigands, who bear the name of Venturers, and are apt to murder men upon the road. Though numbers of them are hanged every day, it seems as though they did not care. However, when the riders approached, I found they were a messenger from the King and my lad Ascanio. The former came up to me and said: "From the King I order you to come immediately to his presence." I replied: "You have been sent by the Cardinal, and for this reason I will not come." The man said that since gentle usage would not bring me, he had authority to raise the folk, and they would take me bound hand and foot like a prisoner. Ascanio, for his part, did all he could to persuade me, reminding me that when the King sent a man to prison, he kept him there five years at least before he let him out again. This word about the prison, when I remembered what I had endured in Rome, struck such terror into me, that I wheeled my horse round briskly and followed the King's messenger. He kept perpetually chattering in French through all our journey, up to the very precincts of the court, at one time bullying, now saying one thing, then another, till I felt inclined to deny God and the world.

XII

On our way to the lodgings of the King we passed before those of the Cardinal of Ferrara. Standing at his door, he called to me and said: "Our most Christian monarch has of his own accord assigned you the same appointments which his Majesty allowed the painter Lionardo da Vinci, that is, a salary of seven hundred crowns; in addition, he will pay you for all the works you do for him; also for your journey hither he gives you five hundred golden crowns, which will be paid you before you quit this place." At the end of this announcement, I replied that those were offers worthy of the great King he was. The messenger, not knowing anything about me, and hearing what splendid offers had been made

[1] See above, p. 243, for Cellini's vow in the Castle of S. Angelo.

me by the King, begged my pardon over and over again. Pagolo and Ascanio exclaimed: "It is God who has helped us to get back into so honoured a go-cart!"

On the day following I went to thank the King, who ordered me to make the models of twelve silver statues, which were to stand as candelabra round his table. He wanted them to represent six gods and six goddesses, and to have exactly the same height as his Majesty, which was a trifle under four cubits. Having dictated this commission, he turned to his treasurer, and asked whether he had paid me the five hundred crowns. The official said that he had received no orders to that effect. The King took this very ill, for he had requested the Cardinal to speak to him about it. Furthermore, he told me to go to Paris and seek out a place to live in, fitted for the execution of such work; he would see that I obtained it.

I got the five hundred crowns of gold, and took up my quarters at Paris in a house of the Cardinal of Ferrara. There I began, in God's name, to work, and fashioned four little waxen models, about two-thirds of a cubit each in height. They were Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Vulcan. In this while the King returned to Paris; whereupon I went to him at once, taking my models with me, and my two prentices, Ascanio and Pagolo. On perceiving that the King was pleased with my work, and being commissioned to execute the Jupiter in silver of the height above described, I introduced the two young men, and said that I had brought them with me out of Italy to serve his Majesty; for inasmuch as they had been brought up by me, I could at the beginning get more help from them than from the Paris workmen. To this the King replied that I might name a salary which I thought sufficient for their maintenance. I said that a hundred crowns of gold apiece would be quite proper, and that I would make them earn their wages well. This agreement was concluded. Then I said that I had found a place which seemed to me exactly suited to my industry; it was his Majesty's own property, and called the Little Nello. The Provost of Paris was then in possession of it from his Majesty; but since the Provost made no use of the castle, his Majesty perhaps might grant it me to employ in his

service.[1] He replied upon the instant: "That place is my own house, and I know well that the man I gave it to does not inhabit or use it. So you shall have it for the work you have to do." He then told his lieutenant to install me in the Nello. This officer made some resistance, pleading that he could not carry out the order. The King answered in anger that he meant to bestow his property on whom he pleased, and on a man who would serve him, seeing that he got nothing from the other; therefore he would hear no more about it. The lieutenant then submitted that some small force would have to be employed in order to effect an entrance. To which the King answered: "Go, then, and if a small force is not enough, use a great one."

The officer took me immediately to the castle, and there put me in possession, not, however, without violence; after that he warned me to take very good care that I was not murdered. I installed myself, enrolled serving-men, and bought a quantity of pikes and partisans; but I remained for several days exposed to grievous annoyances, for the Provost was a great nobleman of Paris, and all the other gentlefolk took part against me; they attacked me with such insults that I could hardly hold my own against them. I must not omit to mention that I entered the service of his Majesty in the year 1540, which was exactly the year in which I reached the age of forty.

XIII

The affronts and insults I received made me have recourse to the King, begging his Majesty to establish me in some other place. He answered: "Who are you, and what is your name?" I remained in great confusion, and could not comprehend what he meant. Holding my tongue thus, the King repeated the same words a second time angrily. Then I said my name was Benvenuto. "If, then, you are the Benvenuto of whom I have heard," replied the King, "act according to your wont, for you have my full leave to do so." I told his Majesty that all I wanted was to keep his favour; for the

[1] This was the castle of Le Petit Nesle, on the site of which now stands the Palace of the Institute. The Provost of Paris was then Jean d'Estouteville, lord of Villebon.

rest, I knew of nothing that could harm me. He gave a little laugh, and said: "Go your ways, then; you shall never want my favour." Upon this he told his first secretary, Monsignor di Villerois, to see me provided and accommodated with all I needed.[1]

This Villerois was an intimate friend of the Provost, to whom the castle had been given. It was built in a triangle, right up against the city walls, and was of some antiquity, but had no garrison. The building was of considerable size. Monsignor di Villerois counselled me to look about for something else, and by all means to leave this place alone, seeing that its owner was a man of vast power, who would most assuredly have me killed. I answered that I had come from Italy to France only in order to serve that illustrious King; and as for dying, I knew for certain that die I must; a little earlier or a little later was a matter of supreme indifference to me.

Now Villerois was a man of the highest talent, exceptionally distinguished in all points, and possessed of vast wealth. There was nothing he would not gladly have done to harm me, but he made no open demonstration of his mind. He was grave, and of a noble presence, and spoke slowly, at his ease. To another gentleman, Monsignor di Marmagna, the treasurer of Languedoc, he left the duty of molesting me.[2] The first thing which this man did was to look out the best apartments in the castle, and to have them fitted up for himself. I told him that the King had given me the place to serve him in, and that I did not choose it should be occupied by any but myself and my attendants. The fellow, who was haughty, bold, and spirited, replied that he meant to do just what he liked; that I should run my head against a wall if I presumed to oppose him, and that Villerois had given him authority to do what he was doing. I told him that, by the King's authority given to me, neither he nor Villerois could do it. When I said that he gave vent to offensive language in French, whereat I retorted in my own tongue that he lied. Stung with rage, he clapped his hand upon a little dagger which he had; then I set my hand also to a large dirk which I always wore for my defence, and

[1] M. Nicholas de Neufville, lord of Villeroy.
[2] François l'Allemand, Seigneur de Marmagne.

cried out: "If you dare to draw, I'll kill you on the spot." He had two servants to back him, and I had my two lads. For a moment or two Marmagna stood in doubt, not knowing exactly what to do, but rather inclined to mischief, and muttering: "I will never put up with such insults." Seeing then that the affair was taking a bad turn, I took a sudden resolution, and cried to Pagolo and Ascanio: "When you see me draw my dirk, throw yourselves upon those servingmen, and kill them if you can; I mean to kill this fellow at the first stroke, and then we will decamp together, with God's grace." Marmagna, when he understood my purpose, was glad enough to get alive out of the castle.

All these things, toning them down a trifle, I wrote to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who related them at once to the King. The King, deeply irritated, committed me to the care of another officer of his bodyguard who was named Monsignor lo Isconcro d'Orbech.[8] By him I was accommodated with all that I required in the most gracious way imaginable.

XIV

After fitting up my own lodgings in the castle and the workshop with all conveniences for carrying on my business, and putting my household upon a most respectable footing, I began at once to construct three models exactly of the size which the silver statues were to be. These were Jupiter, Vulcan and Mars. I moulded them in clay, and set them well up on irons; then I went to the King, who disbursed three hundred pounds weight of silver, if I remember rightly, for the commencement of the undertaking. While I was getting these things ready, we brought the little vase and oval basin to completion, which had been several months in hand. Then I had them richly gilt, and they showed like the finest piece of plate which had been seen in France.

Afterwards I took them to the Cardinal, who thanked me greatly; and, without requesting my attendance, carried and presented them to the King. He was delighted with the gift, and praised me as no artist was ever praised before. In return, he bestowed upon the Cardinal an abbey worth seven

[8] Le Vicomte d'Orbec. It seems that by *Iscontro* Cellini meant Viscount.

thousand crowns a year, and expressed his intention of rewarding me too. The Cardinal, however, prevented him, telling his Majesty that he was going ahead too fast, since I had as yet produced nothing for him. The King, who was exceedingly generous, replied: "For that very reason will I put heart and hope into him." The Cardinal, ashamed at his own meanness, said: "Sire, I beg you to leave that to me; I will allow him a pension of at least three hundred crowns when I have taken possession of the abbey." He never gave me anything; and it would be tedious to relate all the knavish tricks of this prelate. I prefer to dwell on matters of greater moment.

XV

When I returned to Paris, the great favour shown me by the King made me a mark for all men's admiration. I received the silver and began my statue of Jupiter. Many journeymen were now in my employ; and the work went onward briskly day and night; so that, by the time I had finished the clay models of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and had begun to get the silver statue forward, my workshop made already a grand show.

The King now came to Paris, and I went to pay him my respects. No sooner had his Majesty set eyes upon me than he called me cheerfully, and asked if I had something fine to exhibit at my lodging, for he would come to inspect it. I related all I had been doing; upon which he was seized with a strong desire to come. Accordingly, after his dinner, he set off with Madame de Tampes, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and some other of his greatest nobles, among whom were the King of Navarre, his cousin, and the Queen, his sister; the Dauphin and Dauphiness also attended him; so that upon that day the very flower of the French court came to visit me.[1] I had been some time at home, and was hard at work. When the King arrived at the door of the castle, and heard our hammers going, he bade his company keep silence.

[1] These personages were Madame d'Etampes, the King's mistress; John of Lorraine, son of Duke Renée II., who was made Cardinal in 1518; Henri d'Albret II. and Marguerite de Valois, his wife; the Dauphin, afterwards Henri II., and his wife, the celebrated Caterina de' Medici, daughter of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino.

Everybody in my house was busily employed, so that the unexpected entrance of his Majesty took me by surprise. The first thing he saw on coming into the great hall was myself with a huge plate of silver in my hand, which I was beating for the body of my Jupiter; one of my men was finishing the head, another the legs; and it is easy to imagine what a din we made between us. It happened that a little French lad was working at my side, who had just been guilty of some trifling blunder. I gave the lad a kick, and, as my good luck would have it, caught him with my foot exactly in the fork between his legs, and sent him spinning several yards, so that he came stumbling up against the King precisely at the moment when his Majesty arrived. The King was vastly amused, but I felt covered with confusion. He began to ask me what I was engaged upon, and told me to go on working; then he said that he would much rather have me not employ my strength on manual labour, but take as many men as I wanted, and make them do the rough work; he should like me to keep myself in health, in order that he might enjoy my services through many years to come. I replied to his Majesty that the moment I left off working I should fall ill; also that my art itself would suffer, and not attain the mark I aimed at for his Majesty. Thinking that I spoke thus only to brag, and not because it was the truth, he made the Cardinal of Lorraine repeat what he had said; but I explained my reasons so fully and clearly, that the Cardinal perceived my drift; he then advised the King to let me labour as much or little as I liked.

XVI

Being very well satisfied with what he had seen, the King returned to his palace, after bestowing on me too many marks of favour to be here recorded. On the following day he sent for me at his dinner-hour. The Cardinal of Ferrara was there at meat with him. When I arrived, the King had reached his second course; he began at once to speak to me, saying, with a pleasant cheer, that having now so fine a basin and jug of my workmanship, he wanted an equally handsome salt-cellar to match them; and begged me to make

a design, and to lose no time about it. I replied: "Your Majesty shall see a model of the sort even sooner than you have commanded; for while I was making the basin, I thought there ought to be a salt-cellar to match it; therefore I have already designed one, and if it is your pleasure, I will at once exhibit my conception." The King turned with a lively movement of surprise and pleasure to the lords in his company—they were the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Cardinal of Ferrara—exclaiming as he did so: "Upon my word, this is a man to be loved and cherished by every one who knows him." Then he told me that he would very gladly see my model.

I set off, and returned in a few minutes; for I had only to cross the river, that is, the Seine. I carried with me the wax model which I had made in Rome at the Cardinal of Ferrara's request. When I appeared again before the King and uncovered my piece, he cried out in astonishment: "This is a hundred times more divine a thing than I had ever dreamed of. What a miracle of a man! He ought never to stop working." Then he turned to me with a beaming countenance, and told me that he greatly liked the piece, and wished me to execute it in gold. The Cardinal of Ferrara looked me in the face, and let me understand that he recognised the model as the same which I had made for him in Rome. I replied that I had already told him I should carry it out for one who was worthy of it. The Cardinal, remembering my words, and nettled by the revenge he thought that I was taking on him, remarked to the King: "Sire, this is an enormous undertaking; I am only afraid that we shall never see it finished. These able artists who have great conceptions in their brain are ready enough to put the same in execution without duly considering when they are to be accomplished. I therefore, if I gave commission for things of such magnitude, should like to know when I was likely to get them." The King replied that if a man was so scrupulous about the termination of a work, he would never begin anything at all; these words he uttered with a certain look, which implied that such enterprises were not for folk of little spirit. I then began to say my say: "Princes who put heart and courage in their servants, as your Majesty does

by deed and word, render undertakings of the greatest magnitude quite easy. Now that God has sent me so magnificent a patron, I hope to perform for him a multitude of great and splendid master-pieces." "I believe it," said the King, and rose from table. Then he called me into his chamber, and asked me how much gold was wanted for the salt-cellar. "A thousand crowns," I answered. He called his treasurer at once, who was the Viscount of Orbec, and ordered him that very day to disburse to me a thousand crowns of good weight and old gold.

When I left his Majesty, I went for the two notaries who had helped me in procuring silver for the Jupiter and many other things. Crossing the Seine, I then took a small hand-basket, which one of my cousins, a nun, had given me on my journey through Florence. It made for my good fortune that I took this basket and not a bag. So then, thinking I could do the business by daylight, for it was still early, and not caring to interrupt my workmen, and being indisposed to take a servant with me, I set off alone. When I reached the house of the treasurer, I found that he had the money laid out before him, and was selecting the best pieces as the King had ordered. It seemed to me, however, that that thief of a treasurer was doing all he could to postpone the payment of the money; nor were the pieces counted out until three hours after nightfall.

I meanwhile was not wanting in despatch, for I sent word to several of my journeymen that they should come and attend me, since the matter was one of serious importance. When I found that they did not arrive, I asked the messenger if he had done my errand. The rascal of a groom whom I had sent replied that he had done so, but that they had answered that they could not come; he, however, would gladly carry the money for me. I answered that I meant to carry the money myself. By this time the contract was drawn up and signed. On the money being counted, I put it all into my little basket, and then thrust my arm through the two handles. Since I did this with some difficulty, the gold was well shut in, and I carried it more conveniently than if the vehicle had been a bag. I was well armed with shirt and sleeves of mail, and having my sword and dagger at my

side, made off along the street as quick as my two legs would carry me.

XVII

Just as I left the house, I observed some servants whispering among themselves, who also went off at a round pace in another direction from the one I took. Walking with all haste, I passed the bridge of the Exchange,[1] and went up along a wall beside the river which led to my lodging in the castle. I had just come to the Augustines—now this was a very perilous passage, and though it was only five hundred paces distant from my dwelling, yet the lodging in the castle being quite as far removed inside, no one could have heard my voice if I had shouted—when I saw four men with four swords in their hands advancing to attack me.[2] My resolution was taken in an instant. I covered the basket with my cape, drew my sword, and seeing that they were pushing hotly forward, cried aloud: "With soldiers there is only the cape and sword to gain; and these, before I give them up, I hope you'll get not much to your advantage." Then crossing my sword boldly with them, I more than once spread out my arms, in order that, if the ruffians were put on by the servants who had seen me take my money, they might be led to judge I was not carrying it. The encounter was soon over; for they retired step by step, saying among themselves in their own language: "This is a brave Italian, and certainly not the man we are after; or if he be the man, he cannot be carrying anything." I spoke Italian, and kept harrying them with thrust and slash so hotly that I narrowly missed killing one or the other. My skill in using the sword made them think I was a soldier rather than a fellow of some other calling. They drew together and began to fall back, muttering all the while beneath their breath in their own tongue. I meanwhile continued always calling out, but not too loudly, that those who wanted my cape and blade would have to get them with some trouble. Then I quickened pace, while they still followed slowly at my heels; this augmented my fear,

[1] The Pont du Change, replaced by the Pont Neuf.
[2] The excitement of his recollection makes Cellini more than usually incoherent about this episode. The translator has to collect the whole sense of the passage.

for I thought I might be falling into an ambuscade, which would have cut me off in front as well as rear. Accordingly, when I was at the distance of a hundred paces from my home, I ran with all my might, and shouted at the top of my voice: "To arms, to arms! out with you, out with you! I am being murdered." In a moment four of my young men came running, with four pikes in their hands. They wanted to pursue the ruffians, who could still be seen; but I stopped them, calling back so as to let the villains hear: "Those cowards yonder, four against one man alone, had not pluck enough to capture a thousand golden crowns in metal, which have almost broken this arm of mine. Let us haste inside and put the money away; then I will take my big two-handed sword, and go with you whithersoever you like." We went inside to secure the gold; and my lads, while expressing deep concern for the peril I had run, gently chided me, and said: "You risk yourself too much alone; the time will come when you will make us all bemoan your loss." A thousand words and exclamations were exchanged between us; my adversaries took to flight; and we all sat down and supped together with mirth and gladness, laughing over those great blows which fortune strikes, for good as well as evil, and which, what time they do not hit the mark, are just the same as though they had not happened.[3] It is very true that one says to oneself: "You will have had a lesson for next time." But that is not the case; for fortune always comes upon us in new ways, quite unforeseen by our imagination.

XVIII

On the morning which followed these events, I made the first step in my work upon the great salt-cellar, pressing this and my other pieces forward with incessant industry. My workpeople at this time, who were pretty numerous, included both sculptors and goldsmiths. They belonged to several nations, Italian, French, and German; for I took the best I could find, and changed them often, retaining only those who knew their business well. These select craftsmen

[3] Cellini's philosophy is summed up in the proverb: "A miss is as good as a mile."

I worked to the bone with perpetual labour. They wanted to rival me; but I had a better constitution. Consequently, in their inability to bear up against such a continuous strain, they took to eating and drinking copiously, some of the Germans in particular, who were more skilled than their comrades, and wanted to march apace with me, sank under these excesses, and perished.

While I was at work upon the Jupiter, I noticed that I had plenty of silver to spare. So I took in hand, without consulting the King, to make a great two-handled vase, about one cubit and a half in height. I also conceived the notion of casting the large model of my Jupiter in bronze. Having up to this date done nothing of the sort, I conferred with certain old men experienced in that art at Paris, and described to them the methods in use with us in Italy. They told me they had never gone that way about the business; but that if I gave them leave to act upon their own principles, they would bring the bronze out as clean and perfect as the clay. I chose to strike an agreement, throwing on them the responsibility, and promising several crowns above the price they bargained for. Thereupon they put the work in progress; but I soon saw that they were going the wrong way about it, and began on my own account a head of Julius Cæsar, bust and armour, much larger than the life, which I modelled from a reduced copy of a splendid antique portrait I had brought with me from Rome. I also undertook another head of the same size, studied from a very handsome girl, whom I kept for my own pleasures. I called this Fontainebleau, after the place selected by the King for his particular delight.

We constructed an admirable little furnace for the casting of the bronze, got all things ready, and baked our moulds; those French masters undertaking the Jupiter, while I looked after my two heads. Then I said: "I do not think you will succeed with your Jupiter, because you have not provided sufficient vents beneath for the air to circulate; therefore you are but losing your time and trouble." They replied that, if their work proved a failure, they would pay back the money I had given on account, and recoup me for current expenses; but they bade me give good heed to my own

proceedings,[1] for the fine heads I meant to cast in my Italian fashion would never succeed.

At this dispute between us there were present the treasurers and other gentlefolk commissioned by the King to superintend my proceedings. Everything which passed by word or act was duly reported to his Majesty. The two old men who had undertaken to cast my Jupiter postponed the experiment, saying they would like to arrange the moulds of my two heads. They argued that, according to my method, no success could be expected, and it was a pity to waste such fine models. When the King was informed of this, he sent word that they should give their minds to learning, and not try to teach their master.

So then they put their own piece into the furnace with much laughter; while I, maintaining a firm carriage, showing neither mirth nor anger (though I felt it), placed my two heads, one on each side of the Jupiter. The metal came all right to melting, and we let it in with joy and gladness; it filled the mould of the Jupiter most admirably, and at the same time my two heads. This furnished them with matter for rejoicing and me with satisfaction; for I was not sorry to have predicted wrongly of their work, and they made as though they were delighted to have been mistaken about mine. Then, as the custom in France is, they asked to drink, in high good spirits. I was very willing, and ordered a handsome collation for their entertainment. When this was over, they requested me to pay the money due to them and the surplus I had promised. I replied: "You have been laughing over what, I fear, may make you weep. On reflection, it seems to me that too much metal flowed into your mould. Therefore I shall wait until to-morrow before I disburse more money." The poor fellows swallowed my words and chewed the cud of them; then they went home without further argument.

At daybreak they began, quite quietly, to break into the pit of the furnace. They could not uncover their large mould until they had extracted my two heads; these were in excellent condition, and they placed them where they could be

[1] *Ma che io guardassi bene, che, &c.* This is perhaps: *but they bade me note well that.*

well seen. When they came to Jupiter, and had dug but scarcely two cubits, they sent up such a yell, they and their four workmen, that it woke me up. Fancying it was a shout of triumph, I set off running, for my bedroom was at the distance of more than five hundred paces. On reaching the spot, I found them looking like the guardians of Christ's sepulchre in a picture, downcast and terrified. Casting a hasty glance upon my two heads, and seeing they were all right, I tempered my annoyance with the pleasure that sight gave me. Then they began to make excuses, crying: "Our bad luck!" I retorted: "Your luck has been most excellent, but what has been indeed bad is your deficiency of knowledge; had I only seen you put the soul[2] into your mould, I could have taught you with one word how to cast the figure without fault. This would have brought me great honour and you much profit. I shall be able to make good my reputation; but you will now lose both your honour and your profit. Let then this lesson teach you another time to work, and not to poke fun at your masters."

They prayed me to have pity on them, confessing I was right, but pleading that, unless I helped them, the costs they had to bear and the loss they had sustained would turn them and their families upon the streets a-begging. I answered that if the King's treasurers obliged them to pay according to their contract, I would defray the cost out of my own purse, because I saw that they had honestly and heartily performed their task according to their knowledge. This way of mine in dealing with them raised the good-will of the King's treasurers and other officers toward me to a pitch which cannot be described. The whole affair was written to his Majesty, who being without a paragon for generosity, gave directions that all I ordered in this matter should be done.

XIX

About this time the illustrious soldier Piero Strozzi arrived in France, and reminded the King that he had promised him letters of naturalisation. These were accordingly made out;

[2] I have here translated the Italian *anima* literally by the English word *soul*. It is a technical expression, signifying the block, somewhat smaller than the mould, which bronze-founders insert in order to obtain a hollow, and not a solid cast from the mould which gives form to their liquid metal.

and at the same time the King said: "Let them be also given to Benvenuto, *mon ami,* and take them immediately to his house, and let him have them without the payment of any fees." Those of the great Strozzi[1] cost him several hundred ducats: mine were brought me by one of the King's chief secretaries, Messer Antonio Massone.[2] This gentleman presented them with many expressions of kindness from his Majesty, saying: "The King makes you a gift of these, in order that you may be encouraged to serve him; they are letters of naturalisation." Then he told me how they had been given to Piero Strozzi at his particular request, and only after a long time of waiting, as a special mark of favour; the King had sent mine of his own accord, and such an act of grace had never been heard of in that realm before. When I heard these words, I thanked his Majesty with heartiness; but I begged the secretary to have the kindness to tell me what letters of naturalisation meant. He was a man accomplished and polite, who spoke Italian excellently. At first my question made him laugh; then he recovered his gravity, and told me in my own language what the papers signified, adding that they conferred one of the highest dignities a foreigner could obtain: "indeed, it is a far greater honour than to be made a nobleman of Venice."

When he left me, he returned and told his Majesty, who laughed awhile, and then said: "Now I wish him to know my object in sending those letters of naturalisation. Go and install him lord of the castle of the Little Nello, where he lives, and which is a part of my demesne. He will know what that means better than he understood about the letters of naturalisation." A messenger brought me the patent, upon which I wanted to give him a gratuity. He refused to accept it, saying that his Majesty had so ordered. These letters of naturalisation, together with the patent for the castle, I brought with me when I returned to Italy; wherever I go and wherever I may end my days, I shall endeavour to preserve them.[3]

[1] Piero was the son of Filippo Strozzi, and the general who lost the battle of Montemurlo, so disastrous to the Florentine exiles, in 1537.

[2] Antoine le Maçon, secretary to Margaret of Navarre. He translated the *Decameron* at her instance into French.

[3] The letter of naturalisation exists. See *Bianchi,* p. 583. For the grant of the castle, see *ibid.,* p. 585.

XX

I shall now proceed with the narration of my life. I had on hand the following works already mentioned, namely, the silver Jupiter, the golden salt-cellar, the great silver vase, and the two bronze heads. I also began to cast the pedestal for Jupiter, which I wrought very richly in bronze, covered with ornaments, among which was a bas-relief, representing the rape of Ganymede, and on the other side Leda and the Swan. On casting this piece it came out admirably. I also made another pedestal of the same sort for the statue of Juno, intending to begin that too, if the King gave me silver for the purpose. By working briskly I had put together the silver Jupiter and the golden salt-cellar; the vase was far advanced; the two bronze heads were finished. I had also made several little things for the Cardinal of Ferrara, and a small silver vase of rich workmanship, which I meant to present to Madame d'Etampes. Several Italian noblemen, to wit, Signor Piero Strozzi, the Count of Anguillara, the Count of Pitigliano, the Count of Mirandola, and many others, gave me employment also.[1]

For my great King, as I have said, I had been working strenuously, and the third day after he returned to Paris, he came to my house, attended by a crowd of his chief nobles. He marvelled to find how many pieces I had advanced, and with what excellent results. His mistress, Madame d'Etampes, being with him, they began to talk of Fontainebleau. She told his Majesty he ought to commission me to execute something beautiful for the decoration of his favourite residence. He answered on the instant: "You say well, and here upon the spot I will make up my mind what I mean him to do." Then he turned to me, and asked me what I thought would be appropriate for that beautiful fountain.[2] I suggested several ideas, and his Majesty expressed his own opinion. Afterwards he said that he was going to spend

[1] Anguillara and Pitigliano were fiefs of two separate branches of the Orsini family. The house of Pico lost their lordship of Mirandola in 1536, when Galeotto Pico took refuge with his sons in France. His descendants renewed their hold upon the fief, which was erected into a duchy in 1619.

[2] *Per quella bella fonte.* Here, and below, Cellini mixes up Fontainebleau and the spring which gave its name to the place.

fifteen or twenty days at San Germano del Aia,[2] a place twelve leagues distant from Paris; during his absence he wished me to make a model for that fair fountain of his in the richest style I could invent, seeing he delighted in that residence more than in anything else in his whole realm. Accordingly he commanded and besought me to do my utmost to produce something really beautiful; and I promised that I would do so.

When the King saw so many finished things before him, he exclaimed to Madame d'Etampes: "I never had an artist who pleased me more, nor one who deserved better to be well rewarded; we must contrive to keep him with us. He spends freely, is a boon companion, and works hard; we must therefore take good thought for him. Only think, madam, all the times that he has come to me or that I have come to him, he has never once asked for anything; one can see that his heart is entirely devoted to his work. We ought to make a point of doing something for him quickly, else we run a risk of losing him." Madame d'Etampes answered: "I will be sure to remind you." Then they departed, and in addition to the things I had begun, I now took the model of the fountain in hand, at which I worked assiduously.

XXI

At the end of a month and a half the King returned to Paris; and I, who had been working day and night, went to present myself before him, taking my model, so well blocked out that my intention could be clearly understood. Just about that time, the devilries of war between the Emperor and King had been stirred up again, so that I found him much harassed by anxieties.[1] I spoke, however, with the Cardinal of Ferrara, saying I had brought some models which his Majesty had ordered, and begging him, if he found an opportunity, to put in a word whereby I might be able to exhibit them; the King, I thought, would take much pleasure in their sight. This the Cardinal did; and no sooner had he spoken of the models, than the King came to the place where I had set them up. The first of

[2] S. Germain-en-Laye is not so far from Paris as Cellini thought.
[1] Cellini refers to the renewal of hostilities in May 1542.

these was intended for the door of the palace at Fontainebleau. I had been obliged to make some alterations in the architecture of this door, which was wide and low, in their vicious French style. The opening was very nearly square, and above it was a hemicycle, flattened like the handle of a basket; here the King wanted a figure placed to represent the genius of Fontainebleau. I corrected the proportions of the doorway, and placed above it an exact half circle; at the sides I introduced projections, with socles and cornices properly corresponding: then, instead of the columns demanded by this disposition of parts, I fashioned two satyrs, one upon each side. The first of these was in somewhat more than half-relief, lifting one hand to support the cornice, and holding a thick club in the other; his face was fiery and menacing, instilling fear into the beholders. The other had the same posture of support; but I varied his features and some other details; in his hand, for instance, he held a lash with three balls attached to chains. Though I call them satyrs, they showed nothing of the satyr except little horns and a goatish head; all the rest of their form was human. In the lunette above I placed a female figure lying in an attitude of noble grace; she rested her left arm on a stag's neck, this animal being one of the King's emblems. On one side I worked little fawns in half relief, with some wild boars and other game in lower relief; on the other side were hounds and divers dogs of the chase of several species, such as may be seen in that fair forest where the fountain springs. The whole of this composition was enclosed in an oblong, each angle of which contained a Victory in bas-relief, holding torches after the manner of the ancients. Above the oblong was a salamander, the King's particular device, with many other ornaments appropriate to the Ionic architecture of the whole design.

XXII

When the King had seen this model, it restored him to cheerfulness, and distracted his mind from the fatiguing debates he had been holding during the past two hours. Seeing him cheerful as I wished, I uncovered the other

model, which he was far from expecting, since he not unreasonably judged that the first had work in it enough. This one was a little higher than two cubits; it figured a fountain shaped in a perfect square, with handsome steps all round, intersecting each other in a way which was unknown in France, and is indeed very uncommon in Italy. In the middle of the fountain I set a pedestal, projecting somewhat above the margin of the basin, and upon this a nude male figure, of the right proportion to the whole design, and of a very graceful form. In his right hand he raised a broken lance on high; his left hand rested on a scimitar; he was poised upon the left foot, the right being supported by a helmet of the richest imaginable workmanship. At each of the four angles of the fountain a figure was sitting, raised above the level of the base, and accompanied by many beautiful and appropriate emblems.

The King began by asking me what I meant to represent by the fine fancy I had embodied in this design, saying that he had understood the door without explanation, but that he could not take the conception of my fountain, although it seemed to him most beautiful; at the same time, he knew well that I was not like those foolish folk who turn out something with a kind of grace, but put no intention into their performances. I then addressed myself to the task of exposition; for having succeeded in pleasing him with my work, I wanted him to be no less pleased with my discourse. "Let me inform your sacred Majesty," I thus began, "that the whole of this model is so exactly made to scale, that if it should come to being executed in the large, none of its grace and lightness will be sacrificed. The figure in the middle is meant to stand fifty-four feet above the level of the ground." At this announcement the King made a sign of surprise. "It is, moreover, intended to represent the god Mars. The other figures embody those arts and sciences in which your Majesty takes pleasure, and which you so generously patronise. This one, upon the right hand, is designed for Learning; you will observe that the accompanying emblems indicate Philosophy, and her attendant branches of knowledge. By the next I wished to personify the whole Art of Design, including Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture.

The third is Music, which cannot be omitted from the sphere of intellectual culture. That other, with so gracious and benign a mien, stands for Generosity, lacking which the mental gifts bestowed on us by God will not be brought to view. I have attempted to portray your Majesty, your very self, in the great central statue; for you are truly a god Mars, the only brave upon this globe, and all your bravery you use with justice and with piety in the defence of your own glory." Scarcely had he allowed me to finish this oration, when he broke forth with a strong voice: "Verily I have found a man here after my own heart." Then he called the treasurers who were appointed for my supplies, and told them to disburse whatever I required, let the cost be what it might. Next, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, saying: "*Mon ami* (which is the same as *my friend*), I know not whether the pleasure be greater for the prince who finds a man after his own heart, or for the artist who finds a prince willing to furnish him with means for carrying out his great ideas." I answered that, if I was really the man his Majesty described, my good fortune was by far the greater. He answered laughingly: "Let us agree, then, that our luck is equal!" Then I departed in the highest spirits, and went back to my work.

XXIII

My ill-luck willed that I was not wide-awake enough to play the like comedy with Madame d'Etampes. That evening, when she heard the whole course of events from the King's own lips, it bred such poisonous fury in her breast that she exclaimed with anger: "If Benvenuto had shown me those fine things of his, he would have given me some reason to be mindful of him at the proper moment." The King sought to excuse me, but he made no impression on her temper. Being informed of what had passed, I waited fifteen days, during which they made a tour through Normandy, visiting Rouen and Dieppe; then, when they returned to S. Germain-en-Laye, I took the handsome little vase which I had made at the request of Madame d'Etampes, hoping, if I gave it her, to recover the favour I had lost.

With this in my hand, then, I announced my presence to her nurse, and showed the gift which I had brought her mistress; the woman received me with demonstrations of good-will, and said that she would speak a word to Madame, who was still engaged upon her toilette; I should be admitted on the instant, when she had discharged her embassy. The nurse made her report in full to Madame, who retorted scornfully: "Tell him to wait." On hearing this, I clothed myself with patience, which of all things I find the most difficult. Nevertheless, I kept myself under control until the hour for dinner was past. Then, seeing that time dragged on, and being maddened by hunger, I could no longer hold out, but flung off, sending her most devoutly to the devil.

I next betook myself to the Cardinal of Lorraine, and made him a present of the vase, only petitioning his Eminence to maintain me in the King's good graces. He said there was no need for this; and if there were need he would gladly speak for me. Then he called his treasurer, and whispered a few words in his ear. The treasurer waited till I took my leave of the Cardinal; after which he said to me: "Benvenuto, come with me, and I will give you a glass of good wine to drink." I answered, not understanding what he meant: "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Treasurer, let me have but one glass of wine and a mouthful of bread; for I am really fainting for want of food. I have fasted since early this morning up to the present moment, at the door of Madame d'Etampes; I went to give her that fine piece of silver-gilt plate, and took pains that she would be informed of my intention; but she, with the mere petty will to vex me, bade me wait; now I am famished, and feel my forces failing; and, as God willed it, I have bestowed my gift and labour upon one who is far more worthy of them. I only crave of you something to drink; for being rather too bilious by nature, fast upsets me so that I run the risk now of falling from exhaustion to the earth." While I was pumping out these words with difficulty, they brought some admirable wine and other delicacies for a hearty meal. I refreshed myself, and having recovered my vital spirits, found that my exasperation had departed from me.

The good treasurer handed me a hundred crowns in gold. I sturdily refused to accept them. He reported this to the Cardinal, who swore at him, and told him to make me take the money by force, and not to show himself again till he had done so. The treasurer returned, much irritated, saying he had never been so scolded before by the Cardinal; but when he pressed the crowns upon me, I still offered some resistance. Then, quite angry, he said he would use force to make me take them. So I accepted the money. When I wanted to thank the Cardinal in person, he sent word by one of his secretaries that he would gladly do me a service whenever the occasion offered. I returned the same evening to Paris. The King heard the whole history, and Madame d'Etampes was well laughed at in their company. This increased her animosity against me, and led to an attack upon my life, of which I shall speak in the proper time and place.

XXIV

Far back in my autobiography I ought to have recorded the friendship which I won with the most cultivated, the most affectionate, and the most companionable man of worth I ever knew in this world. He was Messer Guido Guidi, an able physician and doctor of medicine, and a nobleman of Florence.[1] The infinite troubles brought upon me by my evil fortune caused me to omit the mention of him at an earlier date; and though my remembrance may be but a trifle, I deemed it sufficient to keep him always in my heart. Yet, finding that the drama of my life requires his presence, I shall introduce him here at the moment of my greatest trials, in order that, as he was then my comfort and support, I may now recall to memory the good he did me.[2]

Well, then, Messer Guido came to Paris; and not long after making his acquaintance, I took him to my castle, and there assigned him his own suite of apartments. We enjoyed our lives together in that place for several years. The

[1] Son of Giuliano Guidi and Costanza, a daughter of Domenico Ghirlandajo. François I. sent for him some time before 1542, appointed him his own physician, and professor of medicine in the Royal College. He returned to Florence in 1548.

[2] *Qui mi faccia memoria di quel bene.* This is obscure. *Quel bene* may mean *the happiness of his friendship.*

Bishop of Pavia, that is to say, Monsignore de' Rossi, brother of the Count of San Secondo, also arrived.[2] This gentleman I removed from his hotel, and took him to my castle, assigning him in like manner his own suite of apartments, where he sojourned many months with serving-men and horses. On another occasion I lodged Messer Luigi Alamanni and his sons for some months. It was indeed God's grace to me that I should thus, in my poor station, be able to render services to men of great position and acquirements.

But to return to Messer Guido. We enjoyed our mutual friendship during all the years I stayed in Paris, and often did we exult together on being able to advance in art and knowledge at the cost of that so great and admirable prince, our patron, each in his own branch of industry. I can indeed, and with good conscience, affirm that all I am, whatever of good and beautiful I have produced, all this must be ascribed to that extraordinary monarch. So, then, I will resume the thread of my discourse concerning him and the great things I wrought for him.

XXV

I had a tennis-court in my castle, from which I drew considerable profit. The building also contained some little dwellings inhabited by different sorts of men, among whom was a printer of books of much excellence in his own trade. Nearly the whole of his premises lay inside the castle, and he was the man who printed Messer Guido's first fine book on medicine.[1] Wanting to make use of his lodging, I turned him out, but not without some trouble. There was also a manufacturer of saltpetre; and when I wished to assign his apartments to some of my German workmen, the fellow refused to leave the place. I asked him over and over again in gentle terms to give me up my rooms, because I wanted to employ them for my workpeople in the service of the

[2] We have already met with him in the Castle of S. Angelo. His brother, the Count, was general in the French army. This brought the Bishop to Paris, whence he returned to Italy in 1545.

[1] *Chirurgia e Græco in Latinum Conversa, Vido Vidio Florentino interprete, &c. Excudebat Petrus Galterius Lutetiæ Parisiorum, prid. Cal. Mai.* 1544. So this printer was Pierre Sauthier.

King. The more moderately I spoke, the more arrogantly did the brute reply; till at last I gave him three days' notice to quit. He laughed me in the face, and said that he would begin to think of it at the end of three years. I had not then learned that he was under the protection of Madame d'Etampes; but had it not been that the terms on which I stood toward that lady made me a little more circumspect than I was wont to be, I should have ousted him at once; now, however, I thought it best to keep my temper for three days. When the term was over, I said nothing, but took Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen, bearing arms, and many hand-labourers whom I had in my employ, and in a short while gutted all his house and flung his property outside my castle. I resorted to these somewhat rigorous measures because he had told me that no Italian whom he knew of had the power or spirit to remove one ring of iron from its place in his house. Well, after the deed was done, he came to find me, and I said to him: "I am the least of all Italians in Italy, and yet I have done nothing to you in comparison with what I have the heart to do, and will do if you utter a single further word," adding other terms of menace and abuse. The man, dumbfounded and affrighted, got his furniture together as well as he was able; then he ran off to Madame d'Etampes, and painted a picture of me like the very fiend. She being my great enemy, painted my portrait still blacker to the King, with all her greater eloquence and all her greater weight of influence. As I was afterwards informed, his Majesty twice showed signs of irritation and was minded to use me roughly: but Henry the Dauphin, his son, now King of France, who had received some affronts from that imperious woman, together with the Queen of Navarre, sister to King Francis, espoused my cause so cleverly that he passed the matter over with a laugh. So with God's assistance I escaped from a great danger.

XXVI

I had to deal in like manner with another fellow, but I did not ruin his house; I only threw all his furniture out of doors. This time Madame d'Etampes had the insolence to

tell the King: "I believe that devil will sack Paris one of these days." The King answered with some anger that I was only quite right to defend myself from the low rabble who put obstacles in the way of my serving him.

The rage of this vindictive woman kept continually on the increase. She sent for a painter who was established at Fontainebleau, where the King resided nearly all his time. The painter was an Italian and a Bolognese, known then as Il Bologna; his right name, however, was Francesco Primaticcio.[1] Madame d'Etampes advised him to beg that commission for the fountain which his Majesty had given me, adding that she would support him with all her ability; and upon this they agreed. Bologna was in an ecstasy of happiness, and thought himself sure of the affair, although such things were not in his line of art. He was, however, an excellent master of design, and had collected round him a troop of work-people formed in the school of Rosso, our Florentine painter, who was undoubtedly an artist of extraordinary merit; his own best qualities indeed were derived from the admirable manner of Rosso, who by this time had died.

These ingenious arguments, and the weighty influence of Madame d'Etampes, prevailed with the King; for they kept hammering at him night and day, Madame at one time, and Bologna at another. What worked most upon his mind was that both of them combined to speak as follows: "How is it possible, sacred Majesty, that Benvenuto should accomplish the twelve silver statues which you want? He has not finished one of them yet. If you employ him on so great an undertaking, you will, of necessity, deprive yourself of those other things on which your heart is set. A hundred of the ablest craftsmen could not complete so many great works as this one able man has taken in hand to do. One can see clearly that he has a passion for labour; but this ardent temper will be the cause of your Majesty's losing both him and his masterpieces at the same moment." By insinuating these and other suggestions of the same sort at a favourable opportunity, the King consented to their petition; and yet

[1] Primaticcio, together with Rosso, introduced Italian painting into France. Vasari says he came to Paris in 1541. He died in 1570. He was, like many other of the Lombard artists, an excellent master of stucco.

Bologna had at this time produced neither designs nor models for the fountain.

XXVII

It happened that just at this period an action was brought against me in Paris by the second lodger I had ousted from my castle, who pretended that on that occasion I had stolen a large quantity of his effects. This lawsuit tormented me beyond measure, and took up so much of my time that I often thought of decamping in despair from the country. Now the French are in the habit of making much capital out of any action they commence against a foreigner, or against such persons as they notice to be indolent in litigation. No sooner do they observe that they are getting some advantage in the suit, than they find the means to sell it; some have even been known to give a lawsuit in dowry with their daughters to men who make a business out of such transactions. They have another ugly custom, which is that the Normans, nearly all of them, traffic in false evidence; so that the men who buy up lawsuits, engage at once the services of four or six of these false witnesses, according to their need; their adversary, if he neglect to produce as many on the other side, being perhaps unacquainted with the custom, is certain to have the verdict given against him.

All this happened in my case, and thinking it a most disgraceful breach of justice, I made my appearance in the great hall of Paris, to defend my right. There I saw a judge, lieutenant for the King in civil causes, enthroned upon a high tribunal. He was tall, stout, and fat, and of an extremely severe countenance. All round him on each side stood a crowd of solicitors and advocates, ranged upon the right hand and the left. Others were coming, one by one, to explain their several causes to the judge. From time to time, too, I noticed that the attorneys at the side of the tribunal talked all at once: and much admiration was roused in me by that extraordinary man, the very image of Pluto, who listened with marked attention first to one and then to the other, answering each with learning and sagacity. I have always delighted in watching and experiencing

every kind of skill; so I would not have lost this spectacle for much. It happened that the hall being very large, and filled with a multitude of folk, they were strict in excluding every one who had no business there, and kept the door shut with a guard to hold it. Sometimes the guardian, in his effort to prevent the entrance of some improper person, interrupted the judge by the great noise he made, and the judge in anger turned to chide him. This happened frequently, so that my attention was directed to the fact. On one occasion, when two gentlemen were pushing their way in as spectators, and the porter was opposing them with violence, the judge raised his voice, and spoke the following words precisely as I heard them: "Keep peace, Satan, begone, and hold your tongue."[1] These words in the French tongue sound as follows: *Phe phe, Satan, Phe Phe, alé, phe!*" Now I had learned the French tongue well; and on hearing this sentence, the meaning of that phrase used by Dante came into my memory, when he and his master Virgil entered the doors of Hell. Dante and the painter Giotto were together in France, and particularly in the city of Paris, where, owing to the circumstances I have just described, the hall of justice may be truly called a hell. Dante then, who also understood French well, made use of the phrase in question, and it has struck me as singular that this interpretation has never yet been put upon the passage; indeed, it confirms my opinion that the commentators make him say things which never came into his head.

XXVIII

Well, then, to return to my affairs. When certain decisions of the court were sent me by those lawyers, and I perceived that my cause had been unjustly lost, I had recourse for my defence to a great dagger which I carried; for I have always taken pleasure in keeping fine weapons. The first man I attacked was the plaintiff who had sued me;

[1] *Paix, paix, Satan, allez, paix.* The line in Dante to which Cellini alludes is the first of the seventh canto of the *Inferno*. His suggestion is both curious and ingenious; but we have no reason to think that French judges used the same imprecations, when interrupted, in the thirteenth as they did in the sixteenth century, or that what Cellini heard on this occasion was more than an accidental similarity of sounds, striking his quick ear and awakening his lively memory.

and one evening I wounded him in the legs and arms so severely, taking care, however, not to kill him, that I deprived him of the use of both his legs. Then I sought out the other fellow who had brought the suit, and used him also in such wise that he dropped it.

Returning thanks to God for this and every other dispensation, and hoping to be left awhile without worries, I bade the young men of my household, especially the Italians, for God's sake to attend each diligently to the work I set him, and to help me till such time as I could finish the things I had in hand. I thought they might soon be completed, and then I meant to return to Italy, being no longer able to put up with the rogueries of those Frenchmen; the good King too, if he once grew angry, might bring me into mischief for many of my acts in self-defence. I will describe who these Italians were; the first, and the one I liked best, was Ascanio, from Tagliacozzo in the kingdom of Naples; the second was Pagolo, a Roman of such humble origin that he did not know his own father. These were the two men who had been with me in Rome, and whom I had taken with me on the journey. Another Roman had also come on purpose to enter my service; he too bore the name of Pagolo, and was the son of a poor nobleman of the family of the Macaroni; he had small acquirements in our art, but was an excellent and courageous swordsman. I had another from Ferrara called Bartolommeo Chioccia. There was also another from Florence named Pagolo Micceri; his brother, nicknamed "Il Gatta," was a clever clerk, but had spent too much money in managing the property of Tommaso Guadagni, a very wealthy merchant. This Gatta put in order for me the books in which I wrote the accounts of his most Christian Majesty and my other employers. Now Pagolo Micceri, having learned how to keep them from his brother, went on doing this work for me in return for a liberal salary. He appeared, so far as I could judge, to be a very honest lad, for I noticed him to be devout, and when I heard him sometimes muttering psalms, and sometimes telling his beads, I reckoned much upon his feigned virtue.

Accordingly I called the fellow apart and said to him,

"Pagolo, my dearest brother, you know what a good place you have with me, and how you had formerly nothing to depend on; besides, you are a Florentine. I have also the greater confidence in you because I observe that you are pious and religious, which is a thing that pleases me. I beg you therefore to assist me, for I cannot put the same trust in any of your companions: so then I shall ask you to keep watch over two matters of the highest importance, which might prove a source of much annoyance to me. In the first place, I want you to guard my property from being stolen, and not touch it yourself. In the next place, you know that poor young girl, Caterina; I keep her principally for my art's sake, since I cannot do without a model; but being a man also, I have used her for my pleasures, and it is possible that she may bear me a child. Now I do not want to maintain another man's bastards, nor will I sit down under such an insult. If any one in this house had the audacity to attempt anything of the sort, and I were to become aware of it, I verily believe that I should kill both her and him. Accordingly, dear brother, I entreat you to be my helper; should you notice anything, tell it me at once; for I am sure to send her and her mother and her fellow to the gallows. Be you the first upon your watch against falling into this snare." The rascal made a sign of the cross from his head to his feet and cried out: "O blessed Jesus! God preserve me from ever thinking of such a thing! In the first pace, I am not given to those evil ways; in the next place, do you imagine I am ignorant of your great benefits toward me?" When I heard these words, which he uttered with all appearance of simplicity and affection for me, I believed that matters stood precisely as he asserted.

XXIX

Two days after this conversation, M. Mattio del Nazaro took the occasion of some feast-day to invite me and my workpeople to an entertainment in a garden.[1] He was an Italian in the King's service, and practised the same art as we did with remarkable ability. I got myself in readiness,

[1] Matteo del Nassaro, a native of Verona, was employed in France as engraver, die-caster, and musician.

and told Pagolo that he might go abroad too and amuse himself with us; the annoyances arising from that lawsuit being, as I judged, now settled down. The young man replied in these words: "Upon my word, it would be a great mistake to leave the house so unprotected. Only look how much of gold, silver, and jewels you have here. Living as we do in a city of thieves, we ought to be upon our guard by day and night. I will spend the time in religious exercises, while I keep watch over the premises. Go then with mind at rest to take your pleasure and divert your spirits. Some other day another man will take my place as guardian here."

Thinking that I could go off with a quiet mind, I took Pagolo, Ascanio, and Chioccia to the garden, where we spent a large portion of the day agreeably. Toward the middle of the afternoon, however, when it began to draw toward sundown, a suspicion came into my head, and I recollected the words which that traitor had spoken with his feigned simplicity. So I mounted my horse, and with two servants to attend me, returned to the castle, where I all but caught Pagolo and that little wretch Caterina *in flagrante*. No sooner had I reached the place, than that French bawd, her mother, screamed out: "Pagolo! Caterina! here is the master!" When I saw the pair advancing, overcome with fright, their clothes in disorder, not knowing what they said, nor, like people in a trance, where they were going, it was only too easy to guess what they had been about. The sight drowned reason in rage, and I drew my sword, resolved to kill them both. The man took to his heels; the girl flung herself upon her knees, and shrieked to Heaven for mercy. In my first fury I wanted to strike at the male; but before I had the time to catch him up, second thoughts arose which made me think it would be best for me to drive them both away together. I had so many acts of violence upon my hands, that if I killed him I could hardly hope to save my life. I said then to Pagolo: "Had I seen with my own eyes, scoundrel, what your behaviour and appearance force me to believe, I should have run you with this sword here ten times through the guts. Get out of my sight; and if you say a Paternoster,

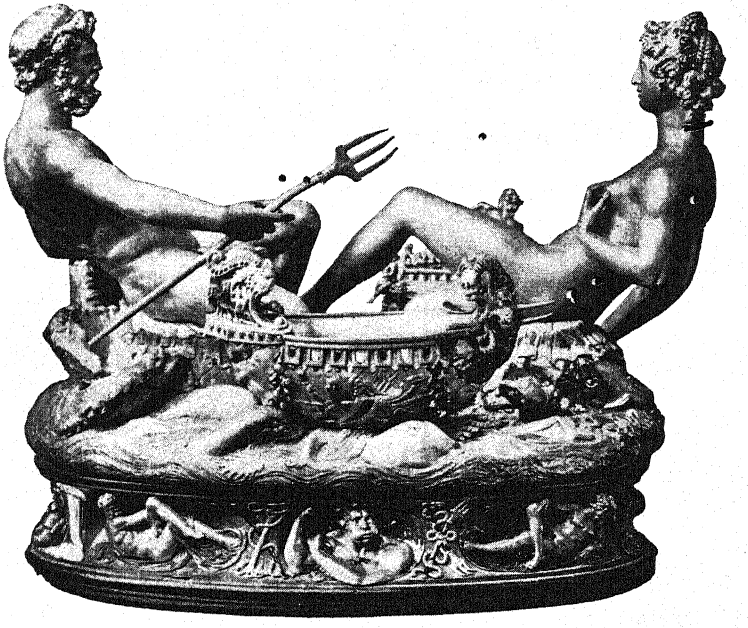
let it be San Giuliano's."[2] Then I drove the whole lot forth, mother and daughter, lamming into them with fist and foot. They made their minds up to have the law of me, and consulted a Norman advocate, who advised them to declare that I had used the girl after the Italian fashion; what this meant I need hardly explain.[3] The man argued: "At the very least, when this Italian hears what you are after, he will pay down several hundred ducats, knowing how great the danger is, and how heavily that offence is punished in France." Upon this they were agreed. The accusation was brought against me, and I received a summons from the court.

XXX

The more I sought for rest, the more I was annoyed with all sorts of embarrassments. Being thus daily exposed to divers persecutions, I pondered which of two courses I ought to take; whether to decamp and leave France to the devil, or else to fight this battle through as I had done the rest, and see to what end God had made me. For a long while I kept anxiously revolving the matter. At last I resolved to make off, dreading to tempt my evil fortune, lest this should bring me to the gallows. My dispositions were all fixed; I had made arrangements for putting away the property I could not carry, and for charging the lighter articles, to the best of my ability, upon myself and servants; yet it was with great and heavy reluctance that I looked forward to such a departure.

I had shut myself up alone in a little study. My young men were advising me to fly; but I told them that it would be well for me to meditate this step in solitude, although I very much inclined to their opinion. Indeed, I reasoned that if I could escape imprisonment and let the storm pass over, I should be able to explain matters to the King by letter, setting forth the trap which had been laid to ruin me by the malice of my enemies. And as I have said above, my mind was made up to this point; when, just as I rose to act on the decision, some power took me by the shoulder and turned me round, and I heard a voice which cried

[2] See Boccaccio, *Decam.*, Gior. ii. Nov. ii.
[3] *Qual modo s'intendeva contro natura, cioè in soddomia.*



Salt Cellar made by Benvenuto Cellini for King Francis I of France now forming part of the collection in the Treasury of the Emperor of Austria, in Vienna

with vehemence: "Benvenuto, do as thou art wont, and fear not!" Then, on the instant, I changed the whole course of my plans, and said to my Italians: "Take your good arms and come with me; obey me to the letter; have no other thought, for I am now determined to put in my appearance. If I were to leave Paris, you would vanish the next day in smoke; so do as I command, and follow me." They all began together with one heart and voice to say: "Since we are here, and draw our livelihood from him, it is our duty to go with him and bear him out so long as we have life to execute what he proposes. He has hit the mark better than we did in this matter; for on the instant when he leaves the place, his enemies will send us to the devil. Let us keep well in mind what great works we have begun here, and what vast importance they possess; we should not know how to finish them without him, and his enemies would say that he had taken flight because he shrank before such undertakings." Many other things bearing weightily upon the subject were said among them. But it was the young Roman, Macaroni, who first put heart into the company; and he also raised recruits from the Germans and the Frenchmen, who felt well disposed toward me.

We were ten men, all counted. I set out, firmly resolved not to let myself be taken and imprisoned alive. When we appeared before the judges for criminal affairs, I found Caterina and her mother waiting; and on the moment of my arrival, the two women were laughing with their advocate. I pushed my way in, and called boldly for the judge, who was seated, blown out big and fat, upon a tribunal high above the rest. On catching sight of me, he threatened with his head, and spoke in a subdued voice: "Although your name is Benvenuto, this time you are an ill-comer." I understood his speech, and called out the second time: "Despatch my business quickly. Tell me what I have come to do here." Then the judge turned to Caterina, and said: "Caterina, relate all that happened between you and Benvenuto." She answered that I had used her after the Italian fashion. The judge turned to me and said: "You hear what Caterina deposes, Benvenuto." I replied: "If

I have consorted with her after the Italian fashion, I have only done the same as you folk of other nations do." He demurred: "She means that you improperly abused her." I retorted that, so far from being the Italian fashion, it must be some French habit, seeing she knew all about it, while I was ignorant; and I commanded her to explain precisely how I had consorted with her. Then the impudent baggage entered into plain and circumstantial details regarding all the filth she lyingly accused me of. I made her repeat her deposition three times in succession. When she had finished, I cried out with a loud voice: "Lord judge, lieutenant of the Most Christian King, I call on you for justice. Well I know that by the laws of his Most Christian Majesty both agent and patient in this kind of crime are punished with the stake. The woman confesses her guilt; I admit nothing whatsoever of the sort with regard to her; her go-between of a mother is here, who deserves to be burned for either one or the other offence. Therefore I appeal to you for justice." These words I repeated over and over again at the top of my voice, continually calling out: "To the stake with her and her mother!" I also threatened the judge that, if he did not send her to prison there before me, I would go to the King at once, and tell him how his lieutenant in criminal affairs of justice had wronged me. When they heard what a tumult I was making, my adversaries lowered their voices, but I lifted mine the more. The little hussy and her mother fell to weeping, while I shouted to the judge: "Fire, fire! to the stake with them!" The coward on the bench, finding that the matter was not going as he intended, began to use soft words and excuse the weakness of the female sex. Thereupon I felt that I had won the victory in a nasty encounter; and, muttering threats between my teeth, I took myself off, not without great inward satisfaction. Indeed, I would gladly have paid five hundred crowns down to have avoided that appearance in court. However, after escaping from the tempest, I thanked God with all my heart, and returned in gladness with my young men to the castle.

XXXI

When adverse fortune, or, if we prefer to call it, our malignant planet, undertakes to persecute a man, it never lacks new ways of injuring him. So now, when I thought I had emerged from this tempestuous sea of troubles, and hoped my evil star would leave me quiet for a moment, it began to set two schemes in motion against me before I had recovered my breath from that great struggle. Within three days two things happened, each of which brought my life into extreme hazard. One of these occurred in this way: I went to Fontainebleau to consult with the King; for he had written me a letter saying he wanted me to stamp the coins of his whole realm, and enclosing some little drawings to explain his wishes in the matter; at the same time he left me free to execute them as I liked; upon which I made new designs according to my own conception, and according to the ideal of art. When I reached Fontainebleau, one of the treasurers commissioned by the King to defray my expenses (he was called Monsignor della Fa[1]) addressed me in these words: "Benvenuto, the painter Bologna has obtained commission from the King to execute your great Colossus, and all the orders previously given as on your behalf have been transferred to him.[2] We are all indignant; and it seems to us that that countryman of yours has acted towards you in a most unwarrantable manner. The work was assigned you on the strength of your models and studies. He is robbing you of it, only through the favour of Madame d'Etampes; and though several months have passed since he received the order, he has not yet made any sign of commencing it." I answered in surprise: "How is it possible that I should have heard nothing at all about this?" He then informed me that the man had kept it very dark, and had obtained the King's commission with great difficulty, since his Majesty at first would not concede it; only the importunity of Madame d'Etampes secured this favour for him.

When I felt how greatly and how wrongfully I had been betrayed, and saw a work which I had gained with my great

[1] His name in full was Jacques de la Fa. He and his son Pierre after him held the office of *trésorier de l'épargne*. See Plon, p. 63.

[2] By *Colossus*, Cellini means the fountain with the great statue of Mars.

toil thus stolen from me, I made my mind up for a serious stroke of business, and marched off with my good sword at my side to find Bologna.[3] He was in his room, engaged in studies; after telling the servant to introduce me, he greeted me with some of his Lombard compliments, and asked what good business had brought me hither. I replied: "A most excellent business, and one of great importance." He then sent for wine, and said: "Before we begin to talk, we must drink together, for such is the French custom." I answered: "Messer Francesco, you must know that the conversation we have to engage in does not call for drinking at the commencement; after it is over, perhaps we shall be glad to take a glass." Then I opened the matter in this way: "All men who wish to pass for persons of worth allow it to be seen that they are so by their actions; if they do the contrary, they lose the name of honest men. I am aware that you knew the King had commissioned me with that great Colossus; it had been talked of these eighteen months past; yet neither you nor anybody else came forward to speak a word about it. By my great labours I made myself known to his Majesty, who approved of my models and gave the work into my hands. During many months I have heard nothing to the contrary; only this morning I was informed that you have got hold of it, and have filched it from me. I earned it by the talents I displayed, and you are robbing me of it merely by your idle talking."

XXXII

To this speech Bologna answered: "O Benvenuto! all men try to push their affairs in every way they can. If this is the King's will, what have you to say against it? You would only throw away your time, because I have it now, and it is mine. Now tell me what you choose, and I will listen to you." I replied: "I should like you to know, Messer Francesco, that I could say much which would prove irrefragably, and make you admit, that such ways of acting as you have described and used are not in vogue among rational animals. I will, however, come quickly to the point at issue; give close attention to my meaning, because the

[3] *i. e.*, Primaticcio.

affair is serious." He made as though he would rise from the chair on which he was sitting, since he saw my colour heightened and my features greatly discomposed. I told him that the time had not yet come for moving; he had better sit and listen to me. Then I recommenced: "Messer Francesco, you know that I first received the work, and that the time has long gone by during which my right could be reasonably disputed by any one. Now I tell you that I shall be satisfied if you will make a model, while I make another in addition to the one I have already shown. Then we will take them without any clamour to our great King; and whosoever in this way shall have gained the credit of the best design will justly have deserved the commission. If it falls to you, I will dismiss from my mind the memory of the great injury you have done me, and will bless your hands, as being worthier than mine of so glorious a performance. Let us abide by this agreement, and we shall be friends; otherwise we must be enemies; and God, who always helps the right, and I, who know how to assert it, will show you to what extent you have done wrong." Messer Francesco answered: "The work is mine, and since it has been given me, I do not choose to put what is my own to hazard." To this I retorted: "Messer Francesco, if you will not take the right course which is just and reasonable, I will show you another which shall be like your own, that is to say, ugly and disagreeable. I tell you plainly that if I ever hear that you have spoken one single word about this work of mine, I will kill you like a dog. We are neither in Rome, nor in Bologna, nor in Florence; here one lives in quite a different fashion; if then it comes to my ears that you talk about this to the King or anybody else, I vow that I will kill you. Reflect upon the way you mean to take, whether that for good which I formerly described, or this latter bad one I have just now set before you."

The man did not know what to say or do, and I was inclined to cut the matter short upon the spot rather than to postpone action. Bologna found no other words than these to utter: "If I act like a man of honesty, I shall stand in no fear." I replied: "You have spoken well, but if you act otherwise, you will have to fear, because the affair is

serious." Upon this I left him, and betook myself to the King. With his Majesty I disputed some time about the fashion of his coinage, a point upon which we were not of the same opinion; his council, who were present, kept persuading him that the monies ought to be struck in the French style, as they had hitherto always been done. I urged in reply that his Majesty had sent for me from Italy in order that I might execute good work; if he now wanted me to do the contrary, I could not bring myself to submit. So the matter was postponed till another occasion, and I set off again at once for Paris.

XXXIII

I had but just dismounted from my horse, when one of those excellent people who rejoice in mischief-making came to tell me that Pagolo Micceri had taken a house for the little hussy Caterina and her mother, and that he was always going there, and whenever he mentioned me, used words of scorn to this effect: "Benvenuto set the fox to watch the grapes,[1] and thought I would not eat them! Now he is satisfied with going about and talking big, and thinks I am afraid of him. But I have girt this sword and dagger to my side in order to show him that my steel can cut as well as his, and that I too am a Florentine, of the Micceri, a far better family than his Cellini." The scoundrel who reported this poisonous gossip spoke it with such good effect that I felt a fever in the instant swoop upon me; and when I say fever, I mean fever, and no mere metaphor. The insane passion which took possession of me might have been my death, had I not resolved to give it vent as the occasion offered. I ordered the Ferrarese workman, Chioccia, to come with me, and made a servant follow with my horse. When we reached the house where that worthless villain was, I found the door ajar, and entered. I noticed that he carried sword and dagger, and was sitting on a big chest with his arm round Caterina's neck; at the moment of my arrival, I could hear that he and her mother were talking about me. Pushing the door open, I drew my sword, and

[1] *Aveva dato a guardia la lattuga ai paperi.*

set the point of it at his throat, not giving him the time to think whether he too carried steel. At the same instant I cried out: "Vile coward! recommend your soul to God, for you are a dead man." Without budging from his seat, he called three times: "Mother, mother, help me!" Though I had come there fully determined to take his life, half my fury ebbed away when I heard this idiotic exclamation. I ought to add that I had told Chioccia not to let the girl or her mother leave the house, since I meant to deal with those trollops after I had disposed of their bully. So I went on holding my sword at his throat, and now and then just pricked him with the point, pouring out a torrent of terrific threats at the same time. But when I found he did not stir a finger in his own defence, I began to wonder what I should do next; my menacing attitude could not be kept up for ever; so at last it came into my head to make them marry, and complete my vengeance at a later period. Accordingly, I formed my resolution, and began: "Take that ring, coward, from your finger, and marry her, that I may get satisfaction from you afterwards according to your deserts." He replied at once: "If only you do not kill me, I will do whatever you command." "Then," said I, "put that ring upon her hand." When the sword's point was withdrawn a few inches from his throat, he wedded her with the ring. But I added: "This is not enough. I shall send for two notaries, in order that the marriage may be ratified by contract." Bidding Chioccia go for the lawyers, I turned to the girl and her mother, and, using the French language, spoke as follows: "Notaries and witnesses are coming; the first of you who blabs about this affair will be killed upon the spot; nay, I will murder you all three. So beware, and keep a quiet tongue in your heads." To him I said in Italian: "If you offer any resistance to what I shall propose, upon the slightest word you utter I will stab you till your guts run out upon this floor." He answered: "Only promise not to kill me, and I will do whatever you command." The notaries and witnesses arrived; a contract, valid and in due form, was drawn up; then my heat and fever left me. I paid the lawyers and took my departure.

On the following day Bologna came to Paris on purpose,

and sent for me through Mattio del Nasaro. I went to see him; and he met me with a glad face, entreating me to regard him as a brother, and saying that he would never speak about that work again, since he recognised quite well that I was right.

XXXIV

If I did not confess that in some of these episodes I acted wrongly, the world might think I was not telling the truth about those in which I say I acted rightly. Therefore I admit that it was a mistake to inflict so singular a vengeance upon Pagolo Micceri. In truth, had I believed him to be so utterly feeble, I should not have conceived the notion of branding him with such infamy as I am going to relate.

Not satisfied with having made him take a vicious drab to wife, I completed my revenge by inviting her to sit to me as a model, and dealing with her thus. I gave her thirty sous a day, paid in advance, and a good meal, and obliged her to pose before me naked. Then I made her serve my pleasure, out of spite against her husband, jeering at them both the while. Furthermore, I kept her for hours together in position, greatly to her discomfort. This gave her as much annoyance as it gave me pleasure; for she was beautifully made, and brought me much credit as a model. At last, noticing that I did not treat her with the same consideration as before her marriage, she began to grumble and talk big in her French way about her husband, who was now serving the Prior of Capua, a brother of Piero Strozzi.[1] On the first occasion when she did this, the mere mention of the fellow aroused me to intolerable fury; still I bore it, greatly against the grain, as well as I was able, reflecting that I could hardly find so suitable a subject for my art as she was. So I reasoned thus in my own mind: "I am now taking two different kinds of revenge. In the first place, she is married; and what I am doing to her husband is something far more serious than what he did to me, when she was only a girl of loose life. If then I wreak my spite so fully upon him, while upon her I inflict the discomfort of posing in

[1] Leone, son of Filippo Strozzi, Knight of Jerusalem and Prior of Capua, was, like his brother Piero, a distinguished French general.

such strange attitudes for such a length of time—which, beside the pleasure I derive, brings me both profit and credit through my art—what more can I desire?" While I was turning over these calculations, the wretch redoubled her insulting speeches, always prating big about her husband, till she goaded me beyond the bounds of reason. Yielding myself up to blind rage, I seized her by the hair, and dragged her up and down my room, beating and kicking her till I was tired. There was no one who could come to her assistance. When I had well pounded her she swore that she would never visit me again. Then for the first time I perceived that I had acted very wrongly; for I was losing a grand model, who brought me honour through my art. Moreover, when I saw her body all torn and bruised and swollen, I reflected that, even if I persuaded her to return, I should have to put her under medical treatment for at least a fortnight before I could make use of her.

XXXV

Well, to return to Caterina. I sent my old serving-woman, named Ruberta, who had a most kindly disposition, to help her dress. She brought food and drink to the miserable baggage; and after rubbing a little bacon fat into her worst wounds, they ate what was left of the meat together. When she had finished dressing, she went off blaspheming and cursing all Italians in the King's service, and so returned with tears and murmurs to her home.

Assuredly, upon that first occasion, I felt I had done very wrong, and Ruberta rebuked me after this fashion: "You are a cruel monster to maltreat such a handsome girl so brutally." When I excused my conduct by narrating all the tricks which she and her mother had played off upon me under my own roof, Ruberta scoldingly replied that *that* was nothing—that was only French manners, and she was sure there was not a husband in France without his horns. When I heard this argument, I laughed aloud, and then told Ruberta to go and see how Caterina was, since I should like to employ her again while finishing the work I had on hand. The old woman took me sharply up, saying that I had no

savoir vivre: "Only wait till daybreak, and she will come of herself; whereas, if you send to ask after her or visit her, she will give herself airs and keep away."

On the following morning Caterina came to our door, and knocked so violently, that, being below, I ran to see whether it was a madman or some member of the household. When I opened, the creature laughed and fell upon my neck, embracing and kissing me, and asked me if I was still angry with her. I said, "No!" Then she added: "Let me have something good to break my fast on." So I supplied her well with food, and partook of it at the same table in sign of reconciliation. Afterwards I began to model from her, during which occurred some amorous diversions; and at last, just at the same hour as on the previous day, she irritated me to such a pitch that I gave her the same drubbing. So we went on several days, repeating the old round like clockwork. There was little or no variation in the incidents.

Meanwhile, I completed my work in a style which did me the greatest credit. Next I set about to cast it in bronze. This entailed some difficulties, to relate which would be interesting from the point of view of art; but since the whole history would occupy too much space, I must omit it. Suffice it to say, that the figure came out splendidly, and was as fine a specimen of foundry as had ever been seen.[1]

XXXVI

While this work was going forward, I set aside certain hours of the day for the salt-cellar, and certain others for the Jupiter. There were more men engaged upon the former than I had at my disposal for the latter, so the salt-cellar was by this time completely finished. The King had now returned to Paris; and when I paid him my respects, I took the piece with me. As I have already related, it was oval in form, standing about two-thirds of a cubit, wrought of solid gold, and worked entirely with the chisel. While speaking of the model, I said before how I had represented Sea and Earth, seated, with their legs interlaced, as we

[1] This figure was undoubtedly the Nymph of Fontainebleau.

observe in the case of firths and promontories; this attitude was therefore metaphorically appropriate. The Sea carried a trident in his right hand, and in his left I put a ship of delicate workmanship to hold the salt. Below him were his four sea-horses, fashioned like our horses from the head to the front hoofs; all the rest of their body, from the middle backwards, resembled a fish, and the tails of these creatures were agreeably interwoven. Above this group the Sea sat throned in an attitude of pride and dignity; around him were many kinds of fishes and other creatures of the ocean. The water was represented with its waves, and enamelled in the appropriate colour. I had portrayed earth under the form of a very handsome woman, holding her horn of plenty, entirely nude like the male figure; in her left hand I placed a little temple of Ionic architecture, most delicately wrought, which was meant to contain the pepper. Beneath her were the handsomest living creatures which the earth produces; and the rocks were partly enamelled, partly left in gold. The whole piece reposed upon a base of ebony, properly proportioned, but with a projecting cornice, upon which I introduced four golden figures in rather more than half-relief. They represented Night, Day, Twilight, and Dawn. I put, moreover, into the same frieze four other figures, similar in size, and intended for the four chief winds; these were executed, and in part enamelled, with the most exquisite refinement.[1]

When I exhibited this piece to his Majesty, he uttered a loud outcry of astonishment, and could not satiate his eyes with gazing at it. Then he bade me take it back to my house, saying he would tell me at the proper time what I should have to do with it. So I carried it home, and sent at once to invite several of my best friends; we dined gaily together, placing the salt-cellar in the middle of the table, and thus we were the first to use it. After this, I went on working at my Jupiter in silver, and also at the great vase I have already described, which was richly decorated with a variety of ornaments and figures.

[1] This salt-cellar is now at Vienna. It is beautifully represented by two photogravures in Plon's great book on Cellini.

XXXVII

At that time Bologna, the painter, suggested to the King that it would be well if his Majesty sent him to Rome, with letters of recommendation, to the end that he might cast the foremost masterpieces of antiquity, namely, the Laocoon, the Cleopatra, the Venus, the Commodus, the Zingara, and the Apollo.[1] These, of a truth, are by far the finest things in Rome.. He told the King that when his Majesty had once set eyes upon those marvellous works, he would then, and not till then, be able to criticise the arts of design, since everything which he had seen by us moderns was far removed from the perfection of the ancients. The King accepted his proposal, and gave him the introductions he required. Accordingly that beast went off, and took his bad luck with him. Not having the force and courage to contend with his own hands against me, he adopted the truly Lombard device of depreciating my performances by becoming a copyist of antiques. In its own proper place I shall relate how, though he had these statues excellently cast, he obtained a result quite contrary to his imagination.

I had now done for ever with that disreputable Caterina, and the unfortunate young man, her husband, had decamped from Paris. Wanting then to finish off my Fontainebleau, which was already cast in bronze, as well as to execute the two Victories which were going to fill the angles above the lunette of the door, I engaged a poor girl of the age of about fifteen. She was beautifully made and of a brunette complexion. Being somewhat savage in her ways and spare of speech, quick in movement, with a look of sullenness about her eyes, I nicknamed her Scorzone;[2] her real name was Jeanne. With her for model, I gave perfect finish to the bronze Fontainebleau, and also to the two Victories.

Now this girl was a clean maid, and I got her with child.

[1] The Cleopatra is that recumbent statue of a sleeping Ariadne or Bacchante now in the Vatican. The Venus (neither the Medicean nor the Capitoline) represents the goddess issuing from the bath; it is now in the Museo Pio Clementino of the Vatican. The Commodus is a statue of Hercules, with the lion's skin and an infant in his arms, also in the Vatican. The Zingara may be a statue of Diana forming part of the Borghese collection. The Apollo is the famous Belvedere Apollo of the Vatican.

[2] That is, in Italian, "the rough rind," a name given to rustics. *Scorzone* is also the name for a little black venomous serpent.

She gave birth to a daughter on the 7th of June, at thirteen hours of the day, in 1544, when I had exactly reached the age of forty-four. I named the infant Costanza; and M. Guido Guidi, the King's physician, and my most intimate friend, as I have previously related, held her at the font. He was the only godfather; for it is customary in France to have but one godfather and two godmothers. One of the latter was Madame Maddalena, wife to M. Luigi Alamanni, a gentleman of Florence and an accomplished poet. The other was the wife of M. Ricciardo del Bene, our Florentine burgher, and a great merchant in Paris; she was herself a French lady of distinguished family. This was the first child I ever had, so far as I remember. I settled money enough upon the girl for dowry to satisfy an aunt of hers, under whose tutelage I placed her, and from that time forwards I had nothing more to do with her.

XXXVIII

By labouring incessantly I had now got my various works well forward; the Jupiter was nearly finished, and the vase also; the door began to reveal its beauties. At that time the King came to Paris; and though I gave the right date of the year 1544 for my daughter's birth, we were still in 1543; but an opportunity of mentioning my daughter having arisen, I availed myself of it, so as not to interrupt the narrative of more important things. Well, the King, as I have said, came to Paris, and paid me a visit soon after his arrival. The magnificent show of works brought well-nigh to completion was enough to satisfy anybody's eye; and indeed it gave that glorious monarch no less contentment than the artist who had worked so hard upon them desired. While inspecting these things, it came into his head that the Cardinal of Ferrara had fulfilled none of his promises to me, either as regarded a pension or anything else. Whispering with his Admiral, he said that the Cardinal of Ferrara had behaved very badly in the matter; and that he intended to make it up to me himself, because he saw I was a man of few words, who in the twinkling of an eye might decamp without complaining or asking leave.

On returning home, his Majesty, after dinner, told the Cardinal to give orders to his treasurer of the Exchequer that he should pay me at an early date seven thousand crowns of gold, in three or four instalments, according to his own convenience, provided only that he executed the commission faithfully. At the same time he repeated words to this effect: "I gave Benvenuto into your charge, and you have forgotten all about him." The Cardinal said that he would punctually perform his Majesty's commands; but his own bad nature made him wait till the King's fit of generosity was over. Meanwhile wars and rumours of wars were on the increase; it was the moment when the Emperor with a huge army was marching upon Paris.[1] Seeing the realm of France to be in great need of money, the Cardinal one day began to talk of me, and said: "Sacred Majesty, acting for the best, I have not had that money given to Benvenuto. First, it is sorely wanted now for public uses. Secondly, so great a donation would have exposed you to the risk of losing Benvenuto altogether; for if he found himself a rich man, he might have invested his money in Italy, and the moment some caprice took hold of him, he would have decamped without hesitation. I therefore consider that your Majesty's best course will be to present him with something in your kingdom, if you want to keep him in your service for any length of time." The King, being really in want of money, approved of these arguments; nevertheless, like the noble soul he was, and truly worthy of his royal station, he judged rightly that the Cardinal had acted thus in order to curry favour rather than from any clear prevision of distressed finances in so vast a realm.

XXXIX

As I have just said, his Majesty affected to concur with the Cardinal, but his own private mind was otherwise made up. Accordingly, upon the day after his arrival, without solicitation upon my part, he came of his own accord to my house. I went to meet him, and conducted him through

[1] In 1544 Charles V. advanced toward Champagne and threatened Paris, while the English were besieging Boulogne.

several rooms where divers works of art were on view. Beginning with the less important, I pointed out a quantity of things in bronze; and it was long since he had seen so many at once. Then I took him to see the Jupiter in silver, now nearly completed, with all its splendid decorations. It so happened that a grievous disappointment which he had suffered a few years earlier, made him think this piece more admirable than it might perhaps have appeared to any other man. The occasion to which I refer was this: After the capture of Tunis, the Emperor passed through Paris with the consent of his brother-in-law, King Francis,[1] who wanted to present him with something worthy of so great a potentate. Having this in view, he ordered a Hercules to be executed in silver, exactly of the same size as my Jupiter. The King declared this Hercules to be the ugliest work of art that he had ever seen, and spoke his opinion plainly to the craftsmen of Paris. They vaunted themselves to be the ablest craftsmen in the world for works of this kind, and informed the King that nothing more perfect could possibly have been produced in silver, insisting at the same time upon being paid two thousand ducats for their filthy piece of work. This made the King, when he beheld mine, affirm that the finish of its workmanship exceeded his highest expectations. Accordingly he made an equitable judgment, and had my statue valued also at two thousand ducats, saying: "I gave those other men no salary; Cellini, who gets about a thousand crowns a year from me, can surely let me have this masterpiece for two thousand crowns of gold, since he has his salary into the bargain." Then I exhibited other things in gold and silver, and a variety of models for new undertakings. At the last, just when he was taking leave, I pointed out upon the lawn of the castle that great giant, which roused him to higher astonishment than any of the other things he had inspected. Turning to his Admiral, who was called Monsignor Aniballe,[2] he said: "Since the Cardinal has made him no provision, we must do so, and all the more because the man himself is

[1] In the year 1539 Charles V. obtained leave to traverse France with his army on the way to Flanders.

[2] Claude d'Annebault; captured at Pavia with François; Marshal in 1538; Admiral of France in 1543.

so slow at asking favours—to cut it short, I mean to have him well provided for; yes, these men who ask for nothing feel that their masterpieces call aloud for recompense; therefore see that he gets the first abbey that falls vacant worth two thousand crowns a year. If this cannot be had in one benefice, let him have two or three to that amount, for in his case it will come to the same thing." As I was standing by, I could hear what the King said, and thanked his Majesty at once for the donation, as though I were already in possession. I told him that as soon as his orders were carried into effect, I would work for his Majesty without other salary or recompense of any kind until old age deprived me of the power to labour, when I hoped to rest my tired body in peace, maintaining myself with honour on that income, and always bearing in mind that I had served so great a monarch as his Majesty. At the end of this speech the King turned toward me with a lively gesture and a joyous countenance, saying, "So let it then be done." After that he departed, highly satisfied with what he had seen there.

XL

Madame d'Etampes, when she heard how well my affairs were going, redoubled her spite against me, saying in her own heart: "It is I who rule the world to-day, and a little fellow like that snaps his fingers at me!" She put every iron into the fire which she could think of, in order to stir up mischief against me. Now a certain man fell in her way, who enjoyed great fame as a distiller; he supplied her with perfumed waters, which were excellent for the complexion, and hitherto unknown in France. This fellow she introduced to the King, who was much delighted by the processes for distilling which he exhibited. While engaged in these experiments, the man begged his Majesty to give him a tennis-court I had in my castle, together with some little apartments which he said I did not use. The good King, guessing who was at the bottom of the business, made no answer; but Madame d'Etampes used those wiles with which women know so well to work on men, and very easily succeeded in her enterprise; for having taken the King at a

moment of amorous weakness, to which he was much subject, she wheedled him into conceding what she wanted.

The distiller came, accompanied by Treasurer Grolier, a very great nobleman of France, who spoke Italian excellently, and when he entered my castle, began to jest with me in that language.[1] Watching his opportunity,[2] he said: "In the King's name I put this man here into possession of that tennis-court, together with the lodgings that pertain to it." To this I answered: "The sacred King is lord of all things here: so then you might have effected an entrance with more freedom: coming thus with notaries and people of the court looks more like a fraud than the mandate of a powerful monarch. I assure you that, before I carry my complaints before the King, I shall defend my right in the way his Majesty gave me orders two days since to do. I shall fling the man whom you have put upon me out of windows if I do not see a warrant under the King's own hand and seal." After this speech the treasurer went off threatening and grumbling, and I remained doing the same, without, however, beginning the attack at once. Then I went to the notaries who had put the fellow in possession. I was well acquainted with them; and they gave me to understand that this was a formal proceeding, done indeed at the King's orders, but which had not any great significance; if I had offered some trifling opposition the fellow would not have installed himself as he had done. The formalities were acts and customs of the court, which did not concern obedience to the King; consequently, if I succeeded in ousting him, I should have acted rightly, and should not incur any risk.

This hint was enough for me, and next morning I had recourse to arms; and though the job cost me some trouble, I enjoyed it. Each day that followed, I made an attack with stones, pikes and arquebuses, firing, however, without ball; nevertheless, I inspired such terror that no one dared to help my antagonist. Accordingly, when I noticed one day that his defence was feeble, I entered the house by force, and expelled the fellow, turning all his goods and chattels into the street. Then I betook me to the King, and told

[1] Jean Grolier, the famous French Mæcenas, collector of books, antiquities, &c.

[2] *Vedendo il bello.*

him that I had done precisely as his Majesty had ordered, by defending myself against every one who sought to hinder me in his service. The King laughed at the matter, and made me out new letters-patent to secure me from further molestation.[3]

XLI

In the meantime I brought my silver Jupiter to completion, together with its gilded pedestal, which I placed upon a wooden plinth that only showed a very little; upon the plinth I introduced four little round balls of hard wood, more than half hidden in their sockets, like the nut of a crossbow. They were so nicely arranged that a child could push the statue forward and backwards, or turn it round with ease. Having arranged it thus to my mind, I went with it to Fontainebleau, where the King was then residing.

At that time, Bologna, of whom I have already said so much, had brought from Rome his statues, and had cast them very carefully in bronze. I knew nothing about this, partly because he kept his doings very dark, and also because Fontainebleau is forty miles distant from Paris. On asking the King where he wanted me to set up my Jupiter, Madame d'Etampes, who happened to be present, told him there was no place more appropriate than his own handsome gallery. This was, as we should say in Tuscany, a loggia, or, more exactly, a large lobby; it ought indeed to be called a lobby, because what we mean by loggia is open at one side. The hall was considerably longer than 100 paces, decorated, and very rich with pictures from the hand of that admirable Rosso, our Florentine master. Among the pictures were arranged a great variety of sculptured works, partly in the round, and partly in bas-relief. The breadth was about twelve paces. Now Bologna had brought all his antiques into this gallery, wrought with great beauty in bronze, and had placed them in a handsome row upon their pedestals; and they were, as I have said, the choicest of the Roman antiquities. Into this same gallery I took my Jupiter; and when I saw that grand parade, so artfully planned, I said

[3] This document exists, and is dated July 15, 1544. See Bianchi, p. 585.

to myself: "This is like running the gauntlet;[1] now may God assist me." I placed the statue, and having arranged it as well as I was able, waited for the coming of the King. The Jupiter was raising his thunderbolt with the right hand in the act to hurl it; his left hand held the globe of the world. Among the flames of the thunderbolt I had very cleverly introduced a torch of white wax. Now Madame d'Etampes detained the King till nightfall, wishing to do one of two mischiefs, either to prevent his coming, or else to spoil the effect of my work by its being shown off after dark; but as God has promised to those who trust in Him, it turned out exactly opposite to her calculations; for when night came, I set fire to the torch, which standing higher than the head of Jupiter, shed light from above and showed the statue far better than by daytime.

At length the King arrived; he was attended by his Madame d'Etampes, his son the Dauphin and the Dauphiness, together with the King of Navarre his brother-in-law, Madame Marguerite his daughter,[2] and several other great lords, who had been instructed by Madame d'Etampes to speak against me. When the King appeared, I made my prentice Ascanio push the Jupiter toward his Majesty. As it moved smoothly forwards, my cunning in its turn was amply rewarded, for this gentle motion made the figure seem alive; the antiques were left in the background, and my work was the first to take the eye with pleasure. The King exclaimed at once: "This is by far the finest thing that has ever been seen; and I, although I am an amateur and judge of art, could never have conceived the hundredth part of its beauty." The lords whose cue it was to speak against me, now seemed as though they could not praise my masterpiece enough. Madame d'Etampes said boldly: "One would think you had no eyes! Don't you see all those fine bronzes from the antique behind there? In those consists the real distinction of this art, and not in that modern trumpery." Then the King advanced, and the others with him. After casting a glance at the bronzes, which were not shown to advantage from the light being below them, he exclaimed: "Whoever

[1] *Questo si è come passare in fra le picche.*

[2] Born 1523. Married Emmanuele Filiberto, Duke of Savoy, in 1559. Died 1574.

wanted to injure this man has done him a great service; for the comparison of these admirable statues demonstrates the immeasurable superiority of his work in beauty and in art. Benvenuto deserves to be made much of, for his performances do not merely rival, but surpass the antique." In reply to this, Madame d'Etampes observed that my Jupiter would not make anything like so fine a show by daylight; besides, one had to consider that I had put a veil upon my statue to conceal its faults. I had indeed flung a gauze veil with elegance and delicacy over a portion of my statue, with the view of augmenting its majesty. This, when she had finished speaking, I lifted from beneath, uncovering the handsome genital members of the god; then tore the veil to pieces with vexation. She imagined I had disclosed those parts of the statue to insult her. The King noticed how angry she was, while I was trying to force some words out in my fury; so he wisely spoke, in his own language, precisely as follows: "Benvenuto, I forbid you to speak; hold your tongue, and you shall have a thousand times more wealth than you desire." Not being allowed to speak, I writhed my body in a rage; this made her grumble with redoubled spite; and the King departed sooner than he would otherwise have done, calling aloud, however, to encourage me: "I have brought from Italy the greatest man who ever lived, endowed with all the talents."

XLII

I left the Jupiter there, meaning to depart the next morning. Before I took horse, one thousand crowns were paid me, partly for my salary, and partly on account of monies I had disbursed. Having received this sum, I returned with a light heart and satisfied to Paris. No sooner had I reached home and dined with merry cheer, than I called for all my wardrobe, which included a great many suits of silk, choice furs, and also very fine cloth stuffs. From these I selected presents for my workpeople, giving each something according to his desert, down to the servant-girls and stable-boys, in order to encourage them to aid me heartily.

Being then refreshed in strength and spirits, I attacked the great statue of Mars, which I had set up solidly upon a

frame of well-connected woodwork.[1] Over this there lay a crust of plaster, about the eighth of a cubit in thickness, carefully modelled for the flesh of the Colossus. Lastly, I prepared a great number of moulds in separate pieces to compose the figure, intending to dovetail them together in accordance with the rules of art; and this task involved no difficulty.

I will not here omit to relate something which may serve to give a notion of the size of this great work, and is at the same time highly comic. It must first be mentioned that I had forbidden all the men who lived at my cost to bring light women into my house or anywhere within the castle precincts. Upon this point of discipline I was extremely strict. Now my lad Ascanio loved a very handsome girl, who returned his passion. One day she gave her mother the slip, and came to see Ascanio at night. Finding that she would not take her leave, and being driven to his wits' ends to conceal her, like a person of resources, he hit at last upon the plan of installing her inside the statue. There, in the head itself, he made her up a place to sleep in; this lodging she occupied some time, and he used to bring her forth at whiles with secrecy by night. I meanwhile having brought this part of the Colossus almost to completion, left it alone, and indulged my vanity a bit by exposing it to sight; it could, indeed, be seen by more than half Paris. The neighbours, therefore, took to climbing their house-roofs, and crowds came on purpose to enjoy the spectacle. Now there was a legend in the city that my castle had from olden times been haunted by a spirit, though I never noticed anything to confirm this belief; and folk in Paris called it popularly by the name of Lemmonio Boreò.[2] The girl, while she sojourned in the statue's head, could not prevent some of her movements to and fro from being perceptible through its eye-holes; this made stupid people say that the ghost had got into the body of the figure, and was setting its eyes in motion, and its mouth, as though it were about to talk. Many

[1] This was what he called the Colossus above, p. 323. He meant it for the fountain of Fontainebleau. See p. 308.

[2] Properly, *Le Moine Bourru*, the ghost of a monk dressed in drugget (*bure*). Le Petit Nesle had a bad reputation on account of the murders said to have been committed there in the fourteenth century by Queen Jeanne, wife of Philip V.

of them went away in terror; others, more incredulous, came to observe the phenomenon, and when they were unable to deny the flashing of the statue's eyes, they too declared their credence in a spirit—not guessing that there was a spirit there, and sound young flesh to boot.

XLIII

All this while I was engaged in putting my door together, with its several appurtenances. As it is no part of my purpose to include in this autobiography such things as annalists record, I have omitted the coming of the Emperor with his great host, and the King's mustering of his whole army.[1] At the time when these events took place, his Majesty sought my advice with regard to the instantaneous fortification of Paris. He came on purpose to my house, and took me all round the city; and when he found that I was prepared to fortify the town with expedition on a sound plan, he gave express orders that all my suggestions should be carried out. His Admiral was directed to command the citizens to obey me under pain of his displeasure.

Now the Admiral had been appointed through Madame d'Etampes' influence rather than from any proof of his ability, for he was a man of little talent. He bore the name of M. d'Annebault, which in our tongue is Monsignor d'Aniballe; but the French pronounce it so that they usually made it sound like Monsignore Asino Bue.[2] This animal then referred to Madame d'Etampes for advice upon the matter, and she ordered him to summon Girolamo Bellarmato without loss of time.[3] He was an engineer from Siena, at that time in Dieppe, which is rather more than a day's journey distant from the capital. He came at once, and set the work of fortification going on a very tedious method, which made me throw the job up. If the Emperor had pushed forward at this time, he might easily have taken Paris. People indeed said that, when a treaty of peace was afterwards concluded, Madame d'Etampes, who took more part in it than

[1] Toward the end of August 1544, the Imperial army advanced as far as Epernay, within twenty leagues of Paris.

[2] *i. e.*, ass-ox, *Ane-et-bo.*

[3] Girolamo Bellarmati, a learned mathematician and military architect, banished from Siena for political reasons. He designed the harbour of Havre.

anybody else, betrayed the King.[4] I shall pass this matter over without further words, since it has nothing to do with the plan of my *Memoirs*. Meanwhile, I worked diligently at the door, and finished the vase, together with two others of middling size, which I made of my own silver. At the end of those great troubles, the King came to take his ease awhile in Paris.

That accursed woman seemed born to be the ruin of the world. I ought therefore to think myself of some account, seeing she held me for her mortal enemy. Happening to speak one day with the good King about my matters, she abused me to such an extent that he swore, in order to appease her, he would take no more heed of me thenceforward than if he had never set eyes upon my face. These words were immediately brought me by a page of Cardinal Ferrara, called Il Villa, who said he had heard the King utter them. I was infuriated to such a pitch that I dashed my tools across the room and all the things I was at work on, made my arrangements to quit France, and went upon the spot to find the King. When he had dined, I was shown into a room where I found his Majesty in the company of a very few persons. After I had paid him the respects due to kings, he bowed his head with a gracious smile. This revived hope in me; so I drew nearer to his Majesty, for they were showing him some things in my own line of art; and after we had talked awhile about such matters, he asked if I had anything worth seeing at my house, and next inquired when I should like him to come. I replied that I had some pieces ready to show his Majesty, if he pleased, at once. He told me to go home and he would come immediately.

XLIV

I went accordingly, and waited for the good King's visit, who, it seems, had gone meanwhile to take leave of Madame d'Etampes. She asked whither he was bound, adding that she would accompany him; but when he informed her, she told him that she would not go, and begged him as a special

[4] There is indeed good reason to believe that the King's mistress, in her jealousy of the Dauphin and Diane de Poitiers, played false, and enabled the Imperialists to advance beyond Epernay.

favour not to go himself that day. She had to return to the charge more than twice before she shook the King's determination; however, he did not come to visit me that day. Next morning I went to his Majesty at the same hour; and no sooner had he caught sight of me, than he swore it was his intention to come to me upon the spot. Going then, according to his wont, to take leave of his dear Madame d'Etampes, this lady saw that all her influence had not been able to divert him from his purpose; so she began with that biting tongue of hers to say the worst of me that could be insinuated against a deadly enemy of this most worthy crown of France. The good King appeased her by replying that the sole object of his visit was to administer such a scolding as should make me tremble in my shoes. This he swore to do upon his honour. Then he came to my house, and I conducted him through certain rooms upon the basement, where I had put the whole of my great door together. Upon beholding it, the King was struck with stupefaction, and quite lost his cue for reprimanding me, as he had promised Madame d'Etampes. Still he did not choose to go away without finding some opportunity for scolding; so he began in this wise: "There is one most important matter, Benvenuto, which men of your sort, though full of talent, ought always to bear in mind; it is that you cannot bring your great gifts to light by your own strength alone; you show your greatness only through the opportunities we give you. Now you ought to be a little more submissive, not so arrogant and headstrong. I remember that I gave you express orders to make me twelve silver statues; and this was all I wanted. You have chosen to execute a salt-cellar, and vases and busts and doors, and a heap of other things, which quite confound me, when I consider how you have neglected my wishes and worked for the fulfilment of your own. If you mean to go on in this way, I shall presently let you understand what is my own method of procedure when I choose to have things done in my own way. I tell you, therefore, plainly: do your utmost to obey my commands; for if you stick to your own fancies, you will run your head against a wall." While he was uttering these words, his lords in waiting hung upon the King's lips, seeing him shake his head,

frown, and gesticulate, now with one hand and now with the other. The whole company of attendants, therefore, quaked with fear for me; but I stood firm, and let no breath of fear pass over me.

XLV

When he had wound up this sermon, agreed upon beforehand with his darling Madame d'Etampes, I bent one leg upon the ground, and kissed his coat above the knee. Then I began my speech as follows: "Sacred Majesty, I admit that all that you have said is true. Only, in reply, I protest that my heart has ever been, by day and night, with all my vital forces, bent on serving you and executing your commands. If it appears to your Majesty that my actions contradict these words, let your Majesty be sure that Benvenuto was not at fault, but rather possibly my evil fate or adverse fortune, which has made me unworthy to serve the most admirable prince who ever blessed this earth. Therefore I crave your pardon. I was under the impression, however, that your Majesty had given me silver for one statue only; having no more at my disposal, I could not execute others; so, with the surplus which remained for use, I made this vase, to show your Majesty the grand style of the ancients. Perhaps you never had seen anything of the sort before. As for the salt-cellar, I thought, if my memory does not betray me, that your Majesty on one occasion ordered me to make it of your own accord. The conversation falling upon something of the kind which had been brought for your inspection, I showed you a model made by me in Italy; you, following the impulse of your own mind only, had a thousand golden ducats told out for me to execute the piece withal, thanking me in addition for my hint; and what is more, I seem to remember that you commended me highly when it was completed. As regards the door, it was my impression that, after we had chanced to speak about it at some time or other, your Majesty gave orders to your chief secretary, M. Villerois, from whom the order passed to M. de Marmagne and M. de la Fa, to this effect, that all these gentlemen should keep me going at the work, and see that I obtained the necessary funds. Without such commission I should certainly not

have been able to advance so great an undertaking on my own resources. As for the bronze heads, the pedestal of Jupiter and other such-like things, I will begin by saying that I cast those heads upon my own account, in order to become acquainted with French clays, of which, as a foreigner, I had no previous knowledge whatsoever. Unless I had made the experiment, I could not have set about casting those large works. Now, touching the pedestals, I have to say that I made them because I judged them necessary to the statues. Consequently, in all that I have done, I meant to act for the best, and at no point to swerve from your Majesty's expressed wishes. It is indeed true that I set that huge Colossus up to satisfy my own desire, paying for it from my own purse, even to the point which it has reached, because I thought that, you being the great King you are, and I the trifling artist that I am, it was my duty to erect for your glory and my own a statue, the like of which the ancients never saw. Now, at the last, having been taught that God is not inclined to make me worthy of so glorious a service, I beseech your Majesty, instead of the noble recompense you had in mind to give me for my labours, bestow upon me only one small trifle of your favour, and therewith the leave to quit your kingdom. At this instant, if you condescend to my request, I shall return to Italy, always thanking God and your Majesty for the happy hours which I have passed in serving you."

XLVI

The King stretched forth his own hands and raised me very graciously. Then he told me that I ought to continue in his service, and that all that I had done was right and pleasing to him. Turning to the lords in his company, he spoke these words precisely: "I verily believe that a finer door could not be made for Paradise itself." When he had ceased speaking, although his speech had been entirely in my favour, I again thanked him respectfully, repeating, however, my request for leave to travel; for the heat of my indignation had not yet cooled down. His Majesty, feeling that I set too little store upon his unwonted and extraordinary condescension, commanded me with a great

and terrible voice to hold my tongue, unless I wanted to incur his wrath; afterwards he added that he would drown me in gold, and that he gave me the leave I asked; and over and above the works he had commissioned,[1] he was very well satisfied with what I had done on my own account in the interval; I should never henceforth have any quarrels with him, because he knew my character; and for my part, I too ought to study the temper of his Majesty, as my duty required. I answered that I thanked God and his Majesty for everything; then I asked him to come and see how far I had advanced the Great Colossus. So he came to my house, and I had the statue uncovered; he admired it extremely, and gave orders to his secretary to pay me all the money I had spent upon it, be the sum what it might, provided I wrote the bill out in my own hand. Then he departed, saying: "Adieu, mon ami," which is a phrase not often used by kings.

XLVII

After returning to his palace, he called to mind the words I had spoken in our previous interview, some of which were so excessively humble, and others so proud and haughty, that they caused him no small irritation. He repeated a few of them in the presence of Madame d'Etampes and Monsignor di San Polo, a great baron of France.[1] This man had always professed much friendship for me in the past, and certainly, on that occasion, he showed his good-will, after the French fashion, with great cleverness. It happened thus: the King in the course of a long conversation complained that the Cardinal of Ferrara, to whose care he had entrusted me, never gave a thought to my affairs; so far as he was concerned, I might have decamped from the realm; therefore he must certainly arrange for committing me to some one who would appreciate me better, because he did not want to run a farther risk of losing me. At these words Monsieur de Saint Paul expressed his willingness to undertake the

[1] The MSS. in this phrase vary, and the meaning is not quite clear. According to one reading, the sense would be: "Though the works he had commissioned were not yet begun." But this involves an awkward use of the word *dipoi*.

[1] François de Bourbon, Comte de Saint Paul, one of the chief companions in arms and captains of François I.

charge, saying that if the King appointed him my guardian, he would act so that I should never have the chance to leave the kingdom. The King replied that he was very well satisfied, if only Saint Paul would explain the way in which he meant to manage me. Madame sat by with an air of sullen irritation and Saint Paul stood on his dignity, declining to answer the King's question. When the King repeated it, he said, to curry favour with Madame d'Etampes: "I would hang that Benvenuto of yours by the neck, and thus you would keep him for ever in your kingdom." She broke into a fit of laughter, protesting that I richly deserved it. The King, to keep them company, began to laugh, and said he had no objection to Saint Paul hanging me, if he could first produce my equal in the arts; and although I had not earned such a fate, he gave him full liberty and license. In this way that day ended, and I came off safe and sound, for which may God be praised and thanked.

XLVIII

The King had now made peace with the Emperor, but not with the English, and these devils were keeping us in constant agitation.[1] His Majesty had therefore other things than pleasure to attend to. He ordered Piero Strozzi to go with ships of war into the English waters; but this was a very difficult undertaking, even for that great commander, without a paragon in his times in the art of war, and also without a paragon in his misfortunes. Several months passed without my receiving money or commissions; accordingly, I dismissed my workpeople with the exception of the two Italians, whom I set to making two big vases out of my own silver; for these men could not work in bronze. After they had finished these, I took them to a city which belonged to the Queen of Navarre; it is called Argentana, and is distant several days' journey from Paris.[2] On arriving at this place, I found that the King was indisposed; and the

[1] The peace of Crépy was concluded September 18, 1544. The English had taken Boulogne four days earlier. Peace between France and England was not concluded till June 7, 1546.

[2] Argentan, the city of the Duchy of Alençon. Margaret, it will be remembered, had been first married to the Duc d'Alençon, and after his death retained his fiefs.

Cardinal of Ferrara told his Majesty that I was come. He made no answer, which obliged me to stay several days kicking my heels. Of a truth, I never was more uncomfortable in my life; but at last I presented myself one evening and offered the two vases for the King's inspection. He was excessively delighted, and when I saw him in good humour, I begged his Majesty to grant me the favour of permitting me to travel into Italy; I would leave the seven months of my salary which were due, and his Majesty might condescend to pay me when I required money for my return journey. I entreated him to grant this petition, seeing that the times were more for fighting than for making statues; moreover, his Majesty had allowed a similar license to Bologna the painter, wherefore I humbly begged him to concede the same to me. While I was uttering these words the King kept gazing intently on the vases, and from time to time shot a terrible glance at me; nevertheless, I went on praying to the best of my ability that he would favour my petition. All of a sudden he rose angrily from his seat, and said to me in Italian: "Benvenuto, you are a great fool. Take these vases back to Paris, for I want to have them gilt." Without making any other answer he then departed.

I went up to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who was present, and besought him, since he had already conferred upon me the great benefit of freeing me from prison in Rome, with many others besides, to do me this one favour more of procuring for me leave to travel into Italy. He answered that he should be very glad to do his best to gratify me in this matter; I might leave it without farther thought to him, and even if I chose, might set off at once, because he would act for the best in my interest with the King. I told the Cardinal that since I was aware his Majesty had put me under the protection of his most reverend lordship, if he gave me leave, I felt ready to depart, and promised to return upon the smallest hint from his reverence. The Cardinal then bade me go back to Paris and wait there eight days, during which time he would procure the King's license for me; if his Majesty refused to let me go, he would without fail inform me; but if I received no letters, that would be a sign that I might set off with an easy mind.

XLIX

I obeyed the Cardinal, and returned to Paris, where I made excellent cases for my three silver vases. After the lapse of twenty days, I began my preparations, and packed the three vases upon a mule. This animal had been lent me for the journey to Lyons by the Bishop of Pavia, who was now once more installed in my castle.

Then I departed in my evil hour, together with Signor Ippolito Gonzaga, at that time in the pay of the King, and also in the service of Count Galeotto della Mirandola. Some other gentlemen of the said count went with us, as well as Lionardo Tedaldi, our fellow-citizen of Florence.

I made Ascanio and Pagolo guardians of my castle and all my property, including two little vases which were only just begun; those I left behind in order that the two young men might not be idle. I had lived very handsomely in Paris, and therefore there was a large amount of costly household furniture: the whole value of these effects exceeded 1500 crowns. I bade Ascanio remember what great benefits I had bestowed upon him, and that up to the present he had been a mere thoughtless lad; the time was now come for him to show the prudence of a man; therefore I thought fit to leave him in the custody of all my goods, as also of my honour. If he had the least thing to complain of from those brutes of Frenchmen, he was to let me hear at once, because I would take post and fly from any place in which I found myself, not only to discharge the great obligations under which I lay to that good King, but also to defend my honour. Ascanio replied with the tears of a thief and hypocrite: "I have never known a father better than you are, and all things which a good son is bound to perform for a good father will I ever do for you." So then I took my departure, attended by a servant and a little French lad.

It was just past noon, when some of the King's treasurers, by no means friends of mine, made a visit to my castle. The rascally fellows began by saying that I had gone off with the King's silver, and told Messer Guido and the Bishop of Pavia to send at once off after his Majesty's

vases; if not, they would themselves despatch a messenger to get them back, and do me some great mischief. The Bishop and Messer Guido were much more frightened than was necessary; so they sent that traitor Ascanio by the post off on the spot. He made his appearance before me about midnight. I had not been able to sleep, and kept revolving sad thoughts to the following effect: "In whose hands have I left my property, my castle? Oh, what a fate is this of mine, which forces me to take this journey! May God grant only that the Cardinal is not of one mind with Madame d'Etampes, who has nothing else so much at heart as to make me lose the grace of that good King."

L

While I was thus dismally debating with myself, I heard Ascanio calling me. On the instant I jumped out of bed, and asked if he brought good or evil tidings. The knave answered: "They are good news I bring; but you must only send back those three vases, for the rascally treasurers keep shouting, 'Stop, thief!' So the Bishop and Messer Guido say that you must absolutely send them back. For the rest you need have no anxiety, but may pursue your journey with a light heart." I handed over the vases immediately, two of them being my own property, together with the silver and much else besides.[1] I had meant to take them to the Cardinal of Ferrara's abbey at Lyons; for though people accused me of wanting to carry them into Italy, everybody knows quite well that it is impossible to export money, gold, or silver from France without special license. Consider, therefore, whether I could have crossed the frontier with those three great vases, which, together with their cases, were a whole mule's burden! It is certainly true that, since these articles were of great value and the highest beauty, I felt uneasiness in case the King should die, and I had lately left him in a very bad state of health; therefore I said to myself: "If such an accident should happen, having these things in the keeping of the Cardinal, I shall not lose them."

[1] *Con l'argento e ogni cosa.* These words refer perhaps to the vases: *the silver and everything pertaining to them.*

Well, to cut the story short, I sent back the mule with the vases, and other things of importance; then, upon the following morning, I travelled forward with the company I have already mentioned, nor could I, through the whole journey, refrain from sighing and weeping. Sometimes, however, I consoled myself with God by saying: "Lord God, before whose eyes the truth lies open! Thou knowest that my object in this journey is only to carry alms to six poor miserable virgins and their mother, my own sister. They have indeed their father, but he is very old, and gains nothing by his trade; I fear, therefore, lest they might too easily take to a bad course of life. Since, then, I am performing a true act of piety, I look to Thy Majesty for aid and counsel." This was all the recreation I enjoyed upon my forward journey.

We were one day distant from Lyons, and it was close upon the hour of twenty-two, when the heavens began to thunder with sharp rattling claps, although the sky was quite clear at the time.[2] I was riding a cross-bow shot before my comrades. After the thunder the heavens made a noise so great and horrible that I thought the last day had come; so I reined in for a moment, while a shower of hail began to fall without a drop of water. At first the hail was somewhat larger than pellets from a popgun, and when these struck me, they hurt considerably. Little by little it increased in size, until the stones might be compared to balls from a crossbow. My horse became restive with fright; so I wheeled round, and returned at a gallop to where I found my comrades taking refuge in a fir-wood. The hail now grew to the size of big lemons. I began to sing a Miserere; and while I was devoutly uttering this psalm to God, there fell a stone so huge that it smashed the thick branches of the pine under which I had retired for safety. Another of the hailstones hit my horse upon the head, and almost stunned him; one struck me also, but not directly, else it would have killed me. In like manner, poor old Lionardo Tedaldi, who like me was kneeling on the ground, received so shrewd a blow that he

[2] *E l'aria era bianchissima.* Perhaps this ought to be: *and the air blazed with lightnings.* Goethe takes it as I do above.

fell grovelling upon all fours. When I saw that the fir bough offered no protection, and that I ought to act as well as to intone my Misereres, I began at once to wrap my mantle round my head. At the same time I cried to Lionardo, who was shrieking for succour, "Jesus! Jesus!" that Jesus would help him if he helped himself. I had more trouble in looking after this man's safety than my own. The storm raged for some while, but at last it stopped; and we, who were pounded black and blue, scrambled as well as we could upon our horses. Pursuing the way to our lodging for the night, we showed our scratches and bruises to each other; but about a mile farther on we came upon a scene of devastation which surpassed what we had suffered, and defies description. All the trees were stripped of their leaves and shattered; the beasts in the field lay dead; many of the herdsmen had also been killed; we observed large quantities of hailstones which could not have been grasped with two hands. Feeling then that we had come well out of a great peril, we acknowledged that our prayers to God and Misereres had helped us more than we could have helped ourselves. Returning thanks to God, therefore, we entered Lyons in the course of the next day, and tarried there eight days. At the end of this time, being refreshed in strength and spirits, we resumed our journey, and passed the mountains without mishap. On the other side I bought a little pony, because the baggage which I carried had somewhat overtired my horses.

LI

After we had been one day in Italy, the Count Galeotto della Mirandola joined us. He was travelling by post; and stopping where we were, he told me that I had done wrong to leave France; I ought not to journey forwards, for, if I returned at once, my affairs would be more prosperous than ever. On the other hand, if I persisted in my course, I was giving the game up to my enemies, and furnishing them with opportunities to do me mischief. By returning I might put a stop to their intrigues; and those in whom I placed the most confidence were just the men who

played most traitorously. He would not say more than that he knew very well all about it; and, indeed, the Cardinal of Ferrara had now conspired with the two rogues I left in charge of all my business. Having repeated over and over again that I ought absolutely to turn back, he went onward with the post, while I, being influenced by my companions, could not make my mind up to return. My heart was sorely torn asunder, at one moment by the desire to reach Florence as quickly as I could, and at another by the conviction that I ought to regain France. At last, in order to end the fever of this irresolution, I determined to take the post for Florence. I could not make arrangements with the first postmaster, but persisted in my purpose to press forward and endure an anxious life at Florence.[1]

I parted company with Signor Ippolito Gonzaga, who took the route for Mirandola, while I diverged upon the road to Parma and Piacenza. In the latter city I met Duke Pier Luigi upon the street, who stared me in the face, and recognised me.[2] Since I knew him to have been the sole cause of my imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo, the sight of him made my blood boil. Yet being unable to escape from the man, I decided to pay him my respects, and arrived just after he had risen from table in the company of the Landi, who afterwards murdered him. On my appearance he received me with unbounded marks of esteem and affection, among which he took occasion to remark to the gentlemen present that I was the first artist of the world in my own line, and that I had been for a long while in prison at Rome. Then he turned to me and said: "My Benvenuto, I was deeply grieved for your misfortune, and knew well that you were innocent, but could not do anything to help you. In short, it was my father, who chose to gratify some enemies of yours, from whom, more-

[1] The text here is obscure. The words *venire a tribulare* might mean "to get, by any means, however inconvenient, to Florence." I have chosen another interpretation in the text, as more consonant with the Italian idiom. For Cellini's use of *tribulare* or *tribolare*, see lib. i. 112, *andando a tribolare la vita tua.*

[2] Pier Luigi Farnese was not formally invested with the Duchy of Parma and Piacenza until September 1545. Cellini, therefore, gives him this title as Duke of Castro. He was assassinated on September 10, 1547. The Landi, among other noblemen of the duchy, took part in a conspiracy which had its ground in Pier Luigi's political errors no less than in his intolerable misgovernment and infamous private life.

over, he heard that you had spoken ill of him. I am convinced this was not true, and indeed I was heartily sorry for your troubles." These words he kept piling up and repeating until he seemed to be begging my pardon. Afterwards he inquired about the work I had been doing for his Most Christian Majesty; and on my furnishing him with details, he listened as attentively and graciously as possible. Then he asked if I had a mind to serve him. To this I replied that my honour would not allow me to do so; but that if I had completed those extensive works begun for the King, I should be disposed to quit any great prince merely to enter his Excellency's service.

Hereby it may be seen how the power and goodness of God never leave unpunished any sort or quality of men who act unjustly toward the innocent. This man did what was equivalent to begging my pardon in the presence of those very persons who subsequently took revenge on him for me and many others whom he had massacred. Let then no prince, however great he be, laugh at God's justice, in the way that many whom I know are doing, and who have cruelly maltreated me, as I shall relate at the proper time. I do not write these things in any worldly spirit of boasting, but only to return thanks to God, my deliverer in so many trials. In those too which daily assail me, I always carry my complaint to Him, and call on Him to be my defender. On all occasions, after I have done my best to aid myself, if I lose courage and my feeble forces fail, then is the great might of God manifested, which descends unexpectedly on those who wrongfully injure their neighbours, or neglect the grave and honourable charge they have received from Him.

LII

When I returned to my inn, I found that the Duke had sent me abundance to eat and drink of very excellent quality. I made a hearty meal, then mounted and rode toward Florence. There I found my sister with six daughters, the eldest of whom was marriageable and the youngest still at nurse. Her husband, by reason of divers circumstances in the city, had lost employment from his trade. I had sent gems and

French jewellery, more than a year earlier, to the amount of about two thousand ducats, and now brought with me the same wares to the value of about one thousand crowns. I discovered that, whereas I made them an allowance of four golden crowns a month, they always drew considerable sums from the current sale of these articles. My brother-in-law was such an honest fellow, that, fearing to give me cause for anger, he had pawned nearly everything he possessed, and was devoured by interest, in his anxiety to leave my monies untouched. It seems that my allowance, made by way of charity, did not suffice for the needs of the family. When then I found him so honest in his dealings, I felt inclined to raise his pension; and it was my intention, before leaving Florence, to make some arrangement for all of his daughters.[1]

LIII

The Duke of Florence at this time, which was the month of August 1545, had retired to Poggio a Cajano, ten miles distant from Florence. Thither then I went to pay him my respects, with the sole object of acting as duty required, first because I was a Florentine, and next because my forefathers had always been adherents of the Medicean party, and I yielded to none of them in affection for this Duke Cosimo. As I have said, then, I rode to Poggio with the sole object of paying my respects, and with no intention of accepting service under him, as God, who does all things well, did then appoint for me.

When I was introduced, the Duke received me very kindly; then he and the Duchess put questions concerning the works which I had executed for the King.[1] I answered willingly and in detail. After listening to my story, he answered that he had heard as much, and that I spoke the truth. Then he assumed a tone of sympathy, and added: "How small a recompense for such great and noble masterpieces! Friend Benvenuto, if you feel inclined to execute

[1] Though this paragraph is confused, the meaning seems to be that Cellini's brother-in-law did not use the money which accrued from the sale of jewellery, and got into debt, because his allowance was inadequate, and he was out of work.

[1] This Duchess was Eleonora di Toledo, well known to us through Bronzino's portrait.

something for me too, I am ready to pay you far better than that King of yours has done, for whom your excellent nature prompts you to speak so gratefully." When I understood his drift, I described the deep obligations under which I lay to his Majesty, who first obtained my liberation from that iniquitous prison, and afterwards supplied me with the means of carrying out more admirable works than any artist of my quality had ever had the chance to do. While I was thus speaking, my lord the Duke writhed on his chair, and seemed as though he could not bear to hear me to the end. Then, when I had concluded, he rejoined: "If you are disposed to work for me, I will treat you in a way that will astonish you, provided the fruits of your labours give me satisfaction, of which I have no doubt." I, poor unhappy mortal, burning with desire to show the noble school[2] of Florence that, after leaving her in youth, I had practised other branches of the art than she imagined, gave answer to the Duke that I would willingly erect for him in marble or in bronze a mighty statue on his fine piazza. He replied that, for a first essay, he should like me to produce a Perseus; he had long set his heart on having such a monument, and he begged me to begin a model for the same.[3] I very gladly set myself to the task, and in a few weeks I finished my model, which was about a cubit high, in yellow wax and very delicately finished in all its details. I had made it with the most thorough study and art.[4]

The Duke returned to Florence, but several days passed before I had an opportunity of showing my model. It seemed indeed as though he had never set eyes on me or spoken with me, and this caused me to augur ill of my future dealings with his Excellency. Later on, however, one day after dinner, I took it to his wardrobe, where he came to inspect it with the Duchess and a few gentlemen of the court.

[2] This school was the Collegio dei Maestri di Belle Arti in Florence, who had hitherto known of Cellini mainly as a goldsmith.

[3] Cosimo chose the subject of Perseus because it symbolised his own victory over the Gorgon of tyrannicide and Republican partisanship. Donatello's Judith, symbolising justifiable regicide, and Michel Angelo's David, symbolising the might of innocent right against an overbearing usurper, already decorated the Florentine piazza. Until lately, both of these masterpieces stood together there with the Perseus of Cellini.

[4] This is probably the precious model now existing in the Bargello Palace at Florence, in many points more interesting than the completed bronze statue under the Loggia de' Lanzi.

No sooner had he seen it than he expressed much pleasure, and extolled it to the skies; wherefrom I gathered some hope that he might really be a connoisseur of art. After having well considered it for some time, always with greater satisfaction, he began as follows: "If you could only execute this little model, Benvenuto, with the same perfection on a large scale, it would be the finest piece in the piazza." I replied: "Most excellent my lord, upon the piazza are now standing works by the great Donatello and the incomparable Michel Angelo, the two greatest men who have ever lived since the days of the ancients.[5] But since your Excellence encourages my model with such praise, I feel the heart to execute it at least thrice as well in bronze."[6] No slight dispute arose upon this declaration; the Duke protesting that he understood these matters perfectly, and was quite aware what could be done. I rejoined that my achievements would resolve his dubitations and debates; I was absolutely sure of being able to perform far more than I had promised for his Excellency, but that he must give me means for carrying my work out, else I could not fulfil my undertaking. In return for this his Excellency bade me formulate my demands in a petition, detailing all my requirements; he would see them liberally attended to.

It is certain that if I had been cunning enough to secure by contract all I wanted for my work, I should not have incurred the great troubles which came upon me through my own fault. But he showed the strongest desire to have the work done, and the most perfect willingness to arrange preliminaries. I therefore, not discerning that he was more a merchant than a duke, dealt very frankly with his Excellency, just as if I had to do with a prince, and not with a commercial man. I sent in my petition, to which he replied in large and ample terms. The memorandum ran as follows: "Most rare and excellent my patron, petitions of any validity and compacts between us of any value do not rest upon words or writings; the whole point is that I should succeed in my work according to my promise; and if I so succeed, I feel convinced that your most illustrious Excellency will very

[5] Donatello's Judith and Holofernes; Michel Angelo's David.

[6] It is difficult to give the exact sense of *pertanto* and *perchè* in the text, but I think the drift of the sentence is rendered above.

well remember what you have engaged to do for me." This language so charmed the Duke both with my ways of acting and of speaking that he and the Duchess began to treat me with extraordinary marks of favour.

LIV

Being now inflamed with a great desire to begin working, I told his Excellency that I had need of a house where I could install myself and erect furnaces, in order to commence operations in clay and bronze, and also, according to their separate requirements, in gold and silver. I knew that he was well aware how thoroughly I could serve him in those several branches, and I required some dwelling fitted for my business. In order that his Excellency might perceive how earnestly I wished to work for him, I had already chosen a convenient house, in a quarter much to my liking.[1] As I did not want to trench upon his Excellency for money or anything of that sort, I had brought with me from France two jewels, with which I begged him to purchase me the house, and to keep them until I earned it with my labour. These jewels were excellently executed by my workmen, after my own designs. When he had inspected them with minute attention, he uttered these spirited words, which clothed my soul with a false hope: "Take back your jewels, Benvenuto! I want you, and not them; you shall have your house free of charges." After this, he signed a rescript underneath the petition I had drawn up, and which I have always preserved among my papers. The rescript ran as follows: *"Let the house be seen to, and who is the vendor, and at what price; for we wish to comply with Benvenuto's request."*[2] I naturally thought that this would secure me in possession of the house; being over and above convinced that my performances must far exceed what I promised.

His Excellency committed the execution of these orders to his majordomo, who was named Ser Pier Francesco Riccio.[3] The man came from Prato, and had been the Duke's

[1] This house is in the Via del Rosaio, entered from Via della Pergola, No. 6527.

[2] The petition and the rescript are in existence, and confirm Cellini's veracity in this transaction. See Bianchi, p. 587.

[3] Varchi, *St. Fior.*, lib. xv. 44, gives to this man the character of a presumptuous conceited simpleton.

pedagogue. I talked, then, to this donkey, and described my requirements, for there was a garden adjoining the house, on which I wanted to erect a workshop. He handed the matter over to a paymaster, dry and meagre, who bore the name of Lattanzio Gorini. This flimsy little fellow, with his tiny spider's hands and small gnat's voice, moved about the business at a snail's pace; yet in an evil hour he sent me stones, sand, and lime enough to build perhaps a pigeon-house with careful management. When I saw how coldly things were going forward, I began to feel dismayed; however, I said to myself: "Little beginnings sometimes have great endings;" and I fostered hope in my heart by noticing how many thousand ducats had recently been squandered upon ugly pieces of bad sculpture turned out by that beast of a Buaccio Bandinelli.[4] So I rallied my spirits and kept prodding at Lattanzio Gorini, to make him go a little faster. It was like shouting to a pack of lame donkeys with a blind dwarf for their driver. Under these difficulties, and by the use of my own money, I had soon marked out the foundations of the workshop and cleared the ground of trees and vines, labouring on, according to my wont, with fire, and perhaps a trifle of impatience.

On the other side, I was in the hands of Tasso the carpenter, a great friend of mine, who had received my instructions for making a wooden framework to set up the Perseus. This Tasso was a most excellent craftsman, the best, I believe, who ever lived in his own branch of art.[5] Personally, he was gay and merry by temperament; and whenever I went to see him, he met me laughing, with some little song in falsetto on his lips. Half in despair as I then was, news coming that my affairs in France were going wrong, and these in Florence promising but ill through the luke-warmness of my patron, I could never stop listening till half the song was finished; and so in the end I used to cheer up a little with my friend, and drove away, as well as I was able, some few of the gloomy thoughts which weighed upon me.

[4] Cellini calls this man, his bitter foe and rival, *Buaccio* or the *great ox, blockhead*, instead of Baccio, which is shortened for Bartolommeo.

[5] See p. 25. Vasari introduced him, together with Cosimo's other favoured artists, in a fresco of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. See Plon, p. 124.

LV

I had got all the above-mentioned things in order, and was making vigorous preparations for my great undertaking—indeed a portion of the lime had been already used—when I received sudden notice to appear before the majordomo. I found him, after his Excellency's dinner, in the hall of the clock.[1] On entering, I paid him marked respect, and he received me with the greatest stiffness. Then he asked who had installed me in the house, and by whose authority I had begun to build there, saying he marvelled much that I had been so headstrong and foolhardy. I answered that I had been installed in the house by his Excellency, and that his lordship himself, in the name of his Excellency, had given the orders to Lattanzio Gorini. "Lattanzio brought stone, sand, and lime, and provided what I wanted, saying he did so at your lordship's orders." When I had thus spoken, the brute turned upon me with still greater tartness, vowing that neither I nor any of those whom I had mentioned spoke the truth. This stung me to the quick, and I exclaimed: "O majordomo, so long as your lordship[2] chooses to use language befitting the high office which you hold, I shall revere you, and speak to you as respectfully as I do to the Duke; if you take another line with me, I shall address you as but one Ser Pier Francesco Riccio." He flew into such a rage that I thought he meant to go mad upon the spot, anticipating the time ordained by Heaven for him to do so.[3] Pouring forth a torrent of abuse, he roared out that he was surprised at himself for having let me speak at all to a man of his quality. Thereupon my blood was up, and I cried: "Mark my words, then, Ser Pier Francesco Riccio! I will tell you what sort of men are my equals, and who are yours—mere teachers of the alphabet to children!" His face contracted with a spasm, while he raised his voice and repeated the same words in a still more insulting tone. I, too, assumed

[1] One of the rooms in the Palazzo Vecchio, so called because the famous cosmographical timepiece, made about 1484 for Lorenzo de' Medici by Lorenzo della Volpaia, stood there.

[2] It was the custom at that epoch to address princes by the title of *Signore* or *Vostra Signoria;* gentlemen (armigeri) had the title of *Messer;* simple *Ser* was given to plebeians with some civil or ecclesiastical dignity.

[3] Vasari, in his *Life of Montorsoli,* says in effect that this Riccio died about 1559, after having been insane several years.

an air of menace, and matching his own arrogance with something of the same sort, told him plainly that men of my kind were worthy to converse with popes and emperors, and great kings, and that perhaps there were not two such men alive upon this earth, while ten of his sort might be met at every doorway. On hearing these words he jumped upon a window-seat in the hall there, and defied me to repeat what I had said. I did so with still greater heat and spirit, adding I had no farther mind to serve the Duke, and that I should return to France, where I was always welcome. The brute remained there stupefied and pale as clay; I went off furious, resolved on leaving Florence; and would to God that I had done so!

The Duke cannot, I think, have been informed at once of this diabolical scene, for I waited several days without hearing from him. Giving up all thoughts of Florence, except what concerned the settlement of my sister's and nieces' affairs, I made preparations to provide for them as well as I could with the small amount of money I had brought, and then to return to France and never set my foot in Italy again. This being my firm purpose, I had no intention to ask leave of the Duke or anybody, but to decamp as quickly as I could; when one morning the majordomo, of his own accord, sent very humbly to entreat my presence, and opened a long pedantic oration, in which I could discover neither method, nor elegance, nor meaning, nor head, nor tail. I only gathered from it that he professed himself a good Christian, wished to bear no man malice, and asked me in the Duke's name what salary I should be willing to accept. Hearing this, I stood a while on guard, and made no answer, being firmly resolved not to engage myself. When he saw that I refused to reply, he had at least the cleverness to put in: "Benvenuto, dukes expect to be answered; and what I am saying to you, I am saying from his Excellency's lips." Then I rejoined that if the message came from his Excellency, I would gladly reply, and told him to report to the Duke that I could not accept a position inferior to that of any one employed by him as artist. The majordomo answered: "Bandinelli receives two hundred crowns a year; if then you are contented with that, your salary is settled." I agreed upon

these terms, adding that what I might earn in addition by the merit of my performances, could be given after they were seen; that point I left entirely to the good judgment of his Excellency. Thus, then, against my will, I pieced the broken thread again, and set to work; the Duke continually treating me with the highest imaginable marks of favour.

LVI

I received frequent letters from France, written by my most faithful friend Messer Guido Guidi. As yet they told nothing but good news; and Ascanio also bade me enjoy myself without uneasiness, since, if anything happened, he would let me know at once.

Now the King was informed that I had commenced working for the Duke of Florence, and being the best man in the world, he often asked: "Why does not Benvenuto come back to us?" He put searching questions on the subject to my two workmen, both of whom replied that I kept writing I was well off where I was, adding they thought I did not want to re-enter the service of his Majesty. Incensed by these presumptuous words, which were none of my saying, the King exclaimed: "Since he left us without any cause, I shall not recall him; let him e'en stay where he is." Thus the thievish brigands brought matters exactly to the pass they desired; for if I had returned to France, they would have become mere workmen under me once more, whereas, while I remained away, they were their own masters and in my place; consequently, they did everything in their power to prevent my coming back.

LVII

While the workshop for executing my Perseus was in building, I used to work in a ground-floor room. Here I modelled the statue in plaster, giving it the same dimensions as the bronze was meant to have, and intending to cast it from this mould. But finding that it would take rather long to carry it out in this way, I resolved upon another expedient, especially as now a wretched little studio had been erected, brick on brick, so miserably built that the mere recollection of it gives me pain. So then I began the figure of Medusa,

and constructed the skeleton in iron. Afterwards I put on the clay, and when that was modelled, baked it.

I had no assistants except some little shopboys, among whom was one of great beauty; he was the son of a prostitute called La Gambetta. I made use of the lad as a model, for the only books which teach this art are the natural human body. Meanwhile, as I could not do everything alone, I looked about for workmen in order to put the business quickly through; but I was unable to find any. There were indeed some in Florence who would willingly have come, but Bandinello prevented them, and after keeping me in want of aid awhile, told the Duke that I was trying to entice his workpeople because I was quite incapable of setting up so great a statue by myself. I complained to the Duke of the annoyance which the brute gave me, and begged him to allow me some of the labourers from the Opera.[1] My request inclined him to lend ear to Bandinello's calumnies; and when I noticed that, I set about to do my utmost by myself alone. The labour was enormous: I had to strain every muscle night and day; and just then the husband of my sister sickened, and died after a few days' illness. He left my sister, still young, with six girls of all ages, on my hands. This was the first great trial I endured in Florence, to be made the father and guardian of such a distressed family.

LVIII

In my anxiety that nothing should go wrong, I sent for two hand-labourers to clear my garden of rubbish. They came from Ponte Vecchio, the one an old man of sixty years, the other a young fellow of eighteen. After employing them about three days, the lad told me that the old man would not work, and that I had better send him away, since, beside being idle, he prevented his comrade from working. The little I had to do there could be done by himself, without throwing money away on other people. The youth was called Bernardino Mannellini, of Mugello. When I saw that he was so inclined to labour, I asked whether he would enter my service, and we agreed upon the spot. He groomed my

[1] That is, the Opera del Duomo, or permanent establishment for attending to the fabric of the Florentine Cathedral.

horse, gardened, and soon essayed to help me in the workshop, with such success that by degrees he learned the art quite nicely. I never had a better assistant than he proved. Having made up my mind to accomplish the whole affair with this man's aid, I now let the Duke know that Bandinello was lying, and that I could get on famously without his workpeople.

Just at this time I suffered slightly in the loins, and being unable to work hard, I was glad to pass my time in the Duke's wardrobe with a couple of young goldsmiths called Gianpagolo and Domenico Poggini,[1] who made a little golden cup under my direction. It was chased in bas-relief with figures and other pretty ornaments, and his Excellency meant it for the Duchess to drink water out of. He furthermore commissioned me to execute a golden belt, which I enriched with gems and delicate masks and other fancies. The Duke came frequently into the wardrobe, and took great pleasure in watching me at work and talking to me. When my health improved, I had clay brought, and took a portrait of his Excellency, considerably larger than life-size, which I modelled while he stayed with me for pastime. He was highly delighted with this piece, and conceived such a liking for me that he earnestly begged me to take up my working quarters in the palace, selecting rooms large enough for my purpose, and fitting them up with furnaces and all I wanted, for he greatly enjoyed watching the processes of art. I replied that this was impossible; I should not have finished my undertakings in a hundred years.

LIX

The Duchess also treated me with extraordinary graciousness, and would have been pleased if I had worked for her alone, forgetting Perseus and everything besides. I for my part, while these vain favours were being showered upon me knew only too well that my perverse and biting fortune could not long delay to send me some fresh calamity, because I kept ever before my eyes the great mistake I had committed while seeking to do a good action. I refer to my affairs in France. The King could not swallow the displeasure he felt at my

[1] These two brothers were specially eminent as die-casters. Gianpagolo went to Spain, and served Philip II.

departure; and yet he wanted me to return, if only this could be brought about without concessions on his part. I thought that I was entirely in the right, and would not bend submissively, because I judged that if I wrote in humble terms, those enemies of mine would say in their French fashion that I had confessed myself to blame, and that certain misdoings with which they wrongfully taxed me were proved true. Therefore I stood upon my honour, and wrote in terms of haughty coldness, which was precisely what those two traitors, my apprentices, most heartily desired. In my letters to them I boasted of the distinguished kindness shown me in my own birthplace by a prince and princess the absolute masters of Florence. Whenever they received one of these despatches, they went to the King, and besieged his Majesty with entreaties for the castle upon the same terms as he had granted it to me. The King, who was a man of great goodness and perspicacity, would never consent to the presumptuous demands of those scoundrels, since he scented the malignity of their aims. Yet, wishing to keep them in expectation, and to give me the opportunity of coming back, he caused an angry letter to be written to me by his treasurer, Messer Giuliano Buonaccorsi, a burgher of Florence. The substance was as follows: If I wanted to preserve the reputation for honesty which I had hitherto enjoyed, it was my plain duty, after leaving France with no cause whatsoever, to render an account of all that I had done and dealt with for his Majesty.

The receipt of this letter gave me such pleasure that, if I had consulted my own palate, I could not have wished for either more or less. I sat down to write an answer, and filled nine pages of ordinary paper. In this document I described in detail all the works which I had executed, and all the adventures I had gone through while performing them, and all the sums which had been spent upon them. The payments had always been made through two notaries and one of his Majesty's treasurers; and I could show receipts from all the men into whose hands they passed, whether for goods supplied or labour rendered. I had not pocketed one penny of the money, nor had I received any reward for my completed works. I brought back with me into Italy nothing but some marks of favour and most royal promises, truly

worthy of his Majesty. "Now, though I cannot vaunt myself of any recompense beyond the salaries appointed for my maintenance in France, seven hundred golden crowns of which are still due, inasmuch as I abstained from drawing them until I could employ them on my return-journey; yet knowing that malicious foes out of their envious hearts have played some knavish trick against me, I feel confident that truth will prevail. I take pride in his Most Christian Majesty and am not moved by avarice. I am indeed aware of having performed for him far more than I undertook; and albeit the promised reward has not been given me, my one anxiety is to remain in his Majesty's opinion that man of probity and honour which I have always been. If your Majesty entertains the least doubt upon this point, I will fly to render an account of my conduct, at the risk even of my life. But noticing in what slight esteem I am held I have had no mind to come back and make an offer of myself, knowing that I shall never lack for bread whithersoever I may go. If, however, I am called for, I will always answer." The letter contained many further particulars worthy of the King's attention, and proper to the preservation of my honour. Before despatching it, I took it to the Duke, who read it with interest; then I sent it into France, addressed to the Cardinal of Ferrara.

LX

About this time Bernardone Baldini,[1] broker in jewels to the Duke, brought a big diamond from Venice, which weighed more than thirty-five carats. Antonio, son of Vittorio Landi, was also interested in getting the Duke to purchase it.[2] The stone had been cut with a point; but since it did not yield the purity of lustre which one expects in such a diamond, its owners had cropped the point, and, in truth, it was not exactly fit for either point or table cutting.[3] Our Duke, who greatly delighted in gems, though he was not a sound judge of them, held out good hopes to the rogue Bernard-

[1] Varchi and Ammirato both mention him as an excellent jeweller.
[2] Antonio Landi was a Florentine gentleman, merchant, and author. A comedy of his called *Commodo* is extant.
[3] Italians distinguished cut diamonds of three sorts: *in tavola, a faccette,* and *in punta.* The word I have translated *cropped* is *ischericato,* which was properly applied to an unfrocked or degraded ecclesiastic.

accio that he would buy this stone; and the fellow, wanting to secure for himself alone the honour of palming it off upon the Duke of Florence, abstained from taking his partner Antonio Landi into the secret. Now Landi had been my intimate friend from childhood, and when he saw that I enjoyed the Duke's confidence, he called me aside (it was just before noon at a corner of the Mercato Nuovo), and spoke as follows: "Benvenuto, I am convinced that the Duke will show you a diamond, which he seems disposed to buy; you will find it a big stone. Pray assist the purchase; I can give it for seventeen thousand crowns. I feel sure he will ask your advice; and if you see that he has a mind for it, we will contrive that he secures it." Antonio professed great confidence in being able to complete the bargain for the jewel at that price. In reply, I told him that if my advice was taken, I would speak according to my judgment, without prejudice to the diamond.

As I have above related, the Duke came daily into our goldsmith's workshop for several hours; and about a week after this conversation with Antonio Landi he showed me one day after dinner the diamond in question, which I immediately recognised by its description, both as to form and weight. I have already said that its water was not quite transparent, for which reason it had been cropped; so, when I found it of that kind and quality, I felt certainly disinclined to recommend its acquisition. However, I asked his Excellency what he wanted me to say; because it was one thing for jewellers to value a stone after a prince had bought it, and another thing to estimate it with a view to purchase. He replied that he had bought it, and that he only wanted my opinion. I did not choose to abstain from hinting what I really thought about the stone. Then he told me to observe the beauty of its great facets.[4] I answered that this feature of the diamond was not so great a beauty as his Excellency supposed, but came from the point having been cropped. At these words my prince, who perceived that I was speaking the truth, made a wry face, and bade me give good heed to valuing the stone, and saying what I thought it worth. I reckoned that, since Landi had of-

[4] *Filetti*, the sharp lines which divide one facet from another.

fered it to me for 17,000 crowns, the Duke might have got it for 15,000 at the highest; so, noticing that he would take it ill if I spoke the truth, I made my mind up to uphold him in his false opinion, and handing back the diamond, said: "You will probably have paid 18,000 crowns." On hearing this the Duke uttered a loud "Oh!" opening his mouth as wide as a well, and cried out: "Now am I convinced that you understand nothing about the matter." I retorted: "You are certainly in the wrong there, my lord. Do you attend to maintaining the credit of your diamond, while I attend to understanding my trade. But pray tell me at least how much you paid, in order that I may learn to understand it according to the way of your Excellency." The Duke rose, and, with a little sort of angry grin, replied: "Twenty-five thousand crowns and more, Benvenuto, did that stone cost me!"

Having thus spoken he departed. Giovanpagolo and Domenico Poggini, the goldsmiths, were present; and Bachiacca, the embroiderer, who was working in an adjacent room, ran up at the noise.[5] I told them that I should never have advised the Duke to purchase it; but if his heart was set on having it, Antonio Landi had offered me the stone eight days ago for 17,000 crowns. I think I could have got it for 15,000 or less. But the Duke apparently wishes to maintain his gem in credit; for when Antonio Landi was willing to let it go at that price, how the devil can Bernardone have played off such a shameful trick upon his Excellency? Never imagining that the matter stood precisely as the Duke averred, we laughingly made light of his supposed credulity.

LXI

Meanwhile I was advancing with my great statue of Medusa. I had covered the iron skeleton with clay, which I modelled like an anatomical subject, and about half an inch thinner than the bronze would be. This I baked well, and then began to spread on the wax surface, in order to complete the figure to my liking.[1] The Duke, who often

[5] Antonio Ubertini, called Il Bachiacca, a brother of Cellini's friend in Rome. See p. 58. He enjoyed a great reputation, and was praised by Varchi in a sonnet for his mastery of embroidery.

[1] This is an important passage, which has not, I think, been properly

came to inspect it, was so anxious lest I should not succeed with the bronze, that he wanted me to call in some master to cast it for me.

He was continually talking in the highest terms of my acquirements and accomplishments. This made his majordomo no less continually eager to devise some trap for making me break my neck. Now his post at court gave him authority with the chief-constables and all the officers in the poor unhappy town of Florence. Only to think that a fellow from Prato, our hereditary foeman, the son of a cooper, and the most ignorant creature in existence, should have risen to such a station of influence, merely because he had been the rotten tutor of Cosimo de' Medici before he became Duke! Well, as I have said, he kept ever on the watch to serve me some ill turn; and finding that he could not catch me out on any side, he fell at last upon this plan, which meant mischief. He betook himself to Gambetta, the mother of my apprentice Cencio; and this precious pair together—that knave of a pedant and that rogue of a strumpet—invented a scheme for giving me such a fright as would make me leave Florence in hot haste. Gambetta, yielding to the instinct of her trade, went out, acting under the orders of that mad, knavish pedant, the majordomo—I must add that they had also gained over the Bargello, a Bolognese, whom the Duke afterwards dismissed for similar conspiracies. Well, one Saturday evening, after sunset, Gambetta came to my house with her son, and told me she had kept him several days indoors for my welfare. I answered that there was no reason to keep him shut up on my account; and laughing her whorish arts to scorn, I turned to the boy in her presence, and said these words: "You know, Cencio, whether I have sinned with you!" He began to shed tears, and answered, "No!" Upon this the mother, shaking her head, cried out at him: "Ah! you little scoundrel! Do you think I do not know how these things happen?" Then she turned to me, and begged

understood by Cellini's translators. It describes the process he now employed in preparing a mould for bronze-casting. First, it seems, he made a solid clay model, somewhat smaller than the bronze was meant to be. This he overlaid with wax, and then took a hollow mould of the figure thus formed. Farther on we shall see how he withdrew the wax from the hollow mould, leaving the solid model inside, with space enough between them for the metal to flow in.

me to keep the lad hidden in my house, because the Bargello was after him, and would seize him anywhere outside my house, but there they would not dare to touch him. I made answer that in my house lived my widowed sister and six girls of holy life, and that I wanted nobody else there. Upon that she related that the majordomo had given orders to the Bargello, and that I should certainly be taken up: only, if I would not harbour her son, I might square accounts by paying her a hundred crowns; the majordomo was her crony, and I might rest assured that she could work him to her liking, provided I paid down the hundred crowns. This cozenage goaded me into such a fury that I cried: "Out with you, shameful strumpet! Were it not for my good reputation, and for the innocence of this unhappy boy of yours here, I should long ago have cut your throat with the dagger at my side; and twice or thrice I have already clasped my fingers on the handle." With words to this effect, and many ugly blows to boot, I drove the woman and her son into the street.

LXII

When I reflected on the roguery and power of that evil-minded pedant, I judged it best to give a wide berth to his infernal machinations; so early next morning I mounted my horse and took the road for Venice, leaving in my sister's hands jewels and articles to the value of nearly two thousand crowns. I took with me my servant Bernardino of Mugello; and when I reached Ferrara, I wrote word to his Excellency the Duke, that though I had gone off without being sent, I should come back again without being called for.

On arriving at Venice, and pondering upon the divers ways my cruel fortune took to torment me, yet at the same time feeling myself none the less sound in health and hearty, I made up my mind to fence with her according to my wont. While thus engrossed in thoughts about my own affairs, I went abroad for pastime through that beautiful and sumptuous city, and paid visits to the admirable painter Titian, and to Jacopo del Sansovino, our able sculptor and architect from Florence. The latter enjoyed an excellent appointment under the Signoria of Venice; and we had been acquainted during

our youth in Rome and Florence. These two men of genius received me with marked kindness. The day afterwards I met Messer Lorenzo de' Medici,[1] who took me by the hand at once, giving me the warmest welcome which could be imagined, because we had known each other in Florence when I was coining for Duke Alessandro, and afterwards in Paris while I was in the King's service. At that time he sojourned in the house of Messer Giuliano Buonaccorsi, and having nowhere else to go for pastime without the greatest peril of his life, he used to spend a large part of the day in my house, watching me working at the great pieces I produced there. As I was saying, our former acquaintance led him to take me by the hand and bring me to his dwelling, where I found the Prior degli Strozzi, brother of my lord Piero. While making good cheer together, they asked me how long I intended to remain in Venice, thinking that I was on my return journey into France. To these gentlemen I replied that I had left Florence on account of the events I have described above, and that I meant to go back after two or three days, in order to resume my service with the Duke. On hearing this, the Prior and Messer Lorenzo turned round on me with such sternness that I felt extremely uneasy; then they said to me: "You would do far better to return to France, where you are rich and well known; for if you go back to Florence, you will lose all that you have gained in France, and will earn nothing there but annoyances."

I made no answer to these words, and departed the next day as secretly as I was able, turning my face again towards Florence. In the meanwhile that infernal plot had come to a head and broken, for I had written to my great master, the Duke, giving him a full account of the causes of my escapade to Venice. I went to visit him without any ceremony, and was received with his usual reserve and austerity. Having maintained this attitude awhile, he turned toward me pleasantly, and asked where I had been. I answered that my heart had never moved one inch from his most illustrious Excellency, although some weighty reasons had forced me

[1] This is Lorenzino de' Medici, the murderer of Alessandro, who was himself assassinated by two Tuscan bravi in 1548. See *Renaissance in Italy*, vol. vi. chap. 6.

to go a roaming for a little while. Then softening still more in manner, he began to question me concerning Venice, and after this wise we conversed some space of time. At last he bade me apply myself to business, and complete his Perseus. So I returned home glad and light-hearted, and comforted my family, that is to say, my sister and her six daughters. Then I resumed my work, and pushed it forward as briskly as I could.

LXIII

The first piece I cast in bronze was that great bust, the portrait of his Excellency, which I had modelled in the goldsmith's workroom while suffering from those pains in my back.[1] It gave much pleasure when it was completed, though my sole object in making it was to obtain experience of clays suitable for bronze-casting. I was of course aware that the admirable sculptor Donatello had cast his bronzes with the clay of Florence; yet it seemed to me that he had met with enormous difficulties in their execution. As I thought that this was due to some fault in the earth, I wanted to make these first experiments before I undertook my Perseus. From them I learned that the clay was good enough, but had not been well understood by Donatello, inasmuch as I could see that his pieces had been cast with the very greatest trouble. Accordingly, as I have described above, I prepared the earth by artificial methods, and found it serve me well, and with it I cast the bust; but since I had not yet constructed my own furnace, I employed that of Maestro Zanobi di Pagno, a bell-founder.

When I saw that this bust came out sharp and clean, I set at once to construct a little furnace in the workshop erected for me by the Duke, after my own plans and design, in the house which the Duke had given me. No sooner was the furnace ready than I went to work with all diligence upon the casting of Medusa, that is, the woman twisted in a heap beneath the feet of Perseus. It was an extremely difficult task, and I was anxious to observe all the niceties of art which I had learned, so as not to lapse into some error. The first cast I took in my furnace succeeded in the super-

[1] Now in the Museum of the Bargello Palace at Florence

lative degree, and was so clean that my friends thought I should not need to retouch it. It is true that certain Germans and Frenchmen, who vaunt the possession of marvellous secrets, pretend that they can cast bronzes without retouching them; but this is really nonsense, because the bronze, when it has first been cast, ought to be worked over and beaten in with hammers and chisels, according to the manner of the ancients and also to that of the moderns—I mean such moderns as have known how to work in bronze.

The result of this casting greatly pleased his Excellency, who often came to my house to inspect it, encouraging me by the interest he showed to do my best. The furious envy of Bandinello, however, who kept always whispering in the Duke's ears, had such effect that he made him believe my first successes with a single figure or two proved nothing; I should never be able to put the whole large piece together, since I was new to the craft, and his Excellency ought to take good heed he did not throw his money away. These insinuations operated so efficiently upon the Duke's illustrious ears, that part of my allowance for workpeople was withdrawn. I felt compelled to complain pretty sharply to his Excellency; and having gone to wait on him one morning in the Via de' Servi, I spoke as follows: "My lord, I do not now receive the monies necessary for my task, which makes me fear that your Excellency has lost confidence in me. Once more then I tell you that I feel quite able to execute this statue three times better than the model, as I have before engaged my word."

LXIV

I could see that this speech made no impression on the Duke, for he kept silence; then, seized with sudden anger and a vehement emotion, I began again to address him: "My lord, this city of a truth has ever been the school of the most noble talents. Yet when a man has come to know what he is worth, after gaining some acquirements, and wishing to augment the glory of his town and of his glorious prince, it is quite right that he should go and labour elsewhere. To prove the truth of these words, I need only remind your Excellency of Donatello and the great Lionardo

da Vinci in the past, and of our incomparable Michel Angelo Buonarroti in the present; they augment the glory of your Excellency by their genius. I in my turn feel the same desire and hope to play my part like them; therefore, my lord, give me the leave to go. But beware of letting Bandinello quit you; rather bestow upon him always more than he demands; for if he goes into foreign parts, his ignorance is so presumptuous that he is just the man to disgrace our most illustrious school. Now grant me my permission, prince! I ask no further reward for my labours up to this time than the gracious favour of your most illustrious Excellency." When he saw the firmness of my resolution, he turned with some irritation and exclaimed: "Benvenuto, if you want to finish the statue, you shall lack for nothing." Then I thanked him and said I had no greater desire than to show those envious folk that I had it in me to execute the promised work. When I left his Excellency, I received some slight assistance; but this not being sufficient, I had to put my hand into my own purse, in order to push the work forward at something better than a snail's pace.

It was my custom to pass the evening in the Duke's wardrobe, where Domenico Poggini and his brother Gianpagolo were at work upon that golden cup for the Duchess and the girdle I have already described. His Excellency had also commissioned me to make a little model for a pendent to set the great diamond which Bernardone and Antonio Landi made him buy. I tried to get out of doing it, but the Duke compelled me by all sorts of kindly pressure to work until four hours after nightfall. He kept indeed enticing me to push this job forward by daytime also; but I would not consent, although I felt sure I should incur his anger. Now one evening I happened to arrive rather later than usual, whereupon he said: "Ill come may you be!"[1] I answered: "My lord, that is not my name; my name is Welcome! But, as I suppose your Excellency is joking, I will add no more." He replied that, far from joking, he meant solemn earnest. I had better look to my conduct, for it had come to his ears that I relied upon his favour to take in first one man and then another. I begged his most illustrious Ex-

[1] A play on *Benvenuto* and *Malvenuto*.

cellency to name a single person whom I had ever taken in. At this he flew into a rage, and said: "Go, and give back to Bernardone what you have of his. There! I have mentioned one." I said: "My lord, I thank you, and beg you to condescend so far as to listen to four words. It is true that he lent me a pair of old scales, two anvils, and three little hammers, which articles I begged his workman, Giorgio da Cortona, fifteen days ago, to fetch back. Giorgio came for them himself. If your Excellency can prove, on referring to those who have spoken these calumnies, or to others, that I have ever, from the day of my birth till now, got any single thing by fraud from anybody, be it in Rome or be it in France, then let your Excellency punish me as immoderately as you choose." When the Duke saw me in this mighty passion, he assumed the air of a prudent and benevolent lord, saying: "Those words are not meant for well-doers; therefore, if it is as you say, I shall always receive you with the same kindness as heretofore." To this I answered: "I should like your Excellency to know that the rascalities of Bernardone compel me to ask as a favor how much that big diamond with the cropped point cost you. I hope to prove on what account that scoundrel tries to bring me into disgrace." Then his Excellency replied: "I paid 25,000 ducats for it; why do you ask me?" "Because, my lord, on such a day, at such an hour, in a corner of Mercato Nuovo, Antonio Landi, the son of Vittorio, begged me to induce your Excellency to buy it, and at my first question he asked 16,000 ducats for the diamond;[2] now your Excellency knows what it has cost you. Domenico Poggini and Gianpagolo his brother, who are present, will confirm my words; for I spoke to them at once about it, and since that time have never once alluded to the matter, because your Excellency told me I did not understand these things, which made me think you wanted to keep up the credit of your stone. I should like you to know, my lord, that I do understand, and that, as regards my character, I consider myself no less honest than any man who ever lived upon this earth. I shall not try to rob you of eight or ten thousand ducats at one

[2] He forgets that he has said above that it was offered him by Landi for 17,000 ducats.

go, but shall rather seek to earn them by my industry. I entered the service of your Excellency as sculptor, goldsmith, and stamper of coin; but to blab about my neighbour's private matters,—never! What I am now telling you I say in self-defence; I do not want my fee for information.[3] If I speak out in the presence of so many worthy fellows as are here, it is because I do not wish your Excellency to believe what Bernardone tells you."

When he had heard this speech, the Duke rose up in anger, and sent for Bernardone, who was forced to take flight as far as Venice, he and Antonio Landi with him. The latter told me that he had not meant that diamond, but was talking of another stone. So then they went and came again from Venice; whereupon I presented myself to the Duke and spoke as follows: "My lord, what I told you is the truth; and what Bernardone said about the tools he lent me is a lie. You had better put this to the proof, and I will go at once to the Bargello." The Duke made answer: "Benvenuto, do your best to be an honest man, as you have done until now; you have no cause for apprehension." So the whole matter passed off in smoke, and I heard not one more word about it. I applied myself to finishing his jewel; and when I took it to the Duchess, her Grace said that she esteemed my setting quite as highly as the diamond which Bernardaccio had made them buy. She then desired me to fasten it upon her breast, and handed me a large pin, with which I fixed it, and took my leave in her good favour.[4] Afterwards I was informed that they had the stone reset by a German or some other foreigner —whether truly or not I cannot vouch—upon Bernardone's suggestion that the diamond would show better in a less elaborate setting.

LXV

I believe I have already narrated how Domenico and Giovanpagolo Poggini, goldsmiths and brothers, were at work in the Duke's wardrobe upon some little golden vases, after my design, chased with figures in bas-relief, and other ornaments of great distinction. I oftentimes kept saying to his Excel-

[3] This fee was *il quarto*, or the fourth part of the criminal's fine, which came to the delator.

[4] It is worthy of notice that from this point onward the MS. is written by Cellini in his own hand.

lency: "My lord, if you will undertake to pay some work-people, I am ready to strike coins for your mint and medals with your portrait. I am willing to enter into competition with the ancients, and feel able to surpass them; for since those early days in which I made the medals of Pope Clement, I have learned so much that I can now produce far better pieces of the kind. I think I can also outdo the coins I struck for Duke Alessandro, which are still held in high esteem; in like manner I could make for you large pieces of gold and silver plate, as I did so often for that noble monarch, King Francis of France, thanks to the great conveniences he allowed me, without ever losing time for the execution of colossal statues or other works of the sculptor's craft." To this suggestion the Duke replied: "Go forward; I will see;" but he never supplied me with conveniences or aid of any kind.

One day his most illustrious Excellency handed me several pounds weight of silver, and said: "This is some of the silver from my mines;[1] take it, and make a fine vase." Now I did not choose to neglect my Perseus, and at the same time I wished to serve the Duke, so I entrusted the metal, together with my designs and models in wax, to a rascal called Piero di Martino, a goldsmith by trade. He set the work up badly, and moreover ceased to labour at it, so that I lost more time than if I had taken it in hand myself. After several months were wasted, and Piero would neither work nor put men to work upon the piece, I made him give it back. I moved heaven and earth to get back the body of the vase, which he had begun badly, as I have already said, together with the remainder of the silver. The Duke, hearing something of these disputes, sent for the vase and the models, and never told me why or wherefore. Suffice it to say, that he placed some of my designs in the hands of divers persons at Venice and elsewhere, and was very ill served by them.

The Duchess kept urging me to do goldsmith's work for her. I frequently replied that everybody, nay, all Italy, knew well I was an excellent goldsmith; but Italy had not yet seen what I could do in sculpture. Among artists, certain en-

[1] Cosimo's silver mines were at Campiglia and Pietrasantra. He worked them, however, rather at a loss than profit.

raged sculptors laughed at me, and called me the new sculptor. "Now I hope to show them that I am an old sculptor, if God shall grant me the boon of finishing my Perseus for that noble piazza of his most illustrious Excellency." After this I shut myself up at home, working day and night, not even showing my face in the palace. I wished, however, to keep myself in favour with the Duchess; so I got some little cups made for her in silver, no larger than twopenny milk-pots, chased with exquisite masks in the rarest antique style. When I took them to her Excellency, she received me most graciously, and repaid the gold and silver I had spent upon them. Then I made my suit to her and prayed her tell the Duke that I was getting small assistance for so great a work; I begged her also to warn him not to lend so ready an ear to Bandinello's evil tongue, which hindered me from finishing my Perseus. In reply to these lamentable complaints the Duchess shrugged her shoulders and exclaimed: "Of a surety the Duke ought only too well to know that this Bandinello of his is worth nothing."

LXVI

I now stayed at home, and went rarely to the palace, labouring with great diligence to complete my statue. I had to pay the workmen out of my own pocket; for the Duke, after giving Lattanzio Gorini orders to discharge their wages, at the end of about eighteen months, grew tired, and withdrew this subsidy. I asked Lattanzio why he did not pay me as usual. The man replied, gesticulating with those spidery hands of his, in a shrill gnat's voice: "Why do not you finish your work? One thinks that you will never get it done." In a rage I up and answered: "May the plague catch you and all who dare to think I shall not finish it!"

So I went home with despair at heart to my unlucky Perseus, not without weeping, when I remembered the prosperity I had abandoned in Paris under the patronage of that marvellous King Francis, where I had abundance of all kinds, and here had everything to want for. Many a time I had it in my soul to cast myself away for lost. One day on

one of these occasions, I mounted a nice nag I had, put a hundred crowns in my purse, and went to Fiesole to visit a natural son of mine there, who was at nurse with my gossip, the wife of one of my workpeople. When I reached the house, I found the boy in good health, and kissed him, very sad at heart. On taking leave, he would not let me go, but held me with his little hands and a tempest of cries and tears. Considering that he was only two years old or thereabouts, the child's grief was something wonderful. Now I had resolved, in the heat of my despair, if I met Bandinello, who went every evening to a farm of his above San Domenico, that I would hurl him to destruction; so I disengaged myself from my baby, and left the boy there sobbing his heart out. Taking the road toward Florence, just when I entered the piazza of San Domenico, Bandinello was arriving from the other side. On the instant I decided upon bloodshed; but when I reached the man and raised my eyes, I saw him unarmed, riding a sorry mule or rather donkey, and he had with him a boy of ten years old. No sooner did he catch sight of me than he turned the colour of a corpse, and trembled from head to foot. Perceiving at once how base the business would be, I exclaimed: "Fear not, vile coward! I do not condescend to smite you." He looked at me submissively and said nothing. Thereupon I recovered command of my faculties, and thanked God that His goodness had withheld me from so great an act of violence. Then, being delivered from that fiendish fury, my spirits rose, and I said to myself: "If God but grant me to execute my work, I hope by its means to annihilate all my scoundrelly enemies; and thus I shall perform far greater and more glorious revenges than if I had vented my rage upon one single foe." Having this excellent resolve in heart, I reached my home. At the end of three days news was brought me that my only son had been smothered by his nurse, my gossip, which gave me greater grief than I have ever had in my whole life. However, I knelt upon the ground, and, not without tears, returned thanks to God, as I was wont, exclaiming, "Lord, Thou gavest me the child, and Thou hast taken him; for all Thy dealings I thank Thee with my whole heart." This great sorrow went nigh to depriving me of

reason; yet, according to my habit, I made a virtue of necessity, and adapted myself to circumstances as well as I was able.

LXVII

About this time a young fellow called Francesco, the son of a smith, Matteo, left Bandinello's employment, and inquired whether I would give him work. I agreed, and sent him to retouch my Medusa, which had been new cast in bronze. After a fortnight he mentioned that he had been speaking with his master, that is, Bandinello, who told him, if I cared to make a marble statue, he would give me a fine block of stone. I replied at once: "Tell him I accept his offer; perhaps this marble will prove a stumbling-block to him, for he keeps on provoking me, and does not bear in mind the great peril he ran upon the piazza of San Domenico. Tell him I will have the marble by all means. I never speak about him, and the beast is perpetually causing me annoyance. I verily believe you came to work here at his orders for the mere purpose of spying upon me. Go, then, and tell him I insist on having the marble, even against his will: see that you do not come back without it."

LXVIII

Many days had elapsed during which I had not shown my face in the palace, when the fancy took me to go there one morning just as the Duke was finishing his dinner. From what I heard, his Excellency had been talking of me that morning, commending me highly, and in particular praising my skill in setting jewels. Therefore, when the Duchess saw me, she called for me by Messer Sforza;[1] and on my presenting myself to her most illustrious Excellency, she asked me to set a little point-diamond in a ring, saying she wished always to wear it; at the same time she gave me the measure and the stone, which was worth about a hundred crowns, begging me to be quick about the work. Upon this the Duke began speaking to the Duchess, and said: "There is no doubt that Benvenuto was formerly without

[1] Sforza Almeni, a Perugian gentleman, the Duke's chamberlain. Cosimo killed this man with his own hand in the year 1566.

his peer in this art; but now that he has abandoned it, I believe it will be too much trouble for him to make a little ring of the sort you want. I pray you, therefore, not to importune him about this trifle, which would be no trifle to him owing to his want of practice." I thanked the Duke for his kind words, but begged him to let me render this trifling service to the Duchess. Then I took the ring in hand, and finished it within a few days. It was meant for the little finger; accordingly I fashioned four tiny children in the round and four masks, which figures composed the hoop. I also found room for some enamelled fruits and connecting links, so that the stone and setting went uncommonly well together. Then I took it to the Duchess, who told me graciously that I had produced a very fine piece, and that she would remember me. She afterwards sent the ring as a present to King Philip, and from that time forward kept charging me with commissions, so kindly, however, that I did my best to serve her, although I saw but very little of her money. God knows I had great need of that, for I was eager to finish my Perseus, and had engaged some journeymen, whom I paid out of my own purse. I now began to show myself more often than I had recently been doing.

LXIX

It happened on one feast-day that I went to the palace after dinner, and when I reached the clockroom, I saw the door of the wardrobe standing open. As I drew nigh it, the Duke called me, and after a friendly greeting said: "You are welcome! Look at that box which has been sent me by my lord Stefano of Palestrina.[1] Open it, and let us see what it contains." When I had opened the box, I cried to the Duke: "My lord, this is a statue in Greek marble, and it is a miracle of beauty. I must say that I have never seen a boy's figure so excellently wrought and in so fine a style among all the antiques I have inspected. If your Excellency permits, I should like to restore it—head and arms and feet. I will add an eagle, in order that we may christen the lad

[1] Stefano Colonna, of the princely house of Palestrina. He was a general of considerable repute in the Spanish, French, and Florentine services successively.

Ganymede. It is certainly not my business to patch up statues, that being the trade of botchers, who do it in all conscience villainously ill; yet the art displayed by this great master of antiquity cries out to me to help him." The Duke was highly delighted to find the statue so beautiful, and put me a multitude of questions, saying: "Tell me, Benvenuto, minutely, in what consists the skill of this old master, which so excites your admiration." I then attempted, as well as I was able, to explain the beauty of workmanship, the consummate science, and the rare manner displayed by the fragment. I spoke long upon these topics, and with the greater pleasure because I saw that his Excellency was deeply interested.

LXX

While I was thus pleasantly engaged in entertaining the Duke, a page happened to leave the wardrobe, and at the same moment Bandinello entered. When the Duke saw him, his countenance contracted, and he asked him drily: "What are you about here?" Bandinello, without answering, cast a glance upon the box, where the statue lay uncovered. Then breaking into one of his malignant laughs and wagging his head, he turned to the Duke and said: "My lord, this exactly illustrates the truth of what I have so often told your Excellency. You must know that the ancients were wholly ignorant of anatomy, and therefore their works abound in mistakes." I kept silence, and paid no heed to what he was saying; nay, indeed, I had turned my back on him. But when the brute had brought his disagreeable babble to an end, the Duke exclaimed: "O Benvenuto, this is the exact opposite of what you were just now demonstrating with so many excellent arguments. Come and speak a word in defence of the statue." In reply to this appeal, so kindly made me by the Duke, I spoke as follows: "My lord, your most illustrious Excellency must please to know that Baccio Bandinello is made up of everything bad, and thus has he ever been; therefore, whatever he looks at, be the thing superlatively excellent, becomes in his ungracious eyes as bad as can be. I, who incline to the good only, discern the truth with purer senses. Consequently, what I told your Excel-

lency about this lovely statue is mere simple truth; whereas what Bandinello said is but a portion of the evil out of which he is composed." The Duke listened with much amusement; but Bandinello writhed and made the most ugly faces —his face itself being by nature hideous beyond measure— which could be imagined by the mind of man.

The Duke at this point moved away, and proceeded through some ground-floor rooms, while Bandinello followed. The chamberlains twitched me by the mantle, and sent me after; so we all attended the Duke until he reached a certain chamber, where he seated himself, with Bandinello and me standing at his right hand and his left. I kept silence, and the gentlemen of his Excellency's suite looked hard at Bandinello, tittering among themselves about the speech I had made in the room above. So then Bandinello began again to chatter, and cried out: "Prince, when I uncovered my Hercules and Cacus, I verily believe a hundred sonnets were written on me, full of the worst abuse which could be invented by the ignorant rabble."[1] I rejoined: "Prince, when Michel Agnolo Buonarroti displayed his Sacristy to view, with so many fine statues in it, the men of talent in our admirable school of Florence, always appreciative of truth and goodness, published more than a hundred sonnets, each vying with his neighbour to extol these masterpieces to the skies.[2] So then, just as Bandinello's work deserved all the evil which, he tells us, was then said about it, Buonarroti's deserved the enthusiastic praise which was bestowed upon it." These words of mine made Bandinello burst with fury; he turned on me, and cried: "And you, what have you got to say against my work?" "I will tell you if you have the patience to hear me out." "Go along then," he replied. The Duke and his attendants prepared themselves to listen. I began and opened my oration thus: "You must know that it pains me to point out the faults of your statue; I shall not, however, utter my own sentiments, but shall recapitulate

[1] Vasari confirms this statement. The statue, which may still be seen upon the great piazza, is, in truth, a very poor performance. The Florentines were angry because Bandinello had filched the commission away from Michel Angelo. It was uncovered in 1534, and Duke Alessandro had to imprison its lampooners.

[2] Cellini alludes of course to the Sacristy of S. Lorenzo, designed by Michel Angelo, with the portraits of the Medici and statues of Day, Night, Dawn, and Twilight.

what our most virtuous school of Florence says about it." The brutal fellow kept making disagreeable remarks and gesticulating with his hands and feet, until he enraged me so that I began again, and spoke far more rudely than I should otherwise have done, if he had behaved with decency. "Well, then, this virtuous school says that if one were to shave the hair of your Hercules, there would not be skull enough left to hold his brain; it says that it is impossible to distinguish whether his features are those of a man or of something between a lion and an ox; the face too is turned away from the action of the figure, and is so badly set upon the neck, with such poverty of art and so ill a grace, that nothing worse was ever seen; his sprawling shoulders are like the two pommels of an ass's pack-saddle; his breasts and all the muscles of the body are not portrayed from a man, but from a big sack full of melons set upright against a wall. The loins seem to be modelled from a bag of lanky pumpkins; nobody can tell how his two legs are attached to that vile trunk; it is impossible to say on which leg he stands, or which he uses to exert his strength; nor does he seem to be resting upon both, as sculptors who know something of their art have occasionally set the figure. It is obvious that the body is leaning forward more than one-third of a cubit, which alone is the greatest and most insupportable fault committed by vulgar commonplace pretenders. Concerning the arms, they say that these are both stretched out without one touch of grace or one real spark of artistic talents, just as if you had never seen a naked model. Again, the right leg of Hercules and that of Cacus have got one mass of flesh between them, so that if they were to be separated, not only one of them, but both together, would be left without a calf at the point where they are touching. They say, too, that Hercules has one of his feet underground, while the other seems to be resting on hot coals."

LXXI

The fellow could not stand quiet to hear the damning errors of his Cacus in their turn enumerated. For one thing, I was telling the truth; for another, I was unmasking him to the Duke and all the people present, who showed by face and

gesture first their surprise, and next their conviction that what I said was true. All at once he burst out: "Ah, you slanderous tongue! why don't you speak about my design?" I retorted: "A good draughtsman can never produce bad works; therefore I am inclined to believe that your drawing is no better than your statues." When he saw the amused expression on the Duke's face and the cutting gestures of the bystanders, he let his insolence get the better of him, and turned to me with that most hideous face of his, screaming aloud: "Oh, hold your tongue, you ugly . . . "[1] At these words the Duke frowned, and the others pursed their lips up and looked with knitted brows toward him. The horrible affront half maddened me with fury; but in a moment I recovered presence of mind enough to turn it off with a jest: "You madman! you exceed the bounds of decency. Yet would to God that I understood so noble an art as you allude to; they say that Jove used it with Ganymede in paradise, and here upon this earth it is practised by some of the greatest emperors and kings. I, however, am put a poor humble creature, who neither have the power nor the intelligence to perplex my wits with anything so admirable." When I had finished this speech, the Duke and his attendants could control themselves no longer, but broke into such shouts of laughter that one never heard the like. You must know, gentle readers, that though I put on this appearance of pleasantry, my heart was bursting in my body to think that a fellow, the foulest villain who ever breathed, should have dared in the presence of so great a prince to cast an insult of that atrocious nature in my teeth; but you must also know that he insulted the Duke, and not me; for had I not stood in that august presence, I should have felled him dead to earth. When the dirty stupid scoundrel observed that those gentlemen kept on laughing, he tried to change the subject, and divert them from deriding him; so he began as follows: "This fellow Benvenuto goes about boasting that I have promised him a piece of marble." I took him up at once, "What! did you not send to tell me by your journeyman, Francesco, that if I wished to work in marble you would give me a block? I accepted it, and mean to have it." He

[1] *Oh sta cheto, soddomitaccio.*

retorted: "Be very well assured that you will never get it." Still smarting as I was under the calumnious insults he had flung at me, I lost my self-control, forgot I was in the presence of the Duke, and called out in a storm of fury: "I swear to you that if you do not send the marble to my house, you had better look out for another world, for if you stay upon this earth I will most certainly rip the wind out of your carcass."[2] Then suddenly awaking to the fact that I was standing in the presence of so great a duke, I turned submissively to his Excellency and said: "My lord, one fool makes a hundred; the follies of this man have blinded me for a moment to the glory of your most illustrious Excellency and to myself. I humbly crave your pardon." Then the Duke said to Bandinello: "Is it true that you promised him the marble?" He replied that it was true. Upon this the Duke addressed me: "Go to the Opera, and choose a piece according to your taste." I demurred that the man had promised to send it home to me. The words that passed between us were awful, and I refused to take the stone in any other way. Next morning a piece of marble was brought to my house. On asking who had sent it, they told me it was Bandinello, and that this was the very block which he had promised.[3]

LXXII

I had it brought at once into my studio, and began to chisel it. While I was rough-hewing the block, I made a model. But my eagerness to work in marble was so strong, that I had not patience to finish the model as correctly as this art demands. I soon noticed that the stone rang false beneath my strokes, which made me oftentimes repent commencing on it. Yet I got what I could out of the piece—that is, the Apollo and Hyacinth, which may still be seen unfinished in my workshop. While I was thus engaged, the Duke came to my house, and often said to me: "Leave your bronze awhile, and let me watch you working on the marble."

[2] *In questo (mondo) ti sgonfierò a ogni modo.*

[3] Vasari, in his *Life of Bandinello,* gives a curious confirmation of Cellini's veracity by reporting this quarrel, with some of the speeches which passed between the two rival artists. Yet he had not read Cellini's *Memoirs,* and was far from partial to the man. Comparing Vasari's with Cellini's account, we only notice that the latter has made Bandinello play a less witty part in the wordy strife than the former assigned him.

Then I took chisel and mallet, and went at it blithely. He asked about the model I had made for my statue; to which I answered: "Duke, this marble is all cracked, but I shall carve something from it in spite of that; therefore I have not been able to settle the model, but shall go on doing the best I can."

His Excellency sent to Rome post-haste for a block of Greek marble, in order that I might restore his antique Ganymede, which was the cause of that dispute with Bandinello. When it arrived, I thought it a sin to cut it up for the head and arms and other bits wanting in the Ganymede; so I provided myself with another piece of stone, and reserved the Greek marble for a Narcissus which I modelled on a small scale in wax. I found that the block had two holes, penetrating to the depth of a quarter of a cubit, and two good inches wide. This led me to choose the attitude which may be noticed in my statue, avoiding the holes and keeping my figure free from them. But rain had fallen scores of years upon the stone, filtering so deeply from the holes into its substance that the marble was decayed. Of this I had full proof at the time of a great inundation of the Arno, when the river rose to the height of more than a cubit and a half in my workshop.[1] Now the Narcissus stood upon a square of wood, and the water overturned it, causing the statue to break in two above the breasts. I had to join the pieces; and in order that the line of breakage might not be observed, I wreathed that garland of flowers round it which may still be seen upon the bosom. I went on working at the surface, employing some hours before sunrise, or now and then on feast-days, so as not to lose the time I needed for my Perseus.

It so happened on one of those mornings, while I was getting some little chisels into trim to work on the Narcissus, that a very fine splinter of steel flew into my right eye, and embedded itself so deeply in the pupil that it could not be extracted. I thought for certain I must lose the sight of that eye. After some days I sent for Maestro Raffaello dé Pilli, the surgeon, who obtained a couple of live pigeons, and placing me upon my back across a table, took the birds and

[1] Cellini alludes to a celebrated inundation of the year 1547.

opened a large vein they have beneath the wing, so that the blood gushed out into my eye. I felt immediately relieved, and in the space of two days the splinter came away, and I remained with eyesight greatly improved. Against the feast of S. Lucia,[2] which came round in three days, I made a golden eye out of a French crown, and had it presented at her shrine by one of my six nieces, daughters of my sister Liperata; the girl was ten years of age, and in her company I returned thanks to God and S. Lucia. For some while afterwards I did not work at the Narcissus, but pushed my Perseus forward under all the difficulties I have described. It was my purpose to finish it, and then to bid farewell to Florence.

LXXIII

Having succeeded so well with the cast of the Medusa, I had great hope of bringing my Perseus through; for I had laid the wax on, and felt confident that it would come out in bronze as perfectly as the Medusa. The waxen model produced so fine an effect, that when the Duke saw it and was struck with its beauty—whether somebody had persuaded him it could not be carried out with the same finish in metal, or whether he thought so for himself—he came to visit me more frequently than usual, and on one occasion said: "Benvenuto, this figure cannot succeed in bronze; the laws of art do not admit of it." These words of his Excellency stung me so sharply that I answered: "My lord, I know how very little confidence you have in me; and I believe the reason of this is that your most illustrious Excellency lends too ready an ear to my calumniators, or else indeed that you do not understand my art." He hardly let me close the sentence when he broke in: "I profess myself a connoisseur, and understand it very well indeed." I replied: "Yes, like a prince, not like an artist; for if your Excellency understood my trade as well as you imagine, you would trust me on the proofs I have already given. These are, first, the colossal bronze bust of your Excellency, which is now in Elba;[1] secondly, the restoration of the Ganymede

[2] S. Lucy, I need hardly remark, is the patroness of the eyes. In Italian art she is generally represented holding her own eyes upon a plate.

[1] At Portoferraio. It came afterwards to Florence.

in marble, which offered so many difficulties and cost me so much trouble, that I would rather have made the whole statue new from the beginning; thirdly, the Medusa, cast by me in bronze, here now before your Excellency's eyes, the execution of which was a greater triumph of strength and skill than any of my predecessors in this fiendish art have yet achieved. Look you, my lord! I constructed that furnace anew on principles quite different from those of other founders; in addition to many technical improvements and ingenious devices, I supplied it with two issues for the metal, because this difficult and twisted figure could not otherwise have come out perfect. It is only owing to my intelligent insight into means and appliances that the statue turned out as it did; a triumph judged impossible by all the practitioners of this art. I should like you furthermore to be aware, my lord, for certain, that the sole reason why I succeeded with all those great arduous works in France under his most admirable Majesty King Francis, was the high courage which that good monarch put into my heart by the liberal allowances he made me, and the multitude of workpeople he left at my disposal. I could have as many as I asked for, and employed at times above forty, all chosen by myself. These were the causes of my having there produced so many masterpieces in so short a space of time. Now then, my lord, put trust in me; supply me with the aid I need. I am confident of being able to complete a work which will delight your soul. But if your Excellency goes on disheartening me, and does not advance me the assistance which is absolutely required, neither I nor any man alive upon this earth can hope to achieve the slightest thing of value."

LXXIV

It was as much as the Duke could do to stand by and listen to my pleadings. He kept turning first this way and then that; while I, in despair, poor wretched I, was calling up remembrance of the noble state I held in France, to the great sorrow of my soul. All at once he cried: "Come, tell me, Benvenuto, how is it possible that yonder splendid head of Medusa, so high up there in the grasp of Perseus, should

ever come out perfect?" I replied upon the instant: "Look you now, my lord! If your Excellency possessed that knowledge of the craft which you affirm you have, you would not fear one moment for the splendid head you speak of. There is good reason, on the other hand, to feel uneasy about this right foot, so far below and at a distance from the rest." When he heard these words, the Duke turned, half in anger, to some gentlemen in waiting, and exclaimed: "I verily believe that this Benvenuto prides himself on contradicting everything one says." Then he faced round to me with a touch of mockery, upon which his attendants did the like, and began to speak as follows: "I will listen patiently to any argument you can possibly produce in explanation of your statement, which may convince me of its probability." I said in answer: "I will adduce so sound an argument that your Excellency shall perceive the full force of it." So I began: "You must know, my lord, that the nature of fire is to ascend, and therefore I promise you that Medusa's head will come out famously; but since it is not in the nature of fire to descend, and I must force it downwards six cubits by artificial means, I assure your Excellency upon this most convincing ground of proof that the foot cannot possibly come out. It will, however, be quite easy for me to restore it." "Why, then," said the Duke, "did you not devise it so that the foot should come out as well as you affirm the head will?" I answered: "I must have made a much larger furnace, with a conduit as thick as my leg; and so I might have forced the molten metal by its own weight to descend so far. Now, my pipe, which runs six cubits to the statue's foot, as I have said, is not thicker than two fingers. However, it was not worth the trouble and expense to make a larger; for I shall easily be able to mend what is lacking. But when my mould is more than half full, as I expect, from this middle point upwards, the fire ascending by its natural property, then the heads of Perseus and Medusa will come out admirably; you may be quite sure of it." After I had thus expounded these convincing arguments, together with many more of the same kind, which it would be tedious to set down here, the Duke shook his head and departed without further ceremony.

LXXV

Abandoned thus to my own resources, I took new courage, and banished the sad thoughts which kept recurring to my mind, making me often weep bitter tears of repentance for having left France; for though I did so only to revisit Florence, my sweet birthplace, in order that I might charitably succour my six nieces, this good action, as I well perceived, had been the beginning of my great misfortune. Nevertheless, I felt convinced that when my Perseus was accomplished, all these trials would be turned to high felicity and glorious well-being.

Accordingly I strengthened my heart, and with all the forces of my body and my purse, employing what little money still remained to me, I set to work. First I provided myself with several loads of pinewood from the forests of Serristori, in the neighbourhood of Montelupo. While these were on their way, I clothed my Perseus with the clay which I had prepared many months beforehand, in order that it might be duly seasoned. After making its clay tunic (for that is the term used in this art) and properly arming it and fencing it with iron girders, I began to draw the wax out by means of a slow fire. This melted and issued through numerous air-vents I had made; for the more there are of these, the better will the mould fill. When I had finished drawing off the wax, I constructed a funnel-shaped furnace all round the model of my Perseus.[1] It was built of bricks, so interlaced, the one above the other, that numerous apertures were left for the fire to exhale at. Then I began to lay on wood by degrees, and kept it burning two whole days and nights. At length, when all the wax was gone, and the mould was well baked, I set to work at digging the pit in which to sink it. This I performed with scrupulous regard to all the rules of art. When I had finished that part of my work, I raised the mould by windlasses and stout ropes to a perpendicular position, and suspending it with the greatest care one cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly above the middle of the pit, I next lowered it gently

[1] This furnace, called *manica*, was like a grain-hopper, so that the mould could stand upright in it as in a cup. The word *manica* is the same as our *manuch*, an antique form of sleeve.

down into the very bottom of the furnace, and had it firmly placed with every possible precaution for its safety. When this delicate operation was accomplished, I began to bank it up with the earth I had excavated; and, ever as the earth grew higher, I introduced its proper air-vents, which were little tubes of earthenware, such as folk use for drains and such-like purposes.[2] At length, I felt sure that it was admirably fixed, and that the filling in of the pit and the placing of the air-vents had been properly performed. I also could see that my workpeople understood my method, which differed very considerably from that of all the other masters in the trade. Feeling confident, then, that I could rely upon them, I next turned to my furnace, which I had filled with numerous pigs of copper and other bronze stuff. The pieces were piled according to the laws of art, that is to say, so resting one upon the other that the flames could play freely through them, in order that the metal might heat and liquefy the sooner. At last I called out heartily to set the furnace going. The logs of pine were heaped in, and, what with the unctuous resin of the wood and the good draught I had given, my furnace worked so well that I was obliged to rush from side to side to keep it going. The labour was more than I could stand; yet I forced myself to strain every nerve and muscle. To increase my anxieties, the workshop took fire, and we were afraid lest the roof should fall upon our heads; while, from the garden, such a storm of wind and rain kept blowing in, that it perceptibly cooled the furnace.

Battling thus with all these untoward circumstances for several hours, and exerting myself beyond even the measure of my powerful constitution, I could at last bear up no longer, and a sudden fever,[3] of the utmost possible intensity, attacked me. I felt absolutely obliged to go and fling myself upon my bed. Sorely against my will having to drag myself away from the spot, I turned to my assistants, about ten or more in all, what with master-founders, hand-workers, country-

[2] These air-vents, or *sfiatatoi*, were introduced into the outer mould, which Cellini calls the *tonaca*, or clay tunic laid upon the original model of baked clay and wax. They served the double purpose of drawing off the wax, whereby a space was left for the molten bronze to enter, and also of facilitating the penetration of this molten metal by allowing a free escape of air and gas from the outer mould.

[3] *Una febbre efimera.* Lit., *a fever of one day's duration.*

fellows, and my own special journeymen, among whom was Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello, my apprentice through several years. To him in particular I spoke: "Look, my dear Bernardino, that you observe the rules which I have taught you; do your best with all despatch, for the metal will soon be fused. You cannot go wrong; these honest men will get the channels ready; you will easily be able to drive back the two plugs with this pair of iron crooks; and I am sure that my mould will fill miraculously. I feel more ill than I ever did in all my life, and verily believe that it will kill me before a few hours are over."[4] Thus, with despair at heart, I left them, and betook myself to bed.

LXXVI

No sooner had I got to bed, than I ordered my serving-maids to carry food and wine for all the men into the work-shop; at the same time I cried: "I shall not be alive to-morrow." They tried to encourage me, arguing that my illness would pass over, since it came from excessive fatigue. In this way I spent two hours battling with the fever, which steadily increased, and calling out continually: "I feel that I am dying." My housekeeper, who was named Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, a very notable manager and no less warm-hearted, kept chiding me for my discouragement; but, on the other hand, she paid me every kind attention which was possible. However, the sight of my physical pain and moral dejection so affected her, that, in spite of that brave heart of hers, she could not refrain from shedding tears; and yet, so far as she was able, she took good care I should not see them. While I was thus terribly afflicted, I beheld the figure of a man enter my chamber, twisted in his body into the form of

[4] Some technical terms require explanation in this sentence. The *canali* or channels were sluices for carrying the molten metal from the furnace into the mould. The *mandriani*, which I have translated by *iron crooks*, were poles fitted at the end with curved irons, by which the openings of the furnace, *plugs*, or in Italian *spine*, could be partially or wholly driven back, so as to let the molten metal flow through the channels into the mould. When the metal reached the mould, it entered in a red-hot stream between the *tonaca*, or outside mould, and the *anima*, or inner block, filling up exactly the space which had previously been occupied by the wax extracted by a method of slow burning alluded to above. I believe that the process is known as casting *á cire perdue*. The *forma*, or mould, consisted of two pieces; one hollow (*la tonaca*), which gave shape to the bronze; one solid and rounded (*la anima*), which stood at a short interval within the former, and regulated the influx of the metal. See above, pp. 369-370, note.

a capital S. He raised a lamentable, doleful voice, like one who announces their last hour to men condemned to die upon the scaffold, and spoke these words: "O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it." No sooner had I heard the shriek of that wretch than I gave a howl which might have been heard from the sphere of flame. Jumping from my bed, I seized my clothes and began to dress. The maids, and my lads, and every one who came around to help me, got kicks or blows of the fist, while I kept crying out in lamentation: "Ah! traitors! enviers! This is an act of treason, done by malice prepense! But I swear by God that I will sift it to the bottom, and before I die will leave such witness to the world of what I can do as shall make a score of mortals marvel."

When I had got my clothes on, I strode with soul bent on mischief toward the workshop; there I beheld the men, whom I had left erewhile in such high spirits, standing stupefied and downcast. I began at once and spoke: "Up with you! Attend to me! Since you have not been able or willing to obey the directions I gave you, obey me now that I am with you to conduct my work in person. Let no one contradict me, for in cases like this we need the aid of hand and hearing, not of advice." When I had uttered these words, a certain Maestro Alessandro Lastricati broke silence and said: "Look you, Benvenuto, you are going to attempt an enterprise which the laws of art do not sanction, and which cannot succeed." I turned upon him with such fury and so full of mischief, that he and all the rest of them exclaimed with one voice: "On then! Give orders! We will obey your least commands, so long as life is left in us." I believe they spoke thus feelingly because they thought I must fall shortly dead upon the ground. I went immediately to inspect the furnace, and found that the metal was all curdled; an accident which we express by "being caked."[1] I told two of the hands to cross the road, and fetch from the house of the butcher Capretta a load of young oak-wood, which had lain dry for above a year; this wood had been previously offered me by Madame Ginevra, wife of the said Capretta. So soon as the first armfuls arrived, I began to fill the grate beneath the fur-

[1] *Essersi fatto un migliaccio.*

nace.[2] Now oak-wood of that kind heats more powerfully than any other sort of tree; and for this reason, where a slow fire is wanted, as in the case of gun-foundry, alder or pine is preferred. Accordingly, when the logs took fire, oh! how the cake began to stir beneath that awful heat, to glow and sparkle in a blaze! At the same time I kept stirring up the channels, and sent men upon the roof to stop the conflagration, which had gathered force from the increased combustion in the furnace; also I caused boards, carpets, and other hangings to be set up against the garden, in order to protect us from the violence of the rain.

LXXVII

When I had thus provided against these several disasters, I roared out first to one man and then to another: "Bring this thing here! Take that thing there!" At this crisis, when the whole gang saw the cake was on the point of melting, they did my bidding, each fellow working with the strength of three. I then ordered half a pig of pewter to be brought, which weighed about sixty pounds, and flung it into the middle of the cake inside the furnace. By this means, and by piling on wood and stirring now with pokers and now with iron rods, the curdled mass rapidly began to liquefy. Then, knowing I had brought the dead to life again, against the firm opinion of those ignoramuses, I felt such vigour fill my veins, that all those pains of fever, all those fears of death, were quite forgotten.

All of a sudden an explosion took place, attended by a tremendous flash of flame, as though a thunderbolt had formed and been discharged amongst us. Unwonted and appalling terror astonied every one, and me more even than the rest. When the din was over and the dazzling light extinguished, we began to look each other in the face. Then I discovered that the cap of the furnace had blown up, and the bronze was bubbling over from its source beneath. So I had the mouths of my mould immediately opened, and at the same time drove in the two plugs which kept back the molten metal. But I noticed that it did not flow as rapidly

[2] The Italian is *bracciaiuola,* a pit below the grating, which receives the ashes from the furnace.

as usual, the reason being probably that the fierce heat of the fire we kindled had consumed its base alloy. Accordingly I sent for all my pewter platters, porringers, and dishes, to the number of some two hundred pieces, and had a portion of them cast, one by one, into the channels, the rest into the furnace. This expedient succeeded, and every one could now perceive that my bronze was in most perfect liquefaction, and my mould was filling; whereupon they all with heartiness and happy cheer assisted and obeyed my bidding, while I, now here, now there, gave orders, helped with my own hands, and cried aloud: "O God! Thou that by Thy immeasurable power didst rise from the dead, and in Thy glory didst ascend to heaven!" . . . . even thus in a moment my mould was filled; and seeing my work finished, I fell upon my knees, and with all my heart gave thanks to God.

After all was over, I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there, and ate with hearty appetite, and drank together with the whole crew. Afterwards I retired to bed, healthy and happy, for it was now two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as though I had never felt a touch of illness. My good housekeeper, without my giving any orders, had prepared a fat capon for my repast. So that, when I rose, about the hour for breaking fast, she presented herself with a smiling countenance, and said: "Oh! is that the man who felt that he was dying? Upon my word, I think the blows and kicks you dealt us last night, when you were so enraged, and had that demon in your body as it seemed, must have frightened away your mortal fever! The fever feared that it might catch it too, as we did!" All my poor household, relieved in like measure from anxiety and overwhelming labour, went at once to buy earthen vessels in order to replace the pewter I had cast away. Then we dined together joyfully; nay, I cannot remember a day in my whole life when I dined with greater gladness or a better appetite.

After our meal I received visits from the several men who had assisted me. They exchanged congratulations, and thanked God for our success, saying they had learned and seen things done which other masters judged impossible. I too grew somewhat glorious; and deeming I had shown myself a man of talent, indulged a boastful humour. So I thrust

my hand into my purse, and paid them all to their full satisfaction.

That evil fellow, my mortal foe, Messer Pier Francesco Ricci, majordomo of the Duke, took great pains to find out how the affair had gone. In answer to his questions, the two men whom I suspected of having caked my metal for me, said I was no man, but of a certainty some powerful devil, since I had accomplished what no craft of the art could do; indeed they did not believe a mere ordinary fiend could work such miracles as I in other ways had shown. They exaggerated the whole affair so much, possibly in order to excuse their own part in it, that the majordomo wrote an account to the Duke, who was then in Pisa, far more marvellous and full of thrilling incidents than what they had narrated.

LXXVIII

After I had let my statue cool for two whole days, I began to uncover it by slow degrees. The first thing I found was that the head of Medusa had come out most admirably, thanks to the air-vents; for, as I had told the Duke, it is the nature of fire to ascend. Upon advancing farther, I discovered that the other head, that, namely, of Perseus, had succeeded no less admirably; and this astonished me far more, because it is at a considerably lower level than that of the Medusa. Now the mouths of the mould were placed above the head of Perseus and behind his shoulders; and I found that all the bronze my furnace contained had been exhausted in the head of this figure. It was a miracle to observe that not one fragment remained in the orifice of the channel, and that nothing was wanting to the statue. In my great astonishment I seemed to see in this the hand of God arranging and controlling all.

I went on uncovering the statue with success, and ascertained that everything had come out in perfect order, until I reached the foot of the right leg on which the statue rests. There the heel itself was formed, and going farther, I found the foot apparently complete. This gave me great joy on the one side, but was half unwelcome to me on the other, merely because I had told the Duke that it could not come out.

However, when I reached the end, it appeared that the toes and a little piece above them were unfinished, so that about half the foot was wanting. Although I knew that this would add a trifle to my labour, I was very well pleased, because I could now prove to the Duke how well I understood my business. It is true that far more of the foot than I expected had been perfectly formed; the reason of this was that, from causes I have recently described, the bronze was hotter than our rules of art prescribe; also that I had been obliged to supplement the alloy with my pewter cups and platters, which no one else, I think, had ever done before.

Having now ascertained how successfully my work had been accomplished, I lost no time in hurrying to Pisa, where I found the Duke. He gave me a most gracious reception, as did also the Duchess; and although the majordomo had informed them of the whole proceedings, their Excellencies deemed my performance far more stupendous and astonishing when they heard the tale from my own mouth. When I arrived at the foot of Perseus, and said it had not come out perfect, just as I previously warned his Excellency, I saw an expression of wonder pass over his face, while he related to the Duchess how I had predicted this beforehand. Observing the princes to be so well disposed towards me, I begged leave from the Duke to go to Rome. He granted it in most obliging terms, and bade me return as soon as possible to complete his Perseus; giving me letters of recommendation meanwhile to his ambassador, Averardo Serristori. We were then in the first years of Pope Giulio de Monti.[1]

LXXIX

Before leaving home, I directed my workpeople to proceed according to the method I had taught them. The reason of my journey was as follows. I had made a life-sized bust in bronze of Bindo Altoviti,[1] the son of Antonio, and had sent it to him at Rome. He set it up in his study, which was very richly adorned with antiquities and other works of art;

[1] Gio Maria del Monte Sansovino was elected Pope, with the title of Julius III., in February 1550.

[1] This man was a member of a very noble Florentine family. Born in 1491, he was at this epoch Tuscan Consul in Rome. Cellini's bust of him still exists in the Palazzo Altoviti at Rome.

but the room was not designed for statues or for paintings, since the windows were too low, so that the light coming from beneath spoiled the effect they would have produced under more favourable conditions. It happened one day that Bindo was standing at his door, when Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, the sculptor, passed by; so he begged him to come in and see his study. Michel Agnolo followed, and on entering the room and looking round, he exclaimed: "Who is the master who made that good portrait of you in so fine a manner? You must know that that bust pleases me as much, or even more, than those antiques; and yet there are many fine things to be seen among the latter. If those windows were above instead of beneath, the whole collection would show to greater advantage, and your portrait, placed among so many masterpieces, would hold its own with credit." No sooner had Michel Agnolo left the house of Bindo than he wrote me a very kind letter, which ran as follows: "My dear Benvenuto, I have known you for many years as the greatest goldsmith of whom we have any information; and henceforward I shall know you for a sculptor of like quality. I must tell you that Master Bindo Altoviti took me to see his bust in bronze, and informed me that you had made it. I was greatly pleased with the work; but it annoyed me to notice that it was placed in a bad light; for if it were suitably illuminated, it would show itself to be the fine performance that it is." This letter abounded with the most affectionate and complimentary expressions towards myself; and before I left for Rome, I showed it to the Duke, who read it with much kindly interest, and said to me: "Benvenuto, if you write to him, and can persuade him to return to Florence, I will make him a member of the Forty-eight."[2] Accordingly I wrote a letter full of warmth, and offered in the Duke's name a hundred times more than my commission carried; but not wanting to make any mistake, I showed this to the Duke before I sealed it, saying to his most illustrious Excellency: "Prince, perhaps I have made him too many promises." He replied: "Michel Agnolo deserves more than you have promised, and I will bestow on

[2] This was one of the three Councils created by Clement VII. in 1532, when he changed the Florentine constitution. It corresponded to a Senate.

him still greater favours." To this letter he sent no answer, and I could see that the Duke was much offended with him.

LXXX

When I reached Rome, I went to lodge in Bindo Altoviti's house. He told me at once how he had shown his bronze bust to Michel Agnolo, and how the latter had praised it. So we spoke for some length upon this topic. I ought to narrate the reasons why I had taken this portrait. Bindo had in his hands 1200 golden crowns of mine, which formed part of 5000 he had lent the Duke; 4000 were his own, and mine stood in his name, while I received that portion of the interest which accrued to me.[1] This led to my taking his portrait; and when he saw the wax model for the bust, he sent me fifty golden scudi by a notary in his employ, named Ser Giuliano Paccalli. I did not want to take the money, so I sent it back to him by the same hand, saying at a later time to Bindo: "I shall be satisfied if you keep that sum of mine for me at interest, so that I may gain a little on it." When we came to square accounts on this occasion, I observed that he was ill disposed towards me, since, instead of treating me affectionately, according to his previous wont, he put on a stiff air; and although I was staying in his house, he was never good-humoured, but always surly. However, we settled our business in a few words. I sacrificed my pay for his portrait, together with the bronze, and we arranged that he should keep my money at 15 per cent. during my natural life.

LXXXI

One of the first things I did was to go and kiss the Pope's feet; and while I was speaking with his Holiness, Messer Averardo Serristori, our Duke's Envoy, arrived.[1] I had made some proposals to the Pope, which I think he would have agreed upon, and I should have been very glad to return to Rome on account of the great difficulties which I had at Florence. But I soon perceived that the ambassador had countermined me.

[1] To make the sum correct, 5200 ought to have been lent the Duke.
[1] His despatches form a valuable series of historical documents. *Firenze*, Le Monnier, 1853.

Then I went to visit Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, and repeated what I had written from Florence to him in the Duke's name. He replied that he was engaged upon the fabric of S. Peter's, and that this would prevent him from leaving Rome. I rejoined that, as he had decided on the model of that building, he could leave its execution to his man Urbino, who would carry out his orders to the letter. I added much about future favours, in the form of a message from the Duke. Upon this he looked me hard in the face, and said with a sarcastic smile: "And you! to what extent are you satisfied with him?" Although I replied that I was extremely contented and was very well treated by his Excellency, he showed that he was acquainted with the greater part of my annoyances, and gave as his final answer that it would be difficult for him to leave Rome. To this I added that he could not do better than to return to his own land, which was governed by a prince renowned for justice, and the greatest lover of the arts and sciences who ever saw the light of this world. As I have remarked above, he had with him a servant of his who came from Urbino, and had lived many years in his employment, rather as valet and housekeeper than anything else; this indeed was obvious, because he had acquired no skill in the arts.[2] Consequently, while I was pressing Michel Agnolo with arguments he could not answer, he turned round sharply to Urbino, as though to ask him his opinion. The fellow began to bawl out in his rustic way: "I will never leave my master Michel Agnolo's side till I shall have flayed him or he shall have flayed me." These stupid words forced me to laugh, and without saying farewell, I lowered my shoulders and retired.

LXXXII

The miserable bargain I had made with Bindo Altoviti, losing my bust and leaving him my capital for life, taught me what the faith of merchants is; so I returned in bad spirits to Florence. I went at once to the palace to pay my respects to the Duke, whom I found to be at Castello beyond Ponte a Rifredi. In the palace I met Messer Pier Francesco

[2] Upon the death of this Urbino, Michel Angelo wrote a touching sonnet and a very feeling letter to Vasari.

Ricci, the majordomo, and when I drew nigh to pay him the usual compliments, he exclaimed with measureless astonishment: "Oh, are you come back?" and with the same air of surprise, clapping his hands together, he cried: "The Duke is at Castello!" then turned his back and left me. I could not form the least idea why the beast behaved in such an extraordinary manner to me.

Proceeding at once to Castello, and entering the garden where the Duke was, I caught sight of him at a distance; but no sooner had he seen me than he showed signs of surprise, and intimated that I might go about my business. I had been reckoning that his Excellency would treat me with the same kindness, or even greater, as before I left for Rome; so now, when he received me with such rudeness, I went back, much hurt, to Florence. While resuming my work and pushing my statue forward, I racked my brains to think what could have brought about this sudden change in the Duke's manner. The curious way in which Messer Sforza and some other gentlemen close to his Excellency's person eyed me, prompted me to ask the former what the matter was. He only replied with a sort of smile: "Benvenuto, do your best to be an honest man, and have no concern for anything else." A few days afterwards I obtained an audience of the Duke, who received me with a kind of grudging grace, and asked me what I had been doing at Rome. To the best of my ability I maintained the conversation, and told him the whole story about Bindo Altoviti's bust. It was evident that he listened with attention; so I went on talking about Michel Agnolo Buonarroti. At this he showed displeasure; but Urbino's stupid speech about the flaying made him laugh aloud. Then he said: "Well, it is he who suffers!" and I took my leave.

There can be no doubt that Ser Pier Francesco, the majordomo, must have served me some ill turn with the Duke, which did not, however, succeed; for God, who loves the truth, protected me, as He hath ever saved me, from a sea of dreadful dangers, and I hope will save me till the end of this my life, however full of trials it may be. I march forward, therefore, with a good heart, sustained alone

by His divine power; nor let myself be terrified by any furious assault of fortune or my adverse stars. May only God maintain me in His grace!

LXXXIII

I must beg your attention now, most gracious reader, for a very terrible event which happened.

I used the utmost diligence and industry to complete my statue, and went to spend my evenings in the Duke's wardrobe, assisting there the goldsmiths who were working for his Excellency. Indeed, they laboured mainly on designs which I had given them. Noticing that the Duke took pleasure in seeing me at work and talking with me, I took it into my head to go there sometimes also by day. It happened upon one of those days that his Excellency came as usual to the room where I was occupied, and more particularly because he heard of my arrival. His Excellency entered at once into conversation, raising several interesting topics, upon which I gave my views so much to his entertainment that he showed more cheerfulness than I had ever seen in him before. All of a sudden, one of his secretaries appeared, and whispered something of importance in his ear; whereupon the Duke rose, and retired with the official into another chamber. Now the Duchess had sent to see what his Excellency was doing, and her page brought back this answer: "The Duke is talking and laughing with Benvenuto, and is in excellent good-humour." When the Duchess heard this, she came immediately to the wardrobe, and not finding the Duke there, took a seat beside us. After watching us at work a while, she turned to me with the utmost graciousness, and showed me a necklace of large and really very fine pearls. On being asked by her what I thought of them, I said it was in truth a very handsome ornament. Then she spoke as follows: "I should like the Duke to buy them for me; so I beg you, my dear Benvenuto, to praise them to him as highly as you can." At these words I disclosed my mind to the Duchess with all the respect I could, and answered: "My lady, I thought this necklace of pearls belonged already to your most illus-

trious Excellency. Now that I am aware you have not yet acquired them, it is right, nay, more, it is my duty to utter what I might otherwise have refrained from saying, namely, that my mature professional experience enables me to detect very grave faults in the pearls, and for this reason I could never advise your Excellency to purchase them." She replied: "The merchant offers them for six thousand crowns; and were it not for some of those trifling defects you speak of, the rope would be worth over twelve thousand." To this I replied, that "even were the necklace of quite flawless quality, I could not advise any one to bid up to five thousand crowns for it; for pearls are not gems; pearls are but fishes' bones, which in the course of time must lose their freshness. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on the contrary, never grow old; these four are precious stones, and these it is quite right to purchase." When I had thus spoken, the Duchess showed some signs of irritation, and exclaimed: "I have a mind to possess these pearls; so, prithee, take them to the Duke, and praise them up to the skies; even if you have to use some words beyond the bounds of truth, speak them to do me service; it will be well for you!"

I have always been the greatest friend of truth and foe of lies: yet, compelled by necessity, unwilling to lose the favour of so great a princess, I took those confounded pearls sorely against my inclination, and went with them over to the other room, whither the Duke had withdrawn. No sooner did he set eyes upon me than he cried: "O Benvenuto! what are you about here?" I uncovered the pearls and said: "My lord, I am come to show you a most splendid necklace of pearls, of the rarest quality, and truly worthy of your Excellency; I do not believe it would be possible to put together eighty pearls which could show better than these do in a necklace. My counsel therefore is, that you should buy them, for they are in good sooth miraculous." He responded on the instant: "I do not choose to buy them; they are not pearls of the quality and goodness you affirm; I have seen the necklace, and they do not please me." Then I added: "Pardon me, prince! These pearls exceed in rarity and beauty any which were ever brought together

for a necklace." The Duchess had risen, and was standing behind a door listening to all I said. Well, when I had praised the pearls a thousandfold more warmly than I have described above, the Duke turned towards me with a kindly look, and said: "O my dear Benvenuto, I know that you have an excellent judgment in these matters. If the pearls are as rare as you certify, I should not hesitate about their purchase, partly to gratify the Duchess, and partly to possess them, seeing I have always need of such things, not so much for her Grace, as for the various uses of my sons and daughters." When I heard him speak thus, having once begun to tell fibs, I stuck to them with even greater boldness; I gave all the colour of truth I could to my lies, confiding in the promise of the Duchess to help me at the time of need. More than two hundred crowns were to be my commission on the bargain, and the Duchess had intimated that I should receive so much; but I was firmly resolved not to touch a farthing, in order to secure my credit, and convince the Duke I was not prompted by avarice. Once more his Excellency began to address me with the greatest courtesy: "I know that you are a consummate judge of these things; therefore, if you are the honest man I always thought you, tell me now the truth." Thereat I flushed up to my eyes, which at the same time filled with tears, and said to him: "My lord, if I tell your most illustrious Excellency the truth, I shall make a mortal foe of the Duchess; this will oblige me to depart from Florence, and my enemies will begin at once to pour contempt upon my Perseus, which I have announced as a masterpiece to the most noble school of your illustrious Excellency. Such being the case, I recommend myself to your most illustrious Excellency."

LXXXIV

The Duke was now aware that all my previous speeches had been, as it were, forced out of me. So he rejoined: "If you have confidence in me, you need not stand in fear of anything whatever." I recommenced: "Alas! my lord, what can prevent this coming to the ears of the Duchess?"

The Duke lifted his hand in sign of troth-pledge,[1] and exclaimed: "Be assured that what you say will be buried in a diamond casket!" To this engagement upon honour I replied by telling the truth according to my judgment, namely, that the pearls were not worth above two thousand crowns. The Duchess, thinking we had stopped talking, for we now were speaking in as low a voice as possible, came forward, and began as follows: "My lord, do me the favour to purchase this necklace, because I have set my heart on them, and your Benvenuto here has said he never saw a finer row of pearls." The Duke replied: "I do not choose to buy them." "Why, my lord, will not your Excellency gratify me by buying them?" "Because I do not care to throw my money out of the window." The Duchess recommenced: "What do you mean by throwing your money away, when Benvenuto, in whom you place such well-merited confidence, has told me that they would be cheap at over three thousand crowns?" Then the Duke said: "My lady! my Benvenuto here has told me that, if I purchase this necklace, I shall be throwing my money away, inasmuch as the pearls are neither round nor well-matched, and some of them are quite faded. To prove that this is so, look here! look there! consider this one and then that. The necklace is not the sort of thing for me." At these words the Duchess cast a glance of bitter spite at me, and retired with a threatening nod of her head in my direction. I felt tempted to pack off at once and bid farewell to Italy. Yet my Perseus being all but finished, I did not like to leave without exposing it to public view. But I ask every one to consider in what a grievous plight I found myself!

The Duke had given orders to his porters in my presence, that if I appeared at the palace, they should always admit me through his apartments to the place where he might happen to be. The Duchess commanded the same men, whenever I showed my face at that palace, to drive me from its gates. Accordingly, no sooner did I present myself, than these fellows left their doors and bade me begone; at the same time they took good care lest the Duke should perceive what they were after; for if he caught sight of me before

[1] *Alzò la fede.*

those wretches, he either called me, or beckoned to me to advance.

At this juncture the Duchess sent for Bernardone, the broker, of whom she had so often complained to me, abusing his good-for-nothingness and utter worthlessness. She now confided in him as she had previously done in me. He replied: "My princess, leave the matter in my hands." Then the rascal presented himself before the Duke with that necklace in his hands. No sooner did the Duke set eyes on him than he bade him begone. But the rogue lifted his big ugly voice, which sounded like the braying of an ass through his huge nose, and spoke to this effect: "Ah! my dear lord, for Heaven's sake buy this necklace for the poor Duchess, who is dying to have it, and cannot indeed live without it." The fellow poured forth so much of this stupid nonsensical stuff that the Duke's patience was exhausted, and he cried: "Oh, get away with you, or blow your chaps out till I smack them!" The knave knew very well what he was after; for if by blowing out his cheeks or singing *La Bella Franceschina,*[2] he could bring the Duke to make that purchase, then he gained the good grace of the Duchess, and to boot his own commission, which rose to some hundreds of crowns. Consequently he did blow out his chaps. The Duke smacked them with several hearty boxes, and, in order to get rid of him, struck rather harder than his wont was. The sound blows upon his cheeks not only reddened them above their natural purple, but also brought tears into his eyes. All the same, while smarting, he began to cry: "Lo! my lord, a faithful servant of his prince, who tries to act rightly, and is willing to put up with any sort of bad treatment, provided only that poor lady have her heart's desire!" The Duke, tired of the ribald fellow, either to recompense the cuffs which he had dealt him, or for the Duchess's sake, whom he was ever most inclined to gratify, cried out: "Get away with you, with God's curse on you! Go, make the bargain; I am willing to do what my lady Duchess wishes."

From this incident we may learn to know how evil Fortune exerts her rage against a poor right-minded man, and how the strumpet Luck can help a miserable rascal. I lost the

[2] A popular ballad of the time.

good graces of the Duchess once and for ever, and thereby went close to having the Duke's protection taken from me. He acquired that thumping fee for his commission, and to boot their favour. Thus it will not serve us in this world to be merely men of honesty and talent.

LXXXV

About this time the war of Siena broke out,[1] and the Duke, wishing to fortify Florence, distributed the gates among his architects and sculptors. I received the Prato gate and the little one of Arno, which is on the way to the mills. The Cavaliere Bandinello got the gate of San Friano; Pasqualino d'Ancona, the gate at San Pier Gattolini; Giulian di Baccio d'Agnolo, the wood-carver, had the gate of San Giorgio; Particino, the wood-carver, had the gate of Santo Niccolo; Francesco da San Gallo, the sculptor, called Il Margolla, got the gate of Santa Croce; and Giovan Battista, surnamed Il Tasso, the gate Pinti.[2] Other bastions and gates were assigned to divers engineers, whose names I do not recollect, nor indeed am I concerned with them. The Duke, who certainly was at all times a man of great ability, went round the city himself upon a tour of inspection, and when he had made his mind up, he sent for Lattanzio Gorini, one of his paymasters. Now this man was to some extent an amateur of military architecture; so his Excellency commissioned him to make designs for the fortifications of the gates, and sent each of us his own gate drawn according to the plan. After examining the plan for mine, and perceiving that it was very incorrect in many details, I took it and went immediately to the Duke. When I tried to point out these defects, the Duke interrupted me and exclaimed with fury: "Benvenuto, I will give way to you upon the point of statuary, but in this art of fortification I choose that you should cede to me. So carry out the design which I have given you." To these brave words I answered as gently as

[1] In the year 1553, when Piero Strozzi acted as general for the French King, Henri II., against the Spaniards. The war ended in the capitulation of Siena in 1555. In 1557 it was ceded by Philip II. to Cosimo de' Medici.

[2] These artists, with the exception of Pasqualino, are all known to us in the conditions described by Cellini. Francesco da San Gallo was the son of Giuliano, and nephew of Antonio da San Gallo.

I could, and said: "My lord, your most illustrious Excellency has taught me something even in my own fine art of statuary, inasmuch as we have always exchanged ideas upon that subject; I beg you then to deign to listen to me upon this matter of your fortifications, which is far more important than making statues. If I am permitted to discuss it also with your Excellency, you will be better able to teach me how I have to serve you." This courteous speech of mine induced him to discuss the plans with me; and when I had clearly demonstrated that they were not conceived on a right method, he said: "Go, then, and make a design yourself, and I will see if it satisfies me" Accordingly, I made two designs according to the right principles for fortifying those two gates, and took them to him; and when he distinguished the true from the false system, he exclaimed good humouredly: "Go and do it in your own way, for I am content to have it so." I set to work then with the greatest diligence.

LXXXVI

There was on guard at the gate of Prato a certain Lombard captain; he was a truculent and stalwart fellow, of incredibly coarse speech, whose presumption matched his utter ignorance. This man began at once to ask me what I was about there. I politely exhibited my drawings, and took infinite pains to make him understand my purpose. The rude brute kept rolling his head, and turning first to one side and then to the other, shifting himself upon his legs, and twirling his enormous moustachios; then he drew his cap down over his eyes and roared out: "Zounds! deuce take it! I can make nothing of this rigmarole." At last the animal became so tiresome that I said: "Leave it then to me, who do understand it," and turned my shoulders to go about my business. At this he began to threaten me with his head, and, setting his left hand on the pommel of his sword, tilted the point up, and exclaimed: "Hullo, my master! you want perhaps to make me cross blades with you?" I faced round in a great fury, for the man had stirred my blood, and cried out: "It would be less trouble to run you through the body than to build the bastion of this gate." In an instant we both set

hands to our swords, without quite drawing; for a number of honest folk, citizens of Florence, and others of them courtiers, came running up. The greater part of them rated the captain, telling him that he was in the wrong, that I was a man to give him back as good as I got, and that if this came to the Duke's ears, it would be the worse for him. Accordingly he went off on his own business, and I began with my bastion.

After setting things in order there, I proceeded to the other little gate of Arno, where I found a captain from Cesena, the most polite, well-mannered man I ever knew in that profession. He had the air of a gentle young lady, but at need he could prove himself one of the boldest and bloodiest fighters in the world. This agreeable gentleman observed me so attentively that he made me bashful and self-conscious; and seeing that he wanted to understand what I was doing, I courteously explained my plans. Suffice it to say, that we vied with each other in civilities, which made me do far better with this bastion than with the other.

I had nearly finished the two bastions when an inroad of Piero Strozzi's people struck such terror into the country-folk of Prato that they began to leave it in a body, and all their carts, laden with the household goods of each family, came crowding into the city. The number of them was so enormous, cart jostling with cart, and the confusion was so great, that I told the guards to look out lest the same misadventure should happen at this gate as had occurred at the gates of Turin; for if we had once cause to lower the portcullis, it would not be able to perform its functions, but must inevitably stick suspended upon one of the waggons. When that big brute of a captain heard these words, he replied with insults, and I retorted in the same tone. We were on the point of coming to a far worse quarrel than before. However, the folk kept us asunder; and when I had finished my bastions, I touched some score of crowns, which I had not expected, and which were uncommonly welcome. So I returned with a blithe heart to finish my Perseus.

LXXXVII

During those days some antiquities had been discovered in the country round Arezzo. Among them was the Chimæra, that bronze lion which is to be seen in the rooms adjacent to the great hall of the palace.[1] Together with the Chimæra a number of little statuettes, likewise in bronze, had been brought to light; they were covered with earth and rust, and each of them lacked either head or hands or feet. The Duke amused his leisure hours by cleaning up these statuettes himself with certain little chisels used by goldsmiths. It happened on one occasion that I had to speak on business to his Excellency; and while we were talking, he reached me a little hammer, with which I struck the chisels the Duke held, and so the figures were disengaged from their earth and rust. In this way we passed several evenings, and then the Duke commissioned me to restore the statuettes. He took so much pleasure in these trifles that he made me work by day also, and if I delayed coming, he used to send for me. I very often submitted to his Excellency that if I left my Perseus in the daytime, several bad consequences would ensue. The first of these, which caused me the greatest anxiety, was that, seeing me spend so long a time upon my statue, the Duke himself might get disgusted; which indeed did afterwards happen. The other was that I had several journeymen who in my absence were up to two kinds of mischief; first, they spoilt my piece, and then they did as little work as possible. These arguments made his Excellency consent that I should only go to the palace after twenty-four o'clock.

I had now conciliated the affection of his Excellency to such an extent, that every evening when I came to him he treated me with greater kindness. About this time the new apartments were built toward the lions;[2] the Duke then wishing to be able to retire into a less public part of the palace, fitted up for himself a little chamber in these new lodgings, and ordered me approach to it by a private passage. I had to pass through his wardrobe, then across the stage

[1] Now in the Uffizzi.
[2] Lions from a very early period had always been kept in part of the Palazzo Vecchio.

of the great hall, and afterwards through certain little dark galleries and cabinets. The Duchess, however, after a few days, deprived me of this means of access by having all the doors upon the path I had to traverse locked up. The consequence was that every evening when I arrived at the palace, I had to wait a long while, because the Duchess occupied the cabinets for her personal necessities.[3] Her habit of body was unhealthy, and so I never came without incommoding her. This and other causes made her hate the very sight of me. However, notwithstanding great discomforts and daily annoyances, I persevered in going. The Duke's orders, meanwhile, were so precise, that no sooner did I knock at those doors, than they were immediately opened, and I was allowed to pass freely where I chose. The consequence was that occasionally, while walking noiselessly and unexpectedly through the private rooms, I came upon the Duchess at a highly inconvenient moment. Bursting then into such a furious storm of rage that I was frightened, she cried out: "When will you ever finish mending up those statuettes? Upon my word, this perpetual going and coming of yours has grown to be too great a nuisance." I replied as gently as I could: "My lady and sole mistress, I have no other desire than to serve you loyally and with the strictest obedience. This work to which the Duke has put me will last several months; so tell me, most illustrious Excellency, whether you wish me not to come here any more. In that case I will not come, whoever calls me; nay, should the Duke himself send for me, I shall reply that I am ill, and by no means will I intrude again." To this speech she made answer: "I do not bid you not to come, nor do I bid you to disobey the Duke; but I repeat that your work seems to me as though it would never be finished."

Whether the Duke heard something of this encounter, or whatever the cause was, he began again as usual. Toward twenty-four o'clock he sent for me; and his messenger always spoke to this effect: "Take good care, and do not fail to come, for the Duke is waiting for you." In this way I continued, always with the same inconveniences, to put in an appearance on several successive evenings. Upon one

[3] *Alle sue comodità.*

occasion among others, arriving in my customary way, the Duke, who had probably been talking with the Duchess about private matters, turned upon me in a furious anger. I was terrified, and wanted to retire. But he called out: "Come in, friend Benvenuto; go to your affairs; I will rejoin you in a few moments." While I was passing onward, Don Garzia, then quite a little fellow, plucked me by the cape, and played with me as prettily as such a child could do. The Duke looked up delighted, and exclaimed: "What pleasant and friendly terms my boys are on with you!"

LXXXVIII

While I was working at these bagatelles, the Prince, and Don Giovanni, and Don Arnando, and Don Garzia kept always hovering around me, teasing me whenever the Duke's eyes were turned.[1] I begged them for mercy's sake to hold their peace. They answered: "That we cannot do." I told them: "What one cannot is required of no one! So have your will! Along with you!" At this both Duke and Duchess burst out laughing.

Another evening, after I had finished the small bronze figures which are wrought into the pedestal of Perseus, that is to say, the Jupiter, Mercury, Minerva, and Danæ, with the little Perseus seated at his mother's feet, I had them carried into the room where I was wont to work, and arranged them in a row, raised somewhat above the line of vision, so that they produced a magnificent effect. The Duke heard of this, and made his entrance sooner than usual. It seems that the person who informed his Excellency praised them above their merit, using terms like "far superior to the ancients," and so forth; wherefore the Duke came talking pleasantly with the Duchess about my doings. I rose at once and went to meet them. With his fine and truly princely manner he received me, lifting his right hand, in which he held as superb a pear-graft as could possibly be seen. "Take it, my Benvenuto!" he exclaimed; "plant this pear in your garden." To these words I replied with a delighted gesture: "O my lord, does your most illus-

[1] The Prince was Don Francesco, then aged twelve; Don Giovanni was ten, Don Garzia was six, and Don Ferdinando four.

trious Excellency really mean that I should plant it in the garden of my house?" "Yes," he said, "in the garden of the house which belongs to you. Have you understood me?" I thanked his Excellency, and the Duchess in like manner, with the best politeness I could use.

After this they both took seats in front of the statues, and for more than two hours went on talking about nothing but the beauties of the work. The Duchess was wrought up to such an enthusiasm that she cried out: "I do not like to let those exquisite figures be wasted on the pedestal down there in the piazza, where they will run the risk of being injured. I would much rather have you fix them in one of my apartments, where they will be preserved with the respect due to their singular artistic qualities." I opposed this plan with many forcible arguments; but when I saw that she was determined I should not place them on the pedestal where they now stand, I waited till next day, and went to the palace about twenty-two o'clock. Ascertaining that the Duke and Duchess were out riding, and having already prepared the pedestal, I had the statues carried down, and soldered them with lead into their proper niches. Oh, when the Duchess knew of this, how angry she was! Had it not been for the Duke, who manfully defended me, I should have paid dearly for my daring. Her indignation about the pearls, and now again about this matter of the statues, made her so contrive that the Duke abandoned his amusements in our workshop. Consequently I went there no more, and was met again with the same obstructions as formerly whenever I wanted to gain access to the palace.

LXXXIX

I returned to the Loggia,[1] whither my Perseus had already been brought, and went on putting the last touches to my work, under the old difficulties always; that is to say, lack of money, and a hundred untoward accidents, the half of which would have cowed a man armed with adamant.

However, I pursued my course as usual; and one morning, after I had heard mass at San Piero Scheraggio, that brute Bernardone, broker, worthless goldsmith, and by the

[1] That is, the Loggia de' Lanzi, on the great piazza of Florence, where Cellini's statue still stands.

Duke's grace purveyor to the mint, passed by me. No sooner had he got outside the church than the dirty pig let fly four cracks which might have been heard from San Miniato. I cried: "Yah! pig, poltroon, donkey! is that the noise your filthy talents make?" and ran off for a cudgel. He took refuge on the instant in the mint; while I stationed myself inside my house-door, which I left ajar, setting a boy at watch upon the street to warn me when the pig should leave the mint. After waiting some time, I grew tired, and my heat cooled. Reflecting, then, that blows are not dealt by contract, and that some disaster might ensue, I resolved to wreak my vengeance by another method. The incident took place about the feast of our San Giovanni, one or two days before; so I composed four verses, and stuck them up in an angle of the church, where people go to ease themselves. The verses ran as follows:—

"Here lieth Bernardone, ass and pig,
Spy, broker, thief, in whom Pandora planted
All her worst evils, and from thence transplanted
Into that brute Buaccio's carcass big."[2]

Both the incident and the verses went the round of the palace, giving the Duke and Duchess much amusement. But, before the man himself knew what I had been up to, crowds of people stopped to read the lines and laughed immoderately at them. Since they were looking towards the mint and fixing their eyes on Bernardone, his son, Maestro Baccio, taking notice of their gestures, tore the paper down with fury. The elder bit his thumb, shrieking threats out with that hideous voice of his, which comes forth through his nose; indeed he made a brave defiance.[3]

XC

When the Duke was informed that the whole of my work for the Perseus could be exhibited as finished, he came one day to look at it. His manner showed clearly that it gave him great satisfaction; but afterwards he turned to some

[2] If I understand the obscure lines of the original, Cellini wanted to kill two birds with one stone by this epigram—both Bernardone and his son Baccio. But by Buaccio he generally means Baccio Bandinelli.

[3] To bite the thumb at any one was, as students of our old drama know, a sign of challenge or provocation.

gentlemen attending him and said: "Although this statue seems in our eyes a very fine piece, still it has yet to win the favour of the people. Therefore, my Benvenuto, before you put the very last touches on, I should like you, for my sake, to remove a part of the scaffolding on the side of the piazza, some day toward noon, in order that we may learn what folk think of it. There is no doubt that when it is thrown open to space and light, it will look very differently from what it does in this enclosure." I replied with all humility to his Excellency: "You must know, my lord, that it will make more than twice as good a show. Oh, how is it that your most illustrious Excellency has forgotten seeing it in the garden of my house? There, in that large extent of space, it showed so bravely that Bandinello, coming through the garden of the Innocents to look at it, was compelled, in spite of his evil and malignant nature, to praise it, he who never praised aught or any one in all his life! I perceive that your Excellency lends too ready an ear to that fellow." When I had done speaking, he smiled ironically and a little angrily; yet he replied with great kindness: "Do what I ask, my Benvenuto, just to please me."

When the Duke had left, I gave orders to have the screen removed. Yet some trifles of gold, varnish, and various other little finishings were still wanting; wherefore I began to murmur and complain indignantly, cursing the unhappy day which brought me to Florence. Too well I knew already the great and irreparable sacrifice I made when I left France; nor could I discover any reasonable ground for hope that I might prosper in the future with my prince and patron. From the commencement to the middle and the ending, everything that I had done had been performed to my great disadvantage. Therefore, it was with deep ill-humour that I disclosed my statue on the following day.

Now it pleased God that, on the instant of its exposure to view, a shout of boundless enthusiasm went up in commendation of my work, which consoled me not a little. The folk kept on attaching sonnets to the posts of the door, which was protected with a curtain while I gave the last touches to the statue. I believe that on the same day when I opened it a few hours to the public, more than twenty

were nailed up, all of them overflowing with the highest panegyrics. Afterwards, when I once more shut it off from view, every day brought sonnets, with Latin and Greek verses; for the University of Pisa was then in vacation, and all the doctors and scholars kept vying with each other who could praise it best. But what gratified me most, and inspired me with most hope of the Duke's support, was that the artists, sculptors and painters alike, entered into the same generous competition. I set the highest value on the eulogies of that excellent painter Jacopo Pontormo, and still more on those of his able pupil Bronzino, who was not satisfied with merely publishing his verses, but sent them by his lad Sandrino's hand to my own house.[1] They spoke so generously of my performance, in that fine style of his which is most exquisite, that this alone repaid me somewhat for the pain of my long troubles. So then I closed the screen, and once more set myself to finishing my statue.

XCI

The great compliments which this short inspection of my Perseus had elicited from the noble school of Florence, though they were well known to the Duke, did not prevent him from saying: "I am delighted that Benvenuto has had this trifling satisfaction, which will spur him on to the desired conclusion with more speed and diligence. Do not, however, let him imagine that, when his Perseus shall be finally exposed to view from all sides, folk in general will be so lavish of their praises. On the contrary, I am afraid that all its defects will then be brought home to him, and more will be detected than the statue really has. So let him arm himself with patience." These were precisely the words which Bandinello had whispered in the Duke's ears, citing the works of Andrea del Verrocchio, who made that fine bronze of Christ and S. Thomas on the front of Orsammichele; at the same time he referred to many other statues, and dared even to attack the marvellous David of divine

[1] Jacopo Carrucci da Pontormo was now an old man. He died in 1558, aged sixty-five years. Angelo Allori, called Il Bronzino, one of the last fairly good Florentine painters, won considerable distinction as a writer of burlesque poems. He died in 1571, aged sixty-nine years. We possess his sonnets on the Perseus.

Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, accusing it of only looking well if seen in front; finally, he touched upon the multitude of sarcastic sonnets which were called forth by his own Hercules and Cacus, and wound up with abusing the people of Florence. Now the Duke, who was too much inclined to credit his assertions, encouraged the fellow to speak thus, and thought in his own heart that things would go as he had prophesied, because that envious creature Bandinello never ceased insinuating malice. On one occasion it happened that the gallows bird Bernardone, the broker, was present at these conversations, and in support of Bandinello's calumnies, he said to the Duke: "You must remember, prince, that statues on a large scale are quite a different dish of soup from little figures. I do not refuse him the credit of being excellent at statuettes in miniature. But you will soon see that he cannot succeed in that other sphere of art." To these vile suggestions he added many others of all sorts, plying his spy's office, and piling up a mountain of lies to boot.

XCII

Now it pleased my glorious Lord and immortal God that at last I brought the whole work to completion: and on a certain Thursday morning I exposed it to the public gaze.[1] Immediately, before the sun was fully in the heavens, there assembled such a multitude of people that no words could describe them. All with one voice contended which should praise it most. The Duke was stationed at a window low upon the first floor of the palace, just above the entrance; there, half hidden, he heard everything the folk were saying of my statue. After listening through several hours, he rose so proud and happy in his heart that he turned to his attendant, Messer Sforza, and exclaimed: "Sforza, go and seek out Benvenuto; tell him from me that he has delighted me far more than I expected: say too that I shall reward him in a way which will astonish him; so bid him be of good courage."

In due course, Messer Sforza discharged this glorious embassy, which consoled me greatly. I passed a happy day,

[1] April 27, 1554.

partly because of the Duke's message, and also because the folk kept pointing me out as something marvellous and strange. Among the many who did so, were two gentlemen, deputed by the Viceroy of Sicily[2] to our Duke on public business. Now these two agreeable persons met me upon the piazza: I had been shown them in passing, and now they made monstrous haste to catch me up; then, with caps in hand, they uttered an oration so ceremonious, that it would have been excessive for a Pope. I bowed, with every protestation of humility. They meanwhile continued loading me with compliments, until at last I prayed them, for kindness' sake, to leave the piazza in my company, because the folk were stopping and staring at me more than at my Perseus. In the midst of all these ceremonies, they went so far as to propose that I should come to Sicily, and offered to make terms which should content me. They told me how Fra Giovan Agnolo de' Servi[3] had constructed a fountain for them, complete in all parts, and decorated with a multitude of figures; but it was not in the same good style they recognised in Perseus, and yet they had heaped riches on the man. I would not suffer them to finish all their speeches, but answered: "You give me much cause for wonder, seeking as you do to make me quit the service of a prince who is the greatest patron of the arts that ever lived; and I too here in my own birthplace, famous as the school of every art and science! Oh, if my soul's desire had been set on lucre, I could have stayed in France, with that great monarch Francis, who gave me a thousand golden crowns a year for board, and paid me in addition the price of all my labour. In his service I gained more than four thousand golden crowns the year."

With these and such like words I cut their ceremonies short, thanking them for the high praises they had bestowed upon me, which were indeed the best reward that artists could receive for their labours. I told them they had greatly stimulated my zeal, so that I hoped, after a few years were passed, to exhibit another masterpiece, which I dared believe

[2] Don Juan de Vega.

[3] Giovanni Angelo Montorsoli entered the Order of the Servites in 1530. This did not prevent him from plying his profession of sculptor. The work above alluded to is the fountain at Messina.

would yield far truer satisfaction to our noble school of Florence. The two gentlemen were eager to resume the thread of their complimentary proposals, whereupon I, lifting my cap and making a profound bow, bade them a polite farewell.

XCIII

When two more days had passed, and the chorus of praise was ever on the increase, I resolved to go and present myself to the Duke, who said with great good-humour: "My Benvenuto, you have satisfied and delighted me; but I promise that I will reward you in such wise as will make you wonder; and I tell you that I do not mean to delay beyond to-morrow." On hearing this most welcome assurance, I turned all the forces of my soul and body to God, fervently offering up thanks to Him. At the same moment I approached the Duke, and almost weeping for gladness, kissed his robe. Then I added: "O my glorious prince, true and most generous lover of the arts, and of those who exercise them! I entreat your most illustrious Excellency to allow me eight days first to go and return thanks to God; for I alone know what travail I have endured, and that my earnest faith has moved Him to assist me. In gratitude for this and all other marvellous mercies, I should like to travel eight days on pilgrimage, continually thanking my immortal God, who never fails to help those who call upon Him with sincerity." The Duke then asked me where I wished to go. I answered: "To-morrow I shall set out for Vallombrosa, thence to Camaldoli and the Ermo, afterwards I shall proceed to the Bagni di Santa Maria, and perhaps so far as Sestile, because I hear of fine antiquities to be seen there.[1] Then I shall retrace my steps by San Francesco della Vernia, and, still with thanks to God, return light-hearted to your service." The Duke replied at once with cheerful kindness: "Go and come back again, for of a truth you please me; but do not forget to send a couple of lines by way of memorandum, and leave the rest to me."

I wrote four lines that very day, in which I thanked his Excellency for expected favours, and gave these to Messer

[1] The Ermo is more correctly Eremo, and Vernia is Alvernia.

Sforza, who placed them in the Duke's hands. The latter took them, and then handed them to Messer Sforza, remarking: "See that you put these lines each day where I can see them; for if Benvenuto comes back and finds I have not despatched his business, I think that he will murder me." Thus laughing, his Excellency asked to be reminded. Messer Sforza reported these precise words to me on the same evening, laughing too and expressing wonder at the great favour shown me by the Duke. He pleasantly added: "Go, Benvenuto, and come again quickly, for indeed I am jealous of you."

XCIV

In God's name then I left Florence, continually singing psalms and prayers in His honour upon all that journey. I enjoyed it extremely; for the season was fine, in early summer, and the country through which I travelled, and which I had never seen before, struck me as marvellously beautiful. Now I had taken with me to serve as guide a young workman in my employ, who came from Bagno, and was called Cesare. Thanks to him, then, I received the kindest hospitality from his father and all his family, among whom was an old man of more than seventy, extremely pleasant in his conversation. He was Cesare's uncle, a surgeon by profession, and a dabbler in alchemy. This excellent person made me observe that the Bagni contained mines of gold and silver, and showed me many interesting objects in the neighbourhood; so that I enjoyed myself as much as I have ever done.

One day, when we had become intimate and he could trust me, he spoke as follows: "I must not omit to tell you a thought of mine, to which his Excellency might with advantage pay attention. It is, that not far from Camaldoli there lies a mountain pass so ill defended, that Piero Strozzi could not only cross it without risk, but might also seize on Poppi[1] unmolested." Not satisfied with this description, he also took a sheet of paper from his pouch, upon which the good old man had drawn the whole country, so that the seriousness of the danger could be manifest upon inspection of the map. I took the design and left Bagno at once, travelling

[1] A village in the Casentino. Piero Strozzi was at this time in Valdichiana.

homeward as fast as I could by Prato Magno and San Francesco della Vernia. On reaching Florence, I only stopped to draw off my riding-boots, and hurried to the palace. Just opposite the Badia I met the Duke, who was coming by the palace of the Podesta. When he saw me he gave me a very gracious reception, and showing some surprise, exclaimed: "Why have you come back so quickly; I did not expect you for eight days at least." I answered: "The service of your most illustrious Excellency brings me back, else I should very willingly have stayed some few days longer on my journey through that lovely country." "Well, and what good news have you?" said he. I answered: "Prince, I must talk to you about things of the greatest importance which I have to disclose." So I followed him to the palace, and when we were there, he took me privately into a chamber where we stayed a while alone together. I then unfolded the whole matter and showed him the little map, with which he seemed to be much gratified. When I told his Excellency that one ought to take measures at once, he reflected for a little while and then said: "I may inform you that we have agreed with the Duke of Urbino that he should guard the pass; but do not speak about it." Then he dismissed me with great demonstrations of good-will, and I went home.

XCV

Next day I presented myself, and, after a few words of conversation, the Duke addressed me cheerfully: "To-morrow, without fail, I mean to despatch your business; set your mind at rest, then." I, who felt sure that he meant what he said, waited with great impatience for the morrow. When the longed-for day arrived, I betook me to the palace; and as it always happens that evil tidings travel faster than good news, Messer Giacopo Guidi,[1] secretary to his Excellency, called me with his wry mouth and haughty voice; drawing himself up as stiff as a poker, he began to speak to this effect: "The Duke says he wants you to tell him how much you ask for your Perseus." I remained dumb-

[1] It appears from a letter written by Guidi to Bandinelli that he hated Cellini, whom he called *pessimo mostro di natura*. Guidi was made Bishop of Penna in 1561, and attended the Council of Trent.

founded and astonished; yet I quickly replied that it was not my custom to put prices on my work, and that this was not what his Excellency had promised me two days ago. The man raised his voice, and ordered me expressly in the Duke's name, under the penalty of his severe displeasure, to say how much I wanted. Now I had hoped not only to gain some handsome reward, trusting to the mighty signs of kindness shown me by the Duke, but I had still more expected to secure the entire good graces of his Excellency, seeing I never asked for anything, but only for his favour. Accordingly, this wholly unexpected way of dealing with me put me in a fury, and I was especially enraged by the manner which that venomous toad assumed in discharging his commission. I exclaimed that if the Duke gave me ten thousand crowns I should not be paid enough, and that if I had ever thought things would come to this haggling, I should not have settled in his service. Thereupon the surly fellow began to abuse me, and I gave it him back again.

Upon the following day, when I paid my respects to the Duke, he beckoned to me. I approached, and he exclaimed in anger: "Cities and great palaces are built with ten thousands of ducats." I rejoined: "Your Excellency can find multitudes of men who are able to build you cities and palaces, but you will not, perhaps, find one man in the world who could make a second Perseus." Then I took my leave without saying or doing anything farther. A few days afterwards the Duchess sent for me, and advised me to put my difference with the Duke into her hands, since she thought she could conduct the business to my satisfaction. On hearing these kindly words I replied that I had never asked any other recompense for my labours than the good graces of the Duke, and that his most illustrious Excellency had assured me of this; it was not needful that I should place in their Excellencies' hands what I had always frankly left to them from the first days when I undertook their service. I farther added that if his most illustrious Excellency gave me but a *crazia*,[2] which is worth five farthings, for my work, I should consider myself contented, provided only that his Excellency did not deprive me of his favour. At these words the Duchess

[2] A small Tuscan coin.

smiled a little and said: "Benvenuto, you would do well to act as I advise you." Then she turned her back and left me. I thought it was my best policy to speak with the humility I have above described; yet it turned out that I had done the worst for myself, because, albeit she had harboured some angry feelings toward me, she had in her a certain way of dealing which was generous.

XCVI

About that time I was very intimate with Girolamo degli Albizzi,[1] commissary of the Duke's militia. One day this friend said to me: "O Benvenuto, it would not be a bad thing to put your little difference of opinion with the Duke to rights; and I assure you that if you repose confidence in me, I feel myself the man to settle matters. I know what I am saying. The Duke is getting really angry, and you will come badly out of the affair. Let this suffice; I am not at liberty to say all I know." Now, subsequently to that conversation with the Duchess, I had been told by some one, possibly a rogue, that he had heard how the Duke said upon some occasion which offered itself: "For less than two farthings I will throw Perseus to the dogs, and so our differences will be ended." This, then, made me anxious, and induced me to entrust Girolamo degli Albizzi with the negotiations, telling him anything would satisfy me provided I retained the good graces of the Duke. That honest fellow was excellent in all his dealings with soldiers, especially with the militia, who are for the most part rustics; but he had no taste for statuary, and therefore could not understand its conditions. Consequently, when he spoke to the Duke, he began thus: "Prince, Benvenuto has placed himself in my hands, and has begged me to recommend him to your Excellency." The Duke replied: "I too am willing to refer myself to you, and shall be satisfied with your decision." Thereupon Girolamo composed a letter, with much skill and greatly to my honour, fixing the sum which the

[1] A warm partisan of the Medici. He was a cousin of Maria Salviati, Cosimo's mother. It was rumoured that he caused the historian Francesco Guicciardini's death by poison. We find him godfather to one of Cellini's children.

Duke would have to pay me at 3500 golden crowns in gold; and this should not be taken as my proper recompense for such a masterpiece, but only as a kind of gratuity; enough to say that I was satisfied; with many other phrases of like tenor, all of which implied the price which I have mentioned.

The Duke signed this agreement as gladly as I took it sadly. When the Duchess heard, she said: "It would have been better for that poor man if he had placed himself in my hands; I could have got him five thousand crowns in gold." One day, when I went to the palace, she repeated these same words to me in the presence of Messer Alamanno Salviati,[2] and laughed at me a little, saying that I deserved my bad luck.

The Duke gave orders that I should be paid a hundred golden crowns in gold per month, until the sum was discharged; and thus it ran for some months. Afterwards, Messer Antonio de' Nobili, who had to transact the business, began to give me fifty, and sometimes later on he gave me twenty-five, and sometimes nothing. Accordingly, when I saw that the settlement was being thus deferred, I spoke good-humouredly to Messer Antonio, and begged him to explain why he did not complete my payments. He answered in a like tone of politeness; yet it struck me that he exposed his own mind too much. Let the reader judge. He began by saying that the sole reason why he could not go forward regularly with these payments, was the scarcity of money at the palace; but he promised, when cash came in, to discharge arrears. Then he added: "Oh heavens! if I did not pay you, I should be an utter rogue." I was somewhat surprised to hear him speak in that way; yet I resolved to hope that he would pay me when he had the power to do so. But when I observed that things went quite the contrary way, and saw that I was being pillaged, I lost temper with the man, and recalled to his memory hotly and in anger what he had declared he would be if he did not pay me. However, he died; and five hundred crowns are still owing to me at the present date, which is nigh upon the end of

[2] This Salviati and the De' Nobili mentioned afterwards occupied a distinguished place in Florentine annals as partisans of the Medici.

1566.[a] There was also a balance due upon my salary which I thought would be forgotten, since three years had elapsed without payment. But it so happened that the Duke fell ill of a serious malady, remaining forty-eight hours without passing water. Finding that the remedies of his physicians availed nothing, it is probable that he betook himself to God, and therefore decreed the discharge of all debts to his servants. I too was paid on this occasion, yet I never obtained what still stood out upon my Perseus.

XCVII

I had almost determined to say nothing more about that unlucky Perseus; but a most remarkable incident, which I do not like to omit, obliges me to do so; wherefore I must now turn back a bit, to gather up the thread of my narration. I thought I was acting for the best when I told the Duchess that I could not compromise affairs which were no longer in my hands, seeing I had informed the Duke that I should gladly accept whatever he chose to give me. I said this in the hope of gaining favour; and with this manifestation of submissiveness I employed every likely means of pacifying his resentment; for I ought to add that a few days before he came to terms with Albizzi, the Duke had shown he was excessively displeased with me. The reason was as follows: I complained of some abominable acts of injustice done to me by Messer Alfonso Quistelli, Messer Jacopo Polverino of the Exchequer, and more than all by Ser Giovanbattista Brandini of Volterra. When, therefore, I set forth my cause with some vehemence, the Duke flew into the greatest rage conceivable. Being thus in anger, he exclaimed: "This is just the same as with your Perseus, when you asked those ten thousand crowns. You let yourself be blinded by mere cupidity. Therefore I shall have the statue valued, and shall give you what the experts think it worth." To these words I replied with too much daring and a touch of indignation, which is always out of place in dealing with great princes: "How is it possible that my work should be valued at its proper worth when there is not a man in Florence

[a] Cellini began to write his *Memoirs* in 1558. Eight years had therefore now elapsed.

capable of performing it?" That increased his irritation; he uttered many furious phrases, and among them said: "There is in Florence at this day a man well able to make such a statue, and who is therefore highly capable of judging it." He meant Bandinello, Cavaliere of S. Jacopo.[1] Then I rejoined: "My lord, your most illustrious Excellency gave me the means of producing an important and very difficult masterpiece in the midst of this the noblest school of the world; and my work has been received with warmer praises than any other heretofore exposed before the gaze of our incomparable masters. My chief pride is the commendation of those able men who both understand and practise the arts of design—as in particular Bronzino, the painter; this man set himself to work, and composed four sonnets couched in the choicest style, and full of honour to myself. Perhaps it was his example which moved the whole city to such a tumult of enthusiasm. I freely admit that if sculpture were his business instead of painting, then Bronzino might have been equal to a task like mine. Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, again, whom I am proud to call my master; he, I admit, could have achieved the same success when he was young, but not with less fatigue and trouble than I endured. But now that he is far advanced in years, he would most certainly be found unequal to the strain. Therefore I think I am justified in saying that no man known upon this earth could have produced my Perseus. For the rest, my work has received the greatest reward I could have wished for in this world; chiefly and especially because your most illustrious Excellency not only expressed yourself satisfied, but praised it far more highly than any one beside. What greater and more honourable prize could be desired by me? I affirm most emphatically that your Excellency could not pay me with more glorious coin, nor add from any treasury a wealth surpassing this. Therefore I hold myself overpaid already, and return thanks to your most illustrious Excellency with all my heart." The Duke made answer: "Probably you think I have not the money to pay you. For my part, I promise you that I shall pay you more for the statue than it is worth." Then I retorted: "I did not picture to my fancy

[1] Bandinelli was a Knight of S. James of Compostella.

any better recompense from your Excellency; yet I account myself amply remunerated by that first reward which the school of Florence gave me. With this to console me, I shall take my departure on the instant, without returning to the house you gave me, and shall never seek to set my foot in this town again." We were just at S. Felicità, and his Excellency was proceeding to the palace. When he heard these choleric words, he turned upon me in stern anger and exclaimed: "You shall not go; take heed you do not go!" Half terrified, I then followed him to the palace.

On arriving there, his Excellency sent for the Archbishop of Pisa, named De' Bartolini, and Messer Pandolfo della Stufa,[2] requesting them to order Baccio Bandinelli, in his name, to examine well my Perseus and value it, since he wished to pay its exact price. These excellent men went forthwith and performed their embassy. In reply Bandinello said that he had examined the statue minutely, and knew well enough what it was worth; but having been on bad terms otherwise with me for some time past, he did not care to be entangled anyhow in my affairs. Then they began to put a gentle pressure on him, saying: "The Duke ordered us to tell you, under pain of his displeasure, that you are to value the statue, and you may have two or three days to consider your estimate. When you have done so, tell us at what price it ought to be paid." He answered that his judgment was already formed, that he could not disobey the Duke, and that my work was rich and beautiful and excellent in execution; therefore he thought sixteen thousand crowns or more would not be an excessive price for it. Those good and courteous gentlemen reported this to the Duke, who was mightily enraged; they also told the same to me. I replied that nothing in the world would induce me to take praise from Bandinello, "seeing that this bad man speaks ill of everybody." My words were carried to the Duke; and that was the reason why the Duchess wanted me to place the matter in her hands. All that I have written is the pure

[2] Onofrio de' Bartolini was made Archbishop of Pisa in 1518, at the age of about seventeen. He was a devoted adherent of the Medici. He was shut up with Clement in S. Angelo, and sent as hostage to the Imperial army. Pandolfo della Stufa had been cup-bearer to Caterina de' Medici while Dauphiness.

truth. I will only add that I ought to have trusted to her intervention, for then I should have been quickly paid, and should have received so much more into the bargain.

XCVIII

The Duke sent me word by Messer Lelio Torello,[1] his Master of the Rolls,[2] that he wanted me to execute some bas-reliefs in bronze for the choir of S. Maria del Fiore. Now the choir was by Bandinello, and I did not choose to enrich his bad work with my labours. He had not indeed designed it, for he understood nothing whatever about architecture; the design was given by Giuliano, the son of that Baccio d'Agnolo, the wood-carver, who spoiled the cupola.[3] Suffice it to say that it shows no talent. For both reasons I was determined not to undertake the task, although I told the Duke politely that I would do whatever his most illustrious Excellency ordered. Accordingly, he put the matter into the hands of the Board of Works for S. Maria del Fiore,[4] telling them to come to an agreement with me; he would continue my allowance of two hundred crowns a year, while they were to supply the rest out of their funds.

In due course I came before the Board, and they told me what the Duke had arranged. Feeling that I could explain my views more frankly to these gentlemen, I began by demonstrating that so many histories in bronze would cost a vast amount of money, which would be totally thrown away, giving all my reasons, which they fully appreciated. In the first place, I said that the construction of the choir was altogether incorrect, without proportion, art, convenience, grace, or good design. In the next place, the bas-reliefs would have to stand too low, beneath the proper line of vision; they would become a place for dogs to piss at, and be always full of ordure. Consequently, I declined positively to execute them. However, since I did not wish to throw away the best years of my life, and was eager to

[1] A native of Fano. Cosimo's Auditore, 1539; first Secretary or Grand Chancellor, 1546. He was a great jurist.

[2] *Suo auditore.*

[3] It was Baccio d'Agnolo who altered Brunelleschi's plan for the cupola. Buonarroti used to say that he made it look like a cage for crickets. His work remained unfinished.

[4] *Operai di S. Maria del Fiore.*

serve his most illustrious Excellency, whom I had the sincerest desire to gratify and obey, I made the following proposal. Let the Duke, if he wants to employ my talents, give me the middle door of the cathedral to perform in bronze. This would be well seen, and would confer far more glory on his most illustrious Excellency. I would bind myself by contract to receive no remuneration unless I produced something better than the finest of the Baptistery doors.[5] But if I completed it according to my promise, then I was willing to have it valued, and to be paid one thousand crowns less than the estimate made by experts.

The members of the Board were well pleased with this suggestion, and went at once to report the matter to the Duke, among them being Piero Salviati. They expected him to be extremely gratified with their communication, but it turned out just the contrary. He replied that I was always wanting to do the exact opposite of what he bade me; and so Piero left him without coming to any conclusion. On hearing this, I went off to the Duke at once, who displayed some irritation when he saw me. However, I begged him to condescend to hear me, and he replied that he was willing. I then began from the beginning, and used such convincing arguments that he saw at last how the matter really stood, since I made it evident that he would only be throwing a large sum of money away. Then I softened his temper by suggesting that if his most illustrious Excellency did not care to have the door begun, two pulpits had anyhow to be made for the choir, and that these would both of them be considerable works, which would confer glory on his reign; for my part, I was ready to execute a great number of bronze bas-reliefs with appropriate decorations. In this way I brought him round, and he gave me orders to construct the models.

Accordingly I set at work on several models, and bestowed immense pains on them. Among these there was one with eight panels, carried out with far more science than the rest, and which seemed to me more fitted for the purpose. Having taken them several times to the place, his Excellency sent word by Messer Cesare, the keeper of his wardrobe, that I

[5] He means Ghiberti's second door, in all probability.

should leave them there. After the Duke had inspected them, I perceived that he had selected the least beautiful. One day he sent for me, and during our conversation about the models, I gave many reasons why the octagonal pulpit would be far more convenient for its destined uses, and would produce a much finer effect. He answered that he wished me to make it square, because he liked that form better; and thus he went on conversing for some time very pleasantly. I meanwhile lost no opportunity of saying everything I could in the interests of art. Now whether the Duke knew that I had spoken the truth, or whether he wanted to have his own way, a long time passed before I heard anything more about it.

XCIX

About this time the great block of marble arrived which was intended for the Neptune. It had been brought up the Arno, and then by the Grieve[1] to the road at Poggio a Caiano, in order to be carried to Florence by that level way; and there I went to see it. Now I knew very well that the Duchess by her special influence had managed to have it given to Bandinello. No envy prompted me to dispute his claims, but rather pity for that poor unfortunate piece of marble. Observe, by the way, that everything, whatever it may be, which is subject to an evil destiny, although one tries to save it from some manifest evil, falls at once into far worse plight; as happened to this marble when it came into the hands of Bartolommeo Ammanato,[2] of whom I shall speak the truth in its proper place. After inspecting this most splendid block, I measured it in every direction, and on returning to Florence, made several little models suited to its proportions. Then I went to Poggio a Caiano, where the Duke and Duchess were staying, with their son the Prince. I found them all at table, the Duke and Duchess dining in a private apartment; so I entered into conversation with the Prince. We had been speaking for a long while, when the Duke, who was in a room adjacent, heard my voice, and condescended very graciously to send

[1] Instead of the Grieve, which is not a navigable stream, it appears that Cellini ought to have written the Ombrone.

[2] This sculptor was born in 1511, and died in 1592. He worked under Bandinelli and Sansovino.

for me. When I presented myself before their Excellencies, the Duchess addressed me in a very pleasant tone; and having thus opened the conversation, I gradually introduced the subject of that noble block of marble I had seen. I then proceeded to remark that their ancestors had brought the magnificent school of Florence to such a pitch of excellence only by stimulating competition among artists in their several branches. It was thus that the wonderful cupola and the lovely doors of San Giovanni had been produced, together with those multitudes of handsome edifices and statues which made a crown of artistic glory for their city above anything the world had seen, since the days of the ancients. Upon this the Duchess, with some anger, observed that she very well knew what I meant, and bade me never mention that block of marble in her presence, since she did not like it. I replied: "So, then, you do not like me to act as the attorney of your Excellencies, and to do my utmost to ensure your being better served? Reflect upon it, my lady; if your most illustrious Excellencies think fit to open the model for a Neptune to competition, although you are resolved to give it to Bandinello, this will urge Bandinello for his own credit to display greater art and science than if he knew he had no rivals. In this way, my princes, you will be far better served, and will not discourage our school of artists; you will be able to perceive which of us is eager to excel in the grand style of our noble calling, and will show yourselves princes who enjoy and understand the fine arts." The Duchess, in a great rage, told me that I tired her patience out; she wanted the marble for Bandinello, adding: "Ask the Duke; for his Excellency also means Bandinello to have it." When the Duchess had spoken, the Duke, who had kept silence up to this time, said: "Twenty years ago I had that fine block quarried especially for Bandinello, and so I mean that Bandinello shall have it to do what he likes with it." I turned to the Duke and spoke as follows: "My lord, I entreat your most illustrious Excellency to lend a patient hearing while I speak four words in your service." He told me to say all I wanted, and that he would listen. Then I began: "You will remember, my lord, that the marble which Bandinello used for

his Hercules and Cacus was quarried for our incomparable Michel Agnolo Buonarroti. He had made the model for a Samson with four figures, which would have been the finest masterpiece in the whole world; but your Bandinello got out of it only two figures, both ill-executed and bungled in the worst manner; wherefore our school still exclaims against the great wrong which was done to that magnificent block. I believe that more than a thousand sonnets were put up in abuse of that detestable performance; and I know that your most illustrious Excellency remembers the fact very well. Therefore, my powerful prince, seeing how the men to whose care that work was entrusted, in their want of taste and wisdom, took Michel Agnolo's marble away from him, and gave it to Bandinello, who spoilt it in the way the whole world knows, oh! will you suffer this far more splendid block, although it belongs to Bandinello, to remain in the hands of that man who cannot help mangling it, instead of giving it to some artist of talent capable of doing it full justice? Arrange, my lord, that every one who likes shall make a model; have them all exhibited to the school; you then will hear what the school thinks; your own good judgment will enable you to select the best; in this way, finally, you will not throw away your money, nor discourage a band of artists the like of whom is not to be found at present in the world, and who form the glory of your most illustrious Excellency."

The Duke listened with the utmost graciousness; then he rose from table, and turning to me, said: "Go, my Benvenuto, make a model, and earn that fine marble for yourself; for what you say is the truth, and I acknowledge it." The Duchess tossed her head defiantly, and muttered I know not what angry sentences.

I made them a respectful bow and returned to Florence, burning with eagerness to set hands upon my model.

C

When the Duke came to Florence, he sought me at my house without giving me previous notice. I showed him two little models of different design. Though he praised

them both, he said that one of them pleased him better than the other; I was to finish the one he liked with care; and this would be to my advantage. Now his Excellency had already seen Bandinello's designs, and those of other sculptors; but, as I was informed by many of his courtiers who had heard him, he commended mine far above the rest. Among other matters worthy of record and of great weight upon this point, I will mention the following. The Cardinal of Santa Fiore was on a visit to Florence, and the Duke took him to Poggio a Caiano. Upon the road, noticing the marble as he passed, the Cardinal praised it highly, inquiring of his Excellency for what sculptor he intended it. The Duke replied at once: "For my friend Benvenuto, who has made a splendid model with a view to it." This was reported to me by men whom I could trust.

Hearing what the Duke had said, I went to the Duchess, and took her some small bits of goldsmith's work, which greatly pleased her Excellency. Then she asked what I was doing, and I replied: "My lady, I have taken in hand for my pleasure one of the most laborious pieces which have ever been produced. It is a Christ of the whitest marble set upon a cross of the blackest, exactly of the same size as a tall man. She immediately inquired what I meant to do with it. I answered: "You must know my lady, that I would not sell it for two thousand golden ducats; it is of such difficult execution that I think no man ever attempted the like before; nor would I have undertaken it at the commission of any prince whatever, for fear I might prove inadequate to the task. I bought the marbles with my own money, and have kept a young man some two years as my assistant in the work. What with the stone, the iron frame to hold it up, and the wages, it has cost me above three hundred crowns. Consequently, I would not sell it for two thousand. But if your Excellency deigns to grant me a favour which is wholly blameless, I shall be delighted to make you a present of it. All I ask is that your Excellency will not use your influence either against or for the models which the Duke has ordered to be made of the Neptune for that great block of marble." She replied with mighty indignation: "So then you value neither my help nor my opposition?" "On the

contrary, I value them highly, princess; or why am I offering to give you what I value at two thousand ducats? But I have such confidence in my laborious and well-trained studies, that I hope to win the palm, even against the great Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, from whom and from no one else I have learned all that I know. Indeed, I should be much better pleased to enter into competition with him who knows so much than with those others who know but little of their art. Contending with my sublime master, I could gain laurels in plenty, whereas there are but few to be reaped in a contest with these men." After I had spoken, she rose in a half-angry mood, and I returned to work with all the strength I had upon my model.

When it was finished, the Duke came to see it, bringing with him two ambassadors, one from the Duke of Ferrara, the other from the Signory of Lucca. They were delighted, and the Duke said to those two gentlemen: "Upon my word, Benvenuto deserves to have the marble." Then they both paid me the highest compliments, especially the envoy from Lucca, who was a person of accomplishments and learning.[1] I had retired to some distance in order that they might exchange opinions freely; but when I heard that I was being complimented, I came up, turned to the Duke, and said: "My lord, your most illustrious Excellency ought now to employ another admirable device: decree that every one who likes shall make a model in clay, exactly of the same size as the marble has to be. In this way you will be able to judge far better who deserves the commission; and I may observe that if your Excellency does not give it to the sculptor who deserves it, this will not wrong the man so much, but will reflect great discredit upon yourself, since the loss and shame will fall on you. On the other hand, if you award it to the one who has deserved it, you will acquire great glory in the first place, and will employ your treasure well, while artists will believe that you appreciate and understand their business." No sooner had I finished speaking than the Duke shrugged his shoulders, and began to move away. While they were taking leave the ambassador of Lucca said to the Duke: "Prince, this Benvenuto of yours

[1] Probably Girolamo Lucchesini.

is a terrible man!" The Duke responded: "He is much more terrible than you imagine, and well were it for him if he were a little less terrible; then he would possess at the present moment many things which he has not got." These precise words were reported to me by the envoy, by way of chiding and advising me to change my conduct. I told him that I had the greatest wish to oblige my lord as his affectionate and faithful servant, but that I did not understand the arts of flattery. Several months after this date, Bandinello died; and it was thought that, in addition to his intemperate habits of life, the mortification of having probably to lose the marble contributed to his decline.

CI

Bandinello had received information of the crucifix which, as I have said above, I was now engaged upon. Accordingly he laid his hands at once upon a block of marble, and produced the Pietà which may be seen in the church of the Annunziata. Now I had offered my crucifix to S. Maria Novella, and had already fixed up the iron clamps whereby I meant to fasten it against the wall. I only asked for permission to construct a little sarcophagus upon the ground beneath the feet of Christ, into which I might creep when I was dead. The friars told me that they could not grant this without the consent of their building committee.[1] I replied: "Good brethren, why did not you consult your committee before you allowed me to place my crucifix? Without their leave you suffered me to fix my clamps and other necessary fittings."

On this account I refused to give those fruits of my enormous labours to the church of S. Maria Novella, even though the overseers of the fabric came and begged me for the crucifix. I turned at once to the church of the Annunziata, and when I explained the terms on which I had sought to make a present of it to S. Maria Novella, those virtuous friars of the Nunziata unanimously told me to place it in their church, and let me make my grave according to my will and pleasure. When Bandinello became

[1] *I loro Operai.*

aware of this, he set to work with great diligence at the completion of his Pietà, and prayed the Duchess to get for him the chapel of the Pazzi for his monument. This he obtained with some difficulty; and on receiving the permission, he erected his Pietà with great haste. It was not altogether completed when he died.

The Duchess then said that, even as she had protected him in life, so would she protect him in the grave, and that albeit he was dead, I need never try to get that block of marble. Apropos of which, the broken Bernardone, meeting me one day in the country, said that the Duchess had assigned the marble. I replied: "Unhappy piece of stone! In the hands of Bandinello it would certainly have come to grief; but in those of Ammanato its fate is a hundred times worse." Now I had received orders from the Duke to make a clay model, of the same size as the marble would allow; he also provided me with wood and clay, set up a sort of screen in the Loggia where my Perseus stands, and paid me one workman. I went about my business with all diligence, and constructed the wooden framework according to my excellent system. Then I brought the model successfully to a conclusion, without caring whether I should have to execute it in marble, since I knew the Duchess was resolved I should not get the commission. Consequently I paid no heed to that. Only I felt very glad to undergo this labour, hoping to make the Duchess, who was after all a person of intelligence, as indeed I had the means of observing at a later period, repent of having done so great a wrong both to the marble and herself. Giovanni the Fleming also made a model in the cloister of S. Croce; Vinzenzio Danti of Perugia another in the house of Messer Ottaviano de' Medici; the son of Moschino began a third at Pisa, and Bartolommeo Ammanato a fourth in the Loggia, which we divided between us.[2]

[2] Gian Bologna, or Jean Boullogne, was born at Douai about 1530. He went, while a very young man, to Rome, and then settled at Florence. There he first gained reputation by a Venus which the Prince Francesco bought. The Neptune on the piazza at Bologna, which is his work, may probably have been executed from the model he made in competition upon this occasion. Vincenzo Danti was born at Perugia in 1530. He produced the bronze statue of Pope Julius III., which may still be seen in his native city. Simone Cioli, called Il Mosca, was a very fair sculptor who died in 1554, leaving a son, Francesco, called Il Moschino, who was also a sculptor, and had reached the age of thirty at this epoch. It is therefore to this Moschino probably that Cellini refers above.

When I had blocked the whole of mine out well, and wanted to begin upon the details of the head, which I had already just sketched out in outline, the Duke came down from the palace, and Giorgetto, the painter,[3] took him into Ammanato's workshed. This man had been engaged there with his own hands several days, in company with Ammanato and all his workpeople. While, then, the Duke was inspecting Ammanato's model, I received intelligence that he seemed but little pleased with it. In spite of Giorgetto's trying to dose him with his fluent nonsense, the Duke shook his head, and turning to Messer Gianstefano,[4] exclaimed: "Go and ask Benvenuto if his colossal statue is far enough forward for him to gratify us with a glance at it." Messer Gianstefano discharged this embassy with great tact, and in the most courteous terms. He added that if I did not think my work quite ready to be seen yet, I might say so frankly, since the Duke knew well that I had enjoyed but little assistance for so large an undertaking. I replied that I entreated him to do me the favour of coming; for though my model was not far advanced, yet the intelligence of his Excellency would enable him to comprehend perfectly how it was likely to look when finished. This kindly gentleman took back my message to the Duke, who came with pleasure. No sooner had he entered the enclosure and cast his eyes upon my work, than he gave signs of being greatly satisfied. Then he walked all round it, stopping at each of the four points of view, exactly as the ripest expert would have done. Afterwards he showed by nods and gestures of approval that it pleased him; but he said no more than this: "Benvenuto, you have only to give a little surface to your statue." Then he turned to his attendants, praising my performance, and saying: "The small model which I saw in his house pleased me greatly, but this has far exceeded it in merit."

CII

It pleased God, who rules all things for our good—I mean, for those who acknowledge and believe in Him; such men never fail to gain His protection—that about this time a

[3] Giorgio Vasari. [4] Probably Gianstefano Lalli.

certain rascal from Vecchio called Piermaria d'Anterigoli, and surnamed Lo Sbietta, introduced himself to me. He is a sheep-grazier; and being closely related to Messer Guido Guidi, the physician, who is now provost of Pescia, I lent ear to his proposals. The man offered to sell me a farm of his for the term of my natural life. I did not care to go and see it, since I wanted to complete the model of my colossal Neptune. There was also no reason why I should visit the property, because Sbietta only sold it to me for the income.[1] This he had noted down at so many bushels of grain, so much of wine, oil, standing corn, chestnuts, and other produce. I reckoned that, as the market then ran, these together were worth something considerably over a hundred golden crowns in gold; and I paid him 650 crowns, which included duties to the state. Consequently, when he left a memorandum written in his own hand, to the effect that he would always keep up these products of the farm in the same values during my lifetime, I did not think it necessary to inspect it. Only I made inquiries, to the best of my ability, as to whether Sbietta and his brother Ser Filippo were well off enough to give me good security. Many persons, of divers sorts, who knew them, assured me that my security was excellent. We agreed to call in Ser Pierfrancesco Bertoldi, notary at the Mercantanzia; and at the very first I handed him Sbietta's memorandum, expecting that this would be recited in the deed. But the notary who drew it up was so occupied with detailing twenty-two boundaries described by Sbietta,[2] that, so far as I can judge, he neglected to include in the contract what the vendor had proposed to furnish. While he was writing, I went on working; and since it took him several hours, I finished a good piece of my Neptune's head.

After the contract was signed and sealed, Sbietta began to pay me the most marked attentions, which I returned in like measure. He made me presents of kids, cheese, capons, fresh curds, and many sorts of fruits, until I began to be

[1] What Cellini means is that Sbietta was to work the farm, paying Cellini its annual value. It appears from some particulars which follow that the *entrate* were to be paid in kind.

[2] The word *confini*, which I have translated *boundaries*, may mean *limiting conditions*.

almost ashamed of so much kindness. In exchange for these courtesies I always took him from the inn to lodge with me when he came into Florence, often inviting a relative or two who happened to attend him. On one of these occasions he told me with a touch of pleasantry that it was really shameful for me to have bought a farm, and, after the lapse of so many weeks, not yet to have left my business for three days in the hands of my workpeople, so as to have come to look at it. His wheedling words and ways induced me to set off, in a bad hour for my welfare, on a visit to him. Sbietta received me in his own house with such attentions and such honours as a duke might covet. His wife caressed me even more than he did; and these excellent relations continued between us until the plans which he and his brother Ser Filippo had in mind were fully matured.

CIII

Meanwhile I did not suspend my labours on the Neptune, which was now quite blocked out upon an excellent system, undiscovered and unknown before I used it. Consequently, although I knew I should not get the marble for the reasons above narrated, I hoped to have it soon completed, and to display it on the piazza simply for my satisfaction.

It was a warm and pleasant season; and this, together with the attentions of those two rascals, disposed me to set out one Wednesday, which happened to be a double holiday, for my country-house at Trespiano.[1] Having spent some time over an excellent lunch, it was past twenty o'clock when I reached Vicchio. There, at the town-gate, I met Ser Filippo, who appeared to know already whither I was bound. He loaded me with attentions, and took me to Sbietta's house, where I found that fellow's strumpet of a wife, who also overwhelmed me with caresses. I gave the woman a straw hat of the very finest texture, the like of which she told me she had never seen. Still, up to this time, Sbietta had not put in his appearance.

Toward the end of the afternoon we all sat down to supper in excellent spirits. Later on, they gave me a well appointed

[1] From Cellini's *Ricordi* it appears that he bought a farm at this village, north-east of Florence, on October 26, 1548. In 1556 he also purchased land there.

bedroom, where I went to rest in a bed of the most perfect cleanliness. Both of my servants, according to their rank, were equally well treated. On the morrow, when I rose, the same attentions were paid me. I went to see my farm, which pleased me much; and then I had some quantities of grain and other produce handed over. But when I returned to Vicchio, the priest Ser Filippo said to me: "Benvenuto, do not be uneasy; although you have not found here quite everything you had the right to look for, yet put your mind to rest; it will be amply made up in the future, for you have to deal with honest folk. You ought, by the way, to know that we have sent that labourer away, because he was a scoundrel." The labourer in question bore the name of Mariano Rosegli; and this man now kept frequently repeating in my ear: "Look well after yourself; in the end you will discover which of us here is the greatest villain." The country-fellow, when he spoke these words, smiled with an evil kind of sneer, and jerked his head as though to say: "Only go up there, and you will find out for yourself."

I was to some extent unfavourably influenced by these hints, yet far from forming a conception of what actually happened to me. So, when I returned from the farm, which is two miles distant from Vicchio, toward the Alpi,[2] I met the priest, who was waiting for me with his customary politeness. We then sat down together to breakfast; it was not so much a dinner as an excellent collation. Afterwards I took a walk through Vicchio—the market had just opened—and noticed how all the inhabitants fixed their eyes upon me, as on something strange. This struck me particularly in the case of a worthy old man, who has been living for many years at Vicchio, and whose wife bakes bread for sale. He owns some good property at the distance of about a mile; however, he prefers this mode of life, and occupies a house which belongs to me in the town of Vicchio. This had been consigned to me together with the farm above mentioned, which bears the name of Della Fonte. The worthy old man spoke as follows: "I am living in your house, and when it falls due I shall pay you

[2] The Alpi are high mountain pastures in the Apennines

your rent; but if you want it earlier, I will act according to your wishes. You may reckon on never having any disputes with me." While we were thus talking I noticed that he looked me hard in the face, which compelled me to address him thus: "Prithee, tell me, friend Giovanni, why you have more than once stared at me in that way?" He replied: "I am quite willing to tell you, if, being the man of worth I take you for, you will promise not to say that I have told you." I gave the promise and he proceeded: "You must know then that that worthless priest, Ser Filippo, not many days since, went about boasting of his brother Sbietta's cleverness, and telling how he had sold his farm to an old man for his lifetime, and that the purchaser could hardly live the year out. You have got mixed up with a set of rogues; therefore take heed to living as long as you are able, and keep your eyes open, for you have need of it. I do not choose to say more."

CIV

During my promenade through the market, I met Giovan Battista Santini, and he and I were taken back to supper by the priest. As I have related above, we supped at the early hour of twenty, because I made it known that I meant to return to Trespiano. Accordingly they made all ready; the wife of Sbietta went bustling about in the company of one Cecchino Buti, their knave of all work. After the salads had been mixed and we were preparing to sit down to table, that evil priest, with a certain nasty sort of grin, exclaimed: "I must beg you to excuse me, for I cannot sup with you; the reason is that some business of importance has occurred which I must transact for my brother Sbietta. In his absence I am obliged to act for him." We all begged him to stay, but could not alter his determination; so he departed and we began our supper. After we had eaten the salads on some common platters, and they were preparing to serve the boiled meat, each guest received a porringer for himself. Santini, who was seated opposite me at table exclaimed: "Do you notice that the crockery they give you is different from the rest? Did you ever see anything

handsomer?" I answered that I had not noticed it. He also prayed me to invite Sbietta's wife to sit down with us; for she and that Cecchino Buti kept running hither and thither in the most extraordinary fuss and hurry. At last I induced the woman to join us; when she began to remonstrate: "You do not like my victuals, since you eat so little." I answered by praising the supper over and over again, and saying that I had never eaten better or with heartier appetite. Finally, I told her that I had eaten quite enough. I could not imagine why she urged me so persistently to eat. After supper was over, and it was past the hour of twenty-one, I became anxious to return to Trespiano, in order that I might recommence my work next morning in the Loggia. Accordingly I bade farewell to all the company, and having thanked our hostess, took my leave.

I had not gone three miles before I felt as though my stomach was on fire, and suffered such pain that it seemed a thousand years till I arrived at Trespiano. However, it pleased God that I reached it after nightfall with great toil, and immediately proceeded to my farm, where I went to bed. During the night I got no sleep, and was constantly disturbed by motions of my bowels. When day broke, feeling an intense heat in the rectum, I looked eagerly to see what this might mean, and found the cloth covered with blood. Then in a moment I conceived that I had eaten something poisonous, and racked my brains to think what it could possibly have been. It came back to my memory how Sbietta's wife had set before me plates, and porringers, and saucers different from the others, and how that evil priest, Sbietta's brother, after giving himself such pains to do me honour, had yet refused to sup with us. Furthermore, I remembered what the priest had said about Sbietta's doing such a fine stroke of business by the sale of his farm to an old man for life, who could not be expected to survive a year. Giovanni Sardella had reported these words to me. All things considered, I made my mind up that they must have administered a dose of sublimate in the sauce, which was very well made and pleasant to the taste, inasmuch as sublimate produces all the symptoms I was suffering from. Now it is my custom to take but little sauce or seasoning with my

meat, excepting salt; and yet I had eaten two moderate mouthfuls of that sauce because it was so tasteful. On further thinking, I recollected how often that wife of Sbietta had teased me in a hundred ways to partake more freely of the sauce. On these accounts I felt absolutely certain that they had given me sublimate in that very dish.

CV

Albeit I was suffering so severely, I forced myself to work upon my Colossus in the Loggia; but after a few days I succumbed to the malady and took to my bed. No sooner did the Duchess hear that I was ill, than she caused the execution of that unlucky marble to be assigned to Bartolommeo Ammanato.[1] He sent word to me through Messer . . . . living . . . . Street, that I might now do what I liked with my model since he had won the marble. This Messer . . . . was one of the lovers of Bartolommeo Ammanato's wife; and being the most favoured on account of his gentle manners and discretion, Ammanato made things easy for him. There would be much to say upon this topic; however, I do not care to imitate his master, Bandinello, who always wandered from the subject in his talk. Suffice it to say that I told Ammanato's messenger I had always imagined it would turn out thus; let the man strain himself to the utmost in proof of gratitude to Fortune for so great a favour so undeservedly conferred on him by her.

All this while I stayed with sorry cheer in bed, and was attended by that most excellent man and physician, Maestro Francesco da Montevarchi. Together with him Maestro Raffaello de' Pilli undertook the surgical part of my case, forasmuch as the sublimate had so corroded the intestines that I was unable to retain my motions. When Maestro Francesco saw that the poison had exerted all its strength, being indeed insufficient in quantity to overcome my vigorous constitution, he said one day: "Benvenuto, return thanks to God, for you have won the battle. Have no anxiety, since I mean to cure you in spite of the rogues who

[1] What follows has been so carefully erased, possibly by Cellini's own hand, in the autograph, that it is illegible. Laura Battiferra, Ammanato's wife, was a woman of irreproachable character, whom Cellini himself praised in a sonnet.

sought to work your ruin." Maestro Raffaello then put in: "This will be one of the finest and most difficult cures which was ever heard of; for I can tell you, Benvenuto, that you swallowed a good mouthful of sublimate." Thereupon Maestro Francesco took him up and said: "It may possibly have been some venomous caterpillar." I replied: "I know for certain what sort of poison it was, and who gave it to me;" upon which we all were silent. They attended me more than six full months, and I remained more than a whole year before I could enjoy my life and vigour.

CVI

At this time[1] the Duke went to make his triumphal entry into Siena, and Ammanato had gone there some months earlier to construct the arches. A bastard of his, who stayed behind in the Loggia, removed the cloths with which I kept my model of Neptune covered until it should be finished. As soon as I knew this, I complained to Signor Don Francesco, the Duke's son, who was kindly disposed toward me, and told him how they had disclosed my still imperfect statue; had it been finished, I should not have given the fact a thought. The Prince replied with a threatening toss of his head: "Benvenuto, do not mind your statue having been uncovered, because these men are only working against themselves; yet if you want me to have it covered up, I will do so at once." He added many other words in my honour before a crowd of gentlemen who were there. I then begged his Excellency to give me the necessary means for finishing it, saying that I meant to make a present of it together with the little model to his Highness. He replied that he gladly accepted both gifts, and that he would have all the conveniences I asked for put at my disposal. Thus, then, I fed upon this trifling mark of favour, which, in fact, proved the salvation of my life; for having been overwhelmed by so many evils and such great annoyances all at one fell swoop, I felt my forces failing; but this little gleam of encouragement inspired me with some hope of living.

[1] October 28, 1560.

CVII

A year had now passed since I bought the farm of Della Fonte from Sbietta. In addition to their attempt upon my life by poisoning and their numerous robberies, I noticed that the property yielded less than half what had been promised. Now, in addition to the deeds of contract, I had a declaration written by Sbietta's own hand, in which he bound himself before witnesses to pay me over the yearly income I have mentioned. Armed with these documents, I had recourse to the Lords Counsellors. At that time Messer Alfonso Quistello was still alive and Chancellor of the Exchequer; he sat upon the Board, which included Averardo Serristori and Federigo de' Ricci. I cannot remember the names of all of them, but I know that one of the Alessandri was a member. Suffice it to say, the counsellors of that session were men of weight and worth. When I had explained my cause to the magistracy, they all with one voice ruled that Sbietta should give me back my money, except Federigo de' Ricci, who was then employing the fellow himself; the others unanimously expressed sorrow to me that Federigo de' Ricci prevented them from despatching the affair. Averardo Serristori and Alessandri in particular made a tremendous stir about it, but Federigo managed to protect matters until the magistracy went out of office; whereupon Serristori, meeting me one morning after they had come out upon the Piazza dell' Annunziata, cried aloud, without the least regard to consequences: "Federigo de' Ricci has been so much stronger than all of us put together that you have been massacred against our will." I do not intend to say more upon this topic, since it would be too offensive to the supreme authorities of state; enough that I was cruelly wronged at the will of a rich citizen, only because he made use of that shepherd-fellow.

CVIII

The Duke was staying at Livorno, where I went to visit him in order merely to obtain release from his service. Now that I felt my vigour returning, and saw that I was used for

nothing, it pained me to lose time which ought to have been spent upon my art. I made my mind up, therefore, went to Livorno, and found my prince, who received me with exceeding graciousness. Now I stayed there several days, and went out riding daily with his Excellency. Consequently I had excellent opportunities for saying all I wanted, since it was the Duke's custom to ride four miles out of Livorno along the sea-coast to the point where he was erecting a little fort. Not caring to be troubled with a crowd of people, he liked me to converse with him. So then, on one of these occasions, having observed him pay me some remarkable attentions, I entered into the affair of Sbietta and spoke as follows: "My lord, I should like to narrate to your most illustrious Excellency a very singular incident, which will explain why I was prevented from finishing that clay model of Neptune on which I was working in the Loggia. Your Excellency must know that I bought a farm for my life from Sbietta—" To cut the matter short, I related the whole story in detail, without contaminating truth with falsehood. Now when I came to the poison, I remarked that if I had ever proved an acceptable servant in the sight of his most illustrious Excellency, he ought not to punish Sbietta or those who administered the poison, but rather to confer upon them some great benefit, inasmuch as the poison was not enough to kill me, but had exactly sufficed to cleanse me of a mortal viscosity from which I suffered in my stomach and intestines. "The poison," quoth I, "worked so well, that whereas, before I took it, I had perhaps but three or four years to live, I verily believe now that it has helped me to more than twenty years by bettering my constitution. For this mercy I return thanks to God with greater heartiness than ever; and this proves that a proverb I have sometimes heard spoken is true, which runs as follows:—

'God send us evil, that may work us good.'"

The Duke listened to my story through more than two miles of travel, keeping his attention fixed, and only uttering: "Oh, the villains!" I said, in conclusion, that I felt obliged to them, and opened other and more cheerful subjects of conversation.

I kept upon the look-out for a convenient day; and when I found him well disposed for what I wanted, I entreated his most illustrious Excellency to dismiss me in a friendly spirit, so that I might not have to waste the few years in which I should be fit to do anything. As for the balance due upon my Perseus, he might give this to me when he judged it opportune. Such was the pith of my discourse: but I expanded it with lengthy compliments, expressing my gratitude toward his most illustrious Excellency. To all this he made absolutely no answer, but rather seemed to have taken my communication ill. On the following day Messer Bartolommeo Concino,[1] one of the Duke's secretaries, and among the chiefest, came to me, and said with somewhat of a bullying air: "The Duke bids me tell you that if you want your dismissal, he will grant it; but if you choose work, he will give you plenty: God grant you may have the power to execute all he orders." I replied that I desired nothing more than work to do, and would rather take it from the Duke than from any man whatever in the world. Whether they were popes, emperors, or kings, I should prefer to serve his most illustrious Excellency for a halfpenny than any of the rest of them for a ducat. He then remarked: "If that is your mind, you and he have struck a bargain without the need of further speech. So, then, go back to Florence, and be unconcerned; rely on the Duke's goodwill towards you." Accordingly I made my way again to Florence.

CIX

Immediately after my arrival, there came to visit me a certain Raffaellone Scheggia, whose trade was that of a cloth-of-gold weaver. He began thus: "My Benvenuto, I should like to reconcile you with Piermaria Sbietta." I replied that nobody could settle the affairs between us except the Lords Counsellors; in the present court Sbietta would not have a Federigo de' Ricci to support him, a man willing, for the bribe of a couple of fatted kids, without respect of God or of his honour, to back so infamous a cause

[1] This man was the son of a peasant at Terranuova, in Valdarno. He acquired great wealth and honour at the court of Duke Cosimo, and was grandfather of the notorious Maréchal d'Ancre.

and do so vile a wrong to sacred justice. When I had uttered these words, and many others to the like effect, Raffaello kept on blandly urging that it was far better to eat a thrush in peace than to bring a fat capon to one's table, even though one were quite sure to get it, after a hot fight. He further reminded me that lawsuits had a certain way of dragging on, and that I could employ the time far better upon some masterpiece of art, which would bring me not only greater honour, but greater profit to boot. I knew that he was speaking the mere truth, and began to lend ear to his arguments. Before long, therefore, we arranged the matter in this way: Sbietta was to rent the farm from me at seventy golden crowns in gold the year during the whole term of my natural life. But when we came to the contract, which was drawn up by Ser Giovanni, son of Ser Matteo da Falgano, Sbietta objected that the terms we had agreed on would involve our paying the largest duties to the revenue. He was not going to break his word; therefore we had better draw the lease for five years, to be renewed on the expiry of the term. He undertook to abide by his promise to renew, without raising further litigation. That rascal, the priest, his brother, entered into similar engagements; and so the lease was drawn for five years.

CX

Though I want to enter upon other topics, and to leave all this rascality alone awhile, I am forced to narrate what happened at the termination of this five years' contract. Instead of abiding by their promised word, those two rogues declared they meant to give me up my farm, and would not keep it any longer upon lease. I not unnaturally complained, but they retorted by ostentatiously unfolding the deed; and I found myself without any defence against their chicanery. When it came to this, I told them that the Duke and Prince of Florence would not suffer folk to be so infamously massacred in their cities. That menace worked so forcibly upon their minds that they once more despatched Raffaello Scheggia, the same man who negotiated the former arrangement. I must add that they professed their unwillingness to pay

the same rent of seventy crowns as during the five years past, while I replied that I would not take a farthing less. So then Raffaello came to look me up, and spoke to this effect: "My Benvenuto, you know that I am acting in your interest. Now these men have placed themselves entirely in my hands;" and he showed me a writing to this effect signed by them. Not being aware that he was their close relative, I thought he would be an excellent arbitrator, and therefore placed myself also absolutely in his hands. This man of delicate honour then came one evening about a half hour after sunset, in the month of August, and induced me with the strongest pressure to draw up the contract then and there. He did so because he knew that if he waited till the morning, the deceit he wished to practise on me must have failed. Accordingly the deed was executed, to the effect that they were to pay me a rent of sixty-five crowns, in two half-yearly instalments, during the term of my natural life. Notwithstanding I rebelled against it, and refused to sit down quietly under the injustice, all was to no purpose, Raffaello exhibited my signature, and every one took part against me. At the same time he went on protesting that he acted altogether in my interest and as my supporter. Neither the notary nor any others who heard of the affair, knew that he was a relative of those two rogues; so they told me I was in the wrong. Accordingly, I was forced to yield with the best grace I could; and what I have now to do is to live as long as I can manage.

Close after these events, that is to say, in the December of 1566 following, I made another blunder. I bought half of the farm Del Poggio from them, or rather from Sbietta, for two hundred crowns.[1] It marches with my property of La Fonte. Our terms were that the estate should revert at the term of three years,[2] and I gave them a lease of it. I did this for the best; but I should have to dilate too long upon the topic were I to enter into all the rascalities they practised on me. Therefore, I refer my cause entirely to God, knowing that He hath ever defended me from those who sought to do me mischief.

[1] *Scudi di moneta*, not *d'oro*.

[2] This seems to be the meaning of *comprare con riservo di tre anni*. Cellini elsewhere uses the equivalent term *patto resolutivo*. See Tassi, vol. ii. p. 583.

CXI

Having quite completed my crucifix, I thought that if I raised it to some feet above the ground, it would show better than it did upon a lower level. After I had done so, it produced a far finer effect than even it had made before, and I was greatly satisfied. So then I began to exhibit it to every one who had the mind to see it.

As God willed, the Duke and the Duchess heard about it. On their arrival then from Pisa, both their Excellencies arrived one day quite unexpectedly, attended by all the nobles of their court, with the sole purpose of inspecting my crucifix. They were so much delighted, that each of these princes lavished endless praises on it, and all the lords and gentlefolk of their suites joined in chorus. Now, when I saw how greatly they were taken with the piece, I began to thank them with a touch of humour, saying that, if they had not refused me the marble for the Neptune, I should never have undertaken so arduous a task, the like whereof had not been attempted by any sculptor before me. "It is true," I added, "that this crucifix has cost me hours of unimaginable labour; yet they have been well expended, especially now when your most illustrious Excellencies have bestowed such praises on it. I cannot hope to find possessors of it worthier than you are; therefore I gladly present it to you as a gift."[1]

After speaking to this effect, I prayed them, before they took their leave, to deign to follow me into the ground-floor of my dwelling. They rose at once with genial assent, left the workshop, and on entering the house, beheld my little model of the Neptune and the fountain, which had not yet been seen by the Duchess. This struck her with such force that she raised a cry of indescribable astonishment, and turning to the Duke, exclaimed: "Upon my life, I never dreamed it could be one-tenth part so beautiful!" The Duke replied by repeating more than once: "Did I not tell you so?" Thus they continued talking together for some while greatly in my honour. Afterwards the Duchess called me to her side; and when she had uttered many expressions

[1] The Duchess would not take the crucifix as a gift. The Duke bought it for fifteen hundred golden crowns, and transferred it to the Pitti in 1565. It was given by the Grand Duke Francesco in 1576 to Philip II., who placed it in the Escorial, where it now is.

of praise which sounded like excuses (they might indeed have been construed into asking for forgiveness), she told me that she should like me to quarry a block of marble to my taste, and then to execute the work. In reply to these gracious speeches I said that, if their most illustrious Excellencies would provide me with the necessary accommodations, I should gladly for their sakes put my hand to such an arduous undertaking. The Duke responded on the moment: "Benvenuto, you shall have all the accommodations you can ask for; and I will myself give you more besides, which shall surpass them far in value." With these agreeable words they left me, and I remained highly satisfied.

CXII

Many weeks passed, but of me nothing more was spoken. This neglect drove me half mad with despair. Now about that time the Queen of France sent Messer Baccio del Bene to our Duke for a loan of money, which the Duke very graciously supplied, as rumour went. Messer Baccio del Bene and I had been intimate friends in former times; so when we renewed our acquaintance in Florence, we came together with much mutual satisfaction. In course of conversation he related all the favours shown him by his most illustrious Excellency, and asked me what great works I had in hand. In reply, I narrated the whole story of the Neptune and the fountain, and the great wrong done me by the Duchess. He responded by telling me how her Majesty of France was most eager to complete the monument of her husband Henri II., and how Daniello da Volterra [1] had undertaken a great equestrian statue in bronze, but the time had already elapsed in which he promised to perform it, and that a multitude of the richest ornaments were required for the tomb. If, then, I liked to return to France and occupy my castle, she would supply me with all the conveniences I could ask for, provided only I cared to enter her service. These proposals he made on the part of the Queen. I told Messer Baccio to beg me from the Duke; if his most illustrious Excellency was satisfied, I should very willingly return

[1] This painter is chiefly famous for his "Descent from the Cross" in the Church of the Trinità de' Monti at Rome. He died in 1566.

to France. He answered cheerfuly: "We will travel back together!" and considered the affair settled. Accordingly, next day, in course of conversation with the Duke, he alluded to myself, declaring that if his Excellency had no objection, the Queen would take me into her employ. The Duke replied without a moment's hesitation: "Benvenuto's ability in his profession is known to the whole world; but at the present time he does not care to go on working." Then they touched on other topics; and upon the day following I called on Messer Baccio, who reported what had passed between them. Then I lost all patience, and exclaimed: "Oh, me! His most illustrious Excellency gave me nothing to do, while I was bringing to perfection one of the most difficult master-pieces ever executed in this world; and it stands me in more than two hundred crowns, which I have paid out of my poverty! Oh, what could I not have done if his Excellency had but set me to work! I tell you in pure truth, that they have done me a great wrong!" The good-natured gentleman repeated to the Duke what I had answered. The Duke told him we were joking, and that he wanted me for his own service. The result was that in my irritation I more than once made up my mind to make off without asking leave. However, the Queen preferred to drop negotiations, in fear of displeasing the Duke; and so I remained here, much to my regret.

CXIII

About that time the Duke went on a journey, attended by all his court and all his sons, except the prince, who was in Spain. They travelled through the Sienese Maremma, and by this route he reached Pisa. The poison from the bad air of those marshes first attacked the Cardinal, who was taken with a pestilential fever after a few days, and died at the end of a brief illness. He was the Duke's right eye, handsome and good, and his loss was most severely felt. I allowed several days to elapse, until I thought their tears were dried, and then I betook myself to Pisa.

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By William Patten


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A5

HISTORY

OF THE

GRANGE MOVEMENT;

OR, THE

FARMER'S WAR AGAINST MONOPOLIES.

BEING

A FULL AND AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE STRUGGLES OF THE AMERICAN FARMERS AGAINST THE EXTORTIONS OF THE RAILROAD COMPANIES.

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
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WITH

A HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE ORDER OF

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY,

ITS OBJECTS, PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

SKETCHES OF THE LEADING GRANGERS.

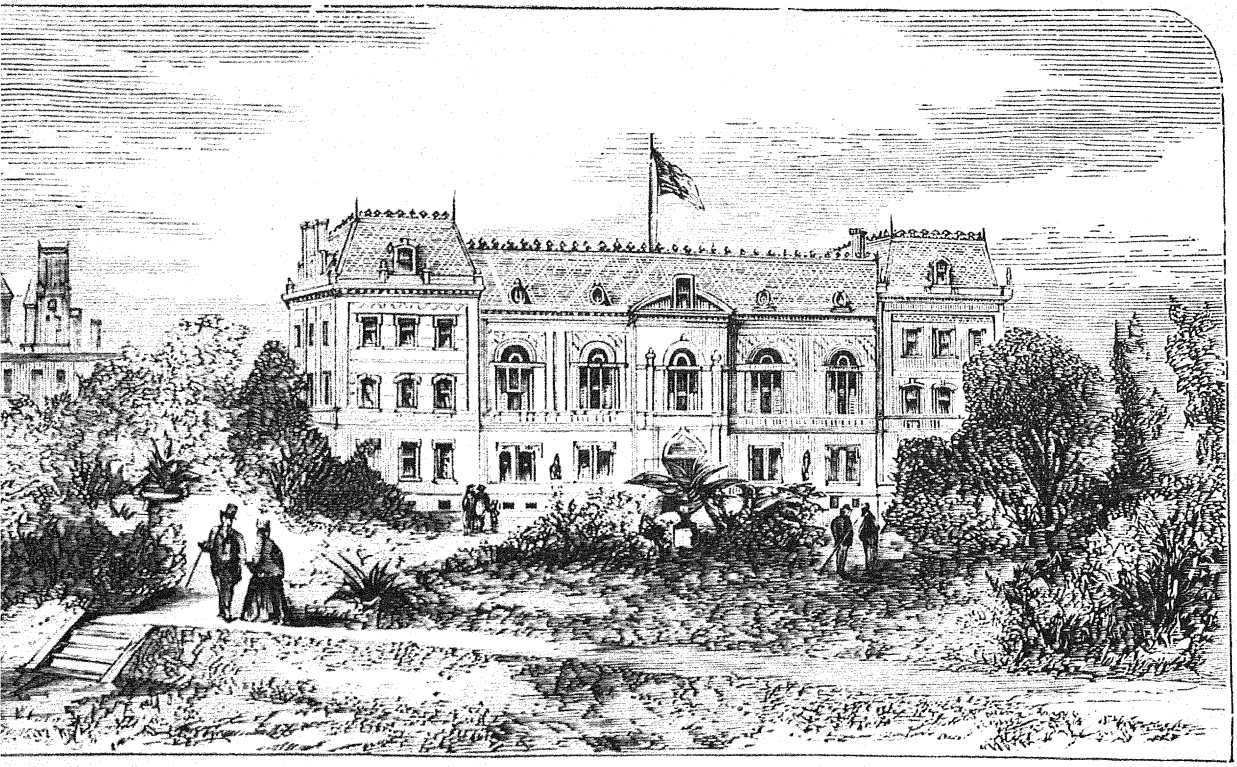
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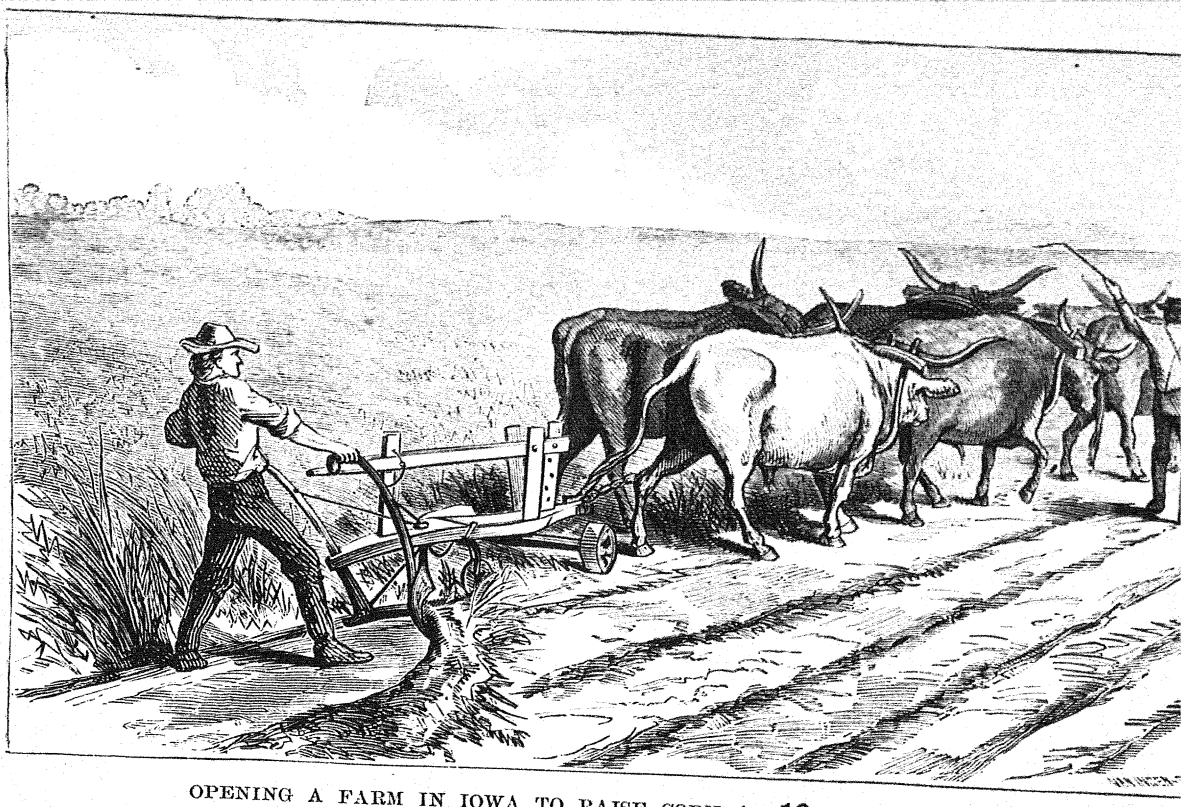
Illustrated with 60 Fine Engravings and Portraits of Leading Grangers.

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NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY



THE BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE—WASHINGTON, D. C



OPENING A FARM IN IOWA TO RAISE CORN AT **16** CENTS A BUSHEL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 187 , by

J. R. JONES,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

TO THE

FARMERS OF THE UNITED STATES,

THE STRONG-ARMED, TRUE-HEARTED HOPE OF THE REPUBLIC, NOW, AS IN THE PAST, THE FIRST TO RISE AGAINST OPPRESSION AND WRONG, THE AUTHOR DEDICATES THIS BOOK AS A TOKEN OF HIS SYMPATHY WITH THEM IN THEIR SUFFERINGS, AND HIS ADMIRATION OF THE HEROIC BATTLE THEY ARE WAGING FOR THE OPPRESSED OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY.



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PREFACE.

AMONG the many remarkable events of the present century, there are none more worthy of patient and careful study than the important movement among the agricultural classes, which has been popularly termed "The Farmer's War Against Monopolies." The rapid and astounding growth of this movement, the formation of Farmers' Granges in every part of the Union, and the remarkable success which has attended every step of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, have made it the most closely and anxiously observed of any of the movements of the day. The people of the United States are deeply interested in it, and on all sides there is a growing desire to know more of it. Men cannot help regarding with a deep interest an organization which bids fair to embrace the whole agricultural population at an early period, and which proposes to exert the enormous strength and power of this class of our countrymen as a compact and united force for the accomplishment of a definite object. They naturally desire to know if this new and powerful element in our public affairs is to exert its power for good or for evil; whether it is to work for the good of the whole country, with a wise and generous regard for the welfare of all classes, or whether it seeks only the advancement of its own interests regardless of the rights or well-being of

Patrons of Husbandry are to-day a power which no political party can afford to ignore, and which will soon, perhaps in the next year, be able to decide the majority of the popular elections throughout the Union.

It is but natural, then, that the people of the United States should be very desirous of knowing more about this powerful Order. The whole land is full of rumors regarding it, the majority of which are utterly without foundation. The present volume is offered to the public as a means of satisfying their legitimate curiosity upon this subject. It presents a careful, and, it is believed, impartial account of the wrongs from which the agricultural classes have been suffering; the causes which led to the organization of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry; together with an account of the establishment of the Order, its history, its present condition, its objects, and its plans and prospects for the future.

It has long been evident to earnest thinkers that the farmers of the United States are the most cruelly oppressed class of our community. In these pages the writer has sought to set forth these wrongs, and to plead the cause of the farmer, in the hope of awakening the general public to a realization of the case. We cannot afford to allow the farmer to suffer at the hands of his enemies. Upon his weal or woe depends the prosperity of the entire nation. The farmers' cause is that of the people, and it is the aim of this work to show that in battling for the farmers' rights, the Grange is fighting the cause of the whole people.

For several years past the country has been suffering from evils of which all have been conscious, but which none had the courage to remedy, until the Grange took up the cause of the oppressed. Prominent among these are the burdens that have

course of the great Railroad Monopolies that have sprung up in our midst. These vast and powerful corporations have inaugurated a series of abuses which have gradually and effectually undermined the solid basis upon which our finances were supposed to rest. They have debauched and demoralized our Courts and Legislatures; have bribed and taken into their pay the high public officials charged with the making and execution of our laws; have robbed the nation of a domain sufficient to constitute an empire; have flooded the land with worthless stocks and other so-called securities; have established a system of gambling at our financial centres that has resulted in a monetary crisis which must cover the whole land with ruin and suffering; have set at defiance the laws of the land, and have trampled upon individual and public rights and liberties, openly boasting that they are too powerful to be made amenable to the law; and not content with all this, not satisfied with the ruin they have wrought, they propose to petition the National Legislature to give them still greater means of robbing and oppressing the people.

The Grange seeks to array the agricultural class—nearly one-half of our whole population—as a compact body against these evils, and by thus opposing a solid front to the monopolists and their selfish and unpatriotic schemes, to awaken the entire nation to a sense of the danger with which it is threatened, and secure its co-operation in the enforcement of measures which will remove the evil and bring about a more healthful state of affairs. The Grange offers to the farmers the most practicable means of bettering their condition, and while it confines its membership strictly to the agricultural class, it appeals powerfully to the general public for sympathy and encouragement. Believing as he does, that the farmer has suffered great and cruel wrongs, the Author has endeavored to tell his story for

The great and overwhelming interest manifested by the public in the question has made this a fitting time for the appearance of such a book. Evil days are upon us, and it becomes the duty of everyone to inquire the cause of this unhappy state of affairs, which is as remarkable as it is distressing. A more singular phenomenon was never offered for our consideration. There is every reason why trade this season should be abundantly prosperous. Our harvest has been abundant. The markets for our productions are in our favor. We have not only a ready sale for our breadstuffs and provisions, but we have begun to send abroad manufactured goods, for which we have had no foreign purchasers heretofore. Our mills have not been overstocked. Industry has generally shown a healthy and steady activity. Our depressed shipping interest has wonderfully revived. And yet in spite of all this, the country has been driven into one of the most serious and alarming conditions of financial depression it has ever experienced. Everyone is interested in knowing the cause of this evil, and in taking measures to bring about a better state of affairs. The Author has endeavored in these pages to shed some new light upon the matter in consideration, and assist the reader in the intelligent discharge of his duty as a responsible member of the community.

E. W. M.

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HISTORY

OF THE

GRANGE MOVEMENT;

OR, THE

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PART I.

RAILROAD MONOPOLIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF AMERICAN RAILROADS.

The first Railroad Enterprises—The Pioneer Railroad—A Modest Beginning—The Mauch Chunk Railroad—Inauguration of the Railroad System—Introduction of Steam—The First Locomotive—Opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to the Potomac—Improvements in the Construction of the Roads—Rapid increase of Railroads—Building of the Great Trunk Lines between the East and West—Efforts of the Eastern Cities to secure the Western Trade—Completion of the great Roads—Commencement of the Railroad System of the West—Its Rapid Growth—Statement of the Annual Growth and Cost of the Railroads of the United States—Their Present Condition.

FEW things have been so remarkable in the wonderful growth of the American Republic as the increase and expansion of its railway system. A comparatively young man finds no difficulty in remembering the time when the only means of communication between the various parts of the Union were the canal boat and the stage coach. Half a century has witnessed the wonderful growth of the American railways. It has also witnessed the gradual change of the system, which was

designed to be a lasting benefit to the Republic, into one of the greatest dangers which now threaten its existence.

We propose to trace in these pages the growth of the railway system of the country, and to present to the reader a statement of its present condition, in order that he may the better appreciate the grave danger with which this immense system threatens the land.

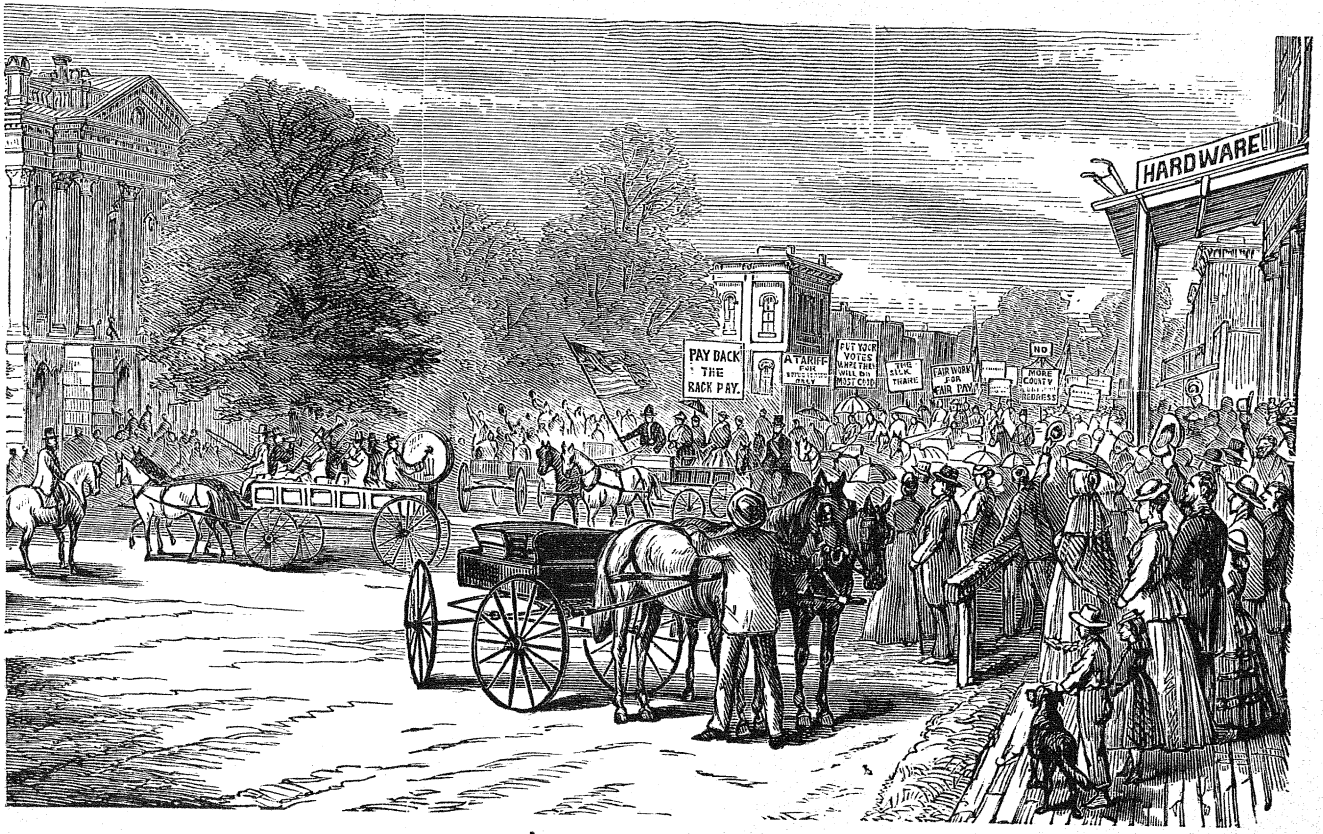
It was not until 1826 that capitalists became satisfied of the value of the railway as a means of communication between distant points. The first road of this kind in America was a mere tramway for the transportation of granite from the quarries at Quincy to the Neponsett River, in Massachusetts. The total length of this road was about three miles. It terminated at the quarries in a self-acting inclined plane. It was built upon granite sleepers, seven and a half feet long, laid eight feet apart. The rails were laid five feet apart, were of pine, a foot deep, and covered with an oak plate, and this with flat bars of iron. The cars were drawn by horses.

In January, 1827, a second road was begun, and completed in May of that year, from the coal mines, at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, to the Lehigh River, a distance of nine miles. "From the summit within half a mile of the mines the descent to the river was 982 feet, of which 225 feet were included in a self-acting plane at the river, and twenty-five feet more in a shute by which the coal was discharged into the boats. The remainder was in a continual descending grade, down which the loaded wagons ran by gravity, one of them being appropriated to the mules by which the empty wagons were drawn back. The rails were of timber, laid on wooden sleepers and strapped with flat iron."

These roads demonstrated the fact that heavy loads could be drawn with a slighter expenditure of power than must be used on the ordinary highways. Admirable results had been obtained in Europe by the adoption of this system, and by the close of 1827 it had come to be acknowledged in the United States that the railway was the best method of transporting freight. Accordingly measures were set on foot in many of the States, especially in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina, for the construction of various roads, some of which were designed upon a grand scale.

Steam had now been introduced upon the European roads as a motive power, and the managers of the American roads at once adopted it as the cheapest and the best means of propelling their cars. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company began, in 1828, the construction of a road from their coal mines to Honesdale, the terminus of the canal. Before the road was fairly begun, they sent Mr. Horatio Allen to England to investigate and report upon the railways of that country, and also to purchase their railroad iron. Later still, he was directed to buy three locomotive engines. These purchases were made, and the first, a locomotive, built by George Stephenson, at his works at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, arrived in New York in the Spring of 1829. It was exhibited for some time in New York, and attracted great attention. The other locomotives were built by other persons, and arrived and were placed on the road in the latter part of 1829. They were the first locomotives used in this country. They were engines on four wheels, furnished with the multitubular boiler and the exhaust blast.

In 1829 work was begun on the South Carolina Railroad, designed to connect Charleston with Hamburg, on the Savannah River, opposite the City of Augusta, Ga. Six miles of this road were completed from Charleston before the close of the year. It is an interesting fact that some time previous to the commencement of work upon this road, the directors determined, under the advice of their engineer, Mr. Horatio Allen, who was convinced that horses could not draw cars over this road with profit to the Company, to make a species of horse locomotive "the motive power, and the road was constructed in such a manner as to be wholly dependent upon them, being built upon piles often at a great height above the ground. The company offered a premium of $500 for the best plan of horse locomotive, and this was awarded to Mr. C. E. Detmold, afterward of New York, who constructed one with the horse working on an endless chain platform. It carried twelve passengers at the rate of twelve miles per hour. The same gentleman, in the winter of 1829–30, made drawings of the first American steam locomotive, called the 'Best Friend,' which was planned by Mr. E. L. Miller, then residing in Charleston, made by the Kembles at their shop in West street, and placed on the road late in the summer of 1830. It was a small four-wheeled engine, with upright boiler and water flues close at bottom, and the flame circulating around them. It worked successfully for about two years, when it exploded, and was rebuilt with a flue boiler. Upon this road, in 1831, was first introduced on any road, either abroad or in the United States, the important arrangement of two four-wheeled trucks for locomotives and long passenger cars. These were built from plans de-



A GRANGERS' PROCESSION AND MASS MEETING.

signed by Mr. Horatio Allen in 1830; and with no essential change his system of double truck running gear, including the application of pedestals to the springs, has ever since been adopted upon all the roads of the country."

In 1828, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the first of the great routes connecting the Eastern and Western States, was begun, the first stone being laid with great rejoicing in the city of Baltimore on the 4th of July of that year. It was originally designed to use horse cars only upon it, and in June, 1830, the road was finished to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of fourteen miles from Baltimore. The cars were drawn by horses. "For a long time," says the historian of the road, "notwithstanding the use of horse power, the railroad was regarded as a great novelty; and the people of Baltimore, with their wives, sisters, or friends, patronized it very extensively. A ride to Ellicott's Mills by railroad was a daily or weekly amusement; and that interesting village became exceedingly popular with all classes of people. The number of cars provided by the company proved entirely inadequate to the trade, both for passengers and merchandise; and although but one track had been finished, the receipts for the first four months showed an aggregate of over twenty thousand dollars." It was at one time proposed to propel the cars on this road by means of sails.

By April, 1832, the road was opened to the Point of Rocks, on the Potomac, a distance of seventy miles. Long before this, it had become evident to the company that horse power was utterly inadequate to the demands upon the road. The successful introduction of steam upon the English roads encouraged the directors

to believe that they could use it with equal success in their own undertaking, and rewards were offered for the construction of the best locomotive suited to the needs of the road. A small locomotive, built in Baltimore by Mr. Peter Cooper, was placed on the line in 1830, and gave considerable satisfaction, but it did not fully meet the requirements of the company.

"Agreeably to the invitation of the President and Directors, three locomotive engines were introduced upon the road, in the summer of 1831, of which only one proved to be successful, according to the stipulations of the company. This was the *York*, having been erected in the town of that name, in Pennsylvania, situated fifty-seven miles north of Baltimore. This engine was erected by Phineas Davis (a very ingenious and worthy man, who subsequently met with an accident which proved fatal, while experimenting with his machinery), of the firm of Davis & Gardiner, and, after undergoing some slight modifications, was found capable of conveying fifteen tons, at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, on a level portion of the road. It was employed for a considerable time between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills, and generally performed the trip in one hour, with four cars, being a gross weight of fourteen tons. The engine, it will be observed, was mounted on four wheels, of thirty inches diameter, like those of common cars; and the velocity was obtained by means of gearing with a spur wheel and pinion, on one of the axles of the road wheels. The entire weight was but three and a half tons, and it not unfrequently attained a speed ranging from twenty to thirty miles per hour. It passed over curves with much facility, overcoming those of four hundred feet radius, the shortest on the

road, at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. The fuel used was anthracite coal, which is said to have answered the purpose very well; but the lightness of the machine prevented it from drawing very heavy loads over ascending grades."

The railroads at this time were built of longitudinal rails pinned down to the wooden or stone cross ties, which were imbedded in the ground, and upon the rails flat bars of iron about half an inch thick, and from two and a half to four and a half inches in width, were fastened by spikes, the heads of which were countersunk in the iron. This species of rail was generally adopted as the cheapest, but it was not long before it attained an unenviable notoriety as the most dangerous. The ends of the rails would frequently curl up, and being caught by the wheels would be thrust through the bottoms of the cars, causing sometimes very serious accidents.

The Baltimore and Ohio road was carried steadily forward, accomplishing in its construction feats of engineering which were justly regarded as national triumphs. It climbed to the summit of the Alleghanies, and passed them by a series of grades at which the most accomplished engineers had halted in dismay when told of them by the friends of the road, and it is not too much to assert that the success of this road was one of the greatest encouragements offered to the persons interested in these enterprises.

In the meantime, however, other roads were begun and carried forward with energy. The use of steam as a motive power had overcome the chief obstacle in their way, and the whole country was engaged in schemes for their increase and diffusion throughout its

limits. In 1830–31, as many as twelve railway companies were chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. By the close of the year 1832, Pennsylvania is said to have had sixty-seven lines of railway in operation. In the same year, the principal lines in Massachusetts and New Jersey were also begun.

The most important of these lines were designed to connect the cities of the Atlantic seaboard with the States west of the mountains. The Great West was just beginning its wonderful growth in population and prosperity, and each of the principal seaports of the East became eager to secure the rich harvest offered by the trade of the West. By means of the Western Railway of Massachusetts, Boston was brought into direct communication with the Erie Canal and the roads now constituting the New York Central Railway, over which the grain of the West was conveyed to Albany. This induced the capitalists of New York to undertake the construction of the Erie Road, which was begun in 1833, but was not finished until 1857. In order to compete still more advantageously with New York, Boston furnished the means for the construction of the Michigan Central road, and its extension from Detroit to Chicago, thus bringing the products of the West directly to Albany and thence to Boston. "It was also sending out its long arms toward the Northwest, reaching the outlet of the great lakes at Ogdensburg, before this point was connected by railroad with the metropolis of its own State. These enterprises stimulated Pennsylvania to perfect her line of communication between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, which from Harrisburg to Hollidaysburg was by canal, and thence over the Alleghany Mountains by a succession of five in-

clined planes and intervening levels up the mountain on one side, then by a long level to the five inclined planes and levels which terminated below at Johnstown, where another canal took the boats that had been brought over the mountain in sections, and conveyed them to Pittsburg. The canals and inclined planes were done away with, and a continuous road was opened across the State." This was the now famous Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Connections were pushed out from it to Lake Erie at Cleveland, to Chicago, and by way of Columbus and Cincinnati, with the railroads of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

"Baltimore, feeling the effects of these advances, was impelled to push forward the Baltimore and Ohio road, which had long stopped in the coal region of Cumberland, and it was at last completed to Wheeling on the Ohio. Charleston and Savannah early appreciated the importance of connecting their harbors with the productive districts of the interior by railroads; and when these had penetrated their own States, the line of equal importance to both was extended through North Georgia into Tennessee, connecting, in 1849, Chattanooga with those cities.

"All these advances into the valleys of the branches of the Mississippi affected the cities of the Gulf of Mexico, and Mobile and New Orleans hastened forward the lines which in the early history of American railroads they had projected for securing to themselves the trade of these valleys."

In the Western States the growth of the railway system was not less marked than in the East. In 1838 there were but 22 miles of railway in operation in the West, and this in the State of Kentucky. Four years

later, in 1842, there were 274 miles in operation in the West, of which Michigan contained 138 miles. In 1850 the Western States contained over 1400 miles of railway; and in 1860 over 13,000 miles out of a total of 31,185 miles in the entire Union. In 1872, out of a total of 62,647 miles in the whole Union, the Western States contained over 34,000 miles of railroad.

The following Table will show the gradual growth of our railways from the commencement to the present day:

Year.	Miles open.	Yearly increase.
1827	3	——
1828	3	——
1829	28	25
1830	41	13
1831	54	13
1832	131	77
1833	576	445
1834	762	186
1835	918	156
1836	1102	184
1837	1431	329
1838	1843	412
1839	2220	377
1840	2797	577
1841	3319	522
1842	3877	558
1843	4174	297
1844	4311	137
1845	4522	211
1846	4870	348
1847	5336	466
1848	5682	346
1849	6350	668
1850	7475	1125
1851	8589	1114
1852	11,027	2438
1853	13,497	2470
1854	15,672	2175
1855	17,398	1726
1856	19,251	1853
1857	22,625	3374

Year.	Miles open.	Yearly increase.
1858	25,090	2465
1859	26,755	1665
1860	28,771	2016
1861	30,593	1822
1862	31,769	1176
1863	32,471	702
1864	33,860	1389
1865	34,442	582
1866	35,351	909
1867	36,896	1545
1868	38,822	1926
1869	42,272	3450
1870	48,860	6588
1871	54,435	5575
1872	62,647	8212

In Poor's "Railroad Manual of the United States" for 1873–74, the following estimate is given of the cost and capital invested in the railways of the United States:

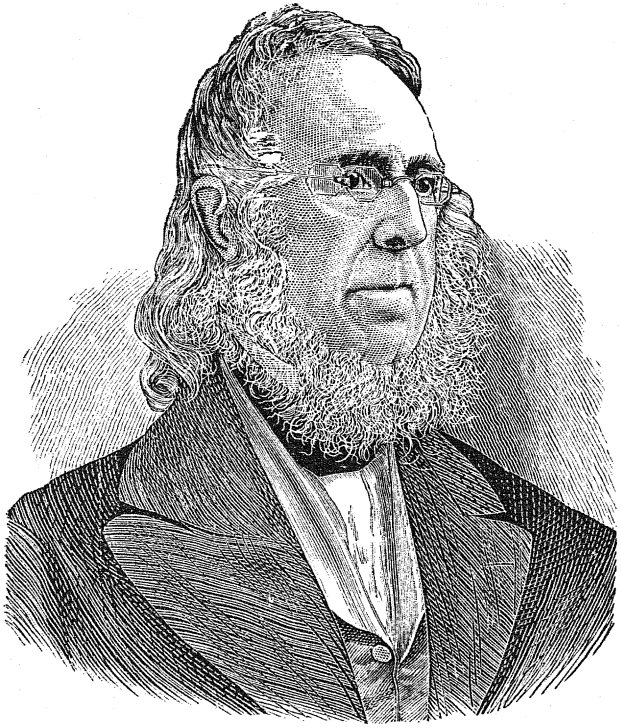
States.	Capital Stock.	Funded and other Debt.	Total Capital Account.	Cost of R.R. per mile.
New England States	$129,012,748	$101,597,046	$230,609,794	$50,418
Middle States	558,838,174	363,862,600	922,700,774	79,427
Western States	724,686,046	747,939,186	1,472,625.232	50,550
Southern States	171,683,155	230,230,112	401,913,267	36,575
Pacific States	63,623,990	67,950,000	131,573,990	98,300
Total	$1,647,844,113	$1,511,578,944	$3,159,423,057	55,116

A still more definite idea of the immense system which has grown from the modest beginning at Quincy in 1826, will be gained from the following extract from the same Manual:

"The total cost of the railroads, the operations of which are given for the past year, is $3,159,423,057, made up of $1,647,844,113 of capital stock, and $1,511,578,944 of various forms of indebtedness, chiefly of bonds maturing at distant periods. The capital stock amounted to 52·15 per cent., and the debt to 47·85 per cent. of the total cost. The cost of these roads per

mile was $55,116. The gross earnings for the year were $473,241,055, of which $132,309,270, or 28 per cent., was received for transportation of passengers, and $340,931,785, or 72 per cent., for the transportation of freight, including under this head the small amount received from 'miscellaneous sources.' The receipts per mile were $8256. The ratio of earnings to population was $11.76 per head. The operating expenses for the year were $307,486,682, or 65 per cent. of the gross receipts, leaving $165,754,373, or 35 per cent., as net earnings."

Thus, in the comparatively short period of forty-six years, over 67,000 miles of railroads have been constructed in the Union, involving an outlay for construction alone of over three thousand millions of dollars. These vast corporations are the possessors of immense quantities of real and personal estate, employ thousands of operatives, and receive and pay out annually sums of hundreds of millions of dollars. It is a wonderful history.



PETER COOPER—BUILDER OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT—THE GREATEST RAILROAD KING IN THE WORLD.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF THE "LAND GRAB."

How to build Railroads at the Expense of the People—The Public Domain of the Union a rich Field of Operations for Railroad Managers—The first Land Grants—How the Illinois Central Road obtained its Lands—A bad Example—Handsome Profits—Inauguration of the System of Land Grants—The Result—The Nation robbed by Wild Cat Railroad Companies—How Congress aids the Roads in robbing the People—Actual Workings of the Subsidy System—Detailed Statement of the Amount of the Public Lands granted to each Corporation—Greed of the Railroads—Bonds and Money demanded in addition to Lands—The Railroad Ring—Eloquent Denunciation of these Schemes of Plunder by Hon. E. B. Washburne of Illinois.

A RECENT writer, describing the construction of a railway, says: "The first step, after selecting the route, is to purchase the land upon which the proposed road is to be built." Many of our roads are built upon land fairly purchased and paid for, but not all; and it was regarded as a great step gained in scientific railroad financiering when a shrewd railway magnate of the West conceived the happy idea of building a road at the cost of the people of the whole country.

Previous to 1850, the United States possessed vast tracts of lands in the Western States and Territories. These lands were the common property of the States, and were held by the General Government for their benefit. It was believed at one time that the sale of these lands would produce a large revenue for the Republic, which could be expended in various enterprises for the benefit of the country at large.

LIBRARY OF
ALLAHABAD

In 1850, however, it occurred to certain of our public men that the public lands might be advantageously used for the purpose of defraying the cost of the various railways which were then in contemplation. Who first conceived the idea is not known, but it was caught up by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and they succeeded in interesting the late Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, in the scheme. Mr. Douglas was captivated by the idea of the great railway intersecting the entire State, and bringing Northern and Southern Illinois into rapid and direct communication with Chicago and Cairo. He saw the importance of the undertaking, recognized the magnitude of the expense attending it, and, in an evil hour for the country, adopted the opinion that the General Government should aid the construction of the road by bestowing upon the company a portion of the public lands, since the successful accomplishment of the undertaking would result in building up the population and increasing the wealth of Illinois. Mr. Douglas, with all his great genius, did not seem to recognize the fact that he was really asking the people of the United States to build a road for a corporation in his own State, or that he was opening a way for a systematic fleecing of the nation for the benefit of private individuals.

In 1850, the application of the Illinois Central Company for assistance from the Government was presented in Congress. It was hotly opposed, but supported by the persuasive eloquence of Senator Douglas, the petition was granted. An Act of Congress, approved September 20th, 1850, granted to the State of Illinois six sections of land per mile of road in aid of the construction of a railroad from Cairo to Chicago and Dunleith.

This grant was transferred by the State to the Illinois Central Company, in consideration of which, and in lieu of all other taxes, the company agreed to pay to the State an amount equal to seven per cent. of the gross earnings from freight and passengers moved over their lines. The amount of land embraced in this grant was about 2,595,000 acres. This immense property consisted of a broad strip of land lying on each side of the line of the road throughout the entire length of the State, and for a distance of about six miles on each side of the track. It was a magnificent grant.

The company made a good use of the lands thus acquired. They were promptly surveyed and laid off in sections. Liberal offers—for the company could afford to be liberal since the lands had cost them practically nothing—were made to actual settlers. As they comprised some of the best lands in the State, the railway sections were rapidly taken up, and all along the line of the road there sprang up farms and settlements as if by magic. By the first of January, 1873, the sales of the company amounted to 2,250,633 acres, leaving 344,367 acres on hand. The amount received and due for the lands thus sold up to January 1st, 1873, stands as follows:

Principal	$ 23,320,463
Net cash	5,268,557
Advance interest	976,133
Interest notes	710,328
Notes and deferred payments	18,762,243
Sales, including advance interest	24,296,596

The example of the Illinois Central Company was not lost upon other corporations. Each had its champion in Congress, and applications for land grants began to pour in upon that body. Having granted such aid

in one case, Congress could not refuse it in others, and the result was that the greater portion of the public domain was given away to railway corporations, the people of the country practically receiving no valuable consideration for the grants. These grants were made to the States and by them conveyed to the respective railways. Congress conveyed to each of the applicants "six alternate sections of public lands of 640 acres each (and equalling 3480 acres to the mile), to be taken by the *odd* numbers within six miles of the line of the road proposed. In case such a number of sections of *odd* numbers of public lands could not be found within six miles of such line (in consequence of previous sale), then the grant was to be enlarged so as to apply to the *odd* sections within fifteen miles of the line on either side, so as to make up the full amount intended to be granted. Many of the grants were subsequently further enlarged so as to apply to sections of odd numbers within twenty miles of the line."

So common has the custom of giving the public land to a railway corporation, to enable it to build its road, become, that at present, the first care of the directors of a new enterprise of this kind is to obtain, from the Government, land enough to defray the cost of the road. In other words, men forming a corporation to build a road for their own profit, are shrewd enough to throw the expense of their enterprise upon the people of the country at large. The people pay for the roads; the stockholders receive the profits. Members of Congress seem to agree thoroughly with the railway directors of the present day in the belief that it is the duty of the General Government to make the tax-payers

of the United States build roads for the benefit of the stockholders.

Very many of the railway enterprises of the present day would not be undertaken, but for the hope of receiving Government aid. The men who organize them, although they do so for their own private benefit, rely upon using the property of the whole people rather than their own. Their plan is very simple. If they can secure a grant of land from the General Government, the public property thus placed in their hands will afford them the means of carrying out their schemes. To be plainer—their plan is simply to rob the nation of its possessions, with the aid or connivance of the august body to whose keeping the trust has been confided.

The people of the United States are not averse to the granting of aid by the Government to enterprises which are national in their character, which are for the public good, and which will render, at some time, an equivalent for the aid thus extended. The American people are decidedly, and very sensibly, averse to giving their property away, for the benefit of a private corporation, and are opposed to such a use of it by Congress. Just now they are very sore over the immense sums that have been squandered by Congress in this way. The Honorable members are aware of this, but they appear to entertain a lofty contempt for the will of the people, fancying that they are the masters rather than the servants of the nation. The public feeling has been repeatedly expressed, but the work of "subsidizing" by the Government still goes on.

Not long since, a leading New York journal gave

the following forcible statement of the popular view of this question:

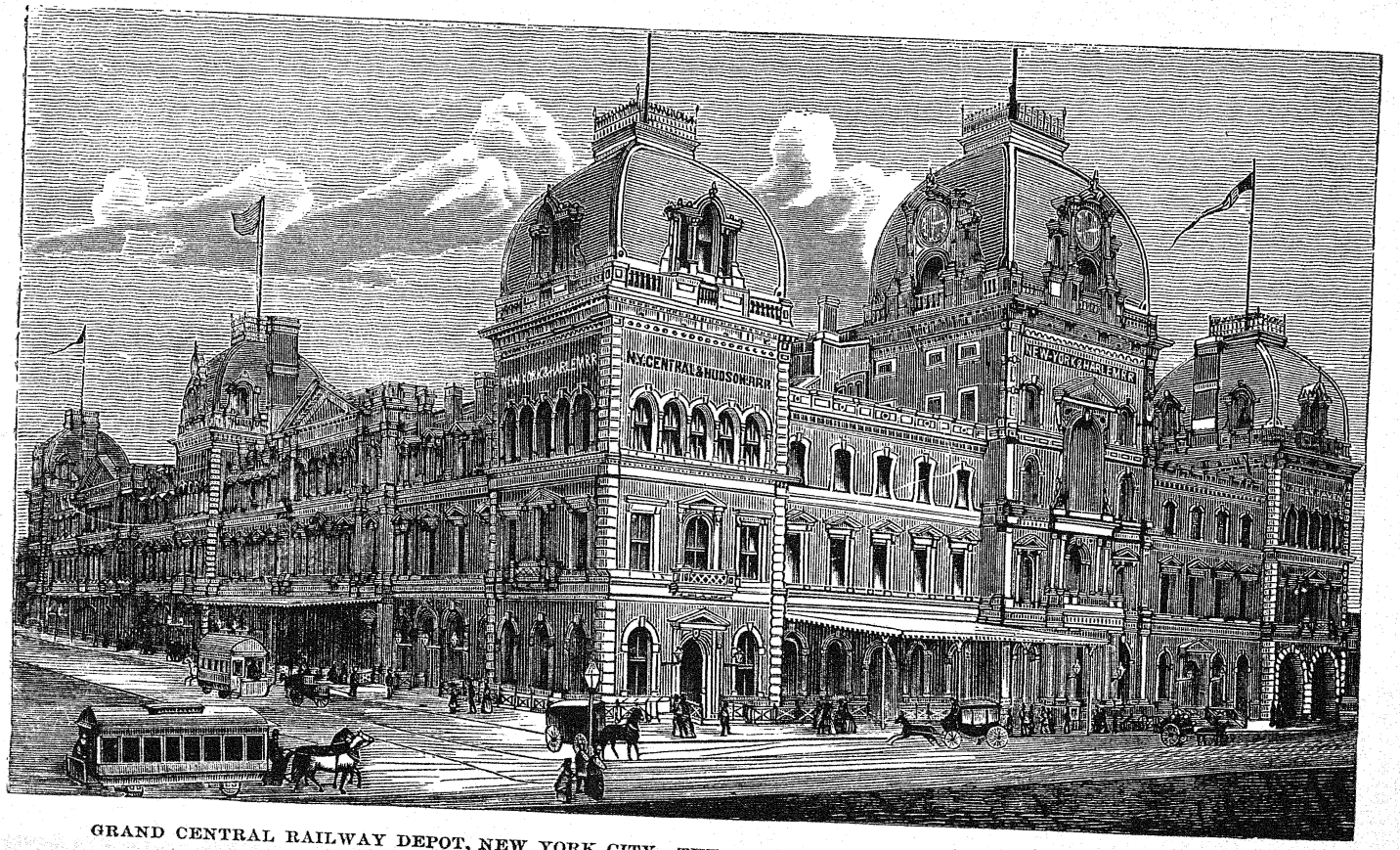
"Let us say that the property of the Government of the United States—meaning thereby of course the common property of the people of the United States—is worth $4,000,000,000, or $100 a head. In the management of this property by the few hundred men who make up what we call the Government, the implied trust is that the property will in all cases be managed for the benefit of the whole people, and that in no case shall one or two, or half a dozen, or a hundred citizens be given any portion to use for their own peculiar personal profit, to the exclusion of the remaining millions. Now if the Government—*i. e.*, the men under this trust, the trustees of the people in other words—give, say, $500,000,000 of this property to a score of men associated together as a railway or other company, to have and to hold and to use it as their own as much as if it were the product of their own toil, the implied trust is broken; the trustees betray the confidence reposed in them. This is not a fashionable view, we know, but still it is a true one. The wrong is the same in the few men called and calling themselves the Government as if they had committed it in their individual capacities and as private citizens. No man in any capacity has any right to betray a trust reposed. And yet, that such betrayal is not only not wrong, but that it is even nobly, gloriously, beautifully right, is the doctrine underlying the subsidy system. The Government, (so the subsidy doctrine runs,) may, and not only may but should, give the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and the rest, hundreds of millions of public acres and scores

of millions of public money for the purpose of building up and operating a business for the exclusive profit of the said company, to the utter and eternal exclusion of any and all of the millions of other citizens whom the act of incorporation fails to recite. And as with this one particular donation so with scores of others; it is right and proper for the Government to give away to whom it will so much of the $4,000,000,000 as it deems proper. It develops the country to do this; it is progress; it is in the line of the best patriotic thought; the wilderness is thereby made to bloom and blossom as a rose—there are, in short, an infinite variety of fine phrases to conceal the real nature of the breach of trust. One particularly specious plea is that unless the millions were thus robbed in behalf of the scores, the scores could not provide great and beneficent instrumentalities for the use of the millions. It is forgotten that the scores charge the millions as much for the use of the instrumentalities as if they had not been built with the millions' own means, but had come bodily out of the bank accounts of the scores. If a man steal from me enough to buy him a horse and vehicle, and then insists he is doing me an immense service by charging me $5 for carrying me a mile on my own property, he does that on a small scale which subsidized corporations, railroad or any other, do upon a large. Such then is the morality of the subsidy system, which has been fostered into such magnificent proportions. The natural operation of the system is to generate about it a fine swarm of adventurers, of all grades, from the benevolent looking company president, whose gold-rimmed glasses would shrivel in the heat of his indignation did any one call him an adven-

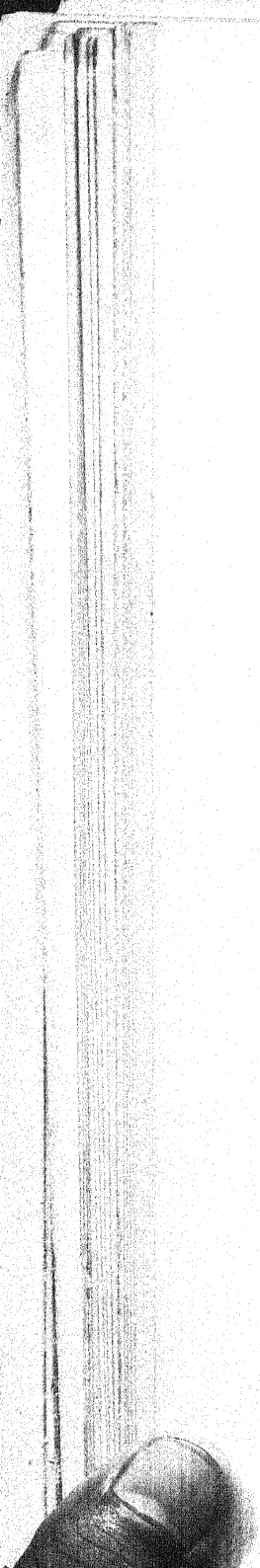
turer, down to the professional lobbyist, whom he uses as the huntsman uses his hound, to run down the game. There being millions at stake, these adventurers, each in his sphere, are instant in action. They cajole, they seduce, they ensnare. All the arts of temptation ooze from their tongues in drops of honey, and fall from their hands in streams of gold. What wonder if success only too often rewards their nefarious efforts—if the not over-stubborn normal virtue of the Senator or Congressman succumbs? If the records of the *Crédit Mobilier* investigation reveal anything, they disclose this—that tactics of this kind were employed with exquisite skill and relentless tenacity; and, despite the half-frantic denials of the victims, it is perfectly evident the strategy of the subsidy adventurers won."

The lands granted by the Government to various railway corporations make up a total area of 198,165,794 acres, or about 300,000 square miles—an area larger than the State of Texas, which contains 237,504 square miles. Texas and the two Virginias combined would make an area smaller than that of the lands thus given away. The total area of the United States is 3,578,392 square miles, and the railway subsidies, it will be seen, comprise nearly one-tenth of the entire Union.

The following Table shows the land grants to railways since 1850, and the amount of land actually received or certified by each company:



GRAND CENTRAL RAILWAY DEPOT, NEW YORK CITY—THE FINEST RAILROAD DEPOT IN THE UNITED STATES.



Date of Laws.	Name of Road.	Acres Granted.	Acres Certified.
	ILLINOIS.		
Sept. 30, 1850.....	Illinois Central.....	2,595,053	2,595,053
	MISSISSIPPI.		
Sept. 20, 1850.....	Mobile and Ohio	1,004,640	737,130
Aug. 11, 1856.....	Southern Railroad.....	401,800	171,550
" "	Gulf and Ship Island Railroad.....	652,800	.....
	ALABAMA.		
Sept. 21, 1850....	Mobile and Ohio.	230,400	419,528
May 7, 1856.....	Alabama and Florida	419,520	394,522
" "	Alabama and Tennessee..	481,920	440,760
June 3, 1856.....	Northeastern and Southeastern, Alabama and Chattanooga	691,840	289,535
" "	Wills Valley, Alabama and Chattanooga.....	206,080	171,920
" "	Coosa and Tennessee.	132,480	64,784
" "	Mobile and Girard.....	840,880	504,145
" "	Coosa and Chattanooga.	150,000	.....
" "	Tennessee and Alabama Central.....	576,000	.....
	FLORIDA.		
May 17, 1856	Florida Railroad.	412,542	281,984
" "	Alabama and Florida	165,688	165,588
" "	Pensaco'a and Georgia.	1,56 ,729	1,275,012
" "	Florida, Atlantic and Gulf Central.....	183,183	37,583
	LOUISIANA.		
June 3, 1856.	Vicksburg and Shreveport..	610,880	353,211
" "	New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western.....	967,840	719,193
	ARKANSAS.		
Feb. 9, 1853..	Cairo and Fulton.....	1,100,607	1,115,408
July 28, 1856.....	Cairo and Fulton—additional.	96,722	.....
Feb. 9, 1853	Memphis and Little Rock—additional.	438,616	127,238
July 28, 1866.....	Memphis and Little Rock—additional.....	365,519	.....
Feb. 9, 1853.....	Little Rock and Fort Smith	550,525	550,520
July 23, 1866.....	Little Rock and Fort Smith—additional.....	458,771	.....
July 4, 1866.....	Iron Mountain Railroad...	854,000	.....
	MISSOURI.		
June 10, 1852.....	Hannibal and St. Joseph	791,044	493,812
" "	Pacific and Southwestern Branch.....	1,161,255	1,158,073
Feb. 9, 1853.....	Cairo and Fulton	2 9,262	6 ,549
July 28, 1866.....	Cairo and Fulton—additional	182,718	.....
July 4, 1866.....	Iron Mountain (Pilot Knob to Helena, Arkansas).....	1,400,000	.....
	IOWA.		
May 15, 1856.....	Burlington and Missouri River.	918,643	291,725
June 2, 1864.....	Burlington and Missouri River.	101,110	95,656
May 15, 1856	Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific.....	1,144,904	481,774
June 2, 1864.....	Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific.....	116,276	144,229
May 15, 1856	Cedar Rapids and Missouri River.....	1,208,739	778,869
June 2, 1864.	Cedar Rapids and Missouri River..	123,270	342,406
May 15, 1856.....	Dubuque and Sioux City	.....	.....
June 2, 1864.....	Change of route (Fort Dodge to Sioux City)..	1,226,163	1,226,163
May 12, 1864.....	McGregor and Western	1,530,000	.....
	Railroad from Sioux City to Minnesota.....	256,000	.....
July 2, 1864.....	Sioux City and Pacific..	580,000	.....
	MICHIGAN.		
June 3, 1856.	Port Huron and Milwaukee.....	312,384	6,468
" "	Detroit and Milwaukee	355,420	30,998
" "	Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw.....	1,052,469	721,469
July 3, 1866.	Time extended seven years.		
June 3, 1856.	Flint and Pere Marquette	.....	.....
July 3, 1866.	Act to change the western terminus of road.	586,828	511,425
June 3, 1856.....	Grand Rapids and Indiana..	629,182	629,182
June 7, 1864.....	Grand Rapids, from Fort Wayne to Grand Rapids, etc...	531,200	191,607
June 3, 1856.	Bay de Noquette and Marquette...	218,880	218,881
March 3, 1865....	Bay de Noquette and Marquette	128,0 0	....
June 3, 1856	Marquette and Ontonagon	209,315	216,919
March 3, 1865....	Marquette and Ontonagon..	243,200	49,056
June 3, 1856.....	Chicago, St. Paul and Fond-du-Lac.....	208,062	174,020

Date of Laws.	Name of Road.	Acres Granted.	Acres Certified.
	MICHIGAN—*Continued.*		
.....	Chicago, St. Paul and Fond-du-Lac (branch) to Marquette	188,507	162,044
July 5, 1862.	Chicago and Northwestern,	375,680	.....
March 3, 1865.	Chicago and Northwestern	188,800	.....
	WISCONSIN.		
June 3, 1856.	Toma and Lake Superior.	894,907	324,943
May 5, 1864.	Toma and Lake Superior	675,000	165,263
June 3, 1856.	St. Croix and Lake Superior	524,714	524,718
May 5, 1864.	St. Croix and Lake Superior	359,000	.....
June 3, 1856.	Branch to Bayfield	318,737	318,740
May 5, 1864.	Branch to Bayfield	215,000	.....
June 3, 1856.	Chicago and Northwestern	600,000	311,307
April 25, 1862.	(Resolution) change of route		
May 5, 1864.	From Portage City to Bayfield, thence to Superior	1,800,000	.....
	MINNESOTA.		
March 3, 1857.	St. Paul and Pacific	660,000	466,566
March 3, 1865.	St. Paul and Pacific	500,000	.....
March 3, 1857.	Branch St. Paul and Pacific	750,000	438,000
March 3, 1865.	Branch St. Paul and Pacific	720,000	.....
July 12, 1862.	Authorized change of route	.....	.....
March 3, 1857.	Minnesota Central	353,403	174,578
March 3, 1865.	Minnesota Central	290,000	.....
March 3, 1857.	Winona and St. Peter	720,000	342,376
March 3, 1865.	Winona and St. Peter	690,000	.....
March 3, 1857.	Minnesota Valley	.....	.....
May 12, 1864.	Minnesota Valley	860,000	711,442
July 13, 1866.	Extends the time for said road seven years	150,000	1,040
May 5, 1864.	Lake Superior and Mississippi	.....	.....
July 13, 1866.	Authorized to make up deficiency within thirty miles of west line of said road	800,000	367,424
July 4, 1866.	Minnesota Southern	735,000	125,480
July 4, 1866.	Hastings and Dakota River	550,000	.....
	KANSAS.		
March 3, 1863.	Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston	2,550,000	.....
July 1, 1864.	Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé		
July 1, 1864.	Union Pacific Southern Branch (M. K. & T.)		
July 23, 1866.	St. Joseph and Denver City	1,700,000	.....
July 25, 1866.	Kansas and Neosho Valley	2,350,000	.....
July 26, 1866.	Southern Branch Union Pacific from Fort Riley to Fort Smith, Arkansas	1,203,000	.....
	CALIFORNIA.		
July 25, 1866.	California and Oregon	1,540,000	.....
July 13, 1866.	Placerville and Sacramento Valley	200,000	.....
March 2, 1867.	Stockton and Copperopolis	320,000	.....
	OREGON.		
July 25, 1866.	Oregon and California	1,660,000	.....
May 4, 1870.	From Portland to Astoria and McMinnville	1,200,000	.....

In addition to the above grants, the General Government has granted to the various Pacific railways immense tracts of land, making these grants direct to the companies. It has granted to the Central and Union Pacific Railroads a total of 35,000,000 acres, of which only 544,759 had been certified up to January, 1872. To the Northern Pacific road it has given 58,000,000 of

acres, and to the Atlantic and Pacific road 42,000,000; making a total of 135,000,000 acres to the three Pacific roads, or about 200,000 square miles.

Lands, however, lavishly as they have been given, no longer form the limit of railway expectations. The greed of these corporations has extended to the public funds, and bonds and money are now demanded with as much coolness as lands. The railway incorporators have learned that with a pliant Congress it is easy to draw from the National Treasury the funds they are not willing to provide for their enterprises.

In order to effect this, they maintain at Washington a force of paid lobbyists, whose business it is to influence the legislation of Congress by unpatriotic and illegal means. What these means are was shown by the investigations attending the Crédit Mobilier scandal of the last session. Yet, that the reader may the better understand how these railroad leeches fasten upon the Government, we give the following account of the schemes that were introduced into the Fortieth Congress, which was particularly distinguished for them. Many of these schemes were successful:

"At present," says a correspondent writing from Washington early in the session, "perhaps there is more money in the various railroad schemes than in any other. And this thing is on a scale which the country does not comprehend, notwithstanding the constant talk about it. Thus far, in the Fortieth Congress, there have been *seventy-two* railroad bills introduced into the Senate alone. *Eight* were presented at the first short session, *fifty-two* at the second session, and in the two weeks of the present session *eleven* have been reported and printed. And these last do not in-

clude four as gigantic as any which have been passed, yet to come. One is in preparation for which its friends are now gathering power, for the Northern Pacific, one for the Albuquerque line and its several connections; one for Mr. Pomeroy's little private Atchison Pacific—one of the nicest and fattest speculations ever concocted and worked through—having these special qualifications of nice and fat, on account of the small number to divide the spoils; one for two roads south and west from St. Louis, and two or three for Southern Pacific lines from Memphis, New Orleans, and points in Texas.

"In all this there are four lines across the Continent, with connecting roads enough to stretch out into two more; and then such little ventures as the Atchison and Denver lines by the score.

"Of all these bills, fully three-fourths were originated by Republicans. Four Senators brought in nearly half of them. Mr. Pomeroy reported eleven, Mr. Ramsey seven, Mr. Conness five, and Mr. Harlan four.

"Mr. Pomeroy did not confine his attention to any particular part of the country. He proposed one land grant through the rich lands about Port Royal, South Carolina, and another one of his measures was for the benefit of his Wisconsin brethren; but, not desiring to be reckoned as worse than an infidel, he made full provision for his own political household in Kansas. We find his name attached to a land grant for a railroad from Lawrence to the Mexican line; to three bills for roads from Fort Scott to Santa Fé; to a pleasant arrangement for the Southern branch of the Union Pacific Road—whatever that may be—and also

to a land grant, from Irwing, Kansas, to New Mexico; and all for the national good, of course.

"These, it must be remembered, are such railroads as Northern companies, Northern lobby-men, and Northern Congressmen have concocted. The word concocted is good for most, though a few are meritorious. The Southern States are just beginning to vote, and the scent of Southern men in Congress is now as keen in respect to all material interests as the Northern Congressman's nose. The reason is evident. Southern smelling is now done with Northern noses. Carpet bags have wrought this change for the South; and as a result, among the very first subjects to call out bills from Southern men are the railroad interests.

"And heading the column, comes Mr. Senator Spencer, with a bill making a land-grant, not through the public domain on the plains, but through the States of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, with permission to get all the 'earth, stone, timber, and other materials' for the construction of its roads, off the public lands along its line, and then to receive ten sections of land to the mile, wherever they can find that amount within twenty miles of the line they may see fit to locate, and from Mobile onward to the western boundary of Louisiana; if the land cannot be found within twenty miles of the road, these patriotic gentlemen are to be obliged to hunt it up within forty miles north of their line. As this is the first attempt on the part of a Southern Senator to follow in the paths already worn so smooth by his fellow Republicans from the North, it will be interesting to see what a fine start Senator Spencer, of Alabama, makes. Section second of his bill is in part as follows:

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"'SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That, for the purpose of aiding in the construction of the railroad of said company, there be, and is hereby granted to said company, from the public lands of the United States, ten sections of land for each mile of railroad completed and placed in running order by said company, pursuant to its charter. That said lands are granted as follows: On the line of said railroad from the city of Chattanooga, in the State of Tennessee, to the city of Mobile, in the State of Alabama, every alternate section of public land designated by odd numbers, to the amount of ten alternate sections per mile, for each mile of said railroad from the said city of Chattanooga to the said city of Mobile, such alternate section of land to be selected within the limits of ten miles on each side of the centre line of said railroad; and if public lands sufficient for the purpose shall not be found within said limit of ten miles upon each side of said railroad, then the said alternate sections of land are hereby granted, and may be selected within the limits of twenty miles on each side of the centre line of said railroad. And on the line of said railroad from the city of Mobile, in the State of Alabama, to the western boundary of the State of Louisiana, every alternate section of public land, designated by odd numbers, to the amount of ten alternate sections per mile for each mile of said railroad, from the said city of Mobile to the western boundary of the State of Louisiana, such alternate section of land to be selected within the limits of ten miles upon each side of the centre line of said railroad; and if public lands sufficient for the purpose shall not be found within said limits of ten miles upon each side of said railroad, then the said alternate sections of land are

hereby granted, and may be selected within the limits of forty miles north of the centre line of said railroad, excepting, however, from this grant, all mineral lands, and lands sold by the United States, or lands in which a preëmption or homestead claim may have attached at the time the line of said railroad shall have been located and established.'

"What will the railroad docket of the Senate not contain by the time the Southerners have brought up their side of the railroad jobs to the present proud height of their Northern friends, and shall have added to the Washington lobby, its own army of blood-suckers, plausible gentlemen of unquestioned honor, and thieves?—for it takes all these, and more, to make a lobby. What a nice thing it will be for taxpayers!

"All this presents the railroad interest merely in outline. Every bill deserves a separate letter to show the means used to get it before the Senate, the persons engaged in pressing it, and the parties to be benefited by it; and in due time the principal ones at least will get that chapter.

"When the railroad jobs are disposed of, then the deck is only cleared for action against jobs in general. There are, aside from these, the Niagara Ship Canal with a coupon of twelve millions attached; the Commercial Navigation Company, with half as much on its coupon; the bills and schemes for getting damages paid to Southern men for property destroyed during the war, in all hundreds of millions; and then the lobby upon the more modest sum of five millions due from Southern railroads, and in which radical Republicans from Tennessee are deeply interested. The Osage Treaty is a nice plum; and one new feature is, that

some Kansas men who showed a vast amount of righteous indignation over it, before their reëlection, are, now that their places are assured, helping the swindle on. Alta Veta is coming up again, and to crown all things, if it is possible, the change in the Indian Bureau is to be so managed as to place the present Indian ring on a firmer foundation than ever.

"The Republican party can now afford to rectify the irregularities which have crept into all portions of the Government while the great political battle with Rebellion was going on. If those here, as its Congress, will not free themselves from such things, the party need not die if it only throws them overboard. There are honest men enough who can take their places. Let the press watch jobs when the recess closes and the outside lobby, which is here in force, begins to work through its Senators and Representatives."

Commenting upon the same subject, the New York *Herald* said, editorially:

"The corruptions which have grown up in the national government, from the general demoralizations of our late civil war, are fearful to contemplate. One hundred millions a year lost to the Treasury from the spoliations of the whiskey rings 'beats out of sight' any thing in the line of whiskey frauds under any other government on the face of the globe; but on a corresponding scale with their field of operations, the Indian rings, the Post-Office and Interior Department rings, the tobacco rings, the frontier smuggling rings, and various other rings, insiders and outsiders, jobbers, contractors, Government officials and private speculators, are pretty well up to the percentage of the enormous stealings of the whiskey rings. The latest develop-

ments, however, show, that in the grandeur and number of their schemes of spoils and plunder, the Congressional rings of railroad jobbers throw into the shade all the other rings of the lengthy catalogue of confederate Treasury robbers.

"A Washington correspondent, who has been looking into the business, reports that one hundred and fifty-nine railroad bills and resolutions have been introduced in the Fortieth Congress (the term of which expired on the 4th of March, with that of President Johnson), and that twice as many more were in preparation in the lobby; that one thousand millions of acres of the public lands, and two hundred millions in United States bonds, would not supply the demands of these cormorants. In other words, their stupendous budget of railway jobs would require sops and subsidies in lands and bonds, which, reduced to a money valuation, swell up to the magnificent figure of half the national debt.

"Among the jobs of this schedule is the Atchison and Pike's Peak Railroad Company, or Union Pacific Central Branch, which, after having received Government sops to the extent of six millions, puts in for seven millions more. Next comes the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company, which, having feathered its nest to the figure of thirty-two millions, puts in for a little more; and this company is reported to be a mere gang of speculators, 'without any known legal organization whatever'—a lot of mythical John Does and Richard Roes, who cannot be found when called for. Next we have the Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western Railroad Company, now known as the Union Pacific, Eastern Division, chartered by the Kansas Territorial Legislature, in 1855, subsidized with

Delaware Indian reserve lands in 1861, and then in 1862, by a rider on the Pacific Railroad law, granted sixteen thousand dollars per mile in United States bonds, and every alternate section of land within certain limits, on each side of the road, and the privilege of a second mortgage. This is cutting it pretty fat. But it further appears that a clique of seceders from the old company illegally formed a new company, and, having by force of arms taken possession of the road, are pocketing the spoils which legally belong to the old company. All this, too, with the consent of the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Congress. Are they all birds of a feather, that they thus flock together?

"From another source we learn that some half dozen other Pacific branch or main stem railroads, Northern and Southern, are on the anvil, involving lands and bonds by tens and twenties and hundreds of millions; that of all these schemes fully three-fourths come from the Republicans in both Houses; that Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, has seven of these jobs on the docket; Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, four, Senator Conness, of California, five, and Senator Harlan, of Iowa, four. Senator Pomeroy, however, distances all competitors in the number and extent of his jobs; for, as it appears, they include a line from Kansas to Mexico, three bills for roads from Fort Scott to Santa Fé, in Texas, a South Carolina line through the Sea Island cotton section, two or three lines from the Mississippi River through to Texas, and 'a little private Atchison Pacific, one of the nicest and fattest speculations ever worked through.'

"Is not this a magnificent budget, and is not the

audacity of these railroad jobs and jobbers positively sublime? Some of these schemes are in successful operation, but many of them are still in the caterpillar, or chrysalis, state, and there is a prospect that very few of this class will come out as the full-blown butterfly."

Well might the eloquent Illinois Congressman, who now so ably represents the Republic in France, exclaim in indignant rebuke of these schemes of plunder, as he denounced them from his place in the House of Representatives:

"While the restless and unpausing energies of a patriotic and incorruptible people were devoted to the salvation of their Government, and were pouring out their blood and treasure in its defence, there was the vast army of the base, the venal and unpatriotic, who rushed in to take advantage of the misfortunes of the country and to plunder its treasury. The statute-books are loaded with legislation which will impose burdens on future generations. Public land enough to make empires has been voted to private railroad corporations; subsidies of untold millions of bonds, for the same purposes, have become a charge upon the people, while the fetters of vast monopolies have been fastened still closer and closer upon the public. It is time that the representatives of the people were admonished that they are the servants of the people and are paid by the people; that their constituents have confided to them the great trust of guarding their rights and protecting their interests; that their position and their power are to be used for the benefit of the people whom they represent, and not for their own benefit and the benefit of the lobbyists, the gamblers, and the speculators who have come to Washington to make a raid upon the Treasury."

CHAPTER III.

WATERED STOCKS.

Adroitness of Railroad Managers in securing Valuable Privileges from the Public—Recklessness of the People in granting the Demands of the Road—The only Restraints imposed—How the People made it possible for the Corporations to fleece them—How to Build a Road without Subscribing the necessary Funds—A False System—The Story of the Crédit Mobilier Swindle—How the Pacific Railroad bled the National Treasury—New System of Railroad Financiering—The Process of "Stock Watering"—Instances of successful Stock Watering—How a Bankrupt Road was made to pay Good Dividends—Successful Policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—Vanderbilt's Master Stroke—Who pays for Watered Stock—A Lesson for the People.

We have seen the eagerness and success with which the railroad corporations of the present day seize upon the public lands, paying the public nothing in return for the immense wealth thus given them; and we have asserted that it is in reality the people who build the roads for the benefit of these corporations. The facts presented sustain our assertion.

It is the boast of the modern railway director that he is the friend of the public, and that his work is entirely for the good of the community. He modestly keeps himself in the background, and speaks of his road only, and of the immense advantages that it will bestow upon the regions through which it is to pass, and so plausible and well delivered are his words, that he succeeds in making the public believe that he is really working for the good of others, and investing his own capital for the benefit of the community, without thought for himself.

Thus influenced, the confiding people grant unhesitatingly all the privileges asked for. The right of way is given, lands are donated by Congress, money is subscribed by counties and cities, and the inhabitants of the region through which the road is to be built imagine themselves on the highway to wealth and prosperity. Trade, they are told, is to come pouring over the new route, a direct market is to be provided for the products of the region, and an era of general prosperity is to be inaugurated. Figures are not wanting to encourage these expectations. The most plausible calculations are made, the cost of the road is given, the annual expenses are estimated, and it is shown to the satisfaction of all that a system of moderate charges for the transportation of passengers and freight will secure to the road a revenue sufficient to meet its expenses, and, in time, to pay a fair dividend upon the capital invested in the undertaking.

A little reflection would cause the confiding public to be suspicious of the men who profess to have its interests so much at heart. Capitalists do not undertake railway enterprises from such benevolent motives. Like other men, they seek their individual profit, and the welfare of the public is with them a consideration only so far as it influences their undertaking. They look to receive ample dividends, and are careless of the thanks of a grateful country.

"In America, as in England, the private corporation owning the thoroughfare is the basis of the whole railroad system. In thus surrendering the control of this system out of its hands, the community as a rule made one and but one reservation in its own favor; it was almost universally stipulated that the rate of profit

upon the capital invested in the work of construction should not exceed a certain annual per centage, varying, according to locality, from 10 to 20 per cent. Within this limit the corporations were free to earn and divide all they could."

But having set this limit, the community allowed the corporations to retain the exclusive management of their roads, and made no arrangement whereby the latter could be held up to the limit thus fixed. No provision was made for ascertaining the real, as contra-distinguished from the nominal cost of the roads, nor was anything arranged in regard to arrears of unpaid dividends. A recent writer upon the subject well says: "It was absurd to suppose that even the most honest capitalist would accept the strict construction of a law which insured him a certain loss in each bad year or unprofitable enterprise, and limited him in case of success to a reasonable profit. Of course, therefore, the law was no sooner enacted than it was circumvented. . . . . The doubt raised was whether the stipulated per centage was to be paid upon what the property cost its holders, or upon what it was actually worth. Interpreting it in the way last specified, the capitalist proceeded to act accordingly. . . . . It therefore devolved upon the owners of the property to cast up the balance sheet themselves, and to decide all nice points undoubtedly in their own favor. Where a people so provides for its own interests it needs no prophet to foretell the consequences. No landlord deals in this way with a tenant." The community has voluntarily placed itself in the power of the railways, and it must pay the penalty of such absurd conduct.

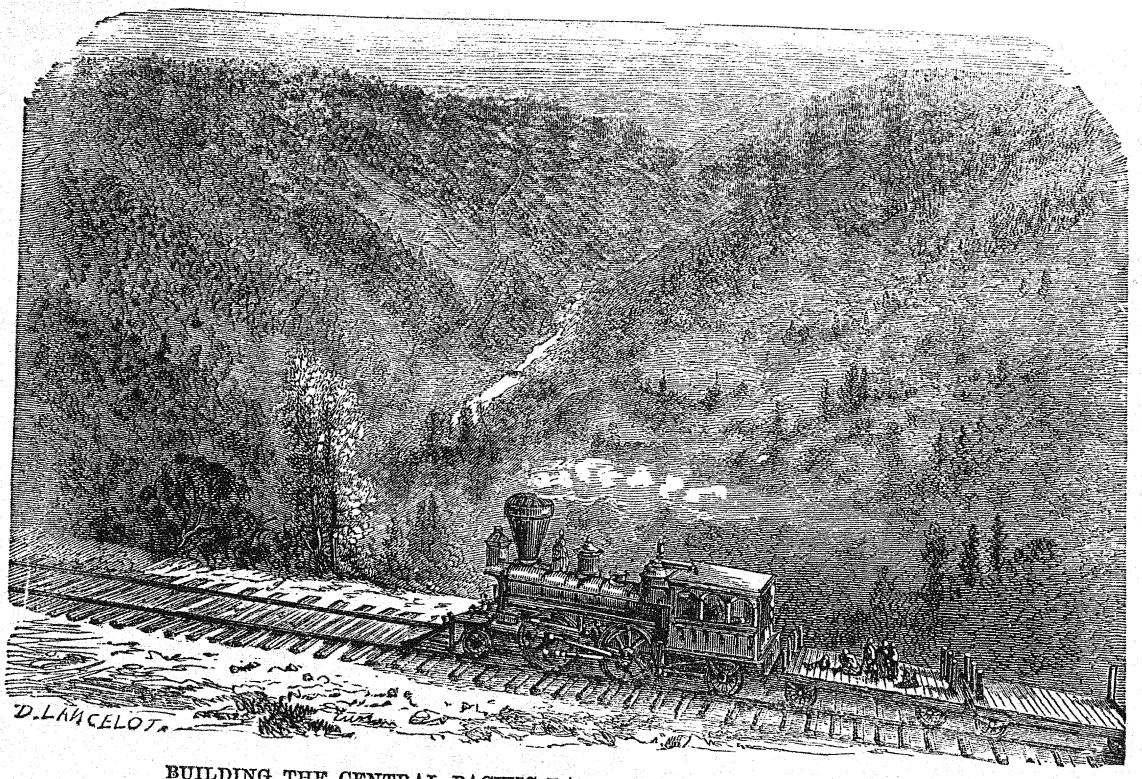
In the early days of railroad financiering it was customary to make sure that funds would be forthcoming in sufficient quantities to finish the undertaking before embarking in it. But the times have changed since then. In the Western States the public guarantee the cost and furnish the means of paying for the road by the land grants we have been considering. In the Eastern States other expedients are resorted to. In both sections, however, many of the tactics employed are the same.

Funds must necessarily be procured before the work can be begun, and the manner in which these are generally obtained reveals at once a mastery of the science of railroad financiering. The road for which aid is sought promises well, but it does not yet exist. It is to be constructed. Yet in spite of this the directors of the scheme proceed to pledge the road for the cost of its construction; or in other words they mortgage a work which does not exist. The stock is worth nothing, but there is another means at hand. Bonds are created and put in the market at a certain stated price. They are usually placed in the hands of some leading banking house in the principal financial centres of the country to be sold. The bonds are sold, and the work of constructing the road goes on with the money obtained for them. "The stock itself then passes as a gratuity into the hands of those advancing money upon the bonds. The result is, that by this ingenious expedient the capitalist holds a mortgage, paying a secured and liberal interest, on his own property, which has been conveyed to him forever for nothing. The stock is at once nothing and everything. Given away, the donees own and manage the road, and, re-

ceiving a fixed and assured interest upon their bonds, enjoy a further right to exact an additional sum, and one as large as they are able to make it, from the developing business of the country, as dividends on the stock. Instances of this form of railroad financiering need not be specified, for it is now the common course of Western railroad construction."

Perhaps the best instance on record of the manner in which skilful directors of a railroad can procure the construction of their road at the cost of other parties, and secure the profits to themselves, is afforded by the history of the notorious Crédit Mobilier Company, which constructed the Union Pacific Railway; and though the story is now old and known to the reader, it will bear repeating here.

The early history of the Pacific Railroad is a story of constant struggles and disappointments. It seemed to the soundest capitalists a piece of mere fool-hardiness to undertake to build a railroad across the continent and over the Rocky Mountains, and, although Government aid was liberally pledged to the undertaking, it did not, for a long time, attract to it the capital it needed. At length, after many struggles, the doubt which had attended the enterprise was ended. Capital was found, and with it men ready to carry on the work. In September, 1864, a contract was entered into between the Union Pacific Company, and H. W. Hoxie for the building by said Hoxie of one hundred miles of the road, from Omaha west. Mr. Hoxie at once assigned this contract to a company, as had been the understanding from the first. This company, then comparatively unknown, but since very famous, was known as the Crédit Mobilier of America.



BUILDING THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

The company had bought up an old Charter that had been granted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania to another company in that State, but which had not been used by them.

"In 1865 or 1866, the late Oakes Ames, then a Member of Congress from the State of Massachusetts, and his brother Oliver Ames, became interested in the Union Pacific Company, and also in the Crédit Mobilier Company, as the agent for the construction of the road. The Messrs. Ames were men of very large capital, and of known character and integrity in business. By their example and credit and the personal efforts of Mr. Oakes Ames, many men of capital were induced to embark in the enterprise, and to take stock in the Union Pacific Company and also in the Crédit Mobilier Company. Among them were the firm of S. Hooper & Co. of Boston, the leading member of which (Mr. Samuel Hooper) was then and is now a member of the House; Mr. John B. Alley, then a member of the House from Massachusetts, and Mr. Grimes, then a Senator from the State of Iowa. Notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of Mr. Ames and others interested with him, great difficulty was experienced in securing the required capital.

"In the Spring of 1867, the Crédit Mobilier Company voted to add 50 per cent. to their capital stock, which was then $2,500,000, and to cause it to be readily taken, each subscriber to it was entitled to receive as a bonus an equal amount of first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific Company. The old stockholders were entitled to take this increase, but even the favorable terms offered did not induce all the old stockholders to take it, and the stock of the Crédit

Mobilier Company was never considered worth its par value until after the execution of the Oakes Ames contract hereinafter mentioned. On the 16th day of August, 1867, a contract was executed between the Union Pacific Railroad and Oakes Ames, by which Mr. Ames contracted to build 667 miles of the Union Pacific road at prices ranging from $42,000 to $96,000 per mile, amounting in the aggregate to $47,000,000. Before the contract was entered into, it was understood that Mr. Ames was to transfer it to seven trustees who were to execute it, and the profits of the contract were to be divided among the stockholders in the Crédit Mobilier Company, who should comply with certain conditions set out in the instrument transferring the contract to the trustees. Subsequently, all the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier Company complied with the conditions named in the transfer, and thus became entitled to share in any profits said trustees might make in executing the contract. All the large stockholders in the Union Pacific were also stockholders in the Crédit Mobilier, and the Ames contract and its transfer to trustees were ratified by the Union Pacific and received the assent of the great body of stockholders, but not of all. After the Ames contract had been executed, it was expected by those interested that, by reason of the enormous prices agreed to be paid for the work, very large profits would be derived from building the road, and very soon the stock of the Crédit Mobilier was understood to be worth much more than its par value. The stock was not in the market, and had no fixed market value, but the holders of it, in December, 1867, considered it worth at least double the par value, and in January or February, 1868,

three or four times the par value; but it does not appear that these facts were generally or publicly known, or that the holders of the stock desired they should be."

As will be seen from the above statement, the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier were also stockholders in the Union Pacific Company.

Like all great corporations of the present day, the Union Pacific road was largely dependent upon the aid furnished by the Government for its success. The managers of the company, being shrewd men, succeeded in placing all the burdens and risks of the enterprise upon the General Government, while they secured to themselves all the profits to be derived from the undertaking. "The Railroad Company was endowed by Act of Congress with 20 alternate sections of land per mile, and had Government loans of $16,000 per mile for about 200 miles; thence $32,000 per mile through the Alkali Desert, about 600 miles, and thence in the Rocky Mountains $48,000 per mile. The Railroad Company issued stock to the extent of about $10,000,000. This stock was received by stockholders on their payment of five per cent. of its face. When the Crédit Mobilier came on the scene, all the assets of the Union Pacific were turned over to the new company in consideration of full-paid shares of the new company's stock and its agreement to build the road. The Government, meanwhile, had allowed its claim for its loan of bonds to become a second instead of a first mortgage, and permitted the Union Pacific road to issue first mortgage bonds, which took precedence as a lien on the road. The Government lien thus became almost worthless, as the new mortgage which took

precedence amounted to all the value of the road. The proceeds of this extraordinary transaction went to swell the profits of the Crédit Mobilier, which had nothing to pay out except for the mere cost of construction. This also explains why some of the dividends of the latter company were paid in Union Pacific bonds. As a result of these processes, the bonded debts of the railroad exceeded its cost by at least $40,000,000."

Mr. Ames was deeply interested in the scheme, being, indeed, one of its principal managers. Being a Member of Congress, he was peculiarly prepared to appreciate the value of Congressional assistance in behalf of the Crédit Mobilier. It would seem that the object of the Crédit Mobilier was to drain money from the Pacific road, and consequently from the Government, as long as possible. Any legislation on the part of Congress designed to protect the interests of the Government, would, as a matter of course, be unfavorable to the Crédit Mobilier, and it was the aim of that Corporation to prevent all such legislation. The price agreed upon for building the road was so exorbitant, and afforded such an iniquitous profit to the Crédit Mobilier, that it was very certain that some honest friend of the people would demand that Congress should protect the Treasury against such spoliation. It was accordingly determined to interest in the scheme enough Members of Congress to prevent any protection of the National Treasury at the expense of the unlawful gains of the Crédit Mobilier. Mr. Oakes Ames, being in Congress, undertook to secure the desired hold upon his associates. The plan was simply to secure them by bribing them, and for this purpose a certain portion of the Crédit Mobilier stock was placed in the hands of

Mr. Ames, as trustee, to be used by him as he thought best for the interests of the company.

Provided with this stock, Mr. Ames went to Washington in December, 1867, at the opening of the Session of Congress. The story of his exploits there is now familiar to every one.

Reduced to plain English, the story of the Crédit Mobilier is simply this: The men entrusted with the management of the Pacific road made a bargain with themselves to build the road for a sum equal to about twice its actual cost, and pocketed the profits, which have been estimated at about THIRTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—this immense sum coming out of the pockets of the tax payers of the United States. This contract was made in October, 1867.

"On June 17, 1868, the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier received 60 per cent. in cash, and 40 per cent. in stock of the Union Pacific Railroad; on the 2d of July, 1868, 80 per cent. first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad, and 100 per cent. stock; July 3, 1868, 75 per cent. stock, and 75 per cent. first mortgage bonds; September 3, 1868, 100 per cent. stock, and 75 per cent. first mortgage bonds; December 19, 1868, 200 per cent. stock; while, before this contract was made, the stockholders had received, on the 26th of April, 1866, a dividend of 100 per cent. in stock of the Union Pacific Railroad; on the 1st of April, 1867, 50 per cent. of first mortgage bonds were distributed; on the 1st of July, 1867, 100 per cent. in stock again."

After offering this statement, it is hardly necessary to add that the vast property of the Pacific road, which should have been used to meet its engagements, was soon swallowed up by the Crédit Mobilier.

The history of the Crédit Mobilier is instructive upon another point. It presents to us a skilful and successful instance of what is now a common practice with railroad companies—the fictitious increase or watering of the stock of the company.

Stock watering has become so common, and has been indulged in with such success, that many persons have come to regard it as a legitimate transaction. A competent writer has defined the practice as "the reappraisal by its owners of a corporate property which has, or is alleged to have, increased in value on their hands, without any new outlay, and the issue to themselves of new evidences of value equal to such supposed increase." But the popular definition—and the true one—would be the increase of the stock of a corporation at the expense of the public, and for the purpose of earning dividends upon money never invested.

It will be well to consider how this operation of "watering" the stock of a road is performed. Such knowledge will be of value farther on.

"The history of the companies which have been consolidated into what is known as the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, furnishes a very fair illustration. Here the process of watering was early commenced as a simple and desperate expedient for raising money at an enormous discount for the purpose of completing an enterprise of doubtful success. In the earliest history of one of these companies we read: 'The stock subscriptions which were paid in cash into the treasury of the company were very small—amounting, perhaps, in all, to less than three per cent. on the final cost of building and equipping the road. The stock subscriptions were paid for mostly in uncultivated

lands, farms, town lots and labor upon the road.' Of the whole road as it stands we are told that, of the $18,663,876, now representing the cost of the road and equipment, etc., the shareholders contributed in cash only about ten per cent., or less than $2,000,000; and their contributions in cash, bonds, notes, lands and personal property, labor, etc., amounted to something less than $4,000,000, or rather more than twenty per cent. of the present cost of the work. The difference between this sum and the capital stock, as now shown by the books of the company, is made up of dividends which were *paid in stock*, interest on stock *paid in stock*, premium on stock allowed to stockholders at the time of consolidation, which was *paid in stock*, and a balance of stock still held by the trustees.

"This, however, was in the early days of the enterprise, the days of doubtful success, when the stock was thought worthless, and was almost given away. But in 1866 a new era dawned upon the Fort Wayne road; it began to pay dividends. In 1870 the stock of the company, the history of a portion of which has just been given, stood at $11,500,000, while its indebtedness amounted to about $13,600,000 more, being in all some $1,150,000 above the cost of road and equipment as they stood upon the books of the company. In June of this year a lease was effected of the entire property by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The Fort Wayne stockholders had their option between annual dividends of 12 per cent. on the stock then in existence, or the more moderate rate of 7 per cent. on a proportionately increased amount. They wisely chose the latter, and forthwith the $11,500,000 of stock became $19,714,000, while the road, which was claimed

to have cost only $24,000,000, was suddenly represented by $33,400,000 of securities, none of which bore a less interest than 7 per cent.

"The great masterpieces of Commodore Vanderbilt have, however, so eclipsed all other performances in this line that they may be said to constitute an epoch in the history of paper inflation—it might also be said of bubble-blowing. It is only necessary, therefore, in this connection, to recount the history of the chain of roads, now reduced in number to two, which connect New York and Chicago by way of Albany. The distance between these points is 982 miles. It is useless to begin the story further back than 1852, when the through line was completed, consisting of sixteen independent links, several of which were themselves made up of numerous smaller and once independent roads. That was a year of active and much-needed consolidation. The New York Central led off under a special act of legislature. Eleven roads went into the consolidation, with an aggregate capital of $23,235,600. The stock lowest in value of the eleven was settled upon as the par of the new concern, and the stocks of the other ten companies were received at a premium varying from 17 to 55 per cent. By this simple financial arrangement, $8,894,500 of securities, of which not one cent was ever represented by property, but which in reality constituted so much guaranteed stock, was made a charge, principal and interest, against future income. This was the price paid to get rid of the vested rights which had been allowed to settle down upon this thoroughfare. Between 1852 and 1868, the stock and indebtedness of the consolidated company had been increased, for one reason or another, until, when Mr

Vanderbilt became President in the latter year, they amounted in round numbers to $40,000,000, representing a road which its construction account showed had cost $36,600,000. Vanderbilt had for some years been President of the Hudson River road, and, as such, in 1867 had doubled its capital stock ($7,000,000), calling in 50 per cent. of the increased amount, and thus watering to the extent of $3,500,000. Extending his control over the Central, he now proceeded to better his previous instructions. A stock dividend of 80 per cent., not a dollar of which was called in, was suddenly declared. Over $23,000,000 of securities were thus created at once. Operations stood still at this point, but only for a moment. The next measure was a consolidation of the Central and the Hudson River Railroads. This was effected in the succeeding year upon a stock basis of $90,000,000—a further watering of 27 per cent. being allotted to the Central—while the turn of the Hudson River road now having come again, there was provided for it the munificent amount of 85 per cent. The result of these astounding feats of financial legerdemain was that a property which in 1866 appeared from its own books to have cost less than $50,000,000, and which was then represented by over $54,000,000 of stock and indebtedness, was suddenly shot up to over $103,000,000 in 1870, upon the whole of which interest and dividends were paid. At the same time the cost of the road stood upon the books of the company at less than $60,000,000, or about $70,000 per mile, while in evidences of property each mile was charged with no less than $122,000. The average cost of railroads throughout the world has been somewhat less than $100,000 per mile, while in

America it has stood at about half of that amount. According to the books of the company over $50,000 of absolute water has been poured out for each mile of road between New York and Buffalo.

"The next step towards Chicago was one of 88 miles to Erie. This was made up of a consolidation of two roads effected in 1867, which went in with $2,800,000 of capital and came out with $5,000,000. The total capital account of the company was then a trifle over $3,200,000. In 1869, the consolidation of the lines between Buffalo and Chicago was effected, and this road became a party to it with $6,000,000 of stock and $4,000,000 of indebtedness—at least 30 per cent. of water in excess of all cost of construction.

"The next step in the line is one of 96 miles to Cleveland; this was filled by the celebrated Cleveland, Painesville and Ashtabula road, which, in the six years between 1862–'67, divided 120 per cent. in stock, 33 per cent. in bonds, and 79 per cent. in cash. Having really cost less than $5,000,000 in money, it was consolidated at nearly $12,000,000.

"The next step was from Cleveland to Toledo, 148 miles. Here it was that Vanderbilt began his operations, for in 1866 he secured possession of this road, and signalized his administration of its affairs by the issuing of a scrip dividend of 25 per cent. upon its $5,000,000 of capital.

"The last two roads were consolidated into the Lake Shore road, 258 miles in length, in 1867; the stock and indebtedness of the new company was $22,000,000. In 1869 the work of consolidation was perfected from Buffalo to Chicago by the merging of all the connecting links into the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern

Railroad Company, operating nearly 1300 miles of road, represented by $57,000,000 of stock and indebtedness, which was increased to $62,000,000 in 1871, and which it had the further privilege of increasing to about $73,000,000. These figures throw a very curious light upon the real cost of railroad construction in America. They represent a nominal outlay of but $48,000 per mile, and yet it is not denied that in the amount was included $20,000,000 of fictitious capital. These roads, not improbably, may have cost those who constructed them in cash, actually paid in either directly in money or in dividends which had never been drawn out, the full amount of the consolidation capital. The profits had, it is true, been very unequally divided, but substantial justice was done in the end; what had been lost in one road was made good in another, but as a whole the community was, perhaps, paying for nothing which it had not received. No credit on this account is due to those managing the affairs of the company. They undoubtedly regarded the Vanderbilt operations as masterpieces of railroad management, and only regretted that the earnings of the company under their control could by no possibility justify any similar performances; and yet the contrast between the results hitherto arrived at upon this line, under a system of moderate, average watering, and those achieved further east by Vanderbilt, is singularly suggestive. It is probably safe to say that the Vanderbilt stock waterings between Buffalo and New York annually cost the American people not less than $3,000,000 in excess of all remuneration which ever, under any construction of right, belonged to the owners of the lines. Under these circumstances it would seem, judging by the example

of the Lake Shore road, that comparatively legitimate and reasonable waterings should satisfy any one not inordinately rapacious.

". . . . . The Pacific Railroad furnishes a fine example of all these ingenious devices. In speaking of this enterprise it is not pleasant to adopt a tone of criticism toward the able and daring men who with such splendid energy forced it through to completion. It was a work of great national import and of untold material value. Those who took its construction in hand incurred great risk, and at one time trembled on the verge of ruin. This enterprise was to them a lottery, in which they might well draw a blank, but, should they draw a prize, the greatness of the prize must justify the risk incurred. The community asked them to assume the risk, and was willing to reward their success. Success was thought to be well worth all it might cost. At the same time the process of construction afforded a curious example of the methods through which fictitious evidences of value can be piled upon each other. The length of the united road was 1919 miles, and the cost of construction was estimated at $60,000,000. To meet this outlay a stock capital was authorized of $100,000,000 for each of the two great divisions of the line; upon this, however, no dependence was placed as a means of raising money; it was only a debt to be imposed, if possible, on the future business of the country. A curious mystery hangs over this part of the financial arrangements of the concern. Probably not $20,000,000 ever has been, or ever will be, derived from this source. The rest is very clear. There was the Government subsidy of $30,000 a mile and $30,000 a mile of mortgage indebtedness; there was

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a land grant of 12,800 acres a mile, and, where there were States, there were bonds, with interest guaranteed by the State and gifts of real estate from cities, where cities existed; and there were even millions of net earning applied to construction. The means to build the road were not grudgingly bestowed Meanwhile, of the real cost of construction but little is correctly known; absolutely nothing indeed of the western division, or Central Pacific. Managed by a small clique in California, the internal arrangements of this company were involved in absolute secrecy. The eastern division was built, however, by an organization known as the Crédit Mobilier, which received for so doing all the unissued stock, the proceeds of the bonds sold, the government bonds, and the earnings of the road—in fact, all its available assets. Its profits were reported to have been enormous, and they made the fortunes of many, and perhaps of most of those connected with it. Who, then, constituted the Crédit Mobilier? It was but another name for the Pacific Railroad ring. The members of it were in Congress; they were trustees for the bondholders, they were directors, they were stockholders, they were contractors; in Washington they voted the subsidies, in New York they received them, upon the Plains they expended them, and in the Crédit Mobilier they divided them. Ever-shifting characters, they were ubiquitous—now engineering a bill, and now a bridge—they received money into one hand as a corporation, and paid it into the other as a contractor. As stockholders they owned the road, as mortgagees they had a lien upon it, as directors they contracted for its construction, and as members of the Crédit Mobilier they built it. What is the community to pay for it?

"At the close of 1870, with $103,000,000 of their capital yet unsubscribed, and thus reserved for issue, should the earnings of the roads at any future period make watering practicable; with this amount of stock in reserve, the two companies operated 2083 miles of road, represented by stock and debt to the amount of $240,000,000. Thus the last results of Vanderbilt's genius have been surpassed at the very outset of this enterprise. The line from Chicago to New York represents now but $60,000 to the mile, as the result of many years of inflation, while the line between Omaha and Sacramento begins life with the cost of $115,000 per mile. It would be safe to say that the road cost in money considerably less than one half of this sum. The difference is the price paid for every vicious element of railroad construction and management; costly construction, entailing future taxation on trade; tens of millions of fictitious capital; a road built on the sale of its bonds, and with the aid of subsidies; every element of real outlay recklessly exaggerated, and the whole at some future day is to make itself felt as a burden on the trade which it is to create.

"Enough has been said to illustrate the bearing which stock-watering and extravagant construction have upon taxation. It would be useless to attempt to estimate the weight of the burden imposed through these means upon material development. The statistics which should enter into any reliable estimate are not accessible, and any approximation would be simply a matter of guess-work. A table was published, during the year 1869, in a leading financial organ, comparing the capital stocks of twenty-eight roads as they stood on July 1, 1867, and May 1, 1869. During those twenty-two

months it was found that the total had increased from $287,036,000 to $400,684,000, or 40 per cent. Carrying the comparison on nine of these roads back two years further, it was found that, in less than four years, their capitals had increased from less than $84,000,000 to over $208,000,000, or 150 per cent. A portion of this, perhaps 25 per cent. of the whole, represents private capital actually paid in and expended; another portion, perhaps equally large, represents dividends the payment of which was foregone and the money applied to construction; the whole of the remainder may be set down as pure, unadulterated 'water,' which calls for an annual tax-levy of some three or four millions a year."

It will, of course, be clear to the reader that the motive influencing the men who thus increase their stock is simply to increase the amount drawn from the public as earnings upon the sums supposed to be invested in the road. A road operating with a capital of $3,000,000, and earning ten per cent. upon this, increases its capital, by the watering process to $6,000,000 and claims ten per cent. upon this valuation. In plain English, the road is extorting from the community the $300,000 represented by the earnings upon the $3,000,000 of watered stock. That sum is drawn from the people and transferred to the pockets of the stockholders.

Commenting upon this, the Chicago *Tribune* in a recent issue said:

"The railroads have the full protection of the law in the decisions of the United States courts, which hold their charters to be in the nature of a contract which the State cannot violate. They can set up the law in

any case where a State Legislature or the people endeavor to deprive them of any of the privileges specifically conferred by their charters. But they will make a mistake if they presume that any law bars out the people from ascertaining whether or not they are complying with their obligations under the contract. The courts will extend to the people the same protection that they extend to the corporations; and, in the conflict between the railroads and the farmers, the principal thing to be determined by evidence is whether the rates charged by the railroads represent a profit on the actual investment, or a percentage on fictitious capital not authorized under the charters, but created in a variety of ways without the investment of money. If the former, the railroad rates will be sustained; if the latter, the rates will be changed, in one way or another, and the railroads will be forced to be content with earnings that will pay a fair interest on the actual investment.

"In the eyes of the law a corporation is a fictitious person, created for special purposes and strictly limited to the terms of its charter. It can take nothing by implication. It can form no copartnerships, enter into no business transactions, spread out into no field not explicitly defined in the law which originally brought it into being, or in amendments thereto. Now, we know of no railroad charter which authorizes the corporation to earn a percentage on fictitious capital, and the courts will not construe this to be an unexpressed or implied privilege of the railroads. On the contrary, the law expressly holds that railroads must make fair and reasonable rates—and rates can be neither fair nor reasonable which represent dividends on capital that

has never been invested or profits on stocks fictitiously issued for the benefit of speculators. It is on this ground that farmers can make their best fight, and if they keep close to this line of battle they will be certain of victory.

"We have no means of knowing what proportion of the capital stock of the railroads of this country is fictitious. An estimate made some two years ago placed it at 33 per cent. of the aggregate railroad stocks. The proportion is certainly not less to-day, and probably is much larger. If this be true then the average railroad rates are 33 per cent. higher than they would be if the railroad stocks of the country represented the capital actually invested in constructing and operating them. It is the work of the people to ascertain the precise difference between the actual investments and the fictitious stocks, and when this shall have been done there will be a solid basis for determining what reasonable rates are.

"The way and means adopted for creating fictitious railroad stocks are at once numerous and ingenious. A popular method is to declare stock dividends. If the Rock Island road, for instance, is earning more money than it cares to have the people know of, it declares a stock dividend. The capital stock is thereby increased and the earnings appear to be less. The fact is, that a means has been provided whereby the earnings may be increased without arousing the suspicion of the public. The new stock represents no investments of capital whatever, but thenceforth it constitutes a basis on which the railroads claim the right of earning the current rate of interest. The rates of transportation are thus increased to pay interest on stock originally issued for the

purpose of covering up excessive earnings. Another favorite way of issuing fictitious stock is by the leasing of other railroads. But the most common means of obtaining fictitious stock is by what is known as the Crédit Mobilier plan of building railroads. Starting with a land grant from Congress, or subsidies from State or municipal governments, the construction company issues sufficient bonds to cover the cost of building the road, outside of all shrinkage from depreciation, brokers' commissions, etc. These bonds are sold, and the road is built and equipped from the proceeds. The construction company then have the capital stock of the road intact. Whether it be $1,000,000 or $10,000,000, it has not cost them one dollar. They then commence operating the road, and claim that it should not only earn money to pay the interest on the bonds, but also enough to pay dividends on capital stock that does not represent a single dollar of actual investment. The cost of the road is entirely comprised in the bonds that have been issued, and the capital stock is altogether fictitious. How large a proportion of the 63,000 miles of railroads in the United States has been constructed in this way, it is not possible to say. But the time has come when the people will undertake to find out. The people are willing that the railroads shall earn a fair profit on actual cost, but they can no longer be forced to pay a royalty on fraudulent issues. That time has passed, and the sooner the railroads make up their minds to it the better it will be for them."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONSOLIDATION PROCESS.

A Railroad of necessity a Monopoly—George Stephenson's Views—The Interests of the Roads naturally Hostile to those of the People—Foolish Prodigality of the People—Competition disastrous to the Roads—Consolidation of Railroads inaugurated to stop Competition—Success of the Efforts for Consolidation—The Four Enemies of Free Trade—Vanderbilt's Success with the New York Central—The Pennsylvania Company—Its History—The Reign of Monopoly successfully inaugurated.

A RAILROAD is of necessity a monopoly. It is built for the express purpose of monopolizing the trade of the region through which it passes, and its first necessity is to prevent or destroy competition. Competition means cheap freights, low fares, and is in the interest of the community. It deprives a corporation of its power to tax the public with excessive rates, and compels it to make only such charges as are fair and reasonable. The interests of the road demand that there shall be no interference with it from any quarter, that its directors shall have the sole power to fix and arrange the rates for the transportation of passengers and freight, and that nothing shall occur to interfere with the monopoly they seek to establish.

The true nature of the railway system was plainly understood and stated by its great founder and advocate in England, George Stephenson. "He saw that a line once built must impose a tax on the community, if only to keep itself in existence. He also saw that if

a competing road was built to divide any given business which could by any possibility be done over a road already constructed, in the end that business must support two roads instead of one. A very slender knowledge of human nature would have enabled him to take the next step, and conclude that any number of competing roads would ultimately unite to exact money from the community, rather than continue a ruinous competition."

It may be plainly stated then, that from the very outset, the interests of the public and those of the railroad companies were antagonistic. There was and is an irrepressible conflict between them, and it will require a more than ordinary degree of forebearance and patriotism on the part of the railroads to bring about a compromise.

At the outset, the people of the various States, in their eagerness to obtain the roads, granted important privileges without demanding any equivalent. Few restrictions were placed upon the proposed schemes. Corporations were given the right of way, and other important privileges the granting of which often involved the sacrifice of valuable private interests, and the State or the people demanded and received practically nothing in return. The eagerness of the people to obtain the roads was so great that nearly every projected enterprise received the sanction of the State, and was put into operation. In this way many useless roads were built, and the present generation is called upon to suffer for this folly.

In one respect, however, the system, as originally inaugurated, was correct. It provided for and allowed the construction of competing roads, and thus gave the

public an opportunity to pay a fair price for transportation.

This was not as the corporations wished. Their risk was increased by it and their dividends diminished. They began to cast about for ways and means of putting an end to this state of affairs, and at length hit upon an expedient which has well nigh realized their wildest dreams of power and wealth. They inaugurated a policy of consolidation of roads. The great corporations of the East set to work to lease or buy up the lines connecting with them, by which they must reach the Western States, or which acted as feeders to their routes. They succeeded in their object, and soon the railroad system of the country was narrowed down to a few great lines, the minor enterprises disappearing as independent roads and forming parts of the great consolidated companies.

The principal railroad enterprises of the United States were undertaken with one common object—to bring the produce of the West to the Atlantic markets, and to provide the Western States with the manufactures and wares of the Eastern States. This was the grand prize for which so many plans were laid, and so much skilful work performed.

By the process of consolidation, the communication between the seaboard and the West has been limited to four great lines—the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroads. At the first glance it would seem that these four lines are sufficient to furnish all the competition necessary to secure fair rates in the matter of transportation. But such is not the case. These four consolidated companies were formed for the express purpose of destroying com-

petition, and they stand like four gigantic sentinels over the avenues of trade to enforce their will. They offer the only means of communication between the East and West, and shippers and travellers are compelled to choose between them. Having disposed of their rivals, they have now a common interest—to keep rates up to the highest point, and they have power and wealth enough to carry out their wishes. With power to prevent the construction of any rival lines, these four companies hold the transportation business of the country in their grasp; and, being subject to no practical restraint, they may make such regulations, and compel the public to pay such rates as they may see fit.

It will be well to glance at the manner in which the consolidation of the two most powerful corporations was effected. It reveals some curious facts in our railroad history. We tell the story in the language of a brilliant writer,* from whom we have quoted before:

"Twenty-one years ago, the New York Central road, which forms the nucleus of the Vanderbilt combination, was not in existence as a corporation. In 1853 it was chartered, and eleven distinct corporations were merged into it. Five of these corporations, the longest of which could boast but of 76 miles of track, divided among them the 300 miles which separate Albany from Buffalo. The corporation created out of these elements was again, in its turn, merged in 1869 into the larger New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, which controls within the State of New York but little less than a thousand miles of track, and is represented by rather more than $100,000,000 of capital. The con-

* Charles F. Adams, Jr.

solidation, so far, was perfect, and had taken place under a State law and within State limits. Growth, however, did not stop here; the combinations of capital simply adapted themselves to the forms of a political system. Beyond the limits of New York, the corporation held, in the eye of the law, no property; it did not control a mile of track. At Buffalo, however, the Central connected with another company, itself made up of four separate primal links which had once connected Buffalo with Chicago, and which had united in obedience to the same law of development which had built up the Central. West of Chicago came yet other links in the trans-continental chain. Three lines competed to fill the gap which lay between Chicago and the eastern terminus of the Pacific road,—the Northwestern, the Rock Island, and the Burlington & Missouri. In the autumn of 1869, the consolidation of the Central and the Hudson River took place. Immediately afterwards, at the annual election of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Vanderbilt interest took open possession of that corporation, controlling a majority of its stock. In May, 1870, it in like manner assumed control of the Rock Island and Chicago & Northwestern. The same parties in interest were now practically the owners of a connected line of road from New York to Omaha; there was no consolidation as yet, but, so far as the public and competing roads were concerned, the close of 1870 found the six parties, which but a short time before had been in possession of the trans-continental thoroughfare, reduced to three. Without taking into consideration the immense influence which their position necessarily gave to them over other and less powerful members of the railroad system, here was a

single combination of capital representing the control of at least 4500 miles of road and not less than $250,000,000 of capital.

"This, however, is but the result of a loose alliance between men notorious for their feuds and their selfishness; the combination is temporary, depending perhaps upon the continued life of one who lacks little of being an octogenarian. The men who control it not infrequently evince talents of a very high order, and their course is made continually interesting by episodes of dramatic surprise. They lack, however, the greatest and most indispensable element of permanent success,—some underlying, indissoluble bond of union. In this respect they differ entirely from the great combination which has gradually taken shape in the neighboring State of Pennsylvania. What is commonly known as the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company is probably to-day the most powerful corporation in the world, as, indeed, it owns and operates one of the oldest of railroads. Its organization, as compared with that of its great rival, the New York Central, bears the relation of a republic to an empire. Cæsarism is the principle of the Vanderbilt group; the corporation is the essence of the Pennsylvania system. The marked degree in which the character of the people have given an insensible direction to the management of their corporations in these two States is well deserving of notice. In New York politics the individual leader has ever been the centre; in Pennsylvania, always the party. The people of this last State are not marked by intelligence; they are, in fact, dull, uninteresting, very slow and very persevering. These are qualities, however, which they hold in common with the ancient Romans, and

they possess, also, in a marked degree, one other characteristic of that classic race, the power of organization, and through it of command. They have always decided our Presidential elections; they have always, in their dull, heavy fashion, regulated our economical policy. Not open to argument, not receptive of ideas, not given to flashes of brilliant execution, this State none the less knows well what it wants, and knows equally well how to organize to secure it. Its great railroad affords a striking illustration in point. It is probably the most thoroughly organized corporation, that in which each individual is most entirely absorbed in the corporate whole, now in existence. With its president and its four vice-presidents, each of whom devotes his whole soul to his peculiar province, whether it be to fight a rival line, to develop an inchoate traffic, to manipulate the Legislature, or to operate the road,—with this perfect machinery and subordination, there is no reason why the corporation should not assume absolute control of all the railroads of Pennsylvania.

"Such is this great corporation, high in credit in the money-markets of the world, careful withal of its outward repute, apparently unbounded in its resources. Organized so long ago as 1831, it had thirty miles of road ready for operation in the succeeding year. Not until 1854, however, was the Pennsylvania Railroad proper completed. It then controlled the line from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, 210 miles, which had cost a little less than $17,000,000, and was represented by about $12,000,000 of stock and $7,000,000 of indebtedness. This might be considered the starting-point; $3,500,000 of annual gross earnings on a capital a little less than $20,000,000. For many years its growth

was confined to Pennsylvania. In 1869, however, its policy in this respect underwent a change, and it burst through State limits, extending its field of operations over the vast region lying between the great lakes and the Ohio upon the north and south, and the Missouri on the west. This sudden development was, as usual, the immediate result of competition, and was almost forced upon the corporation in spite of itself, as a measure of defence. The secret history of the railway intrigues and legislative manipulations of 1869 would make a very singular narrative could the whole of it be disclosed. That year was, in fact, a turning-point in our railway progress. The Erie management had then fallen into confessed discredit, and was beginning its remarkable attempt under Messrs. Gould and Fisk to carry on a great commercial enterprise in absolute disregard of every principle of good faith, commonly supposed to be at the basis of civilized transactions. Those managing this thoroughfare were desperately thrusting out in every direction, contracting, buying, and leasing all adjoining roads with a rashness only surpassed by their easy disregard of the obligations thus contracted. Early in 1869 they sought to cut off the connections of the Pennsylvania road, and to shut it up within the limits of that State. For a brief time the battle seemed to go in their favor, but suddenly the tide turned. The result showed that they were no match for the powerful antagonist they had provoked; —their overthrow was so effectual as to have in it some elements of the ludicrous. Bills in the interest of the Pennsylvania company, which it was doubtful if it were in the power of any legislature to pass, were pushed through their various stages, and received exe-

cutive approval, with a speed unprecedented; contracts, arranged with the Erie managers by boards of directors, were unexpectedly rejected in meetings of stockholders; and for a time this irresistible power even threatened to wrest from the Erie road its own peculiar and long-established connections. The result of these operations was that the Pennsylvania Central soon controlled by perpetual lease a whole system of roads radiating to all points in the West and Southwest. By one it reached Chicago, by another St. Louis, and by a third Cincinnati. At Indianapolis it had absorbed a network of routes; at Chicago and St. Louis it had formed close connections looking directly towards the Pacific. Here for a time it rested, declaring that its policy did not look to any expansion beyond the Mississippi. The corporation rested, perhaps, but not the ambitious men who controlled it; their individual operations now commenced. They obtained the control of roads endowed with vast land grants in Michigan and in Minnesota; they were the directors of the Northern Pacific; and when the men who had constructed the Union Pacific broke down under the multiplicity of their engagements, the first vice-president of the Pennsylvania road appeared as the new president of that road also. The very land grants belonging to the companies these men now controlled amounted to 80,000 square miles, or an area equivalent to the aggregate possessions of four of the existing kingdoms of Europe.

"Meanwhile the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, distinct from its individual directors, now owned or held by lease 400 miles of road in Pennsylvania, and directly controlled 450 miles more, almost entirely

within the same State; beyond its limits it leased and operated nearly two thousand miles in addition, holding the stock and bonds of railroads, canals, towns, and cities, like some vast Crédit Mobilier; it had, indeed, no less than $20,000,000 standing on its books as represented by these investments. In the sixteen years its own capital and indebtedness had swollen from $20,000,000 to $65,000,000, with a liberty secured to increase them to nearly $100,000,000; at the same time the system of roads which it held in its hands returned a yearly income of hardly less than $40,000,000, of which about $10,000,000 was claimed as net profit.

"If, however, as its direction had officially declared, the corporation had no distinct interests to push west of the Mississippi, the same could not be said of the region east of the Susquehanna. In the closing days of 1870 New York was suddenly startled by the announcement that the Pennsylvania Railroad had effected a perpetual lease of the whole famous railroad monopoly known as the United Companies of New Jersey. The rumor proved true, and some 450 miles of additional track, besides 65 miles of canals and some 30 steamers, in all some $35,000,000 of property, was by this transaction added to the vast consolidation, and brought it to the shores of New York harbor.

"It is unnecessary to consider how much further this combination will carry its operations, or in what they will result. The Pennsylvania road now controls directly and as itself owner or proprietor, and wholly distinct from its directors, more than 3000 miles of track, claiming to represent $175,000,000 of securities, and returning a gross income of at least $40,000,000

per annum. It is far from impossible that this combination may, from its very magnitude, lead to its own downfall."

The Erie Railway properly extends from Jersey City to Dunkirk, New York, a distance of 451 miles, but with its various branches it now operates a total length of 1032 miles. Until July, 1871, it was the lessee of the Atlantic and Great Western road, which, connecting with the track of the Erie at Salamanca, New York, carried the line to Cincinnati, a distance of 447 miles. Though the lease has been surrendered, the two roads are practically one as regards the question of transportation. The Erie Company own property to the amount of $118,295,979, and, in 1872, the gross earnings were $18,371,887.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad extends properly from Baltimore to the City of Wheeling, on the Ohio River, a distance of 379 miles, but, with its branches and leased roads, it controls and operates a total of 1067 miles of road. It already touches Lake Erie at Sandusky, and has now in construction a branch road extending from a point 90 miles north of Newark, Ohio, on the Lake Erie Division, to Chicago. The Company own property to the amount of $56,014,481, and, in 1872, the gross earnings were $13,626,677.

Here we have four corporations representing a total ownership of nearly $600,000,000, and an aggregate annual income of over $100,000,000.

It would be impossible to mention in detail all the various attempts at consolidation, successful and unsuccessful, that have been made in this country. What we have given will sufficiently illustrate this part of our subject. All such efforts have a common object,

and that object is the extortion from an already over-taxed community of the highest rates of transportation that can be obtained.

We shall again refer to this portion of our subject, to point out some of the evils arising from the monopoly we have been considering.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRANSPORTATION TAX SWINDLE.

Sources of Railroad Earnings—The Freight Business—Enormous Tribute paid by the People to the Roads—The Railroads irresponsible to the Public—The Necessity of the Roads to the Country—Anomalous Position of the Railroads—What are Legitimate and what are Fictitious Earnings—Carelessness of the People respecting their Rights—Their Punishment—Arbitrary Course of the Roads in levying Freights—How the Railroads tax the People—The Community made to pay the Losses of the Roads—Instructive Lessons—How Competition is killed—Efforts of the State of Illinois to protect its Citizens—The Railroads refuse to obey the Law—The Railroad Yoke fastened upon the People.

THE object for which railways are constructed is the earning of interest on the amount of capital invested in them. The only means by which such enterprises can earn money, are by the transportation of freight and passengers. All roads are built with a view to the ultimate freight business that will come to them, the passenger traffic being with most corporations a secondary consideration.

As the wealth and productiveness of the country increase, the transportation increases also. In 1840, when there were less than 3000 miles of railroad in operation in the United States, the transportation business of the country amounted to about $8,000,000, or about fifty cents to each inhabitant of the Union. In 1860, it had increased to about $150,000,000, or about $5 to each inhabitant. In 1871, it had grown to the

enormous sum of $450,000,000, or nearly $12 to each inhabitant.

This enormous sum of $450,000,000 may be taken as a fair annual average of the value of our internal commerce. It comes directly from the earnings of the whole people of the United States, and is gathered into the treasuries of the various railway corporations in the form of sums paid for the transportation of passengers and of the products and manufactures of the country.

In chartering the railways of the Union, the people have given to the corporations conducting these enterprises, the sole right to regulate the freight charges of their roads. In some cases there has been a stipulation that the earnings of the road should not exceed a certain percentage upon the capital invested, but, as we have shown, it has been left to the road not only to regulate its charges, but to make such returns of its earnings as it may see fit. The people have surrendered the right to scrutinize the proceedings of the corporation, and the corporation charges whatever rates it pleases, and as much as it thinks the public will pay.

Men may travel or not, as they are inclined, but the farmer must send his products to market, and the merchant and manufacturer must transport their wares to the point where there is the greatest demand for them. So the road is sure of its freight traffic. Men are compelled to use it, for it is the only means of transportation open to them. They are fully aware of this, and the corporation is equally aware of it.

The railroads then occupy the position of a body within the State, and almost, if not quite, independent of it, levying a tax upon its citizens. Not one man in

the community can escape the necessity of in some way contributing to the earnings of the road. The aggregate amount annually contributed is, as we have seen, enormous. How much of this represents a legitimate profit upon the capital invested in railways? and how much is a wanton robbery of the public? These are questions of the deepest interest to the public, and yet they have attracted so little attention that none of the State Governments have made an effort to obtain the requisite data from which to answer them. We only know what the roads choose to allow us to learn, and they are very careful to keep us from knowing too much; while staggering under this enormous tax, and vaguely comprehending that it is excessive and unjust, no one has undertaken to introduce measures which will lay before the people the full extent of the evil from which they are suffering. We only know that "certain private individuals, responsible to no authority and subject to no supervision, but looking solely to their own interests, or to those of their immediate constituency, yearly levy upon the internal movement of the American people a tax, as a suitable remuneration for the use of their private capital, equal to about one-half of the expenses of the United States Government, —army, navy, civil list, and interest on the national debt included."

The power to levy such charges as they think proper on the transportation of freight being entrusted to the railway corporations, they are not slow to use it. At certain periods of the year the movement of freights is very brisk, as when the year's harvest is finding its way to market, or when merchants and dealers are sending home the stock they have purchased in the

great centres of commerce. Then, when men are compelled to use the roads, the corporations advance the rates. Complaint is useless. The directors know that goods and grain must be carried over the road, and they fix the rates at an extravagant figure, and the shipper is forced to submit to the extortion.

The "through rates," as they are called, are high enough, but they do not affect the majority of shippers as much as the local rates. It has become a maxim with railroad men that if in the war of competition a loss is incurred in the "through rates," it must be made up in the amount received for local freights. It is always possible to ship a case of goods or a sack of grain from New York to Chicago at a proportionately cheaper rate than is charged for the same article from New York to Syracuse. Often times the amount charged for local freight is double that charged for through freight. The reason is that in the through freight transportation, the competition of a few great lines keeps the rate down to a comparatively lower figure; while a given road, enjoying a monopoly of the local business, can charge what it pleases. It is utterly irresponsible, and the shipper is at its mercy.

This irresponsibility leads to continual change, especially in the through freight business, and introduces an element of chance into mercantile transactions which sound business men find it hard to contend against. Merchants find it difficult to regulate their purchases, and producers are sometimes utterly at sea in their efforts to calculate their profits, when the tariff may be changed in a day, and all their calculations destroyed. "Just this fluctuation took place in

September, 1870, when it at one time cost far more to send goods from Boston to Chicago than from New York, and shortly after the New York firms had to ship their goods to Boston as the cheapest way of getting them to the West." During the year 1869, freights between New York and Chicago fluctuated between $5 and $37.60 per ton; and between New York and St. Louis, between $7 and $46 per ton. At one time during that year, the Erie Railroad carried freights from New York to Chicago for $2 per ton, and soon after advanced the rate to $37 per ton.

The year 1870 was remarkable for its fluctuations of this kind, and it led to a singular warfare between the rival lines connecting New York with the West. Each met with considerable losses, but each undoubtedly made these good at the public expense by some operation entirely within its control.

"During that year competition was bitter in the extreme; the rates made East and West were simply ruinous. On certain descriptions of freight they literally were reduced to nothing, and cattle were carried over the Erie road at a cent a head, as against one dollar a car, the rate charged on the Central. On other articles the reduction was not so great, but, both on passengers and goods, rates were purely nominal, and hardly averaged a third of the usual amounts. Of course this could not last. Early in September, 1870, representatives of the competing lines met in New York, and proceeded to put a stop to competition in the one way possible among monopolists,—by combination. The parties in interest were the Central, the Erie, and the Pennsylvania railroads. The competition was mainly from Illinois to New York. In both

Illinois and New York, laws forbidding the consolidation of competing lines were in force, and all the roads were carrying on operations in one or both of those States. At the meeting in question, it was decided to 'pool' the earnings of the colored lines to all competing points; in other words, all receipts from that business which was supposed to receive a peculiar benefit from competition, were to be paid into a common fund, competition was immediately to cease, fixed rates were to be charged, and thus, at last, all the great trunk lines were to be practically consolidated, in so far as the business community was concerned. This arrangement was agreed to, but broke down for the moment because of quarrels among certain of the individual contracting potentates. The irreconcilables were Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt, two New York men, who represented two New York roads; and yet the New York statute-book contained a recently enacted law intended to prevent and render impracticable any combination like the one agreed upon. Not being able to effect the desired arrangement there, certain of the same parties went to Chicago, in a State where a similar provision to that in force in New York had been made a part of the Constitution, and there they actually did enter into an agreement, under which all the roads between Chicago and Omaha 'pooled' their receipts between those points, and this contract went into effect. . . .

"The failure of the New York negotiators was, however, only temporary; and, moreover, it is by no means clear that its failure was not a disaster to the community. In this combination would at least have been found some degree of certainty and of responsibility.

Rates would no longer have varied with every season and to every city; points destitute of competition would not have been plundered, as they now habitually are, that competing points might be supplied for nothing. During the summer of 1870, accordingly, many towns in New England were charged upon Western freights heavily in advance of the sums charged for carrying the same freights on the same roads a hundred or two miles farther on. All because the farther point was served at a loss to the carrier, and, therefore, the nearer had to pay the road profits for both, besides replacing the loss. The agents of the roads do not seek to deny this; they acknowledge and defend it. They say, and say truly: 'We must live. If our through business is done at a loss (and they show that it was done for nothing), then our local business must pay for all.' This was the case in New England. The cities of central New York fared no better. During a war of rates, almost any manufactured article will be carried from the seaboard to the West for perhaps one half of the amount charged for carrying the article there from a semi-interior point. So also as regards Eastern freights. Syracuse, Rochester, and the like class of cities can neither compete on equal terms with Boston in the markets of the West, nor with Chicago in those of the East. The discrimination against them is said to amount in certain cases to ten per cent. of the whole value of the article transported. Neither, under the competing system, is there any remedy for this evil, and a consciousness of this fact, of the risk to which they are continually exposed, has caused the breaking up of many manufacturing establishments at interior points."

The State of Illinois has undertaken to investigate the management of its railroads, and to impose upon the railroad companies a series of regulations for the protection of the public.

The new railroad law passed by the Legislature of Illinois in May, 1873, directs the Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners to prepare for each railroad in the State a schedule of reasonable maximum rates; prohibits as extortion more than a fair and reasonable rate to be charged for transportation of passengers or freight, or for the use of track; prohibits as unjust discrimination any difference in the prices charged for equal services of these three kinds rendered at different points or to different persons, the penalty being fines (recoverable in an action of debt, in the name of the People) of $1000 to $5000 for the first offence, $5000 to $10,000 for the second offence, $10,000 to $20,000 for the third offence, and for every subsequent offence $25,000, either party having the right of trial by jury. Moreover, the overcharged person may recover in any form of action thrice the damages sustained, with costs and attorney's fee.

As may be supposed, this law gave great offence to the railroad interest of the State, and every obstacle has been thrown in the way of its execution. Indeed the roads have steadily disregarded it. Governor Palmer, of Illinois, in a speech delivered at Springfield, on the 4th of July, 1873, said:

"The last Legislature enacted a law for the government of railroads in this State, which is a monument of the patience and reasonableness of the people. It merely declares that the railroads shall not charge for

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their services more than a fair and reasonable rate; that they shall make no unjust discriminations in their charges for any kind of service; that to charge a greater sum for services rendered to one person than is charged to another for greater services, shall be presumptive evidence of extortion; and the whole law merely assumes that the relation of the railroads and their customers shall hereafter exist and continue upon the footing of equality and justice, and that like services shall be presumed to be worthy a like compensation. I regret to be compelled to say that the railroad managers have as yet shown no disposition to accept this law in the just spirit in which it was enacted. On the contrary, they have found in its passage a new pretext for extortion. They assume, in the first place, that they must have ten per cent. net profit on the nominal capital invested in their roads, and the large sums furnished to them by the people is a part of the aggregate upon which the same people are required to pay them the interest. Such a claim is most unreasonable. Their capital was invested in railroads, subject to the fluctuations and casualties of business, and that is all that will be conceded to them. They must also submit the cost and methods of their management to the scrutiny of the juries of the State, and must account for all unnecessary expenses incurred in efforts to counteract rivals, or to force business into unwilling channels. In their pretended obedience to law, it is manifest they are merely acting a part, intended to test the firmness of the people. They no longer discriminate, they say. They now apply the knife to the root of every branch of industry. I have seen the proposed tariffs of many of the roads, and they

are avowals of a distinct purpose to crush out every interest with the utmost impartiality. They intend to compel the next Legislature to repeal the railroad law of last winter; they mean to make war upon every effort to curb them, and to use the people as the agents of their own undoing."

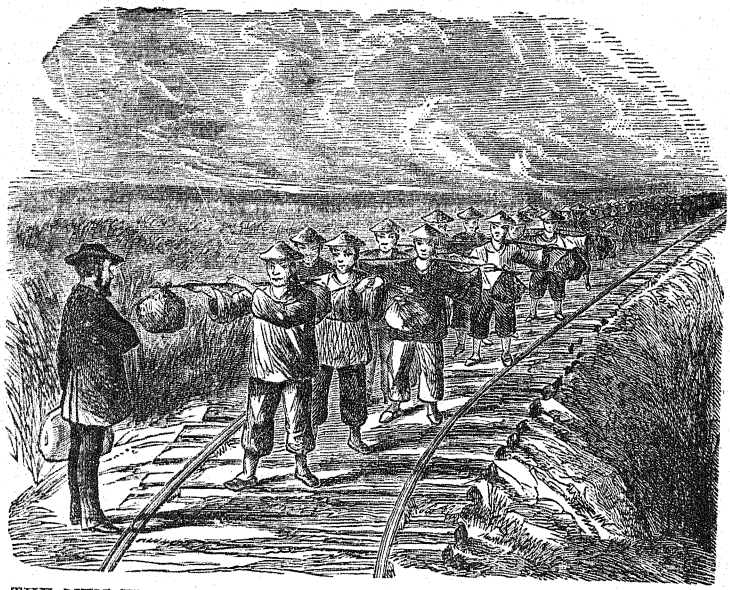
CHAPTER VI.

RAILROAD TYRANNY.

Dangers arising from the Railroad Monopoly—Irresponsibility of the Roads—Their Disregard of Individual Rights—A Man's Fight with a Railroad—A Corporation's Idea of a Contract—What a Railroad Ticket is Worth—Brutal Assault on Mr. Coleman—A Struggle for Justice—The Policy of Railroad Corporations Announced—The Public to be tied Hand and Foot—Railroad Testimony—How to Manufacture Evidence—What a Negro got by Losing his Ticket—A Specimen Railroad Murder—A Life for a Lost Ticket—A new Penalty for Drunkenness—Startling Details—The Avenue of Death—Railroad Killing not considered Murder—Unjust Treatment of Passengers—The Palace Car Swindle—Baggage Smashers—The War on the Merchants—How a Railroad endeavored to ruin a Business Firm—The Power of the Corporations.

We have seen the gradual growth of the railroad system of the country; how many of the roads have been built at the public expense by means of the immense land grants they have obtained; how fictitious capital has been created by the issuing of watered stock for the purpose of concealing the impositions of the road upon the public; how that which is a monopoly in itself has been made a more odious monopoly by the process of consolidation; and how these corporations have committed to them the right to tax the whole community, without being responsible to any one. We come now to consider some of the evils springing from this immense system of monopolies.

Conceding all the good results that have been brought about by the successful growth of our railways; admit-



THE MEN WHO BUILD THE RAILROADS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

ting all that they have done towards furnishing a rapid and convenient method of communication between distant points, and all that they have accomplished in developing new sections of country, we are sure it will be admitted by the majority of the thinking men of the country that the railroads of the present day are as much of a danger as a convenience to the country, and that unless they are soon subjected to some system of regulation by which they can be compelled to respect the rights of the people to whom they owe their existence, they will become not only sources of danger, but the most annoying tyrannies that have ever cursed a land. That there is danger from this source we hope to show.

Practically the railroads of the United States are subject to no restraint. Nominally they are acting

under the law, but in reality they make themselves superior to it, and when occasion suits them, they do not hesitate to violate and defy it. They claim the right to manage their road for their own benefit only, and are utterly regardless of the rights of others. The sole object of the directors is to wring money from those who are forced to use the line, and the public, for whose convenience the road is supposed to have been built, are denied the simplest privileges. Scarcely a day passes that some individual's rights are not violated by these companies, and if the injured party is bold enough to carry the matter before the courts, he has a hard task before him to obtain the simplest justice. He has to encounter the immense power of the road, backed by its wealth, and the chances are ten to one against him. He will either be beaten by the money of the corporation, or he will be forced to drag his case along, at ruinous expense, until he abandons it in despair.

A fair specimen of the disregard of the railroads for individual rights was afforded a few years ago in the case of Mr. John A. Coleman, of Providence, Rhode Island. This gentleman was shamefully maltreated and thrown from a train on the New York and New Haven Railroad, and thereby injured for life, merely for demanding to ride over the road with a ticket for which he had already paid, instead of buying a new one. The case is so characteristic that we shall let Mr. Coleman tell the story in his own words:

"About four years ago" (the matter occurred in 1868), says Mr. Coleman, "I purchased a ticket from Providence to New York *via* Hartford and New Haven. At New Haven my business detained me until too late in the evening to resume my journey by rail. I there-

fore took the eleven o'clock boat, in order to pass a comfortable night and to be able to meet my engagements the next day. That left the railway coupon ticket from New Haven to New York on my hands. I afterwards had no opportunity to use the ticket in the direction in which it was marked—always happening thereafter to travel with through tickets from Boston to New York. In returning to Boston from New York, June 11, 1868, I applied at the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad, in Twenty-seventh street, New York, for a ticket to Boston *via* Springfield; the ticket master refused to sell me one unless I would wait three hours for the train, which left at three o'clock, P. M., going through to Boston. He said he would sell me a local ticket to Springfield, and I could buy another from there to Boston. This would cost me more than seven dollars to Boston, instead of six dollars, the regular through fare, which of course I did not want to pay. I told him expressly that I wished to stop over at a way station one train to do some telegraphing, but without avail; he would not sell the ticket. As I could not wait three hours, I thought it would be a good time to use my old coupon, as I was accustomed to do upon other roads under similar circumstances. Accordingly I presented the coupon to the guard stationed at the entrance to the cars. He rudely and imperiously refused me admittance, stating that the ticket was 'good for nothing.' Some warm words passed between us, and he finally called the conductor, who stood near. The conductor was, if possible, more imperious than the guard. He said the ticket was 'good for nothing,' and peremptorily ordered me not to go on board the cars. I told him I thought the

ticket was good, and that I was accustomed to use coupons in that way upon all other roads over which I travelled. He replied that 'it was no such thing; he travelled more than I did and knew all about it;' and concluded by saying that if I 'attempted to get upon the cars' he 'would put me off.' Severe remarks were made by several gentlemen standing near to the conductor during this time, to the effect that this was another manifestation of the general spirit of insolence and meanness towards passengers for which that road was noted. I then purchased a ticket to Providence *via* New Haven and Hartford, and got on board the train. I felt irritated at the treatment I had received, and having a constitutional objection to being browbeaten, I determined to ascertain why the practice with regard to tickets on this road was so unlike that upon other roads. Having had time to recover my equanimity somewhat after the cars had started, and supposing the conductor might be still angry and unreasonable, I determined to put the case to him, as one gentleman would to another, and to exercise self-control, that my manner should be quiet and give him no cause for offence. Accordingly, as he approached me in taking up his tickets, I said, 'Mr. Conductor, there is no use for you and me to quarrel about this ticket. This is a plain business matter, an affair of dollars and cents only. The case stands like this: I am travelling nearly all the time; and being frequently compelled to diverge from the route that I intended to take in starting, I am left with unused coupons. These coupons all cost me money; and by the end of the year they would accumulate to such an extent that they would represent too large a sum for me to lose.'

"The conductor replied, 'That coupon is good from New Haven to New York, but it is not good from New York to New Haven. My directors ordered me, three years ago, not to take such tickets, and I shall not do it.' I then said, 'My position is this; I have paid this road a certain amount of money for a certain amount of service, and I think I am entitled to that amount of service, whether my face is turned east or west. You say this ticket is good from New Haven to New York, which is seventy-four miles; I think it is good from New York to New Haven, which is also seventy-four miles; and I cannot understand the distinction which you make.' A gentleman who sat before me remarked at this moment, 'If there is any meanness which has ever been discovered upon a railroad, it is sure to be found upon this one, for it is the meanest railroad ever laid out of doors.' I replied, 'If this is so, I hope they will make an exception in my case, as all I require are the common courtesies of the road and an equivalent for my money.' The conductor said, 'I see you are all linked together to make me trouble.' And he went along.

"The gentleman who had spoken to me requested to see my coupon, and remarked that he had never heard the question raised before, and certainly had never heard the case put in that way. He further remarked that, 'Whether it was law or not, it was common sense.' A part of the Board of Trade delegation of Boston was in the car, returning from the Philadelphia Convention. Among these were Mr. Curtis Guild, Mr. Eugene H. Sampson, and a prominent railroad director of Boston, Mr. B. B. Knight, a cotton manufacturer of Providence, and other gentlemen from both

cities. Several of these gentlemen, who had become interested in the discussion, requested to see the coupon, and they took the same view of the matter that I did.

"As we were approaching Stamford, the conductor again came to me, and said in a very abrupt manner, 'Well, sir! how shall we settle this matter?' I said, 'Just as before; there is the ticket, and I wish to go to New Haven; the circumstances have not altered in the least.' I had determined to take the matter quietly; the conductor saw that it was useless to attempt to frighten me by his imperious manner, and then began to remonstrate, saying, 'You have no business to make me disobey my directors, and lose my place upon the road; I have to get my living in this way, and it is mean for you to do so.' This was a new aspect of the case, and I replied, 'That is the only embarrassing question which has arisen in this discussion. I have no quarrel with you, and I would not do you a personal injury upon any consideration; but you and I both have travelled long enough to know that this matter is wholly within your discretion. You can take this coupon and turn it in at New York where you turn in your other tickets, and no one will know whether it is taken going east or going west, and no one will care.' My meaning was, that, as no injury was done, no injury could be known. He took the remark the other way; and said, in a sneering tone, evidently for the benefit of the other passengers, 'You might just as well ask me to steal ten dollars from the company, because they would not know it.' I replied, 'Theoretically, that may be true; but, practically, it is nonsense; you very well know that I have no intention to defraud this road; but in order to relieve you of all embarrassment about your position, I

will make you a proposition: Here is my address, and these gentlemen know that I am responsible; you take the ticket and turn it in, and if you are even reprimanded for it by your directors, write to me, and I will send you the money for the ticket, upon your promise as a gentleman that you will send the ticket to me again; for I shall want the ticket.'

"The passengers said, 'That was very fair and would avoid all trouble.' The conductor said, 'It is very fair, but I sha'n't do it, that's all; I want another ticket out of you, sir.' I said, 'I shall not give you one.' He said, 'Then I shall request you to get off this train at Stamford.' I replied, 'I shall just as politely decline to do so.' He said, 'Then I will put you off.' I replied in general terms, and with some natural heat, that I did not believe he was able to do it. He said, 'I guess I can put you off if I get help enough.' I told him that was undoubtedly true, but warned him that I would pursue the matter further, if he brought his roughs into the car and laid hands upon me.

"At this moment the elderly gentleman who sat in front of me rose and said, 'Mr. Conductor, I am a "railroad man" and in my judgment this gentleman's position is correct. If he brings it to an issue, I think he will beat you; but if you think he is not correct, but trying to evade his fare, the proper way is to telegraph to New Haven, and have a policeman come aboard and quietly arrest him; that is business-like; but don't you take the law into your own hands and throw him off the train, for that is not done nowadays upon any respectable railroad.' I said, 'Certainly, I will submit to a policeman, but I will not be thrown off by him.' The conductor sneeringly replied, 'We don't do business in

that style on this road.' I said, 'I have been aware of that for ten years past; and I propose to see if you cannot be compelled to do business in that style upon this road.' He said we were all against him, and he would leave it to the superintendent.

"The train had stopped in the mean time at Stamford. I paid no further attention to the conductor, but commenced reading. Very soon some one shouted, 'They are coming for you.' The conductor came in at the head of five or six rough brakemen and baggagemen, and said, pointing to me, 'This is the man; pull him out, and put him out on the platform.' They seized my coat and tried to roll me out of the seat. My coat tore, and they did not move me. This seemed to enrage them, and they sprang upon me like so many tigers. Two of them seized me by the legs, and as many as could got in back of the seat and seized me by the shoulders and commenced violently wrenching me from the seat. I instinctively grasped the arms of the seat, and they took the cushion and frame up with me. When they got me into the aisle, and had me completely at their mercy, three heavy blows with the clinched fist were struck upon the back of my head. Every individual in the car jumped to his feet the instant the blows were struck. The ladies screamed, and some of the gentlemen rushed to stop the conductor and his roughs from striking me. Fearing for my life, I struck one of the ruffians under the chin, and planted a blow square in the face of another. We had a hard struggle until they overpowered me. They carried me horizontally until they reached the car door, when they dropped my feet a little to pass through singly. I struck another away from me, and he went over be-

tween the cars. They fiercely grasped me again and threw me broadside from the platform of the car down upon the platform of the depot. I struck heavily on my side, my whole length. In this struggle they tore the flesh upon my arm and legs, and they ruptured me for life. The passengers swarmed out of the cars, and gave me their addresses. The superintendent came up, and I told him I would give him a dose of common law, and see if I could not teach him something. He said he would give me all the law I wanted, if I wished to test the case. I then ran and jumped on the train as it was in motion. The superintendent and his son and another man ran after and seized me around the body, stripped me off the car, and held me by main strength until the train was clear of the depot. As soon as they released me, I drew my through ticket from my pocket, and asked them why they held me. The superintendent started as though I had struck him, and said, 'Why didn't you show that ticket before, sir?' I said, 'Because it is not customary to show tickets in getting on at the way-stations, and you did not give me a chance.' He said, 'If you had been a gentleman, you would have shown that ticket.' I replied, 'I do not ask your opinion as to who is a gentleman, for you are no judge.' He said, 'You tried to steal your ride to New Haven and sell your ticket; and now we will give you all the law you want; and we'll show you that the laws in Connecticut are different from where you came from.'

"I took that for granted, and returned to New York. When I reached Boston again, I attached the New York and Boston express-train, partly owned by the New Haven road, in the Boston and Albany depot,

and brought suit against them in the Superior Court of Massachusetts for ten thousand dollars damages. The first trial of the case occurred in April, 1869. The judge charged directly against passengers upon every point. He ruled that the ticket was a contract. That the road had a right to make any rule it pleased for its own government; and if a passenger broke a rule, he was a trespasser; and, being a trespasser, the road had the same right to eject him from its cars that one of the jurymen had to eject a man from his private house if he did not want him there. The only question for the jury to consider was, whether an excess of violence had been used by the road in the maintenance of a right. The jury, after being out only one hour, awarded me thirty-three hundred dollars damages. The judge, at the request of the road, after several weeks' delay, set the verdict aside on the exclusive ground that the amount was excessive.

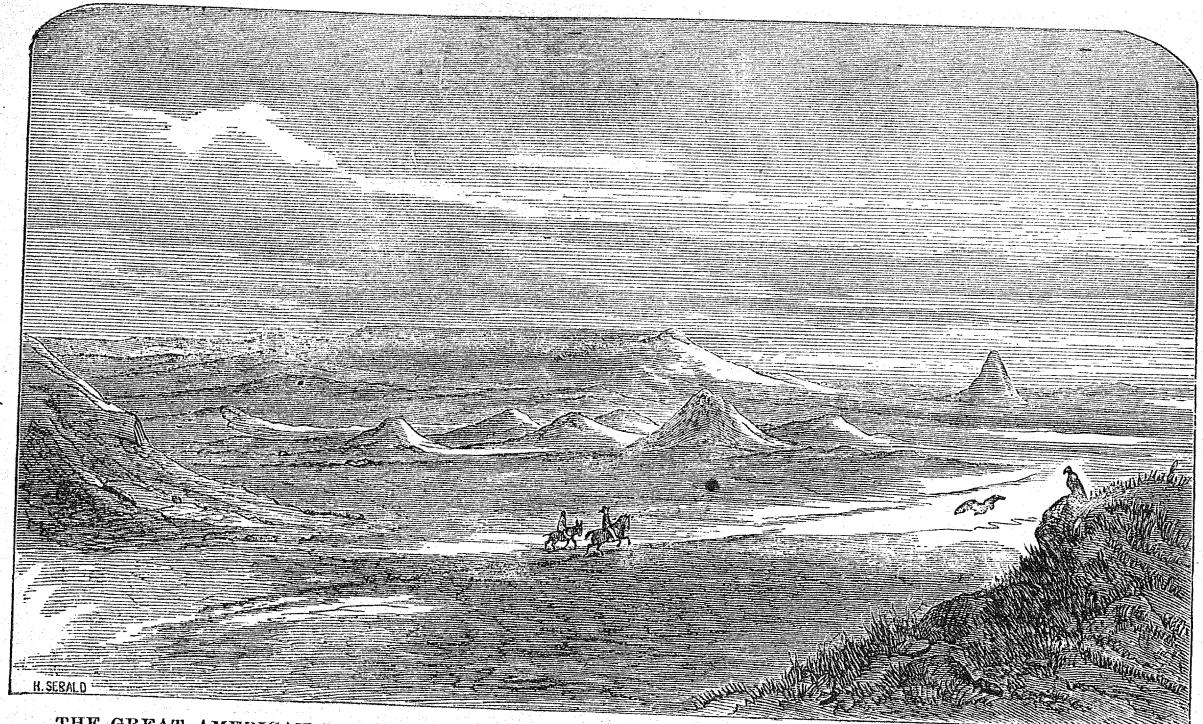
"The second trial occurred in the same court in January, 1870, and resulted in a disagreement of the jury. They stood eleven to one for me, and it was afterwards understood that the man who disagreed had been connected in some capacity with the road. The third trial took place in May, 1870, and resulted in an award of thirty-four hundred and fifty dollars damages. Again the road demanded a new trial, which the judge refused to grant. The road then appealed to the Supreme Court upon points of *law*. The judge in charging the jury had happened to say, that if the resistance of the plaintiff to ejectment from the car consisted in simply refusing to walk out when he was told to go by the conductor, of course blows on the head, such as had been testified to, were unnecessary; and if the jury were

satisfied that such blows had been given, a verdict should be rendered accordingly. This bit of common sense gave a new opportunity for the exhibition of that wonderful subtlety called 'law.' The Supreme Court, after the usual tedious delay of several months, in which plaintiff and witnesses had abundant time to die, gave the New York and New Haven Railway Corporation another opportunity to fulfil their threat of making it 'terrible for the public to fight it, right or wrong.' It decreed that the judge had no right to give an opinion as above, but should have left the question for the jury. Accordingly a new trial was granted, which took place in June, 1871. Up to this time three people connected with the suit had died, and one witness for the plaintiff had moved to Kansas; while young girls who were on the train when the outrage was committed had passed from girlhood through long courtships and were already matrons. However, with the impetuosity of a youthful temperament and the knowledge of a just cause, I made another onslaught upon the corporation after only thirteen months' delay since the last trial, and eventually obtained a verdict of thirty-five hundred dollars damages, after one hour's deliberation by the jury.

"For the fifth time the road demanded another trial, which being refused by the judge, they again appealed from his ruling to the Supreme Court. They asked the judge to charge the jury, that if the plaintiff had a tendency to hernia, or any physical disability that was liable to be increased by violence, the plaintiff ought to have so informed the employés of the road; and failing in that, he, and not the road, was responsible for the consequences. According to the railroad theory, there-

fore, if a gentleman is attacked by a scoundrel, unless the victim gives a complete diagnosis of his condition to the ruffian, he, and not the villian who struck him, is responsible for consequences when his skull is broken. To obtain the opinion of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upon this important point has taken twelve months more, but I am happy to be able to state, that at last one point is established by the Massachusetts courts in favor of the rights of railroad passengers, namely, that it is *not* necessary for a man to inform a ruffianly aggressor what his grandmother died of, nor to describe his hereditary symptoms, even though it is the employé of a railroad corporation who comes to strike him.

"The case was of simple brutal assault in a public railroad car. The witnesses for the plaintiff were well-known merchants of Boston, who were members of the Board of Trade, railroad directors, and steamboat men, as well as others, including ladies. Their testimony was clear and consistent throughout every trial. Pitted against their testimony was that of the brakemen, the baggage-men and the conductor, every one of whom was in the employment of the road and a party to the assault. Not a passenger who saw the outrage committed in the car was brought forward by the road. The testimony of the employés was so absurd upon the first trial, that the court was repeatedly interrupted by laughter. No testimony of theirs upon any after trial has been like that of the first, but was manufactured to suit the theory of the railroad. It has been privately admitted by the road that 'the facts were with me, but the law,' meaning, I suppose, the judge's rulings, 'was with them.' So simple a case would



THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT—THE COUNTRY THE PACIFIC RAILROADS PROPOSE TO IMPROVE!

have been disposed of at a single hearing in a minor court, had it occurred between two poor men. But I have been compelled to pass through four weary trials, lasting four years, gaining quick verdicts from juries, and being defeated only by the first judge, who granted a new trial to this railroad corporation, because thirty-three hundred dollars were excessive damages for the beating and rupturing of a man by their servants. Being the chief justice, his rulings, of course, were taken as the law by the associate judges who presided at the subsequent trials, and from whom I received great courtesy and fairness.

"But the contest is finished after the exhaustion of every legal advice, and there is something to be said about it in the interest of the public. I have been repeatedly told by parties interested in the road that the company had too much money to be beaten by me, and they would spend enough to defeat me. The paragraph at the head of this article is quoted from a statement made to me by an influential person connected with the corporation. These threats were of no consequence as applied to me, for their object was intimidation. They did not succeed. The corporation is beaten. I have received the money for damages which they said they would never pay, and my personal contest is ended. But these threats were not directed against myself alone, but against the public. If a limb is crushed by the negligence of the railroad men, *fight* instead of *pay* the victim, is their theory of dealing with the public; and they will remove all opposition by the power of wealth, influence with courts, and sheer terrorism. 'They may make any rules they please' for the public, and may carry out their arbitrary

designs against the people, in spite of decency or common sense." *

During the progress of the trials of this case, one of the officials of the road, in a conversation with Mr. Coleman, arrogantly announced the policy of his corporation in such matters, and in doing so revealed the policy of the entire system of which his road forms a part. "*The Road*," he said, "*has no personal animosity against you, Mr. Coleman, but you represent the public; and the Road is determined to make it so terrible to the public to fight it, right or wrong, that they will stop it. We are not going to be attacked in this way.*"

Let it be remembered. This is the policy of the numerous roads that traverse our country. Each corporation represents a large amount of wealth and power. It claims the right to do as it pleases, to violate the rights of the public whenever they come in conflict with its own selfish ends, and when the public undertakes to assert its rights in the courts, the road, using its wealth and power for this purpose, "will make it so terrible for the public to fight it, right or wrong, that they will stop it." In plain English, the road assumes to be the master instead of the servant of the public, and it is rapidly making good this assumption.

"Every year the power of the railroad corporations to trample upon the rights of the public is becoming greater, notwithstanding its proportions are already frightful. The corporations are centralizing power, making themselves a unit against the public. They

* The reader will find the whole of Mr. Coleman's able and interesting article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1872.

overawe and control the entire business of the country. This is no mere figure of speech. Two men equal in intelligence and means own mills situated upon roads converging at a certain point and equidistant from that point. Their conditions may be precisely alike, and both compete for the same market. By the ruling of the judge (in the Coleman case) the 'railroad has a right to make any rule it pleases for its own government,' and one of the roads makes a rule that its freight tariff shall be double the rates upon the other road. The profit is swept from the manufacturer, and the field given to his competitor upon that other road, his business is ruined, his mill is idle, and becomes worthless; he is shut up by the railroad. The freights may afford the road an exorbitant profit, but the 'road has a right to make any rule it pleases.' Does the public charter railroad corporations as pecuniary speculations against itself? Does the public take away private property and give it to a company of private individuals called a railway corporation, so that it may make any rule it pleases, and though it can carry the public at a handsome profit at two cents a mile, it may charge three, five, or ten cents per mile, at its pleasure? Does the public intend to furnish a set of men a weapon to cut its own throat? Does it intend deliberately to tax itself through them for a common service, so that a few favored individuals may become inordinately arrogant and rich?"

Mr. Coleman was very fortunate in securing substantial justice at the end of his long fight with the railroad. The company fought him persistently, resorting to every artifice, and it would seem that it did not hesitate to introduce manufactured testimony for

the purpose of defeating him. In the *Atlantic*, for May, 1873, in describing some of the incidents of the trial, Mr. Coleman says:

"The first witness was as prompt as a well-drilled recruit. He described the incidents of my ejection: the conductor called upon him and some of the other 'boys' to take a man out of the car; they attempted to carry out his order quietly, but the man refused to go; therefore they laid gentle hands on him, whereupon the man kicked and struck and bit, and he (the witness) had to take hold of the man's hands to restrain his violence. He swore positively that it took six men to move the man. In answer to an inviting question, he eagerly testified that he saw Mr. Coleman bite one of the boys on the arm,—right through the woollen garment that the man wore. The story was clear, concise, and told with an air of confidence that was quite impressive. 'Mr. Witness,' said my lawyer, beginning the cross-examination, 'you said just now that you saw Mr. Coleman bite one of the men?' 'Yes, sir; on the arm.' 'Which arm?' The witness hesitated; he was well prepared in generalities, but not in details. Presently he answered, 'The left arm.' 'How many men had hold of Mr. Coleman at this time?' 'One man was on his left side and another on his right, others had him by his legs, and I was in front.' 'These men were *abreast* of Mr. Coleman, taking him out squarely through the car, were they?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Will you swear to that positively?' '*Yes*, sir,' said the witness, resolutely. 'Careful, now; are you *sure* of that?' 'Yes, *sir*; I am *sure* of it.' 'On which side of Mr. Coleman was the man who was bitten?' Again the witness hesitated, and his face,

hitherto calm, grew flushed and anxious. But he answered at last, 'The left side, sir.' 'Will you swear positively to that also?' '*Yes*, sir; I swear positively to it.' 'Now, sir,' resumed the lawyer, 'do you not know that a man of Mr. Coleman's breadth in that narrow car-aisle would completely fill it, so that neither two men nor one could stand at his side, as you swear they did?' Flustered, but not daunted, the witness explained, 'The men were a little *back* of Mr. Coleman;' and witness quitted the stand, leaving the court to meditate on the strange spectacle of a man curving his giraffe-like neck, and fastening his teeth in the *left* arm of a man who stood on his *left* side, and a 'little *back* of him!'

"Several other honest witnesses gave similar testimony as to the biting, and as to the violent behavior of the plaintiff, and the gentle but firm deportment of the railroad men; these latter struck no blows, but several were delivered by the plaintiff. The harmony of the witnesses was beautiful. They seemed to have beheld the scenes which they described with a single eye: as to the biting, the arm bitten, and the position of the biter, their agreement was perfect. At this stage of the proceedings a recess was taken. On the reassembling of the court, other witnesses for the railroad were examined; but, strange to say, not one of them could give any particular information as to the biting; they swore that Mr. Coleman *did* bite, but though they had enjoyed the same opportunities for observation with their predecessors on the stand, they 'couldn't exactly remember the details.' Such is the effect of lunch.

"The conductor told a plausible story, modelled carefully on my own statement, but differing in certain

points that could be turned against me. It will be remembered that he told me in the cars that the directors had made a 'rule' forbidding him to take tickets backward. On cross-examination, my counsel asked him where he was accustomed to turn in his tickets to the company. He attempted to evade the question again and again, but finally answered, with painful reluctance, 'in New York.' It was further extorted from him that the tickets were turned in at New York whether taken in going to or from that city; *that it made no difference which way my coupon was used;* and, finally, that the directors of the road had never given him (as he asserted to me) a rule against taking coupons 'backward,' but that the superintendent had verbally ordered him not to take them, about three years before! This superintendent, who, with his son, wrenched me from the train at Stamford when I attempted to re-enter it after my ejection, was obliged to swear that it was the exclusive right of the directors to make 'rules,' and, further, that they never had made a 'rule' touching the ticket question; he himself having verbally instructed the conductors not to take tickets 'backward,' which he had no shadow of authority to do. Thus it seems that the 'rule' for the violation of which I had been mildly rebuked by the servants of the railroad—a violation which was the soul of the defence, its single excuse and answer to my allegations—*was not a 'rule' at all, but a mere verbal order given by an unauthorized person.* Yet, in the face of the declaration, by one of the highest officers of the road, that there was no 'rule,' the judge charged the jury that a 'rule' had been broken, that I was a trespasser, and that the railroad company had a right to eject me from the train, em-

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ploying the necessary force and no more! Such a charge concerns every person in the community; for it seems that any of us, *for disobedience to a non-existent rule*, may be brutally dragged from a railway car, and, seeking redress, shall be informed by the court that the railway company is responsible only for 'excess of violence.'

"The examination of the superintendent having been concluded, the counsel for the railroad stated to the court that the victim of Mr Coleman's carnivorous ferocity had been discharged from the road immediately after his mifortune; that diligent search had been made for him, but in vain. By one of those dramatic felicities, so frequent in fiction and so rare in real life, just at this juncture a telegram was brought in announcing that the bitten man had been found, and would arrive on a train due in ten minutes. The judge granted the delay asked for, and the spectators brightened up in anticipation of new and measurably tragic revelations. The delay was brief. In a few minutes the door of the court room was thrust open, and in rushed the witness, breathless with haste. A brisk, bronzed person he was, self-contained and self-satisfied, with locomotive gait, and a habit of gesture suggestive of brake-rods. He mounted the witness stand, was sworn, and delivered his direct testimony with easy indifference, coupling his sentences as he would couple cars, with a jerk. This is his story in brief: 'The conductor c'm out the car 'n' said, "'S man in there want ye t' take out." Went in the car, and he said, "That's th' man: put 'im out!" I jes' took 'im up and carried him out through the car out on t' th' platform th' depôt, an' took 'n' set 'im down, an' never hurt him a mite.' 'Did Mr. Coleman bite

you?' inquired the counsel for the railroad. 'Yes, sir.' 'Did he bite you on the arm?' 'Yes, sir.' The lawyer asked him no more questions, evidently satisfied with the effect of his evidence thus far, and possibly remembering that, unlike the other witnesses for the road, he had not enjoyed the benefit of lunch. Remitted to my counsel for cross-examination, the witness, well pleased with his success, and confident in his own powers, met the inquisitorial onset with calm dignity.

"'Mr. Witness,' said the lawyer, 'you were in the car on the day when Mr. Coleman was taken out, were you?' 'Yes, sir; I took him out myself.' 'Ah! you assisted the men to take him out, did you?' 'No, *sir;* didn't have no men; took him out myself.' 'Oh! you took him out alone, then?' 'Yes, sir; took him out alone.' 'You swear to that?' 'Yes, sir; swear to it.' 'Nobody helped you?' 'No, sir; took him out myself.' 'Well, sir,' pursued the lawyer, 'you must be a stout fellow to handle a man like that. Won't you please describe just how you took him out?' 'Well, I jes' went up to th' man, reached one arm 'round his neck, so fashion, had his head right up here on my arm, 'n' I jes' took 'im right through the car out on t' the platform th' depôt, an' set 'im down and never hurt 'im a mite.'

"Every face was intent upon the witness, and not a sound was heard save his voice, though there were premonitory symptoms of laughter. With a suavity delightful to see, the lawyer said, while he scanned the compact frame of the witness, 'Why, you must be a powerful fellow!' 'Yes, *sir;* I'm big enough for him.' 'Well, now, will you be kind enough to tell the jury, did Mr. Coleman strike anybody?' 'No, sir; I didn't

give 'im no chance; I had 'im.' 'You swear to that positively?' 'Yes, sir.' A look of dismay and disgust settled upon the faces of the earlier witnesses for the road, who had graphically and minutely described my violent resistance, my kicks and blows. The spectators giggled, and even the judge relaxed the solemnity of his visage. 'Did anybody strike Mr. Coleman?' continued the lawyer. '*No*, sir; I had 'im and didn't give 'em no chance.' 'You swear to that, too?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, Mr. Witness, when you had Mr. Coleman's head upon your arm, as you described, I suppose you had his face turned a little toward your breast?' The witness, eagerly following this description of the situation and the gestures which illustrated it, his face now flushed and beaded with perspiration (for the work was harder than he had thought it), nodded assent. 'Mr. Coleman's mouth, then, would come about there?' inquired the lawyer, pointing to the inside of the arm, next to the body. 'Yes, sir; that's just the place where he bit me.' 'You swear to that positively?' 'Yes, sir, positively.' All the witnesses for the road, except the conductor, who did not commit himself as to the biting, swore emphatically that the bite was on the outside of the left arm, some of them placing the bitten man upon the left of the biter; and now comes a third untutored witness, who claimed to be the sufferer, and who of course ought to know the place of the bite, testifying with equal positiveness that the bite was on the inside of his arm. Even the counsel for the road could not refuse to join in the universal merriment which ensued.

"On subsequent trials all this testimony as to the biting was rearranged. The victim of my ferocity was obliged to share the honor of taking me out with five

auxiliaries, and the bite was transferred to his *right* arm. Being a draughtsman, I had measured the car, and was ready with a drawing to show that the new theories of the defence as to the method of taking me out left just three inches for the movement of each stalwart brakeman as he walked at my side.

"I suppose that I need give no extended report of the argument of the road's counsel. He took the highest ground—the ground that the public had no right to question the management of the road; that the company owned it, and had the right to manage it as any other property is managed by a private corporation; that is, he denied the fact that *the public is virtually a partner* in railroad companies, which it creates and lifts into power by grants of franchises and land. Indeed, this distinction between public and private corporations has been carefully ignored by the judiciary of the country; and to this the present alarming domination of railroad corporations is mainly traceable.

"I may say, for the encouragement of those who look to the courts for deliverance from a railroad tyranny, whose bonds the judiciary seems willing enough to rivet, that, in every trial, my counsel carried the jury with him, one single juror of the forty-eight excepted. This juror was said to have been formerly an employé of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The action of the several juries, so far as the public is concerned in it, is satisfactory and cheering; for it indicates unmistakably that the spring of railroad power in our courts is not in the deliberate judgment of intelligent men; but the judges' charges were in effect restatements of the arguments of the counsel for the railroad touching the general question of the rights and

powers of railroads. The juries were instructed that the public has no voice in the affairs of railroads; that contracts with passengers were to be made on conditions fixed by one party, the railroad; that if a passenger violated its regulations, an assault upon him by the agents of the corporation was justifiable, though these latter must be careful to avoid excess of violence. The juries were also instructed that if they found that, in this case, the defendants had employed an excess of violence, they must not allow punitive damages, but only such as would compensate the plaintiff for his injuries. Despite these instructions the four juries promptly brought in verdicts in my favor, each one giving heavier damages than its immediate predecessor. On the second trial the jury disagreed, owing to one of its members; I am informed that many of his associates desired to award me $15,000. The first jury agreed upon a verdict of $10,000; but one of their number, versed in the ways of courts, suggested that it would probably be set aside, and that I would consequently be subjected to great trouble and expense; so they reduced the figures to $3300, which was increased to $3500 on the last trial."

All persons are not so lucky as Mr. Coleman. Very few of those who have the courage to seek redress for injuries sustained, succeed in obtaining justice. They must be possessed of either the patience of Job or the wealth of Crœsus to maintain their cases against the roads. Instances will occur to every reader of these pages of acts of railroad tyranny. He may himself have been the victim of some outrage of this kind.

A few years previous to the war, the writer chanced to be travelling on the Washington Branch of the

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, coming from the Capital to Baltimore. Among the passengers was a negro man, who had no ticket. When the conductor demanded of him his ticket, he was unable to produce it, and the official at once and very properly told him he must pay his fare. The poor fellow was terribly confused, and began a stammering explanation of his position. The conductor lost patience, and pulled the bell cord to stop the train. Then, summoning a brakesman to his aid, he seized the poor negro, who made no resistance, and pushed him out upon the platform. There the unfortunate wretch was seized by the two "officials," and, before the train had fairly stopped, was literally thrown from the platform to the ground beyond the track. He fell heavily, and was doubtless injured, but it was impossible to tell, for the train shot forward again, and the unfortunate victim of railroad brutality was left behind.

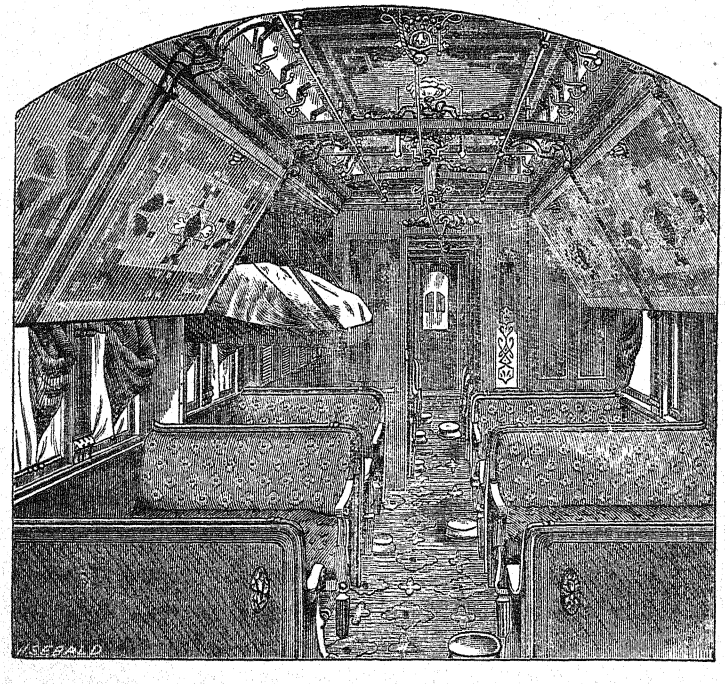
Now, suppose this man had been killed by the fall, when thrown from the train, does any one suppose the conductor would have suffered for his crime? The whole power of this very powerful road would have been exerted to shield him. The victim was but a negro, and in those days a poor African had no right—not even the right to his life. In case he had been killed, his master might have demanded his value in money from the road; it would have been refused, and a suit would have been necessary to recover it. Even then the chances would have been in favor of the road.

Some three years ago—perhaps not so long—a train on the New Jersey Railroad was crossing the Hackensack Meadows, which lie between Newark and

Jersey City. It was night, and a very dark night at that. One of the passengers was found to have lost his ticket. The conductor refused to accept his explanation. He must pay his fare a second time or leave the train. He refused to submit to the outrage. He was hustled to the platform; but no effort was made to stop the train, which at this moment swept on to the open bridge which crosses the Hackensack river on the outskirts of Jersey City. Another push from the ruffians in charge of the train, and the man was thrown to the floor of the bridge. The momentum of the train made it impossible for him to secure a foothold upon the bridge. He rolled helplessly over the side and into the river, where he was drowned. There was no one to blame, in the opinion of the officials of the road, and every effort was made to prevent an investigation and "keep the matter quiet." No one was punished. The murdered man had dared to refuse to pay twice for his ride, and his life was forfeit to the company.

Another instance is that of a man who embarked upon a train in a neighboring State, and was too drunk either to pay his fare or to answer the questions of the conductor. The train was stopped, and he was thrust from it, at a considerable distance from any station. In his helpless condition he staggered on to the track and fell upon it in a drunken stupor. An hour later, a train, following that from which he had been ejected, ran over him as he lay on the rails, and killed him.

In the State of Vermont, not long since, an old lady and her daughter, believing that railroad tickets are "good until used," took passage on one of the night trains on a certain road, and, securing berths in the



INTERIOR OF PALACE CAR.

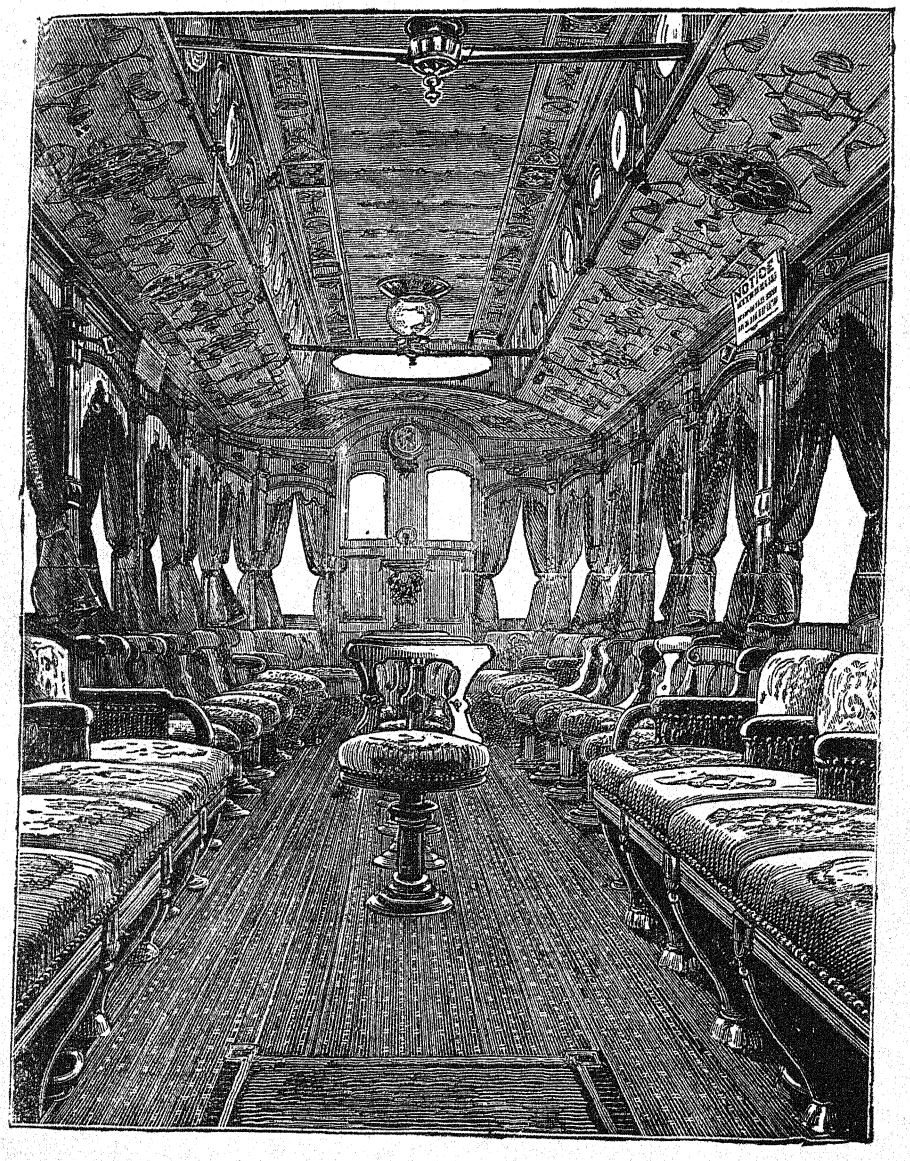
sleeping car, proceeded to make themselves comfortable for the night. About midnight they were aroused by the conductor, who had discovered that their tickets were two or three days old, or, in other words, had been purchased two or three days before. He pronounced the tickets worthless, and demanded that they should pay their fares in money. This they declined to do. In spite of the lateness of the hour, and the fact that a heavy rain was falling at the time, the conductor compelled them to leave the train at a little wayside station, where they could procure only shelter from the storm in the cold and dirty waiting-room of the depôt.

In the city of New York, the Fourth avenue, from Forty-second street to the Harlem river, is used by the trains of the New York Central & Hudson River, the New York, Harlem & Albany, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads. Along this thoroughfare, which is intersected by some ninety odd of the "cross streets" of the city, about eighty trains pass up and down every day. Although in the heart of the city, a dangerously high rate of speed is maintained. Within a single month, as many as three persons have been cut down and killed by the railroad trains, and others have been more or less injured. No one has been punished. The roads using the track hold their officials blameless, and exert their power—the power of the Vanderbilt Monopoly—to prevent investigation and screen the offenders from punishment.

The truth is, that railroads, having learned to disregard individual rights, have come to disregard human life. They kill and maim with utter recklessness, and insolently deny the right of the victims to seek redress for their injuries.

Descending to minor points, we find the roads intent upon making money and careless of the comfort of their passengers. A traveller purchasing a ticket is promised by the road a seat in the car in which he is to travel. Frequently the train is crowded, and there are no seats left to the late-comers, who must stand during the entire journey. Should the injured party in this case complain to the company of a breach of contract on their part, he would simply be laughed at.

Very many lines are now using Palace and Drawing-



THE PARLOR CAR—EXTRA CHARGE FOR ITS USE.

room cars, for admission to which passengers are required to pay a sum in excess of the regular fare. These cars are luxurious and comfortable, and few, who are able to afford it, neglect to use them. There is no reason why they should not be attached to every train. The roads using them, however, do not leave their occupancy to the discretion of the passenger. They compel him to use them by providing an insufficient number of ordinary cars, or cars which are so filthy and uncomfortable that men gladly pay the extra charge to escape from them.

Who is there that has travelled but could tell an eloquent tale of loss in the matter of baggage? It is safe to say, that thousands of dollars are lost annually by the travelling public in the way of trunks and portmanteaus, broken or injured by the carelessness of railroad employés.

But travellers are not the only victims of the "Company's" disregard of private rights. The vast army of shippers of freight throughout the Union represent another class of sufferers; and each man of this class could tell his tale of individual wrong. We could multiply instances; but to do so, would simply fatigue the reader. One characteristic case shall serve to illustrate this feature of railroad tyranny. It is told in the circular of a Boston firm addressed to its Western correspondents, and it shows in a vigorous light the utter helplessness of the individual in his struggle with the great corporations:

"BOSTON, *October* 31, 1872.

"GENTLEMEN: On account of the unusual and unwarranted action of the Boston & Albany Railroad

Co., in sending broadcast through the West public notice that no property consigned us would be received by them at Albany for transportation to us, unless freight and charges on such were prepaid, we are forced to take this course to set us right with our friends and shippers throughout the West. During the past two years we have received considerable grain over the Red, White, and Blue Transit Lines, such coming to this city over the B. & A. R. R., one of the co-partners to such lines. This grain has been largely short in weight, the losses in transit on cars being many times large and often excessive. We have repeatedly called attention of the R. R. Co. to such shortages, but they have invariably, and usually in an arrogant and arbitrary way (a way peculiar to this corporation, as our merchants all can testify to), refused to pay any attention to our demands. We have submitted to this species of robbery as long as we feel inclined to, and now, having been thus forced to it, take the stand, that, as common carriers, the railroads are liable, and should be held responsible, for failure to deliver property intrusted to them, in like good order and quantity as received by them; that, when we can prove a certain quantity shipped in a car at the West, we are entitled to a like quantity delivered us here, or payment for the shortage. We therefore declined paying the B. & A. R. R. Co. a lot of their freight bills unless they would allow our shortages, which we were desirous of having them look into, to satisfy themselves as to the justice of. They, however, most positively refused to notice our claims against them, but said we must pay their bills as presented, *right* or *wrong*, and, if wrong, trust to their refunding them when they see fit; and as

we have not submitted to their arbitrary demands, but have decided to hold out, and let our courts settle the question, they have taken the course—as it seems to us out of sheer malice, to injure us—of notifying all their Western connections to refuse all property consigned us unless freight was prepaid. This is not through fear that they shall lose by us on freight their due, as they have commenced suit against us for amount of their bills, and we have given them a bond to cover the same, so they are secure on that score; but it is done simply so to annoy us as to make us *surrender unconditionally* to them. We propose to see, however, if we have any rights at all in the matter, or whether the railroad corporations are the supreme law in themselves, and everything must yield to them. The B. & A. R. R. Co. have even gone so far as to refuse to receive at Albany grain for which we hold through bills of lading, contracting to deliver such at East Boston; and through their influence flour and bran in transit to us, and for which we also hold through bills of lading, contracting to deliver such at East Boston, have been stopped at Toledo and Cleveland. We are also daily in receipt of advices from our friends, that cars for shipments intended for us are being refused by them at all points throughout the West.

"SCUDDER, BARTLETT & Co."

The instances given are enough to sustain our position—that the railroads recognize no such thing as individual rights. Neither do they recognize nor respect the rights of the public as represented by the State. They are humble enough, plausible enough

until the charter is granted and the road built. Then they do not hesitate to defy even the power of the State. They have little to fear from the courts; and they understand the art of managing State Legislatures. Nay, even the National Congress is regarded as subject to them.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTURE OF THE COURTS.

Sources of Redress for the People against Railroad Tyranny—Failure of the Courts to afford Protection—Efforts of the Railroads to debauch the Courts of Justice—The Free Pass System—Judicial Stockholders—Designs of the Railroads upon the Law—A Case in Point—How the Erie Road managed the Courts—A New System of Railroad Jurisprudence—Curious Details—How Boss Tweed became a Director of Erie—Efforts of Fisk & Co. to lock up Money—Daniel Drew beaten—The Government intervenes—The War in the Courts—The Value of an Injunction—How the Law was made to aid Sharp Practice—Mr. Jas. Fisk's little Journey—The Country Judge *vs.* The City Judge—The Railroad makes War on the Press—Arrest of Mr. Samuel Bowles—Justice turned against the People.

WHEN the individual, or the community, is aggrieved by the railroad, redress may be sought from two sources—the legislature and the courts. These august bodies are popularly supposed to be the very centres and fountains of justice; *but are they?*

People are beginning to lose their faith in the courts—in judges and juries. Recent developments have shown that men who should be spotless are not fit to sit in judgment upon a case involving such issues as are presented in a matter between an individnal and a great corporation. Judges, attorneys, and jurors are often directly or indirectly interested in the cause of the corporation, because they are holders of stock or bonds of some similar enterprise. Or, if the judge be not a stock or bond holder, he has no doubt received at various times courtesies from the road, or some road, in the shape of free passes and the like, which incline him

toward the side of the corporation. Railroad men are keen judges of human nature. They understand the use and effect of a free pass. They never give the use of them and its facilities from mere friendship or admiration for a man, be he never so famous. They grant the favor with the distinct expectation of some day asking and receiving an equivalent. It has been charged in the public press that a judge of one of the Western Supreme Courts permits a railroad corporation, which is a party to several suits pending before him, to transport, free of charge, building material for his new house, thereby saving him from five hundred to one thousand dollars in freight money. Railroad companies are always glad to number judges of the State courts, and Members of Congress among their stockholders, and it is common to make very great concessions to these gentlemen in their purchases. As the late Mr. Oakes Ames expressed it, they are "let in on the ground floor."

Appreciating the fact that their interests and those of the public are antagonistic, the railroads of this country have deliberately undertaken to beat the people, and to cheat them out of their rights. In order to accomplish this they have set to work to corrupt and capture both the legislative and the judiciary powers of the States.

The history of the Erie Railroad is very instructive of the daring of railroad corporations, and the lengths to which they are willing to go in their outrages upon the public. It is also suggestive as showing just what can be done in the courts when "properly managed." The following account of one of the "Erie fights," will show how easily the courts can be manipulated by the great corporations.



WILLIAM M. TWEED, FORMERLY A DIRECTOR IN THE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY.

The Erie road had, at the time of the occurrences related below, settled its first quarrel with Mr. Vanderbilt, and had passed into the hands of Messrs. James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould, Mr. Drew having retired from the treasurership of the corporation. The first step of Messrs. Gould and Fisk, upon obtaining possession of the road, had been to dismiss the old Board of Auditors, and to concentrate all the power in their own hands as president, treasurer, and controller. Fortu-

nately for them, it being summer, the receipts of the road were very heavy at that time, and the stock had suddenly come into great favor in the English market, and was selling rapidly in London. A new feature was now introduced into the road, and Peter B. Sweeney and William M. Tweed were admitted to the Board of Directors. Erie had formed an alliance with Tammany. The infamous Ring of New York, then in the height of its power, had bound itself to sustain the road in any of its outrages. The annual election of the Board of Directors was at hand, and the only fear felt by Messrs. Fisk, Gould & Co. was, that their powerful rival, Commodore Vanderbilt, who was supposed to cherish still his designs upon the road, might obtain possession of a sufficient amount of stock to give him control of the election. In order to prevent this, the transfer books of the company were closed about thirty days ahead of the usual time previous to an election. The device was successful; the election passed off quietly, with no opposition. Fisk and Gould succeeded in reëlecting themselves and their friends, and Tweed and Sweeney were included in the board, and the alliance with Tammany formed as above stated.

The month of October, 1868, witnessed the formation of this new combination. The same month witnessed the beginning of one of their most determined efforts to rob the community and enrich themselves. Their plan was to take advantage of the stringency existing in the money market, in consequence of the demand for ready money from the rural districts for the purpose of moving the year's harvest, and by suddenly throwing a new issue of stock into Wall street, produce such a depression in the stock of their road as would

enable them, subsequently, to buy up the stock of the road at their own figures, and by producing a greater stringency, compel the dealers to pay them a usurious rate of interest for the use of money and the carrying of stocks.

"Towards the end of October it had become perfectly notorious in Wall street that large new issues of Erie had been made, and that these new issues were intimately connected with the sharp stringency then existing in the money market." On the 27th of October, the Stock Exchange appointed a committee to wait upon the officers of the road for the purpose of procuring such information respecting these new issues as they might be willing to afford. The committee waited upon Mr. Gould, but received only vague assurances. "Mr. Gould informed them that Erie convertible bonds for ten millions of dollars had been issued, half of which had already been, and the rest of which would be, converted into stock; that the money had been devoted to the purchase of Boston, Hartford & Erie bonds for five millions, and also—of course—to payments for steel rails." The committee endeavored to ascertain if any further issue of stock was contemplated, but were told by Mr. Gould that no new issue was contemplated at that time, except "in certain contingencies;" which mysterious phrase the acute financier declined to explain. The committee went back to the Exchange with the conviction that Erie meant mischief and was not to be depended on. Meanwhile, vague rumors concerning the new issue began to pervade the street, and to alarm the brokers. "It was not until months afterwards that a sworn statement of the secretary of the Erie Railway revealed the fact that the stock of the corporation had been increased from $34,265,300 on the 1st of July, 1868, the



JAY GOULD.

date when Drew and his associates had left it, to $57,-766,300 on the 24th of October of the same year, or by two hundred and thirty-five thousand shares in four months. This, too, had been done without consultation with the Board of Directors, and with no other authority than that conferred by the ambiguous resolution of February 19th. Under that resolution the stock of the company had now been increased one hundred and thirty-eight per cent. in eight months."

The suspicions of the committee of the Stock Exchange were soon verified, for the Erie managers at once threw off all reserve, and by forcing new issues of stock upon the market, gradually forced the price of Erie down to 35. The banks, taking the alarm, and knowing what a terrible disaster to them a general panic in the stock market foreboded, held on to their greenbacks, until the enormous sum of twelve millions of dollars was locked up and withdrawn from circulation. The effect upon the money market was terrible, and the business of the whole country suffered in sympathy with it. Prices of all kinds declined, and trade in every branch began to drop off. The movement of the crops of the year was brought to a sudden stop, it was almost impossible to negotiate a loan; and as much as one and a half per cent. a day was paid for carrying stocks. Wall street and its gamblers were lost sight of in the general distress of the country, and it was evident that unless some relief was speedily found, the reckless men who had brought about the trouble would drive the entire mercantile community into one of the most terrible convulsions it had ever experienced. When matters had reached this alarming point, the General Government intervened in the interests of le-

gitimate business, and the Erie managers were informed that fifty millions of additional currency would be issued if necessary to relieve the community. This threat—and only this—brought the conspirators to a halt.

They had calculated their movements well, however, and they now wheeled about and began to run up the stock, and instantly sent it from 40 up to 50.

"At this point Mr. Daniel Drew once more made his appearance on the stage. . . . At first he had combined with his old friends, the present directors, in their 'locking-up' conspiracy. He had agreed to assist them to the extent of four millions. The vacillating, timid nature of the man, however, could not keep pace with his more daring and determined associates, and after embarking a million, becoming alarmed at the success of the joint operations and the remonstrances of those who were threatened with ruin, he withdrew his funds from the operators' control, and himself from their councils. But though he did not care to run the risk or to incur the odium, he had no sort of objection to sharing the spoils. Knowing, therefore, or supposing that he knew, the plan of campaign, and that plan jumping with his own bearish inclinations, he continued, on his own account, operations looking for a fall. One may easily conceive the wrath of the Erie operators at such a treacherous policy; and it is not difficult to imagine their vows of vengeance. Meanwhile all went well with Daniel Drew. Erie looked worse and worse, and the golden harvest seemed drawing near. By the middle of November he had contracted for the delivery of some seventy thousand shares at current prices, averaging, perhaps, 38, and probably was counting his gains. He did not appreciate the full power and resources of



MR. DREW CALLS ON MR. FISK.

his old associates. On the 14th of November their tactics changed, and he found himself involved in terrible entanglements,—hopelessly cornered. His position disclosed itself on Saturday. Naturally the first impulse was to have recourse to the courts. An injunction—a dozen injunctions—could be had for the asking, but, unfortunately, could be had by both parties. Drew's own recent experience, and his intimate acquaintance with the characters of Fisk and Gould, were not calculated to inspire him with much confidence in the efficacy of the law. But nothing else remained, and, after hurried

consultations among the victims, the lawyers were applied to, the affidavits were prepared, and it was decided to repair on the following Monday to the so-called courts of justice.

"Nature, however, had not bestowed on Daniel Drew the steady nerve and sturdy gambler's pride of either Vanderbilt or of his old companions at Jersey City. His mind wavered and hesitated between different courses of action. His only care was for himself, his only thought was of his own position. He was willing to betray one party or the other, as the case might be. He had given his affidavit to those who were to bring the suit on the Monday, but he stood perfectly ready to employ Sunday in betraying their counsels to the defendants in the suit. A position more contemptible, a state of mind more pitiable, can hardly be conceived. After passing the night in this abject condition, on the morning of Sunday he sought out Mr. Fisk for purposes of self-humiliation and treachery.* He then partially revealed the difficulties of his situation, only to have his confidant prove to him how entirely he was caught, by completing to him the revelation. He betrayed the secrets of his new allies, and bemoaned his own hard fate; he was thereupon comforted by Mr. Fisk with the cheery remark that "he (Drew) was the last man who ought to whine over any position in which he placed himself in regard to Erie." The poor man begged to see Mr. Gould, and would take no denial. Finally Mr. Gould was brought in, and the scene was repeated for his edification. The two must have been satiated

* It ought perhaps to be stated that this portion of the narrative has no stronger foundation than an affidavit of Mr. Fisk, which has not, however, been publicly contradicted.

with revenge. At last they sent him away, promising to see him again that evening. At the hour named he again appeared, and, after waiting their convenience,—for they spared him no humiliation,—he again appealed to them, offering them great sums if they would issue new stock or lend him of their stock. He implored, he argued, he threatened. At the end of two hours of humiliation, persuaded that it was all in vain, that he was wholly in the power of antagonists without mercy, he took his hat, said, 'I will bid you good night,' and went his way.

"With the lords of Erie forewarned was forearmed. They knew something of the method of procedure in New York courts of law. At this particular juncture Mr. Justice Sutherland, a magistrate of such pure character and unsullied reputation that it is inexplicable how he ever came to be elevated to the bench on which he sits, was holding chambers, according to assignment, for the four weeks between the first Monday in November and the first Monday in December. By a rule of the court, all applications for orders during that time were to be made before him, and he only, according to the courtesy of the Bench, took cognizance of such proceedings. Some general arrangement of this nature is manifestly necessary to avoid continual conflicts of jurisdiction. The details of the assault on the Erie directors having been settled, counsel appeared before Judge Sutherland on Monday morning, and petitioned for an injunction restraining the Erie directors from any new issue of stock or the removal of the funds of the company beyond the jurisdiction of the court, and also asking that the road be placed in the hands of a receiver. The suit was brought in the name of Mr.

August Belmont, who was supposed to represent large foreign holders. The petition set forth at length the alleged facts in the case, and was supported by the affidavits of Mr. Drew and others. Mr. Drew apparently did not inform the counsel of the manner in which he had passed his leisure hours on the previous day; had he done so, Mr. Belmont's counsel probably would have expedited their movements. The injunction was, however, duly signed, and, doubtless, immediately served.

"Meanwhile Messrs. Gould and Fisk had not been idle. Applications for injunctions and receiverships were a game which two could play at; and long experience had taught these close observers the very great value of the initiative in law. Accordingly, some two hours before the Belmont application was made, they had sought no less a person than Mr. Justice Barnard, caught him, as it were, either in his bed or at his breakfast, whereupon he had held a *lit de justice*, and made divers astonishing orders. A petition was presented in the name of one McIntosh, a salaried officer of the Erie road, who claimed also to be a shareholder. It set forth the danger of injunctions and of the appointment of a receiver, the great injury likely to result therefrom, etc. After due consideration on the part of Judge Barnard, an injunction was issued, staying and restraining all suits, and actually appointing Jay Gould receiver, to hold and disburse the funds of the company in accordance with the resolutions of the Board of Directors and the Executive Committee. This certainly was a very brilliant flank movement, and testified not less emphatically to Gould's genius than to Barnard's law; but most of all did it testify to the efficacy of the new combination between Tammany Hall and the Erie

Railway. Since the passage of the bill 'to legalize counterfeit money,' in April, and the present November, new light had burst upon the judicial mind; and as the news of one injunction and a vague rumor of the other crept through Wall street that day, it was no wonder that operators stood aghast and that Erie fluctuated wildly from 50 to 61 and back to 48.

"The Erie directors, however, did not rest satisfied with the position which they had won through Judge Barnard's order. That simply placed them, as it were, in a strong defensive attitude. They were not the men to stop there: they aspired to nothing less than a vigorous offensive. With a superb audacity, which excites admiration, the new trustee immediately filed a supplementary petition. Therein it was duly set forth that doubts had been raised as to the legality of the recent issue of some two hundred thousand shares of stock, and that only about this amount was to be had in America; the trustee therefore petitioned for authority to use the funds of the corporation to purchase and cancel the whole of this amount at any price less than the par value, without regard to the rate at which it had been issued. The desired authority was conferred by Mr. Justice Barnard as soon as asked. Human assurance could go no further. The petitioners had issued these shares in the bear interest at 40, and had run down the value of Erie to 35; they had then turned around, and were now empowered to buy back that very stock in the bull interest, and in the name and with the funds of the corporation, at par. A law of the State distinctly forbade corporations from operating in their own stock; but this law was disregarded as if it had been only an injunction. An injunction

forbade the treasurer from making any disposition of the funds of the company, and this injunction was respected no more than the law. These trustees had sold the property of their wards at 40; they were now prepared to use the money of their wards to buy back the same property at 80, and a judge had been found to confer on them the power to do so."

The result of the fight in the stock market was that Drew was beaten. He made good his contracts at 57, and lost, as was generally supposed at the time, a million and a half of dollars.

From the Stock Board the battle was shifted to the Courts.

"On Monday, November 23d, Judge Sutherland vacated Judge Barnard's order appointing Jay Gould receiver, and, after seven hours' argument and some exhibitions of vulgarity and indecency on the part of counsel, which vied with those of the previous April, he appointed Mr. Davies, an ex-chief justice of the Court of Appeals, receiver of the road and its franchise, leaving the special terms of the order to be settled at a future day. The seven hours' struggle had not been without an object; that day Judge Barnard had been peculiarly active. The morning hours he had beguiled by the delivery to the grand jury of one of the most astounding charges ever recorded; and now, as the shades of evening were falling, he closed the labors of the day by issuing a stay of the proceedings then pending before his associate. Tuesday had been named by Judge Sutherland, at the time he appointed his receiver, as the day upon which he would settle the details of the order. His first proceeding upon that day, on finding his action stayed by Judge Barnard, was to grant a

motion to show cause, on the next day, why Barnard's order should not be vacated. This style of warfare, however, savored too much of the tame defensive to meet successfully the bold strategy of Messrs. Gould and Fisk. They carried the war into Africa. In the twenty-four hours during which Judge Sutherland's order to show cause was pending, three new actions were commenced by them. In the first place, they sued the suers. Alleging the immense injury likely to result tc the Erie road from actions commenced, as they alleged, solely with a view of extorting money in settlement, Mr. Belmont was sued for a million of dollars in damages. Their second suit was against Messrs. Work, Schell, and others, concerned in the litigations of the previous spring, to recover the $429,250 then paid them, as was alleged, in a fraudulent settlement. These actions were, however, commonplace, and might have been brought by ordinary men. Messrs. Gould and Fisk were always displaying the invention of genius. The same day they carried their quarrels into the United States courts. The whole press, both of New York and of the country, disgusted with the parody of justice enacted in the State courts, had cried aloud to have the whole matter transferred to the United States tribunals, the decisions of which might have some weight, and where, at least, no partisans upon the bench would shower each other with stays, injunctions, vacatings of orders, and other such pellets of the law. The Erie ring, as usual, took time by the forelock. While their slower antagonists were deliberating, they acted. On this Monday, the 23d, one Henry B. Whelpley, who had been a clerk of Gould's, and who claimed to be a stockholder in the Erie and a

citizen of New Jersey, instituted a suit against the Erie Railway before Judge Blatchford, of the United States District Court. Alleging the doubts which hung over the validity of the recently issued stock, he petitioned that a receiver might be appointed, and the company directed to transfer into his hands enough property to secure from loss the plaintiff as well as all other holders of the new issues. The Erie counsel were on the ground, and, as soon as the petition was read, waived all further notice as to the matters contained in it; whereupon the court at once appointed Jay Gould receiver, and directed the Erie Company to place eight millions of dollars in his hands to protect the rights represented by the plaintiff. Of course the receiver was required to give bonds with sufficient sureties. Among the sureties was James Fisk, Jr. The brilliancy of this move was only surpassed by its success. It fell like a bombshell in the enemy's camp, and scattered dismay among those who still preserved a lingering faith in the virtue of law as administered by any known courts. The interference of the court was in this case asked for on the ground of fraud. If any fraud had been committed, the officers of the company alone could be the delinquents. To guard against the consequences of that fraud, a receivership was prayed for, and the court appointed as receiver the very officer in whom the alleged frauds, on which its action was based, must have originated. It is true, as was afterwards observed by Judge Nelson in setting it aside, that a *prima facie* case, for the appointment of a receiver, 'was supposed to have been made out,' that no objection to the person suggested was made, and that the right was expressly reserved to other parties to

come into court, with any allegations they saw fit against Receiver Gould. The collusion in the case was, nevertheless, so evident, the facts were so notorious and so apparent from the very papers before the court, and the character of Judge Blatchford is so far above suspicion, that it is hard to believe that this order was not procured from him by surprise, or through the agency of some counsel in whom he reposed a misplaced confidence. The Erie ring, at least, had no occasion to be dissatisfied with this day's proceedings.

"The next day Judge Sutherland made short work of his brother Barnard's stay of proceedings in regard to the Davies receivership. He vacated it at once, and incontinently proceeded, wholly ignoring the action of Judge Blatchford on the day before, to settle the terms of the order, which, covering as it did the whole of the Erie property and franchise, excepting only the operating of the road, bade fair to lead to a conflict of jurisdiction between the State and Federal courts.

"And now a new judicial combatant appears in the arena. It is difficult to say why Judge Barnard, at this time, disappears from the narrative. Perhaps the notorious judicial violence of the man, which must have made his eagerness as dangerous to the cause he espoused as the eagerness of a too swift witness, had alarmed the Erie counsel. Perhaps the fact that Judge Sutherland's term in chambers would expire in a few days had made them wish to intrust their cause to the magistrate who was to succeed him. At any rate, the new order staying proceedings under Judge Sutherland's order was obtained from Judge Cardozo,—it is said, somewhat before the terms of the receivership had been finally settled. The change spoke well for the discrimination

of those who made it, for Judge Cardozo is a very different man from Judge Barnard. Courteous but inflexible, subtle, clear-headed, and unscrupulous, this magistrate conceals the iron hand beneath the silken glove. Equally versed in the laws of New York and in the mysteries of Tammany, he had earned his place by a partisan decision on the excise law, and was nominated for the bench by Mr. Fernando Wood, in a few remarks concluding as follows: 'Judges were often called on to decide on political questions, and he was sorry to say the majority of them decided according to their political bias. It was therefore absolutely necessary to look to their candidate's political principles. He would nominate, as a fit man for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court, Albert Cardozo.' Nominated as a partisan, a partisan Cardozo has always been, when the occasion demanded. Such was the new and far more formidable champion who now confronted Sutherland, in place of the vulgar Barnard. His first order in the matter—to show cause why the order of his brother judge should not be set aside—was not returnable until the 30th, and in the intervening five days many events were to happen.

"Immediately after the settlement by Judge Sutherland of the order appointing Judge Davies receiver, that gentleman had proceeded to take possession of his trust. Upon arriving at the Erie building, he found it converted into a fortress, with a sentry patrolling behind the bolts and bars, to whom was confided the duty of scrutinizing all comers, and of admitting none but the faithful allies of the garrison. It so happened that Mr. Davies, himself unknown to the custodian, was accompanied by Mr. Eaton, the former attorney of the

Erie corporation. This gentleman was recognized by the sentry, and forthwith the gates flew open for himself and his companion. In a few moments more the new receiver astonished Messrs. Gould and Fisk, and certain legal gentlemen with whom they happened to be in conference, by suddenly appearing in the midst of them. The apparition was not agreeable. Mr. Fisk, however, with a fair appearance of cordiality, welcomed the strangers, and shortly after left the room. Speedily returning, his manner underwent a change, and he requested the new-comers to go the way they came. As they did not comply at once, he opened the door, and directed their attention to some dozen men of forbidding aspect who stood outside, and who, he intimated, were prepared to eject them forcibly if they sought to prolong their unwelcome stay. As an indication of the lengths to which Mr. Fisk was prepared to go, this was sufficiently significant. The movement, however, was a little too rapid for his companions; the lawyers protested, Mr. Gould apologized, Mr. Fisk cooled down, and his familiars retired. The receiver then proceeded to give written notice of his appointment, and the fact that he had taken possession; disregarding, in so doing, an order of Judge Cardozo, staying proceedings under Judge Sutherland's order, which one of the opposing counsel drew from his pocket, but which Mr. Davies not inaptly characterized as a 'very singular order,' seeing that it was signed before the terms of the order it sought to affect were finally settled. At length, however, at the earnest request of some of the subordinate officials, and satisfied with the formal possession he had taken, the new receiver delayed further action until Friday. He little knew the resources of his oppo-

nents, if he vainly supposed that a formal possession signified anything. The succeeding Friday found the directors again fortified within, and himself a much enjoined wanderer without. The vigilant guards were now no longer to be beguiled. Within the building, constant discussions and consultations were taking place; without, relays of detectives incessantly watched the premises. No rumor was too wild for public credence. It was confidently stated that the directors were about to fly the State and the country—that the treasury had already been conveyed to Canada. At last, late on Sunday night, Mr. Fisk with certain of his associates left the building, and made for the Jersey Ferry; but on the way he was stopped by a vigilant lawyer, and many papers were served upon him. His plans were then changed. He returned to the office of the company, and presently the detectives saw a carriage leave the Erie portals, and heard a loud voice order it to be driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Instead of going there, however, it drove to the ferry, and presently an engine, with an empty directors' car attached, dashed out of the Erie station in Jersey City, and disappeared in the darkness. The detectives met and consulted; the carriage and the empty car were put together, and the inference, announced in every New York paper the succeeding day, was that Messrs. Fisk and Gould had absconded with millions of money to Canada.

"That such a ridiculous story should have been published, much less believed, simply shows how utterly demoralized the public mind had become, and how prepared for any act of high-handed fraud or outrage. The libel did not long remain uncontradicted. The

next day a card from Mr. Fisk was telegraphed to the newspapers, denying the calumny in indignant terms. The eternal steel rails were again made to do duty, and the midnight flitting became a harmless visit to Binghamton on business connected with a rolling-mill. Judge Balcom, however, of injunction memory in the earlier records of the Erie suits, resides at Binghamton, and a leading New York paper not inaptly made the timid inquiry of Mr. Fisk, 'If he really thought that Judge Balcom was running a rolling-mill of the Erie Company, what did he think of Judge Barnard?' Mr. Fisk, however, as became him in his character of the Mæcenas of the bar, instituted suits claiming damages in fabulous sums, for defamation of character, against some half-dozen of the leading papers, and nothing further was heard of the matter, nor, indeed, of the suits either. Not so of the trip to Binghamton. On Tuesday, the 1st of December, while one set of lawyers were arguing an appeal in the Whelpley case before Judge Nelson in the Federal courts, and another set were procuring orders from Judge Cardozo staying proceedings authorized by Judge Sutherland, a third set were aiding Judge Balcom in certain new proceedings instituted in the name of the Attorney-General against the Erie road. The result arrived at was, of course, that Judge Balcom declared his to be the only shop where a regular, reliable article in the way of law was retailed, and then proceeded forthwith to restrain and shut up the opposition establishments. The action was brought to terminate the existence of the defendant as a corporation, and, by way of preliminary, application was made for an injunction and the appointment of a receiver. His Honor held that, as only

three receivers had as yet been appointed, he was certainly entitled to appoint another. It was perfectly clear to him that it was his duty to enjoin the defendant corporation from delivering the possession of its road, or of any of its assets, to either of the receivers already appointed; it was equally clear that the corporation would be obliged to deliver them to any receiver he might appoint. He was not prepared to name a receiver just then, however, though he intimated that he should not hesitate to do so if necessary. So he contented himself with the appointment of a referee to look into matters, and, generally, enjoined the directors from omitting to operate the road themselves, or from delivering the possession of it to 'any person claiming to be a receiver.'

"This raiding upon the agricultural judges was not peculiar to the Erie party. On the contrary, in this proceeding it rather followed than set an example; for a day or two previous to Mr. Fisk's hurried journey, Judge Peckham, of Albany, had, upon papers identical with those in the Belmont suit, issued divers orders, similar to those of Judge Balcom, but on the other side, tying up the Erie directors in a most astonishing manner, and clearly hinting at the expediency of an additional receiver to be appointed at Albany. The amazing part of these Peckham and Balcom proceedings is, that they seem to have been initiated with perfect gravity, and neither to have been looked upon as jests, nor intended by their originators to bring the courts and the laws of New York into ridicule and contempt. Of course the several orders in these cases were of no more importance than so much waste paper, unless, indeed, some very cautious counsel may

have considered an extra injunction or two very convenient things to have in his house; and yet, curiously enough, from a legal point of view, those in Judge Balcom's court seem to have been almost the only properly and regularly initiated proceedings in the whole case.

"These little rural episodes in no way interfered with a renewal of vigorous hostilities in New York. While Judge Balcom was appointing his referee, Judge Cardozo granted an order for a reargument in the Belmont suit,—which brought up again the appointment of Judge Davies as receiver,—and assigned the hearing for the 6th of December. This step on his part bore a curious resemblance to certain of his performances in the notorious case of the Wood leases, and made the plan of operations perfectly clear. The period during which Judge Sutherland was to sit in chambers was to expire on the 4th of December, and Cardozo himself was to succeed him; he now, therefore, proposed to signalize his associate's departure from chambers by reviewing his orders. No sooner had he granted the motion, than the opposing counsel applied to Judge Sutherland, who forthwith issued an order to show cause why the reargument ordered by Judge Cardozo should not take place at once. Upon which the counsel of the Erie road instantly ran over to Judge Cardozo, who vacated Judge Sutherland's order out of hand. The lawyers then left him and ran back to Judge Sutherland with a motion to vacate this last order. The contest was now becoming altogether too ludicrous. Somebody must yield, and when it was reduced to that, the honest Sutherland was pretty sure to give way to the subtle Cardozo. Accordingly the

hearing on this last motion was postponed until next morning, when Judge Sutherland made a not undignified statement as to his position, and closed by remitting the whole subject to the succeeding Monday, at which time Judge Cardozo was to succeed him in chambers. Cardozo, therefore, was now in undisputed possession of the field. In his closing explanation Judge Sutherland did not quote, as he might have done, the following excellent passage from the opinion of the court, of which both he and Cardozo were justices, delivered in the Schell case as recently as the last day of the previous June: 'The idea that a cause, by such manœuvres as have been resorted to here, can be withdrawn from one judge of this court and taken possession of by another; that thus one judge of the same and no other powers can practically prevent his associate from exercising his judicial functions; that thus a case may be taken from judge to judge whenever one of the parties fears that an unfavorable decision is about to be rendered by the judge who, up to that time, had sat in the cause, and that thus a decision of a suit may be constantly indefinitely postponed at the will of one of the litigants, only deserves to be noticed as being a curiosity in legal tactics,—a remarkable exhibition of inventive genius and fertility of expedient to embarrass a suit which this extraordinarily conducted litigation has developed. . . . . Such a practice as that disclosed by this litigation, sanctioning the attempt to counteract the orders of each other in the progress of the suit, I confess is new and shocking to me, ... and I trust that we have seen the last in this high tribunal of such practices as this case has exhibited. No apprehension, real or

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fancied, that any judge is about, either wilfully or innocently, to do a wrong, can palliate, much less justify it.'* Neither did Judge Sutherland state, as he might have stated, that this admirable expression of the sentiments of the full bench was written and delivered by Judge Albert Cardozo. Probably also Judge Cardozo and all his brother judges, rural and urban, as they used these bow-strings of the law, right and left, —as their reckless orders and injunctions struck deep into business circles far beyond the limits of their State,—as they degraded themselves in degrading their order, and made the ermine of supreme justice scarcely more imposing than the motley of the clown,—these magistrates may have thought that they had developed at least a novel, if not a respectable, mode of conducting litigation. They had not done even this. They had simply, so far as in them lay, turned back the wheels of progress and reduced the America of the nineteenth century to the level of the France of the sixteenth. 'The advocates and judges of our times find bias enough in all causes to accommodate them to what they themselves think fit. . . . . What one court has determined one way another determines quite contrary, and itself contrary to that at another time; of which we see very frequent examples, owing to that practice admitted among us, and which is a marvellous blemish to the ceremonious authority and lustre of our justice, of not abiding by one sentence, but running from judge to judge, and court to court, to decide one and the same cause.' †

"It was now very clear that Receiver Davies might

* *Schell* v. *Erie Railway Co.*, 51 Barbour's S. C. 373, 374.
† Montaigne's Works, vol. ii. p. 316.

abandon all hope of operating the Erie Railway, and that Messrs. Gould and Fisk were borne upon the swelling tide of victory. The prosperous aspect of their affairs encouraged these last-named gentlemen to yet more vigorous offensive operations. The next attack was upon Vanderbilt in person. On Saturday, the 5th of December, only two days after Judge Sutherland and Receiver Davies were disposed of, the indefatigable Fisk waited on Commodore Vanderbilt, and, in the name of the Erie Company, tendered him fifty thousand shares of Erie common stock at 70.* As the stock was then selling in Wall street at 40, the Commodore naturally declined to avail himself of this liberal offer. He even went further, and, disregarding

*Throughout these proceedings glimpses are from time to time obtained of the more prominent characters in their undress, as it were, which have in them a good many elements both of nature and humor. The following description of the visit in which this tender was made was subsequently given by Fisk on the witness stand: "I went to his (Vanderbilt's) house; it was a bad, stormy day, and I had the shares in a carpet-bag; I told the Commodore I had come to tender 50,000 shares of Erie, and wanted back the money which we had paid for them and the bonds, and I made a separate demand for the $1,000,000 which had been paid to cover his losses; he said he had nothing to do with the Erie now, and must consult his counsel; . . . . Mr. Shearman was with me; the date I don't know; it was about eleven o'clock in the morning; don't know the day, don't know the month, don't know the year; I rode up with Shearman, holding the carpet-bag tight between my legs; I told him he was a small man and not much protection; this was dangerous property, you see, and might blow up; . . . . besides Mr. Shearman the driver went in with the witnesses, and besides the Commodore I spoke with the servant girl; the Commodore was sitting on the bed with one shoe off and one shoe on; . . . . don't remember what more was said; I remember the Commodore put on his other shoe; I remember those shoes on account of the buckles; you see there were four buckles on that shoe, and I know it passed through my mind that if such men wore that kind of shoe I must get me a pair; this passed through my mind, but I did not speak of it to the Commodore; I was very civil to him."

his usual wise policy of silence, wrote to the New York *Times* a short communication, in which he referred to the alleged terms of settlement of the previous July, so far as they concerned himself, and denied them in the following explicit language: 'I have had no dealings with the Erie Railway Company, nor have I ever sold that company any stock or received from them any *bonus*. As to the suits instituted by Mr. Schell and others, I had nothing to do with them, nor was I in any way concerned in their settlement.' This was certainly an announcement calculated to confuse the public; but the confusion became confounded, when, upon the 10th, Mr. Fisk followed him in a card, in which he reiterated the alleged terms of settlement, and reproduced two checks of the Erie Company, of July 11, 1868, made payable to the Treasurer and by him endorsed to C. Vanderbilt, upon whose order they had been paid. These two checks were for the sum of a million of dollars. He further said that the company had a paper in Mr. Vanderbilt's own handwriting, stating that he had placed fifty thousand shares of Erie stock in the hands of certain persons, to be delivered on payment of $3,500,000, which sum he declared had been paid. Undoubtedly these apparent discrepancies of statement admitted of an explanation; and some thin veil of equivocation, such as the transaction of the business through third parties, justified Vanderbilt's statements to his own conscience. Comment, however, is wholly superfluous, except to call attention to the amount of weight which is to be given to the statements and denials, apparently the most general and explicit, which from time to time were made by the parties to these proceedings. This short controversy merely

added a little more discredit to what was already not deficient in that respect. On the 10th of December the Erie Company sued Commodore Vanderbilt for $3,500,000, specially alleging in their complaint the particulars of that settlement, all knowledge of or connection with which the defendant had so emphatically denied.

"None of the multifarious suits which had been brought as yet were aimed at Mr. Drew. The quondam Treasurer had apparently wholly disappeared from the scene on the 19th of November. Mr. Fisk took advantage, however, of a leisure day, to remedy this oversight, and a suit was commenced against Drew, on the ground of certain transactions between him, as Treasurer, and the railway company, in relation to some steamboats concerned in the trade of Lake Erie. The usual allegations of fraud, breach of trust, and other trifling, and, technically, not State prison offences, were made, and damages were set at a million of dollars.

"Upon the 8th the argument in Belmont's case had been reopened before Judge Cardozo in New York, and upon the same day, in Oneida county, Judge Boardman, another justice of the Supreme Court, had proceeded to contribute his share to the existing complications. Counsel in behalf of Receiver Davies had appeared before him, and, upon their application, the Cardozo injunction, which restrained the receiver from taking possession of the Erie Railway, had been dissolved. Why this application was made, or why it was granted, surpasses comprehension. However, the next day, Judge Boardman's order having been read in court before Judge Cardozo, that magistrate suddenly revived to a full appreciation of the views expressed by him in June in regard to judicial interference with judicial

action, and at once stigmatized Judge Boardman's action as 'extremely indecorous.' Neglecting, however, the happy opportunity to express an opinion as to his own conduct during the previous week, he simply stayed all proceedings under this new order, and applied himself to the task of hearing the case before him re-argued.

"This hearing lasted many days, was insufferably long and inexpressibly dull. While it was going on, upon the 15th, Judge Nelson, in the United States Court, delivered his opinion in the Whelpley suit, reversing, on certain technical grounds, the action of Judge Blatchford, and declaring that no case for the appointment of a receiver had been made out; accordingly he set aside that of Gould, and, in conclusion, sent the matter back to the State court, or, in other words, to Judge Cardozo, for decision. Thus the gentlemen of the ring, having been most fortunate in getting their case into the Federal court before Judge Blatchford, were now even more fortunate in getting it out of that court when it had come before Judge Nelson. After this, room for doubt no longer existed. Brilliant success at every point had crowned the strategy of the Erie directors. For once Vanderbilt was effectually routed and driven from the field. That he shrunk from continuing the contest against such opponents is much to his credit. It showed that he, at least, was not prepared to see how near he could come to the doors of a State prison and yet not enter them; that he did not care to take in advance the opinion of leading counsel as to whether what he meant to do might place him in the felons' dock. Thus Erie was wholly given over to the control of the ring. No one

seemed any longer to dispute their right and power to issue as much new stock as might seem to them expedient. Injunctions had failed to check them; receivers had no terrors for them. Secure in their power, they now extended their operations over sea and land, leasing railroads, buying steamboats, ferries, theatres and rolling-mills, building connecting links of road, laying down additional rails, and, generally, proving themselves a power wherever corporations were to be influenced or legislatures were to be bought.

"Christmas, the period of peace and good-will, was now approaching. The dreary arguments before Judge Cardozo had terminated on December 18, long after the press and the public had ceased to pay any attention to them, and already rumors of a settlement were rife. Yet it was not meet that the settlement should be effected without some final striking catastrophe, some characteristic concluding tableau. Among the many actions which had incidentally sprung from these proceedings was one against Mr. Samuel Bowles, the editor of the Springfield *Republican*, brought by Mr. Fisk in consequence of an article which had appeared in that paper, reflecting most severely on Fisk's proceedings and private character—his past, his present, and his probable future. On the 22d of December, Mr. Bowles happened to be in New York, and, as he was standing in the office of his hotel, talking with a friend, was suddenly arrested on the warrant of Judge McCunn, hurried into a carriage, and driven to Ludlow Street Jail, where he was locked up for the night. This excellent jest afforded intense amusement, and was the cause of much wit that evening at an entertainment given by the Tammany ring to the newly-elected Mayor

of New York, at which entertainment Mr. James Fisk, Jr., was an honored guest. The next morning the whole press was in a state of high indignation, and Mr. Bowles had suddenly become the best-advertised editor in the country. At an early hour he was, of course, released on bail, and with this outrage the second Erie contest was brought to a close. It seemed right and proper that proceedings which, throughout, had set public opinion at defiance, and in which the Stock Exchange, the courts, and the Legislature had come in for equal measures of opprobrium for their disregard of private rights, should be terminated by an exhibition of petty spite, in which bench and bar, judge, sheriff and jailer, lent themselves with base subserviency to a violation of the liberty of the citizen.

"It was not until the 10th of February that Judge Cardozo published his decision setting aside the Sutherland receivership, and establishing on a basis of authority the right to over-issue stock at pleasure. The subject was then as obsolete and forgotten as though it had never absorbed the public attention. And another 'settlement' had already been effected. The details of this arrangement have not been dragged to light through the exposures of subsequent litigation. But it is not difficult to see where and how a combination of overpowering influence may have been effected, and a guess might even be hazarded as to its objects and its victims. The fact that a settlement had been arrived at was intimated in the papers of the 26th of December. On the 19th of the same month a stock dividend of eighty per cent. in the New York Central had been suddenly declared by Vanderbilt. Presently the Legislature met. While the Erie ring seemed to have good

reasons for apprehending hostile legislation, Vanderbilt, on his part, might have feared for the success of a bill which was to legalize his new stock. But hardly a voice was raised against the Erie men, and the bill of the Central was safely carried through. This curious absence of opposition did not stop here, and soon the two parties were seen united in an active alliance. Vanderbilt wanted to consolidate his roads; the Erie directors wanted to avoid the formality of annual elections. Thereupon two other bills went hastily through this honest and patriotic Legislature, the one authorizing the Erie Board—which had been elected for one year—to classify itself so that one-fifth only of its members should vacate office during each succeeding year, the other consolidating the Vanderbilt roads into one colossal monopoly. Public interests and private rights seem equally to have been the victims. It is impossible to say that the beautiful unity of interests which led to such results was the fulfilment of the December settlement; but it is a curious fact that the same paper which announced in one column that Vanderbilt's two measures, known as the consolidation and Central scrip bills, had gone to the Governor for signature, should, in another, have reported the discontinuance of the Belmont and Whelpley suits by the consent of all interested.* It may be that public and private interests were not thus balanced and traded away in a servile Legislature, but the strong probabilities are that the settlement of December made white even that of July. Meanwhile the conquerors—the men whose names had been made notorious through the whole land in all these

* See the New York *Tribune* of May 10, 1869.

infamous proceedings—were at last undisputed masters of the situation, and no man questioned the firmness of their grasp on the Erie Railway. They walked erect and proud of their infamy through the streets of our great cities; they voluntarily subjected themselves to that to which other depredators are compelled to submit, and, by exposing their portraits in public conveyances, converted noble steamers into branch galleries of a police office; nay, more, they bedizened their persons with gold lace, and assumed honored titles, until those who witnessed in silent contempt their strange antics were disposed to exclaim, in the language of poor Doll Tearsheet: 'An Admiral! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy," which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted; therefore, Admirals had need look to 't'"*

Such was the success of a desperate and reckless corporation in managing the courts of a great State. So thoroughly had they performed their work that they were popularly declared to "run the courts." Justice was turned against the people and used as an instrument of oppression.

There are other corporations just as reckless and other courts as complaisant. What has been done in New York has been repeated on a smaller scale elsewhere.

The railroads, in their determined effort to fasten their yoke upon the people, are seeking to poison the very fountain of justice and equity. Let the people look to it that they do not succeed.

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*For the complete account of these extraordinary transactions the reader is referred to "A Chapter on Erie," published by J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. The book will repay a careful perusal.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

Success of the Railroads in managing Legislatures—Efforts to corrupt Congress—The Railroad Lobby at Washington—How the State Legislatures are managed—A Case in Point—The Camden & Amboy Monopoly and the New Jersey Legislature—Erie Legislation—Exploits of the Erie Ring at Albany—The Story of a Check Book—A Disappointed Legislature.

WE have shown the efforts of the Railroads to corrupt the courts of justice. We propose now to glance at some of their exploits in the legislative bodies of the country.

Railroad companies are constantly asking new favors of and fresh privileges from the representatives of the people. They do not content themselves with resting their claims upon their merits. They "work them through" these bodies by unfair means. They keep a corps of regularly employed secret agents at each State capital, and at Washington, whose express duty is to corrupt the representatives of the people and influence their votes by unlawful means.

The late developments in the Crédit Mobilier investigation are familiar to all. They show the persistent and systematic manner in which the Pacific Railway endeavored to corrupt the highest legislative body in the land. The President of that corporation testified under oath before a Congressional committee at the same session, that he had contributed $10,000 toward securing the election of a United States Senator from

Iowa. Mr. Burbridge testified that he had contributed $5000 toward the election of a Senator from Nebraska. Members of Congress are the constant recipients of courtesies from the various railroads. Free passes are given them, special and luxuriously appointed cars are placed at their disposal, and the result is a demoralization on the part of our national legislators that is constantly developing itself in scandalous affairs which bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every true lover of his country.

It is known that shrewd men and women are annually sent to Washington for the purpose of engineering some corporation scheme through Congress. It is known that these persons are entrusted by their principals with large sums of money, and the whole country is satisfied that these sums constitute a gigantic corruption fund, to be used for the purpose of debauching the Congress of the United States.

As for the State Legislatures, the people have long since come to regard them as hopelessly corrupt. It is common to denounce the Legislature of the State of New York as the chief of sinners in this respect, but the sad truth is that the Legislature of New York is but a representative body in this respect. Your experienced railroad manager knows that there is not a legislative body in the country in which his compatriots have not attempted bribery with more or less success. He can tell you the exact market value of each legislature in the Union, and when he enters upon the conquest of one of these bodies, he can estimate very near the exact sum it will be necessary to expend upon it. If we choose our illustrations from the New York Legislature, it is merely for convenience.

In the winter of 1872–73, the Third Avenue Street Railroad Company of New York sought of the legislature a charter for the construction of an elevated road along the line of that thoroughfare. The road was and is badly needed by the Metropolis, and the company, with the economy for which it is noted, "refused to pay a cent for the passage of their bill." The scheme had received the endorsement of the public, the entire metropolitan press demanded its adoption, but the legislature rejected the bill. The Third Avenue Company had refused to buy the votes of members, and it must be punished for its insolence. The indignant members rejected the bill. They had been so carefully trained by the railway corporations seeking their aid, to regard their votes as merchantable property, that they turned upon the first corporation refusing to buy, and crushed it.

It is popularly believed that the Legislature of New Jersey was for many years in the pay of the famous Camden & Amboy monopoly and its successor, the Pennsylvania Company. It was not until the outraged and indignant people of the State rose against these monopolies, and threatened to put an end to the official existence of the legislators, that the General Assembly of New Jersey saw fit to take steps for the discontinuance of the wrongs from which the State had suffered for more than a generation.

The conflicts of the Erie Railroad under the management of Messrs. Gould and Fisk, afforded many instances of the art of manipulating a legislature, and it is popularly believed that many a dollar of Erie funds found its way into the pockets of the honorable gentlemen who assemble at Albany to make laws for the

Empire State. During the session of 1868, it was believed that Erie spent its money lavishly at Albany. It was feared that Commodore Vanderbilt would succeed in his attempt to secure the Erie road, and that the New York Legislature would so influence the investigation of the affairs of Erie, which had been begun by the Senate, as to oust the parties into whose hands the road had fallen, and pave the way to his long desired victory. Vanderbilt's power at Albany was well known, and the Erie managers found it necessary to defeat him at all hazards. The friends of Erie introduced into the legislature sundry measures for the promotion of their interests, among others a bill virtually prohibiting the consolidation of the Erie and the Central in the hands of Vanderbilt. This bill was referred to the Committee on Railroads on the 13th of March. On the 20th a public hearing was begun. On the 27th the report of the committee, adverse to the bill, was adopted in the Assembly by a vote of 83 to 32. It was generally understood that this vote was a broad hint that the Assembly would do nothing for Erie without being paid for it.

The Erie Directors were at this time sojourning in Jersey City, whither they had fled to escape arrest for contempt of court, Judge Barnard having issued warrants for their apprehension. They desired to return to New York, but before doing so it was advisable that a recent issue of convertible bonds, which had been the source of their trouble with the courts, should be legalized; and this could be done only by the Legislature of New York. Accordingly, Mr. Gould, though liable to arrest upon Judge Barnard's process, was sent to Albany to procure the passage of the desired law. Mr. Gould

reached Albany on the 30th of January. The next day he was arrested for contempt of court, upon Judge Barnard's process. Bail was fixed at half a million of dollars, and it was immediately given, he being ordered to appear at New York on the following Saturday. He spent the interval in attending to the business on which he had come, and the next Saturday presented himself before Judge Barnard in New York, and was placed in charge of the sheriff to answer certain interrogatories. Judge Barrett, of the Court of Common Pleas, was resorted to, and he granted a *habeas corpus*, by virtue of which Mr. Gould was once more brought into court. The hearing of the case was postponed. Judge Barrett then consigned Mr. Gould to the care of an officer, with the positive injunction not to lose sight of him for a moment. Mr. Gould's presence was necessary at Albany, and he at once returned there, accompanied by the officer. Upon reaching Albany he pleaded illness, and declared himself unable to go back to New York, although it is certain that he was well enough to go to the capitol in a heavy snow storm. The upshot of the matter was that, Gould declaring that he was too ill to travel, the officer returned to New York and reported to Judge Barrett that his prisoner had run away. The judge was very indignant, but the matter was hushed up, and Mr. Gould, though at Albany, was theoretically returned to the custody of the sheriff, but was allowed to remain at Albany until the restoration of his health, bail being given for his appearance. He employed his singular period of illness in prosecuting his work with the legislature.

"The full and true history of this legisiative campaign will never be known. If the official reports of

investigating committees are to be believed, Mr. Gould at about this time underwent a curious psychological metamorphosis, and suddenly became the veriest simpleton in money matters that ever fell into the hands of happy sharpers. Cunning lobby members had but to pretend to an influence over legislative minds, which every one knew they did not possess, to draw unlimited amounts from this verdant *habitué* of Wall street. It seemed strange that he could have lived so long and learned so little. He dealt in large sums. He gave to one man, in whom he said he 'did not take much stock,' the sum of $5000, 'just to smooth him over.' This man had just before received $5000 of Erie money from another agent of the company. It would therefore be interesting to know what sums Mr. Gould paid to those individuals in whom he did 'take much stock.' Another individual is reported to have received $100,000 from one side 'to influence legislation,' and to have subsequently received $70,000 from the other side to disappear with the money; which he accordingly did, and thereafter became a gentleman of elegant leisure. One Senator was openly charged in the columns of the press with receiving a bribe of $20,000 from one side, and a second bribe of $15,000 from the other; but Mr. Gould's foggy mental condition only enabled him to be 'perfectly astounded' at the action of this Senator, though he knew nothing of any such transactions. Other Senators were blessed with a sudden accession of wealth, but in no case was there any jot or tittle of proof of bribery. Mr. Gould's rooms at the Develin House overflowed with a joyous company, and his checks were numerous and heavy; but why he signed them, or what became of them, he seemed to

know less than any man in Albany. This strange and expensive hallucination lasted until about the middle of April, when Mr. Gould was happily restored to his normal condition of a shrewd, acute, energetic man of business; nor is it known that he has since experienced any relapse into financial idiocy.

"About the period of Mr. Gould's arrival in Albany the tide turned, and soon began to flow strongly in favor of Erie and against Vanderbilt. How much of this was due to the skilful manipulations of Gould, and how much to the rising popular feeling against the practical consolidation of competing lines, cannot be decided. The popular protests did indeed pour in by scores, but then again the Erie secret-service money poured out like water. Yet Mr. Gould's task was sufficiently difficult. After the adverse report of the Senate committee, and the decisive defeat of the bill introduced into the Assembly, any favorable legislation seemed almost hopeless. Both Houses were committed. Vanderbilt had but to prevent action,—to keep things where they were, and the return of his opponents to New York was impracticable, unless with his consent; he appeared, in fact, to be absolute master of the situation. It seemed almost impossible to introduce a bill in the face of his great influence, and to navigate it through the many stages of legislative action and executive approval, without somewhere giving him an opportunity to defeat it. This was the task Gould had before him, and he accomplished it. On the 13th of April a bill, which met the approval of the Erie party, and which Judge Barnard subsequently compared not inaptly to a bill legalizing counterfeit money, was taken up in the Senate; for some days it was warmly debated, and on the 18th was

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passed by the decisive vote of seventeen to twelve. Senator Mattoon had not listened to the debate in vain. Perhaps his reason was convinced, or perhaps he had sold out new 'points' and was again cheating himself or somebody else; at any rate, that thrifty Senator was found voting with the majority. The bill practically legalized the recent issues of bonds, but made it a felony to use the proceeds of the sale of these bonds except for completing, furthering, and operating the road. The guaranty of the bonds of connecting roads was authorized, all contracts for consolidation or division of receipts between the Erie and the Vanderbilt roads were forbidden, and a clumsy provision was enacted that no stockholder, director, or officer in one of the Vanderbilt roads should be an officer or director in the Erie, and *vice versa*. The bill was, in fact, an amended copy of the one voted down so decisively in the Assembly a few days before, and it was in this body that the tug of war was expected to come.

"The lobby was now full of animation; fabulous stories were told of the amounts which the contending parties were willing to expend; never before had the market quotations of votes and influence stood so high. The wealth of Vanderbilt seemed pitted against the Erie treasury, and the vultures flocked to Albany from every part of the State. Suddenly, at the very last moment, and even while special trains were bringing up fresh contestants to take part in the fray, a rumor ran through Albany as of some great public disaster, spreading panic and terror through hotel and corridor. The observer was reminded of the dark days of the war, when tidings came of some great defeat, as that on the Chickahominy or at Fredericksburg. In a moment the lobby was

smitten with despair, and the cheeks of the legislators were blanched, for it was reported that Vanderbilt had withdrawn his opposition to the bill. The report was true. Either the Commodore had counted the cost and judged it excessive, or he despaired of the result. At any rate, he had yielded in advance. In a few moments the long struggle was over, and that bill which, in an unamended form, had but a few days before been thrown out of the Assembly by a vote of eighty-three to thirty-two, now passed it by a vote of one hundred and one to six, and was sent to the Governor for his signature. Then the wrath of the disappointed members turned on Vanderbilt. Decency was forgotten in a frenzied sense of disappointed avarice. That same night the *pro rata* freight bill, and a bill compelling the sale of through tickets by competing lines, were hurriedly passed, simply because they were thought hurtful to Vanderbilt; and the docket was ransacked in search of other measures, calculated to injure or annoy him. An adjournment, however, brought reflection, and subsequently, on this subject, the legislature stultified itself no more."

CHAPTER IX.

RAILROAD STOCK GAMBLING.

Who own the Railroads?—The Old-fashioned Method of building a Road—The Present Style—A Contrast—The Honest Policy not suited to the Present Ideas of Railroad Men—The Art of building Railroads with other People's Money brought to Perfection—The Era of Mortgages—The Land Grab System—Demoralization in Railroad Finances—The Gamblers in Power—The Real Owners of the Railroads robbed by the Directors—A Rotten System and its Consequences—The Banks Involved—The Railroads demoralizing the whole Country—The New York Herald's Picture of the United States Senate—Food for Patriotic Reflection—Railroad Senators.

THE question is often asked, "Who are the real owners of a railroad?" At the outset of our railroad enterprises an answer would not have been difficult. Now, however, so entirely has the whole system been changed that no one can tell who is the actual owner of any road in the country.

In former times, men proposing to build a railroad began their enterprise by subscribing certain sums of money for the purpose of constructing and equipping the road. With the funds thus subscribed the road was actually begun, and certificates of indebtedness were issued and delivered to the subscribers. These certificates were called "stock," and represented the capital invested in the undertaking. The holders of the stock were really the owners of the road, and very properly elected its officers and managed its affairs, as it was their own property they were dealing with. If their

subscriptions were insufficient to complete the undertaking, they mortgaged the road and issued bonds representing the indebtedness they thus assumed. These various steps represented legitimate transactions, and were fair and proper.

As the country grew in wealth and population, the railroad system grew with it, and, unfortunately, sundry elements of demoralization crept into the system. Men became wiser in their generation, and railroad managers were quick to improve upon the progress of the age. A new system of constructing roads was introduced. Railroad bonds had become so popular with the public that the corporations came to the conclusion that they could be put to a use never dreamed of by the originators of the earlier railroads. The new plan was to mortgage the road before it was built, and before its incorporators had subscribed a dollar towards its construction. With the proceeds of the mortgage bonds the road could be built, the public paying for it, and the incorporators being put to no expense. The holders of the bonds thus became the real owners of the road, but the actual possession was with the incorporators. The bonds being sold, and the road mortgaged, the stock was issued and divided among the incorporators. When it became valuable, that is after the road had been built at the expense of the bondholders, the incorporators could sell their shares, the entire proceeds of which were so much gain to them. This was financiering extraordinary, and it became so popular and so profitable that it entirely superseded the old-fashioned method by which the stockholders built their roads with their own money.

The next step in advance was to secure the land

grants, which have been wrung from the nation through the connivance of delinquent Congresses. These lands had a certain value, and were so much additional property to mortgage. They made it all the more unnecessary for the incorporators to provide money of their own, the new advance constituted a double imposition upon the public, an additional gain to the stockholders.

The receipts from the sales of bonds and of lands having built the road, and the stock having acquired a definite value, the shareholders began to see that their interest lay in selling it and realizing a profit upon that which cost them nothing. Indeed, the only interest they now have in the stock of their road is to sell it at an advance, and they thus inaugurate a series of speculations which lead to corners, a watering of the stock, and a steady depreciation of the value of the property. Boards of directors in sympathy with such operations are chosen, and the processes of watering and stock gambling are carried on until the mountain of debt is piled so high—for the road, not for the stockholders—that the corporation is unable to meet the interest on the original mortgage.

The condition of affairs is singular. The road is in the hands of the stockholders and their directors, who have paid nothing for it. They have exclusive control of it. They constitute a solid, compact body, with a fixed and definite purpose, and are usually under the leadership of some shrewd and able mind. The real owners of the road, the bondholders, with whose money it was built, constitute a vast multitude of small capitalists, farmers, men unaccustomed to deal with financial matters, widows, orphans, and others. Sometimes large quantities of the bonds are owned in foreign coun-

tries. These bondholders are at the mercy of the stockholders, who are steadily rendering the property worthless. The only redress of the bondholders is to foreclose the mortgage upon the road, but it is almost impossible to obtain concert of action among them.

The stockholders meanwhile use the stock to enrich themselves. It is gambled for, flung up and pulled down, and tossed about the Exchange until no one knows what its value will be twenty-four hours ahead. It is good only for purposes of gambling, and the road is left to take care of itself, and the bondholders to get what return they can for their money. So the dividends are paid on the stock of the road, and that commodity thus kept on a respectable footing in the stock market, the speculators care very little whether the bondholders receive their interest or not.

This system of constructing and managing railroads being false and unsound from the first, it is not surprising that it should lead to very grave complications in the monetary affairs of the country. Sound business men, capitalists whose large and honorable experience entitles them to a respectful hearing, have often warned the people of the Republic that this rotten system could not last, and that the efforts of the railroad managers to wring money from the people by their shameful speculations in the stock of their roads must at some time, sooner or later, result in a terrible financial disaster. Such a climax has been reached, and while these pages are passing through the press, the whole country is reeling from the effects of one of the severest convulsions of the century, brought about by the recklessness of a combination of managers of railroads and speculators in railroad stocks.

In 1868, the Comptroller of the Currency, in his annual report, thus referred to the danger which even then threatened the country from this cause:

"It is scarcely possible to avoid the inference that nearly one half of the available resources of the national banks in the city of New York are used in the operations of the stock and gold exchange; that they are loaned upon the security of stocks which are bought and sold largely on speculation, and which are manipulated by cliques and combinations, according as the bulls or bears are for the moment in the ascendency. . . . . Taking advantage of an active demand for money to move the crops West and South, shrewd operators form their combination to depress the market by 'locking up' money,—withdrawing all they can control or borrow from the common fund; money becomes scarce, the rate of interest advances, and stocks decline. The legitimate demand for money continues; and, fearful of trenching on their reserve, the banks are strained for means. They dare not call in their demand loans, for that would compel their customers to sell securities on a falling market, which would make matters worse. Habitually lending their means to the utmost limit of prudence, and their credit much beyond that limit, to brokers and speculators, they are powerless to afford relief;—their customers by the force of circumstances become their masters. The banks cannot hold back or withdraw from the dilemma in which their mode of doing business has placed them. They must carry the load to save their margins. A panic which should greatly reduce the price of securities would occasion serious, if not fatal, results to the banks most extensively engaged in such

operations, and would produce a feeling of insecurity which would be very dangerous to the entire banking interest of the country."

The warning thus plainly uttered was not heeded. The same unsafe manner of doing business was continued, the banks and trust companies involving themselves deeper than ever in the operations of the railroad gamblers.

Numerous roads were planned, as the time passed on. Large quantities of the public lands were filched from the people with the connivance of Congress. The press of the country again and again uttered its protest against these misappropriations of the national property, but Congress, with characteristic contempt of the popular will, continued its land grants. It has been publicly declared that the corporations have so thoroughly bought up the National Legislature that the people have no chance of protection in their property when the masters of the Honorable Members demand its appropriation to their uses. The New York *Herald*, of September 22d, 1873, thus states the view of this question held by a very large and respectable portion of the American people, regardless of party feeling:

"Instead of checking the extravagances of a popular assembly, the Senate has taken the lead of every phase of extravagant legislation. It has become the fountain of jobbery and corruption—the source of land grants and dishonest reserve proposals. The country would be amazed to know how many Senators are the paid attorneys of railway and other corporations—attorneys paid to 'practise in the Supreme Court.' The country does know that the most notorious men in our

public life are in the Senate, that Senators who went to Washington poor have become rich; and they have seen its members do spiteful and mean things, like the rejection of Mr. Hoar, one of the conspicuous men of the time, simply because he had been ill-tempered with the politicians when they came to bother him as Attorney General. After rejecting Mr. Hoar we can readily understand why it removed Mr. Sumner, the best informed man in public life on foreign affairs, from the committee, and gave the place to a gentleman who probably does not know whether the Danubian Principalities are in Europe or Asia Minor.

"The Senate is no longer a compact representative body. It does not represent even the States. In one State a Senator is chosen by the money of a railroad; in another by his own money. One Senator is known to be the agent of this interest; another as the agent of a second interest. No shrewd railroad manager will be without his Senator. We should not like to guess at the number on the books of Thomas A. Scott or T. C. Durant or Dick Franchot. We know who represents the Bank of California; we should like to know all who were owned by Jay Cooke and the Northern Pacific. The glory of the old Senate has departed, and we have some greedy, selfish cliques. There is a small but mainly a feeble class of respectable men, like Frelinghuysen and Edmunds and Anthony. Then comes the muscular, aggressive class, with Carpenter, Morton, Chandler; the moneyed class, like Cameron, Hamilton, Sprague, and Jones, and the drift of adventurers from the Southern States, from Florida and Alabama and South Carolina, who presume to sit in the seats and vote themselves back pay as the

successors of John C. Calhoun, Felix Grundy, J. P. Benjamin, Robert Hunter, and John C. Breckinridge. We shall not needlessly write names, but the country knows well to whom we refer. It knows that there is no feature of this deplorable time more marked than the lowering of the Senate. When we consider the manner of men in the Senate, their overruling motives, their greed for money and patronage, their enmity to any measure that will limit their power, we cannot marvel that even Grant has surrendered. He could do nothing without the Senate, could not even remove an officer of his Cabinet. Of course he surrendered. He might have fought the Senate; but he saw how Johnson failed. It required more civic courage and foresight than Grant possesses to see that while Johnson wounded and assailed the country he had the country with him.

"The Senate fought Johnson and ended in dividing the patronage with him. Then it fought no longer. It menaced Grant until he threw Hoar and Cox into its shambles. Then it became acquiescent. As long as Grant strove to give tone and majesty to his administration and to elevate the public service, the Senate stood in his path, like the ominous giant who threatened the pilgrim Christian on his way to the land of Beulah and the gates of the house called Beautiful. To-day it is an independent power, composed largely of audacious men, representing the lowest strata in our political life, owing allegiance to railroads and tariff combinations and monopolies—caring nothing for the people whom it does not represent, and to whom it only owes a remote and contingent responsibility—warring upon the Executive until it was ap-

peased with patronage, and then sinking into complete obedience to his will. The anomaly of a body of men making laws, confirming and vetoing appointments, taking a direct part in every measure of peace and war, and holding no responsibility to the people, is a scandal to free government and the prolific source of many of the evils which now distress and wound the Republic."

The Senate is not involved alone. In the popular estimation the lower house is equally guilty.

But be this as it may, the evil has been working until it has at length brought forth its legitimate consequences. One result, and that which is now attracting most attention, it will be interesting to notice.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT RAILROAD PANIC.

A Railroad Gamblers' Plot—The New York Gold Clique make War on the Farmers—The attempt to lock up Money—Trouble in the New York Stock Market—A Railroad the first to succumb—The Money Market on the 17th of September—Scene in the Stock Exchange—The Panic begins—Failure of Jay Cooke & Co.—Effect of the Failure—The Stock Market demoralized—Run on the Union Trust Company—More Suspensions—Worthless Railroad Bonds the Cause of the Trouble—Spread of the Panic throughout the Country—The United States Government offers Aid—Suspension of the Union Trust Company—A Railroad the Cause of the Trouble—The Stock Exchange closed—An Anxious Sunday—The Railroad Gamblers demand that the United States Treasury be opened to them—Firmness of the Government—The Panic subsides—Its Lessons—A Warning to the Country.

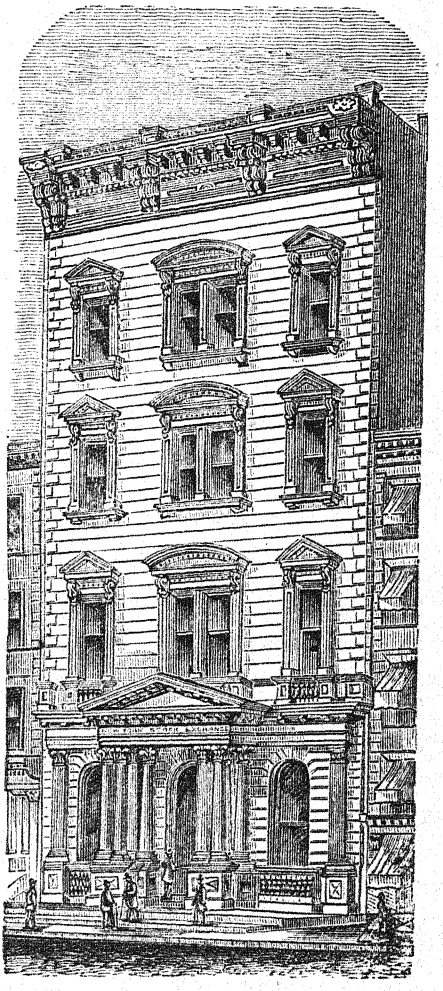
TOWARDS the last of August, or early in September, 1873, a combination of speculators in railroad stocks led, as is popularly believed, by the shrewd and unscrupulous capitalists who had so often and successfully manipulated the stock of the Erie road, undertook to inaugurate a series of movements in the stock market of New York, for the purpose of depressing certain stocks in which they proposed to operate, and of enabling them to extort from less successful operators a heavy interest for the use of money by creating an artificial stringency in the money market. Their time was, from their point of view, well chosen. In the months of September and October there is always a real scarcity of money in New York, owing to the demands of the country banks for funds to bring the year's harvest to market. By taking advantage of this season of real

stringency, and increasing the want by the artificial means at their command, the gamblers expected to reap a rich return. It mattered nothing to them that the country at large would be called upon to suffer, and that values of all kinds would be seriously endangered by the success of their infamous scheme. They looked only to their prospective gains, and cared nothing for the community. The movement was one of unusual magnitude, and the scarcity of funds in New York proved to be greater than even the conspirators had believed. Wall street early took the alarm, and for ten or twelve days a feeling of general uneasiness pervaded the community.

The first sign of the coming storm manifested itself on Wednesday, the 17th of September. On that day the paper of the New York & Oswego Midland Railroad was protested. The news of this misfortune threw the stock market into a fever of excitement. The *Tribune*, in its money article, thus describes the state of the market on the 17th:

"There was a dreadful sweeping away of stock margins to-day, the depreciation covering the entire list, and showing a decline from the closing quotations of last night to the lowest points reached to-day, of from ½ to 7 per cent., and averaging about 2½ per cent. . . . . There will no doubt be a general overhauling of brokers' ledgers to-night, and the mails will go out freighted with letters calling for more margins. Of course, many may be unable or unwilling to respond, in which case their stocks will be forced upon the market and sold for what they will fetch, the tendency of which will be to still further depress prices. As was foreshadowed in this column a month ago, numerous

causes have been operating in favor of the bears. Every failure of a moneyed institution, every defalcation, every protested note of magnitude gives additional impetus to the downward course of prices. Conservative men stand aloof, while so much danger surrounds the centres of business. The banks are holding their money fast for their own protection, and next for that of legitimate trade, that the whole business of the country may not be demoralized for the sake of a few wildcat railroads and wildcat bankers who lend their name or their cash by the million to companies that have no immediate resources. As we have before stated, it will require the utmost caution on the part of our leading capitalists and heavy security owners to avert a panic, and perhaps a crash like that of 1857. The minds of



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capitalists and operators are surcharged with distrust, and the air of Wall street with rumors, started generally in the bear interest, of failures, defalcation, and of disasters dire, which renders it all the more necessary that the cool and clear heads should come to the front and take the direction of affairs. The street, already in a tremor of excitement from bygone troubles, found a new source of anxiety to-day when it became known that the New York & Oswego Midland Railway Company had come to grief, its paper having been dishonored, a more particular account of which will be found in another column. This information caused a wild and eager desire to get rid of stocks, and holders rushed their shares on to the market, bound to realize at whatever hazard of loss; contented, apparently, so long as they could see that their securities represented something in the way of value; and the result was such a tumbling in prices as we have already described. Although a better feeling and higher prices were established toward the close, as some of the shorts began to cover, yet the general market left off feverish and demoralized."

The fears of the moneyed men were not without foundation. Thursday, the 18th, brought only fresh trouble. The market opened in a state of great excitement. The floor of the large hall of the Stock Exchange was filled to overflowing by those possessing its privileges, and the gallery was so crowded that misgivings were entertained for its safety. The stairs and lobbies of the building were full of people, and in Broad street, in front of the Exchange, a large crowd had collected, eagerly and anxiously awaiting the events of the day.

The business of the Exchange began at ten o'clock, with a rapidly-falling market. The bears had it all their own way. Men had begun to lose confidence, and stocks fell with great rapidity. The Exchange was in a whirl of excitement. Towards noon the noise and confusion, which had reached a bewildering state, were suddenly brought to a pause by the sharp raps of the gavel of the presiding officer. He advanced to the front of his platform, and instantly the hall was as still as death. His face indicated that he had evil tidings to communicate, and the most daring operator present awaited in anxious suspense the announcement he had to make. In a few short, crisp words, every one of which struck upon the ears of the listeners like the blows of a sledge-hammer, the President stated that Jay Cooke & Co. had suspended payment, and a little later it was announced that the Philadelphia and Washington houses of this great firm, and the First National Bank of Washington, which was intimately connected with them, had also suspended.

These announcements completed the demoralization of the market. Stocks fell even lower, and were sacrificed with remorseless fury. The Exchange seemed like a bedlam, and outside a panic was rapidly extending through the street.

Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. were known throughout the entire country as one of the first, if not the first, banking firms in the Union. They had been identified with the great loans of the General Government during the civil war, and by their judicious and vigorous management of them had rendered the country a genuine service, and had earned what may be termed a national reputation. They were popularly regarded as among

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORKSTOCK EXCHANGE ANNOUNCING THE SUSPENSION OF JAY COOKE & CO.

the wealthiest bankers in the Union. Upon the inauguration of the Northern Pacific Railroad they had undertaken to dispose of its bonds, and it may be said that all the confidence entertained in that scheme by the public was due to Messrs. Cooke & Co.'s endorsement of it.

The news of the suspension of this great house struck men with terror. They began to ask who was safe if the pressure was so great as to break down the foremost house in the country. The explanation of the firm that their suspension was due to their having made heavy advances to the Northern Pacific Road for bonds which they had not been able to dispose of, only increased the panic. Other houses were known to be deeply interested in the bonds of new railroad enterprises, and it was by no means sure that Jay Cooke & Co. would be the only sufferers.

A little later in the day, the failure of another house was announced, and still later it was stated officially that Richard Schell, a well-known capitalist, had failed. Mr. Schell was a director in the Union Trust Company, a leading banking corporation of the city, and suspicion at once attached itself to the company. The Union Trust Company was also known to be involved to a considerable extent in the affairs of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. The stock of this road had suffered heavily during the panic, and it was feared that the credit of the Trust Company would be impaired by these losses. The result was an immediate run upon the Trust Company, which lasted until the close of the business hours of the afternoon. Large sums were paid out to the alarmed depositors, but many were left unpaid when the hour for closing the doors arrived.

The morning of the 19th found matters in a most unhappy state. No remedy had yet been found for the trouble. The excitement was intense. The run on the Union Trust Company continued, and during the day immense sums were paid out to the depositors, who had now become alarmed in good earnest. But during the day all demands were met, and the directors of the company entertained the hope of successfully passing through their troubles.

In Wall street the same feverish anxiety prevailed. There had been such a terrible sacrifice of stocks on the previous day—some of the best of these securities having fallen as much as ten per cent. in value—that it was evident that the weaker houses must yield to the pressure upon them and close their doors.

Soon after the opening of the business of the day, the street reeled and staggered once more under as heavy a blow as had yet been struck it. The President of the Stock Exchange announced to the excited throng before him that Messrs. Fisk & Hatch had suspended payment. Now Fisk & Hatch were one of the most trusted and respected firms in the city, and their failure was second only to that of Jay Cooke & Co. It had been brought about by a similar cause—heavy advances to a railroad (the Chesapeake & Ohio road in this case) upon bonds which they had been unable to negotiate in time to meet their other obligations. The failures of eighteen other firms of greater or less prominence followed in quick succession, and when the closing hour arrived the confidence of the boldest operator had entirely departed. Men were bewildered. They knew not whom to trust; scarcely what to do.

Until this day the panic had been confined to New

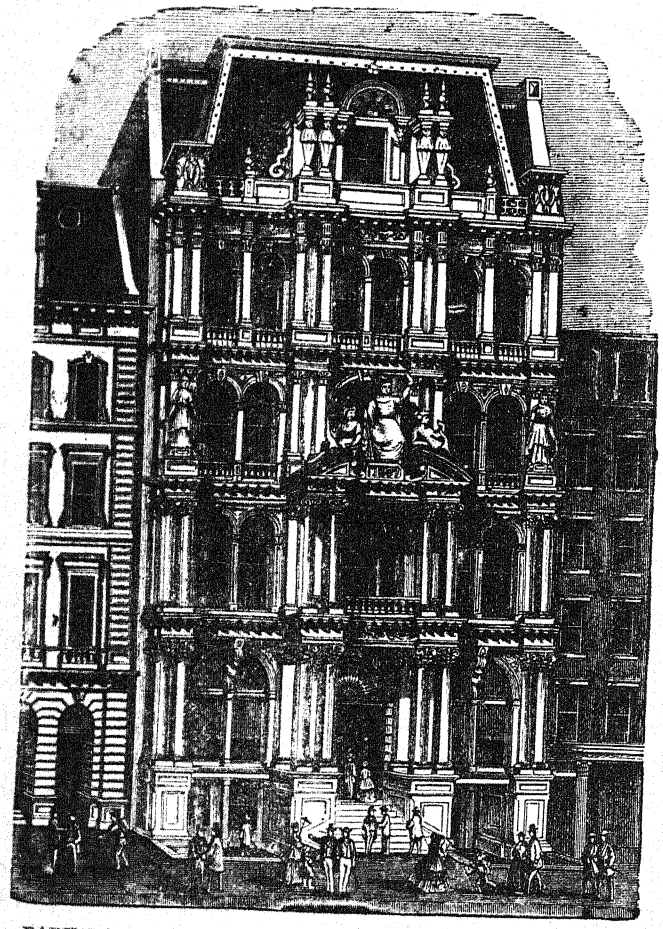
York, but it now began to involve other cities in its effects. With the exception of the houses of Jay Cooke, no firm outside of New York had suffered; but on this day the effects of the crisis began to be felt elsewhere. In Philadelphia eleven suspensions were announced.

The only hopeful sign visible on Friday night was the offer of the United States Government to buy $10,000,000 of its bonds; but it was feared that this would not prove an effectual remedy.

Saturday, the 20th, witnessed no improvement in affairs as the day opened. When the hour of ten o'clock A. M. struck, the doors of the Union and National Trust Companies remained closed. Both had suspended payment.

The Union Trust Company had borne up bravely against the heavy pressure upon it on the previous days, but on Friday afternoon it had become evident to the directors that unless more funds could be had at once, the institution could not resume business on Saturday; and at the same time it was discovered that the Secretary of the company had disappeared with securities of the company in his possession amounting, it was said, to half a million of dollars. This was a terrible blow to the company, but it would not have caused its suspension in ordinary times. The chief cause of the trouble was an advance of $1,750,000 to the Lake Shore Railroad Company, to enable that corporation to pay a dividend of four per cent. in August, 1873. The total sum voted in this instance as a dividend was $2,000,000. It was stated at the time of the suspension that this dividend was unearned, and that the road had but $250,000 of the entire amount in hand, and was forced

ALLAHABAD.



PARK BANK, NEW YORK—THE FINEST BANK BUILDING IN THE UNITED STATES.

to borrow the remaining $1,750,000, which it obtained of the Trust Company. Horace F. Clark, now dead, was then the President of the Lake Shore road, and also of the Union Trust Company. Hence the loan from this company. The company neglected its legiti-

mate business to aid the railroad in the matter of its dividends. When its troubles came upon it, it called upon the road to make good its loan; but the request was unheeded, and the company was forced to close its doors.

During the day eleven other firms suspended payment; and the National Bank of the Commonwealth was also compelled to close its doors.

Up to this time, with the exception of the Trust Companies and the Commonwealth Bank, the panic had been confined to the stock market; but the suspension of the Union and National Trust Companies and the Bank of the Commonwealth produced a serious fear that the banks of the city might become generally involved. This danger was averted, however, by the refusal of the general business community to be frightened by the panic; and with the exception of a slight run upon the Fourth National Bank, none of the banks of the city were subjected to any unusual demands. On Saturday, however, with a view to preparing for the crisis, if it should extend to them, there was a meeting of the Bank Presidents, at which it was resolved to pool the assets of their respective institutions, and to assist each other to the utmost by the issuing of temporary loan certificates, which could be used in case of need. This determined action increased the confidence of the public, and did much to avert the danger which at one time seemed imminent.

At noon on Saturday, so utterly unmanageable had the market become, and so general was the prospect of ruin among the dealers in stocks, that the Governing Committee of the Stock Exchange decided to close the doors of that institution until calmness could be restored

to the street and some measures of relief devised. This action put an end to all transactions in stocks, and by thus protecting the dealers from greater losses aided in arresting the panic.

During the day the Union Banking Company of Philadelphia and other houses in various parts of the country announced their suspension.

Sunday, the 21st, was passed in feverish excitement. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, having been summoned to New York, arrived in that city on Saturday night. On Sunday, they were waited upon by many of the capitalists of the city, and various measures for relief were urged upon them. The brokers united in a demand that the President should lend the whole or the greater part of the Treasury reserve of $44,000,000 of greenbacks to the banks, to furnish Wall street with funds for the resumption of its business and the settlement of its losses. The President promptly and properly declined to take so grave a step, as he had no warrant of law for such action; and, thanks to his firmness, the credit of the United States was not placed at the mercy of the railroad gamblers. On Sunday night it was officially announced that the Treasury would purchase any amount of five-twenty bonds that might be offered, and would also buy the issue of six per cent. bonds commonly known as '81's. This included the currency sixes, the ten-forties, and the new fives. The price was to be par in gold and accrued interest. In case the Stock and Gold Exchanges were not open on Monday, the ruling price on the street was to be taken as the market price.

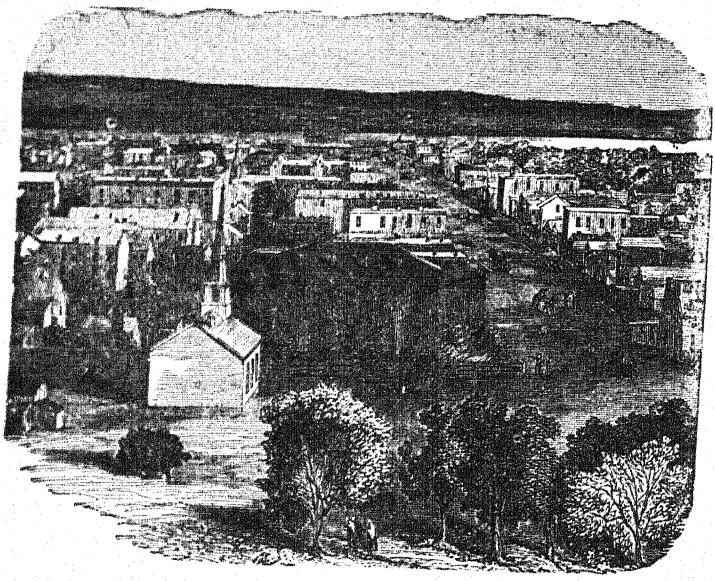
By Monday morning, the 22d, the panic had begun

to subside. The banks were unshaken; the Government stood ready to prevent the sacrifice of United States bonds in the hands of those who desired to sell; and the Stock Exchange remained closed during the day. By Monday night the panic was substantially at an end. The trouble was not over, and the remainder of the week witnessed the suspension of several good houses, among them the firms of Howes & Macey and Henry Clews & Co. But the worst was passed. People began to take courage, and it was evident that the wild storm that had swept the money market so ruthlessly had spent its force.

It was clearly understood from the beginning that the affair was purely and simply a railroad panic, and it was hoped that it would be confined to the dealers in the bonds and stocks of railroads; but this hope was not destined to be realized. The reckless and unsound management of the railroad enterprises of the country had paved the way for the panic, and had made it possible; and the greed of the railroad gamblers had precipitated it; but they were not to be the only sufferers. The whole country was to be involved in it, and business of all kinds was to suffer from the effects of the great scare.

It was not alone the great scarcity of money, at a time when the free circulation of the currency of the country was of vital importance, that did harm; but the public confidence in financial enterprises of all kinds was shattered, and men fortunate enough to possess ready money held on to it, refusing to part with it. The movement of the crops was almost entirely stopped. The farmers found it well nigh impossible to procure money for their produce, and in spite of the enormous

LIBRARY OF
EMMA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,
ALLAHABAD.



OMAHA—EASTERN TERMINUS OF UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

European demand for American breadstuffs, it was with the greatest difficulty that shipments of grain could be made, so hard was it to negotiate exchange in the uncertainty which prevailed in the money market. The keenest financial distress prevailed for weeks after the panic had subsided, and all classes were severe sufferers. Nor has it subsided yet, and while these pages are passing through the press a general feeling of uneasiness prevails throughout the country, and men are fearing that something worse than has yet happened may be in store for us.

The panic revealed clearly the extent of the power of a few determined and reckless gamblers in railroad securities to mar the business of the entire country. At a period of unexampled prosperity, with a prosperous trade, a bountiful harvest, and an unequalled de-

mand from abroad for our products, the country was thrown into a fever of alarm, and business of all kinds dealt a severe blow by the machinations of a few gamblers in the stock market of the principal city of the United States.

The panic also showed the extent to which railroad gambling had demoralized the business and people of the country. It showed that some of the strongest and most trusted houses of the country had lent themselves to the task of inducing people to invest their means in the securities of railroads, the success of which was doubtful, to say the least. It showed that the banks, the depositories of the people's money, had to an alarming extent crippled themselves by neglecting their legitimate business and making advances on securities which proved very uncertain, if not worthless, in the hour of trial. The money needed for the legitimate business of the country had been placed at the mercy of the railroad gamblers, and had been used by them. The funds of helpless and dependent persons, of widows and orphan children, had been used to pay fictitious dividends and advance schemes in which the people had no confidence. An amount of recklessness and demoralization in the financial interests of the country was revealed that startled the most hardened; and in all of it the hand of the railroad gambler could be clearly and unmistakably traced.

The lesson has been severe, but it was needed. The people of this country now see what recklessness and greed in the management of our railroad interests can do, and what they dare attempt; and the nation will richly merit all the evil that will come to it if it does not profit by the lesson.

CHAPTER XI.

WILD CAT RAILROADS.

False Assertions respecting Railroad Property—Railroad Building a profitable Work—Useless Railroads—Why they are built—Theory of Wild Cat Railroad Constructors—Forming the Company—A Specimen Enterprise—A Share of the Public Lands—How to raise Money to build a Railroad—Disposing of the Bonds—Where the Money comes from—"Judicious Advertising"—Bribing the Press—The Road in Operation—What becomes of the Stock—Where the Profit lies—The Crime of the Bankers—A Confidence Game—How to stop Wild Cat Railroad Building.

ONE hears a great deal now-a-days of the risk assumed by men who undertake the construction of a railway; and we are told, with a great array of figures in support of the assertion, that railway property is among the least profitable of all the investments open to capitalists. But, nevertheless, the work of building roads goes on, and it is a fact that the incorporators of these enterprises, in spite of their assertions respecting their risk and the uncertainty of their investments, make large sums out of their connection with their respective schemes.

The truth is that railroad making is a very profitable undertaking to men who understand their business; and it is for this reason that so many useless roads are built. That railroads are a necessity to the community no one will deny; but it is a fact that a very large number of the roads constructed during the last four years, or at present under construction, are useless.

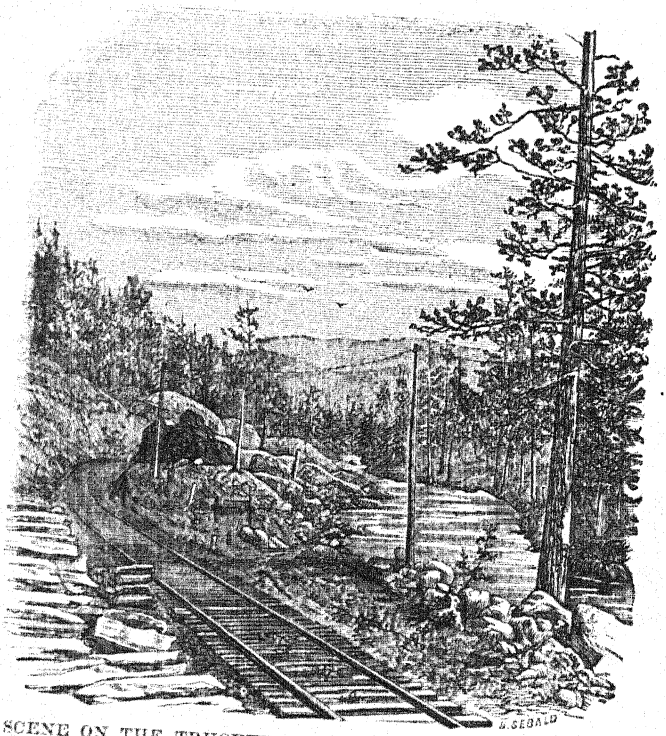
Many of them are built through sections of country which cannot yet support them, and which will be unable to do so for many years to come; and others are located in regions where in strict truth they are not wanted. These roads must of necessity languish for a considerable period, if, indeed, they are ever profitable; and yet they constitute a majority of the roads now being built.

The reader will then ask why are such roads, to which the term "wild cat" has been popularly, and not inaptly, applied, ever entered upon? The reason will be apparent when we have investigated the matter.

In order that the originators of a railroad scheme may make money out of it, it is not necessary that there shall be a real demand for the road by the community in which it is to be located. That is a consideration that does not enter into the scheme.

A number of shrewd men, with an ample supply of "brass," and very little money often, combine for the purpose of constructing a road from a certain point in Missouri, let us say, to a certain point in Kansas. Their object is purely and simply to make money. The country through which the road is to be located is new and unsettled. There is no trade there to make the road profitable when constructed, and it is evident that many years must elapse before it will possess a population large enough, or business interests sufficient, to enable the road to do a paying business. These facts are well known to the originators of the road, but they are of no consequence. They are looking to immediate and not to ultimate profits.

The first step after locating the road is to obtain the necessary charters and a share of the public land. We



SCENE ON THE TRUCKEE—CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

have seen how easy it is for the roads to manage the land grab system, and how docile the Congress of the United States can be at the bidding of a railroad director.

The charters are obtained, the lands are "donated," but the treasury of the road is empty. The work cannot be done without money. That must be had, and the incorporators of the scheme have no idea of advancing their own funds for this purpose. They have no intention of building the road with their own money. Their plan is to build it at the cost of the public, or

with other people's money. In order to accomplish this, they proceed to issue mortgage bonds for an amount sufficient to pay the cost of construction, pledging the lands given to them by Congress as security. These bonds are to be sold, and the road built with the money thus received.

The sale of the bonds is the only really difficult part of the undertaking, and this is managed with consummate ability. Arrangements are made with some prominent banking-house in one of the principal cities of the country for the sale of the bonds, a heavy premium being paid to said house for its services in negotiating the loan. Or it may be that the banker will advance the company a certain sum for the commencement of the work, and receive, as security, a sufficient number of the bonds, which he is to sell at the highest price, and at a large profit for himself.

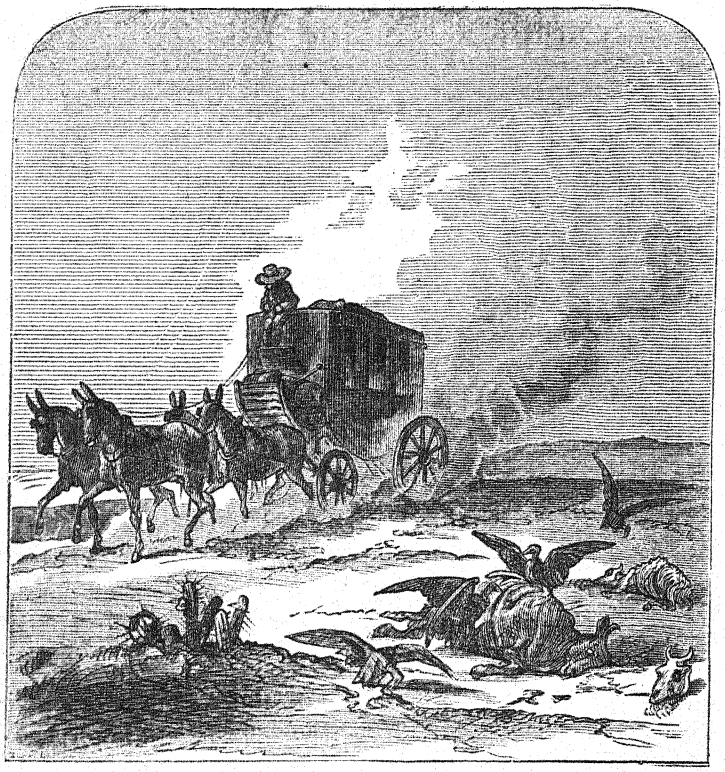
None of the great banking firms are able to hold the securities thus placed in their hands, nor do they take them for purposes of investment. They buy them to sell again, or sell them on commission. The persons who are expected to buy the bonds for investment are private individuals, who take them as safe investments paying a large interest; and the difficulty of the whole matter lies in persuading the public that the bonds are a safe investment, and that the interest will be promptly paid. That is the task of the banker.

The process is as follows: The bonds are advertised in the most prominent newspapers, and large sums are thus expended which must be made good out of the money paid by the unsuspecting public. The papers advertising these bonds are often induced to recommend them, or, in plainer words, to "puff" them in their edi-

torial columns, editorial virtue being overcome by the temptation of a large advertising contract. The religious papers are a favorite medium for the advertisement of wild-cat railroad bonds, and it is a singular fact that the most enthusiastic endorsements of these securities have been from this source. In effect, the press is bribed to puff the securities of the road. The banking-house negotiating the loan pledges its faith to the public that the bonds are a valuable commodity, and it is principally upon its representations that the bonds are sold. So common has this practice become, that bankers seem to lose sight of the responsibility they incur towards the public in thus recommending doubtful securities.

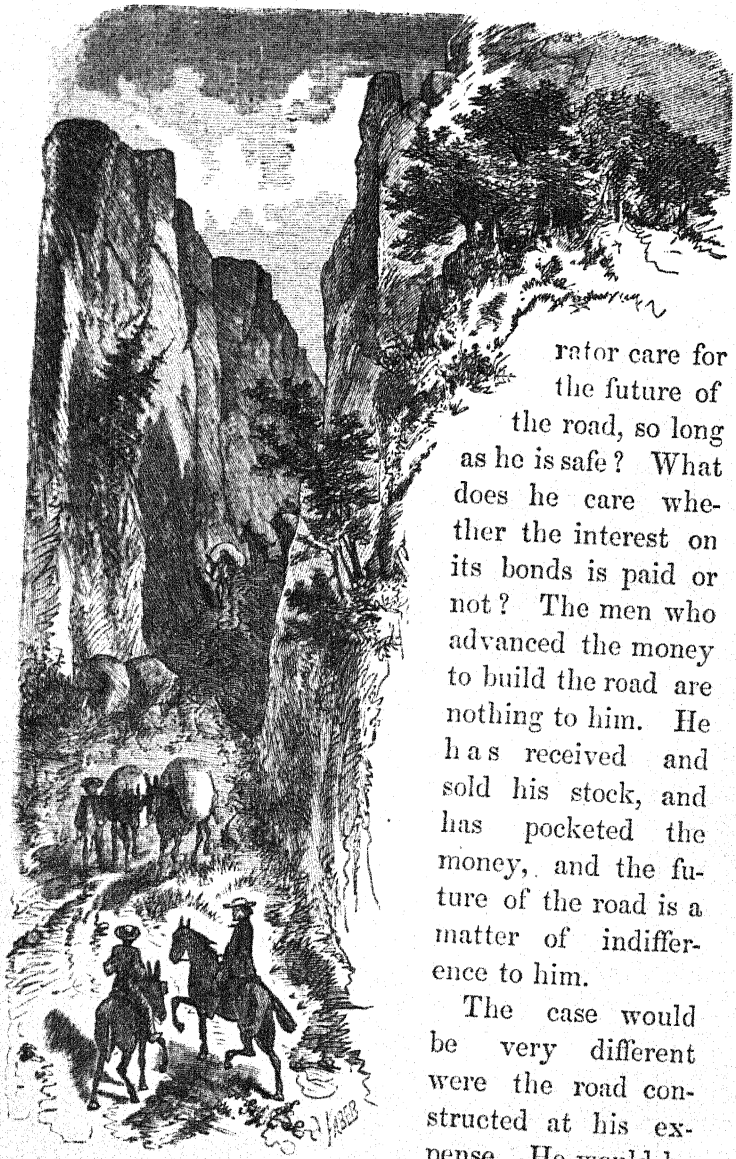
Well, the bonds are sold. Who are the purchasers? Not the great capitalists, who are shrewd enough to see through the whole transaction, but people of moderate means, persons who cannot afford to take risks or to lose any of their income, and who buy the bonds because of their confidence in the representations of the house disposing of them.

With the money received for the bonds the road is built, and put in operation. The stock is then issued and divided among the originators of the scheme. The people have paid the cost of the road, and also the large commissions paid to the bankers who sold the bonds, and as they hold a mortgage on the road, they are its real owners. But the stock, which represents the ownership of the property, is divided among the originators of the scheme, who are also charged with its management. It has not cost them anything, but now that the road is built and in running order, it is a valuable commodity. The holders of it are shrewd men,



WILD-CAT RAILROAD LANDS.

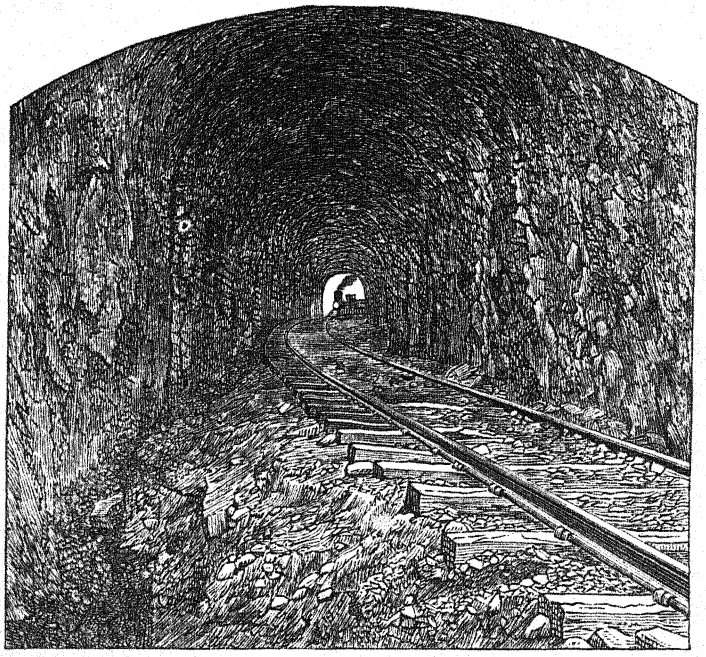
and, foreseeing that the road will not be able to pay the interest on its bonds for some time, take advantage of the *éclat* which attaches to all new enterprises, and sell their stock at the earliest possible moment. The amount received is clear gain to them, for the stock has cost them nothing. Should it sell for only fifty cents on the dollar, it is fifty cents clear profit, for they paid nothing for it. The people built the road, and the stock is the reward of the originators of the scheme. Herein lies the profit of railroad building. What does the incorpo-



VIEW OF THE COUNTRY TO BE OPENED BY THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

rator care for the future of the road, so long as he is safe? What does he care whether the interest on its bonds is paid or not? The men who advanced the money to build the road are nothing to him. He has received and sold his stock, and has pocketed the money, and the future of the road is a matter of indifference to him.

The case would be very different were the road constructed at his expense. He would be very careful to locate it in the most favor-



IN THE TUNNEL—SIERRA NEVADA. CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

able section, and only where it is actually needed; but since it costs him nothing, and affords him the means of obtaining a large sum of money for his stock, it matters little what becomes of the road after the stock is sold.

And so, year after year, the practice of building useless roads, and roads of doubtful profit, goes on. The country is flooded with worthless railroad bonds, which are advertised and puffed by bankers and newspapers, and which unwary people purchase, only to find their investment entirely the reverse of what was represented to them by the firm disposing of the bonds. The legitimate business of the country is crippled by the with-

drawal of the sums that go to purchase these wretched securities, and an element of unsoundness is introduced into the finances of the country that may yet involve us in a disaster infinitely worse than the panic from which we have just emerged.

Unquestionably the people are to blame for much of the evil that is upon us, for they are free to refuse to purchase these securities when placed in the market; but they are not altogether to blame. There are always numbers of people of moderate means who are very naturally and properly seeking some simple and safe investment for their money, and they are not fitted to judge very accurately of the value of the different schemes proposed to them. They must of necessity depend upon the representations of the house offering the securities for sale, and it is but natural that when a prominent house, enjoying the confidence of the public, presents such securities, and endorses them as both safe and profitable, such securities should be eagerly taken by the class we have described. The banker who undertakes a negotiation of this kind assumes a responsibility to the purchasers of the bonds, of which no amount of "Wall street logic" can relieve him. It is a melancholy fact that one of the first banking houses in the country, men whose names have hitherto commanded the confidence of the public, has been among the foremost in flooding the market with wild-cat railroad securities. The recent panic revealed some ugly facts of this kind, and the people of the United States, it is to be hoped, will not be unmindful of them.

The people owe it to themselves to put a stop to this reckless system of railroad-building, which is simply gambling under another form. They should refuse to

countenance the securities of such roads as those which have produced our recent troubles; and, above all, should demand of Congress, and see that the demand is complied with, that there be no more subsidies of the public lands. The national domain should no longer be at the mercy of railroad gamblers. Let the land-grab system be once overturned, and we shall have more caution in the construction of new railroads. Let it be understood that the people will no longer pay for roads which are built only for the profit of the incorporators, and the era of Wild-Cat Railroads will have passed away forever.

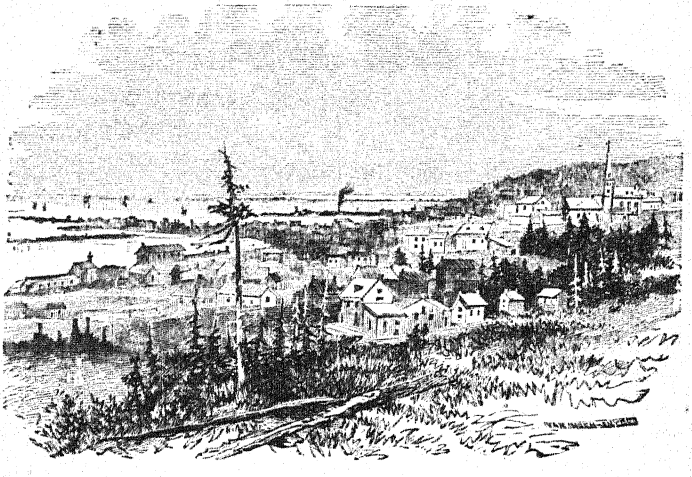
CHAPTER XII.

THE CASE OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Road chartered by Congress—An Imperial Gift of Land—The Nation robbed of Fifty Millions of Acres—Route of the Road—Character of the Country through which the Road is to be constructed—A Wilderness—Popular Doubts respecting the Success of the Road—The Capital of the Company—How it was to be raised—The People to pay for the Road—The Stock-Holders to receive all the Profits—The Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad declined in Europe—A "Popular Loan" inaugurated—Jay Cooke & Co. undertake its Negotiation—A Terrible Blunder—The Loan does not command the Public Confidence—The True Character of the Scheme—What Might Have Been—The Sequel—Report of the German Commissioners—A Capitalist's View of the Scheme—The Risks too great to warrant the Investment of German Capital—A Remarkable Statement of the Character and Prospects of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad has lately been brought very prominently before the public by the failure of the great house that went down weighted with the bonds of this road, which it could not sell. It will be well to examine its history. It will be found full of food for reflection, and overrunning with instruction.

In 1864, Congress granted a charter to the Northern Pacific Company, and by this charter and subsequent acts authorized this company to build a railroad from Lake Superior, through the State of Minnesota, and the Territories of Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington, to Puget Sound, by the valley of the Columbia river, through Portland, in the State of Oregon. In



DULUTH—EASTERN TERMINUS OF NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

aid of this road, Congress made large grants of land, the amount now being about 50,000,000 acres.

The charter was granted during the last year of the war, and matters were too unsettled then to allow the company to commence the work at once, and it was not until long after the close of the Rebellion that the construction of the road was fairly begun.

It was proposed to construct this road through the most northern portion of the United States, and from Lake Superior to the Pacific, a distance of 2000 miles. The expense of the undertaking was enormous, and the road was to be built through a section of country that was simply a wilderness. There were scarcely any settlements along its line, a great portion of which lay through the territory of hostile Indians. Much of the region through which it was to pass was barren and unfit for settlements, and a large part of the proposed route lay through the sterile region of the Yel-

lowstone. The entire route lay through the extreme northern portion of the Republic, a country which, it was popularly believed, would long remain unsettled, by reason of the severity of the climate and the inhospitable nature of the country. The best informed men expressed grave doubts of the practicability of the scheme. They did not believe that this region would be sufficiently settled to warrant the construction of such a railroad for many years, and they based this belief upon the fact that the region offered scarcely any inducements to settlers. Consequently people regarded the road with doubt, and when its bonds were offered, held aloof from them.

By the terms of the company's charter, a share capital of $100,000,000 was authorized; but of this amount only $2,000,000 was required to be subscribed in advance, and but $200,000 to be paid in. The last-named sum perhaps covered the preliminary expenses of the scheme, such as the cost of surveys, of legislation, and such other operations as were necessary for the commencement of the enterprise. The cost of building the road was to be paid by the people. Congress had given a criminally large area of land to the company, and the proceeds of the bonds which were issued were to constitute the capital with which the road was to be built. The $200,000, subscribed and paid in by the stockholders, was the only contribution they seem to have expected to make to the road. "This was a slender provision, it would seem, for a road 2000 miles long, through an uninhabited country, without commerce at either terminus, and without an important town on its whole route. But the projectors intended that Congress should build the road and put them in possession of it.

They secured a grant of nearly 50,000,000 acres of public land, and on the security of this magnificent estate they proposed to negotiate a loan of $100,000,000. As the estimated cost of the road was only $85,000,000, this loan would pay for the whole work and leave a handsome surplus for contingencies. The land is now worth, say $125,000,000, or perhaps more; the portions thus far sold have brought, on an average, over five dollars an acre. As the country becomes developed it will of course rise in value; and it was calculated that the sales would be sufficient to pay whatever of the interest on the bonds the road might fail to earn, and to pay the principal likewise at maturity. Anything that remained would be the property of the stockholders."

When the bonds were issued, they were offered in Europe, but were declined. European capitalists considered the risks assumed by the road too great to render the bonds a safe investment, and they declined to have anything to do with them. The company, thus driven back upon a home market, resolved to make the people of the United States pay for the road in another sense. They made a popular loan of their scheme. They succeeded in enlisting the house of Jay Cooke & Co. in it, and Messrs. Cooke & Co. agreed to place the loan in the market, using in its behalf much the same system that they had found so successful in their management of the great war loans of the General Government.

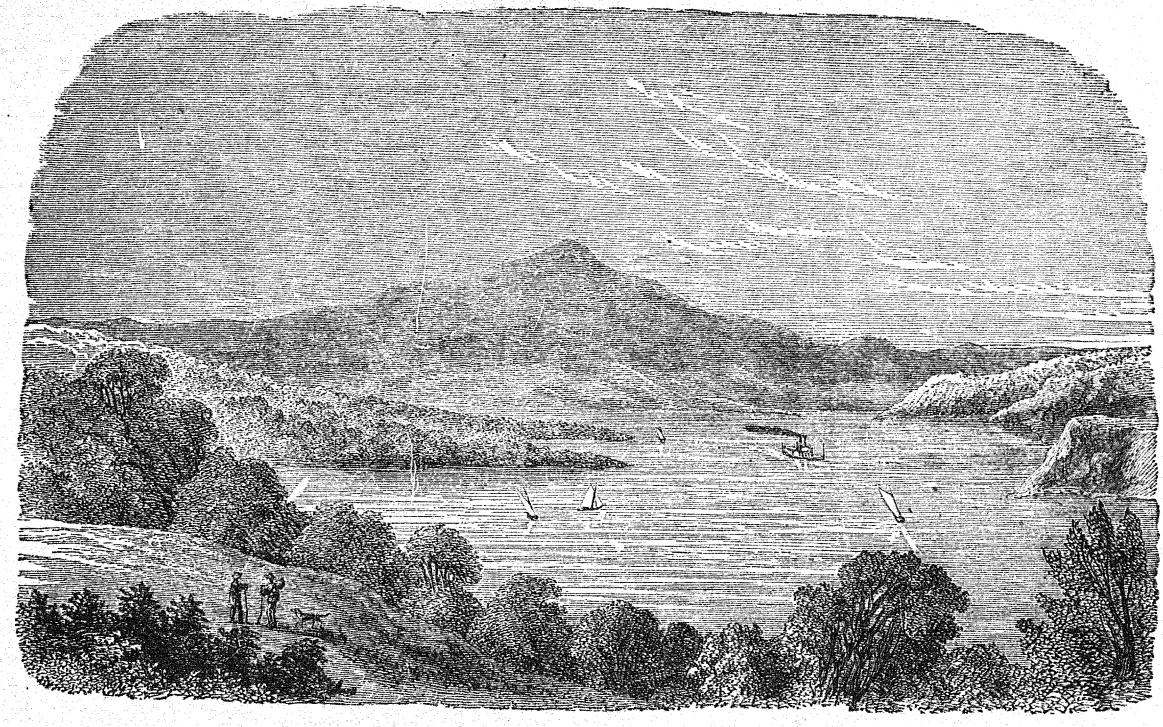
The people of the United States were somewhat surprised when they found Messrs. Cooke & Co. in charge of the Northern Pacific loan, and there were many that did not hesitate to assert their belief that

the Cookes had committed a serious error in connecting themselves with the scheme.

The truth is, the Cookes had committed a very serious error in undertaking the management of this loan. The Northern Pacific scheme never possessed the confidence of the people of the country, and Jay Cooke & Co. undertook too much in endeavoring to carry it through. Their judgment may have been, and doubtless was, satisfied, but the people were not so easily deceived. They did not see the necessity for the road, in the first place, nor could they understand how the road was to earn the money needed to pay the interest on its loan after discharging its ordinary expenses.

The loan was extensively advertised, and the more complaisant section of the newspaper press puffed it liberally. It was declared to be equal to any of the loans of the United States. The bonds were pronounced by some papers better than Five-Twenties. The advantges of the scheme, as they appeared to those in charge of it, were set forth in glowing terms, and the Cookes lent the whole force of their reputation and their great popularity to the task of popularizing the loan. But without avail. Many there were who purchased the bonds, and thus placed their funds at the mercy of the road, but the loan, though it absorbed immense sums, never became popular.

The mass of the people could not forget that this loan was in behalf of a road that was twenty years in advance of the demand for it. They could not forget that the road was to be constructed through an uninhabited region, much of which never would be fit for the dwellings of human beings; and much of which was exposed to the fury of hostile savages, who would



PUGET SOUND. PROPOSED WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

resist any effort to settle the region. There was no local business to furnish the road with ready money; and the through business, it was clear to thinking men, would amount to nothing; for whatever Duluth or Puget Sound might offer in years to come in the way of inducements to commerce, their advantages at present were too insignificant to be taken into serious consideration. Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. assumed a most serious responsibility in venturing to assure the purchasers of the bonds that the interest on them would be paid. The amount of money necessary for this purpose could be derived only from the earnings of the road, and it was clear to men of as profound knowledge and as great financial skill as the Cookes, that it would be impossible for the road, for the first years of its existence at least, to earn this amount.

It is true that matters *might be* different; true that the country along the road *might be* settled with a rapidity that would surpass all previous western growths; true that the hostile Sioux *might* offer no resistance; true that there *might* spring up along the line a local and a through business that might enable the company to earn $20,000,000 a year, the amount needed for their wants; but all these things were, and still are, uncertain. They might be, but it was very improbable. There was a terrible doubt hanging over the whole matter. The road could pay its interest and other expenses only in the event of an unusually brilliant success, but the presumption was against it. The risk was too great. People shrank from the loan, and the Cookes, who had made heavy advances to the road, found themselves encumbered with a mass of bonds which they could not sell, and when the first serious disturbance

of the market arose, they were among the first to sink under the weight of their unpopular loan. The result was in accordance with the general opinion of men who knew the true nature of the scheme, and it was a blessing to the country at large, however unfortunate it may have been to a few individuals.

"If the bonds had been duly negotiated according to programme," says the New York *Tribune*, "the case would have stood just thus: A few speculators would have subscribed $200,000 and persuaded Congress to build a railroad for them worth fifty times that amount out of the national estate. In a short time they would get back their original investment in dividends. Then they would be the absolute owners of 2000 miles of road, for which they had paid nothing, and probably they would still have also a large quantity of unsold land to divide among themselves. Whether we should have had a repetition of the Crédit Mobilier Building-Rings, and a rapid absorption of the profits and estate of the company by a little coterie of inside managers, railway Congressmen, and Christian statesmen, we leave our readers to conjecture.

"The bonds were offered in Europe and declined. Then the house of Jay Cooke & Co. undertook to place them among the multitude as a popular investment—in other words, to persuade the middle classes to advance the money which the nation was ultimately to repay with interest.

"Probably it was a combination of accidents, rather than any intrinsic defect in the arrangements, which brought this scheme to grief. Similar methods have succeeded before, and, if we are not cautious, will be attempted again. But what we particularly wish to

call attention to is the bearing of this case upon the transportation question. If the Northern Pacific Railroad were in running order to-day from Duluth to Puget Sound, the directors would undoubtedly claim the right to put their tolls high enough to yield eight or ten per cent. on the cost of the work. But the cost of the work would have been paid wholly, or almost wholly, out of the national estate. Congress has made a grant rich enough to cover the entire expense, and leave the stockholders handsomely provided for likewise. For more than twenty years the Government has given away land in reckless prodigality to aid in the construction of railways.

"In 1871, the total amount of the public domain thus appropriated reached the stupendous total of 217,847,375 acres. It is true that a large part of this grant will prove inoperative, as the quantity of vacant land within the designated limits will fall short of the appropriation; but probably over 100,000,000 acres has been or will be deeded to the favored companies. These concessions represent, at the very lowest computation, a money value of $300,000,000, and an area considerably greater than the whole of the British Isles, and greater than New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Illinois combined. But when it is proposed that the roads for which the nation has done so much should be required to do something for the people, we are met with the objection, 'Oh, you must not interfere with the vested rights of railroad stockholders.'

"Whatever may be said of the railroad question generally, it must be evident that the land-grant roads hold a peculiar relation toward the people, and may



THE FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, ON THE ROUTE OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

fairly be compelled to do much more than roads built entirely by private capital. 'Reasonable' profits on roads of the former class cannot be measured by a percentage on their cost, because their cost was defrayed in a great degree, if not entirely, out of the public fund. It cannot be measured by the capital, because that is largely fictitious. The limit of their right to take toll must be fixed by a general review of all the circumstances of the roads and the history of their construction; and common sense will demand that in coming to a determination on this point the share which the public took in building them shall be fully considered."

When the bonds of the Northern Pacific road were offered in the European market, the German capitalists sent two commissions of experts to this country to examine into the affairs of the road, and upon receiving the reports of these commissioners, they declined to take part in the loan. One of these reports, that of Herr Haas, of Berlin, has been recently published by the New York *Tribune*. We give it as sustaining our view of the matter, and as a queer commentary upon the assertions and reassertions with which our press has overflowed of late years, that this was the safest and most profitable loan of the day.

After describing the location of the road, Herr Haas says: "Accordingly the estimates prepared for building the Northern Pacific Railway are limited to the present project, the cost of the branch line not being included.

ESTIMATES OF COST.

"7. These estimates calculate the cost of construction of the main line as follows:

1. Grading, masonry, bridges, rails, and entire surface works of the line	$60,320,000
2. Sidings	4,200,000
3. Sundry expenses inclusive of engineering	5,000,000
4. Telegraph lines	600,000
5. Buildings	2,312,000
6. Working capital	3,615,000
7. Small branch line	1,200,000
8. Extra expenses	800,000
9. Interest on capital during construction, minus the income derived from the working of already finished lengths during that time	7,230,000
Total	$85,277,000

"8. To raise this sum the Northern Pacific Railway Company intends issuing bonds to the amount of $100-000,000, and pledges itself to pay interest at the rate of 7.30 per cent. per annum in gold out of the surplus revenue from the traffic of the line, and to redeem the bonds within thirty years.

"9. As security for the payment of interest and the redemption of the bonds, the whole of the property of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the line and buildings, as well as the land grants, have been made over to the trustees, as representing the bondholders, by a general mortgage deed, registered July 1st, 1870, in the office of the Secretary of the Interior of the United States.

"By these data the extent and aims of the Northern Pacific Railway enterprise, and the means by which it is to be accomplished, are clearly set forth. Adding to this the fact that up to August, 1871, a length of line of 140 miles, extending from Duluth, Lake Superior, to twenty miles beyond the Mississippi, was already completed and in working order; that 120 miles additional, as far as the border of the State of Dakota, are, save little interruptions, almost complete, and that lastly, in

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the Western division of the road, in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, twenty-five miles of the line, through Washington Territory, in the direction of Puget Sound, are so far advanced that they can be opened for traffic by the end of this year, we have all that can be stated about the present condition of the Northern Pacific Railway, and we can turn to the consideration of the future.

"10. The consideration of the future, in order to keep within bounds, should be limited to answering the following three questions: *First:* Are the means provided for the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway adequate to complete the line ready for traffic? *Second:* Does the finished line offer the necessary guarantee that the net profit of its income will yield the sums required for the half yearly payment of the stipulated rate of interest on the bonds? *Third:* Will the sums realized from the sale of lands suffice to redeem the bonds within thirty years?

"11. Respecting the first of these questions, whether the building capital is adequate to the completion of the line, we must revert to the detailed estimates. The first item of these estimates, which provides $60,320,000 for the construction of the line, or $30,000 a mile, leaves no cause for uneasiness, inasmuch as the contracts already disposed of afford proof that the lengths contracted for can not only be completed for the amount, but that savings are made so considerable that by means of them the more expensive mountainous parts can be undertaken. The chief engineer of the company is a well-tried man, his honesty, experience, and capacity are beyond question, and he has positively declared that the item in question will not be exceeded.

"12. As little can be said against items 2, 3, 4, and 7; but 5, 6, and 9 produce serious misgivings. Item 5 of the estimate, providing $2,312,000 for buildings, includes $850,000 for repair-shops for machinery and cars, 134 stations at $2000 each, or $268,000; lastly ten principal stations at $25,000 each, or $250,000. These figures are out of all proportion low; for a length of line of 2000 miles, workshops at the collective amount of $850,000, stations the whole arrangements of which are put down at $2000 only, and principal stations at $25,000 each, cannot be looked upon as adequate to the requirements. This item, therefore, will have to be increased. The same remark applies to item 6, which provides $3,615,000 as the working capital, and out of this are to be procured 120 locomotives, 100 first-class passenger cars, 50 second-class passenger cars, 30 smoking cars, 30 mail and baggage cars, and 1500 freight and cattle cars. This working capital is so small, and stands in such glaring contrast with the length of line, that much more will be required than has been provided by the estimates. In North Germany a line of similar length would require more than 25,000,000 thalers; and though it may not be quite fair to measure American expenses by a German standard—a maxim which underlies this report—still the most superficial critic must perceive that here a very considerable augmentation is needed. With regard to item 9, providing $7,230,000 for the payment of interest during construction, a similar claim will have to be put forward. Suppose the time of building to be four years—a supposition based upon exact information obtained—the works would consume a quarter of the building capital in every year during the building period. This interest will have to be paid at the end of the first

year upon one-quarter; at the end of the second year upon one-half: at the end of the third year upon three-quarters, and at the end of the fourth year upon the whole of the building capital. Hence the interest during the four years will be two and a half times the annual interest.

"13. With an emission of bonds to the amount of $100,000,000, at a rate of interest of 7.30 gold, the interest during the building period will foot up $18,250,000 gold, and though the building fund need not be burdened with that, since the money obtained for bonds and not immediately required for building purposes may be otherwise employed with advantage, and since also the intermediate finished portions of the line will yield a revenue before the whole line is opened, nevertheless, what may be gained in this way must not be overestimated. The estimate of $3,250,000 is sufficiently high, so that $15,000,000 interest will have to be paid out of the capital. Item 9, therefore, will have to be increased in proportion.

"14. If, according to these calculations, the estimates require manifold augmentations on the one hand, we must not lose sight of the fact that on the other hand the fixed building capital, $100,000, 000, is not reached by the sum total of $85,000,000 of the estimates, but exceeds these estimates by $15,000,000. In case, therefore, the bonds are not issued too much below par, the respective items may be augmented by this surplus, and this may be the more easily effected, as, according to the communications of Mr. Jay Cooke, in a conversation on the subject, that gentleman is prepared to consider the matter with a view to such augmentation.

"15. With regard to this last point, but only in view of the possibility of these anticipations being realized, there

is no cause for anxiety about the estimates, and after such augmentation no occasion for an unfavorable judgment.

"16. Turning to the second question, whether the Northern Pacific Railway, after its completion, offers the necessary guarantee that the surplus accruing out of the traffic revenue will suffice to pay the half-yearly rates of interest on the bonds, it is to be observed in the first place that the interest at the rate of 7.30 per cent. on a capital of $100,000,000 amounts to $7,300,000. To obtain a net profit of a similar amount requires a gross income of $20,000,000 a year. It is proved by official data that the net profits of the American railways are equal to 35 per cent. of the gross income, 65 per cent. of the total being consumed by the working expenses.

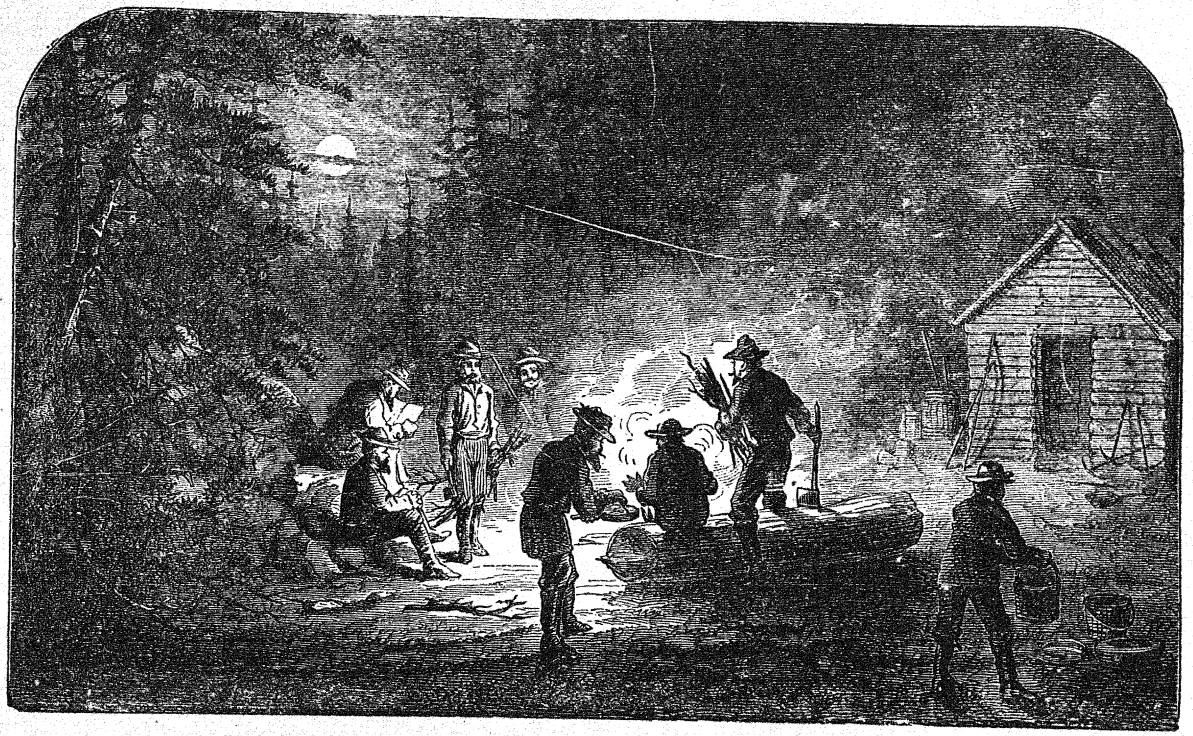
PROBABLE TRAFFIC.

"17. Whether the completed Northern Pacific Railway will be able to count on a traffic that will yield an income of $20,000,000 a year can only be ascertained by an inquiry into the state of the population and its industrial and commercial relations, and it will be important to keep the actual state of these relations very carefully in view. The tract of country traversed by the Northern Pacific Railway upon which at the outset the line depends for acquiring and securing a local traffic, is situated in the States of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Oregon, and in Washington Territory. These have, according to the census of 1870:

	Area in square miles.	Inhabitants.
Minnesota	83,531	435,511
Dakota	147,490	14,181
Montana	143,776	20,594
Idaho	90,932	14,998
Oregon	95,244	90,922
Washington Territory	69,994	23,901

Or an aggregate area of 630,917 square miles and an aggregate population of 598,147, while in the year 1860 they had a population of only 250,000 persons. According to this the population has increased 350,000 persons within a period of ten years, but this increase belongs for the most part to the State of Minnesota only, since the population of that State has grown from 172,000 to 435,500 during the period in question—an increase of 263,000 persons. There is hardly any room for doubt that 600,000 people, scattered over an area of 30,000 German square miles, even if all are taken as contributing to the success of the Northern Pacific Railway, will not be able to insure a traffic that will produce an annual income of $20,000,000.

"18. The enthusiastic adherents of the undertakers of the Northern Pacific Railway will not deny the truth of this assertion, and they are only able to hold out hopes for the future by pointing to a possible rapid increase of population in the adjacent districts consequent upon the completion of the line, and a corresponding increase of the income of the company. Willing as I am to acknowledge, respecting America, the well approved fact that, contrary to what we see in Germany, where railways are the product of already cultivated and well-populated regions, the railways in America have hitherto drawn culture and population after them into uncultivated regions, and thereby drawn an income to themselves, yet the deductions from these facts must always be made with a certain reserve. We must not forget that though a growth of the population in regions newly traversed by railways is certain, it is not sufficiently rapid to cover thinly inhabited regions within a few years with numerous and densely peopled settle-



CAMP OF RAILROAD BUILDERS ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ments of a commercially agricultural or industrial character, particularly when it is a question of filling a region of 2000 miles with such settlements.

GROWTH OF POPULATION.

"We learn, by way of example, from a comparison of the population of the United States in 1870 and 1860, that in that decennial period the population increased from 31,500,000 to 38,500,000, an increase of 7,000,000, —very considerable in itself, but not of very great importance compared with the proportional increase of railways, when we bear in mind that the railways in the United States increased during the same period from 31,286 miles to 53,400 miles. Even the most favorable rate of increase of the population during the last ten years, namely, that of Minnesota, or about 150 per cent., would, extended over the whole region of the Northern Pacific Railway, during another ten years, only result in an aggregate population of 1,500,000, or one-third of the present population of the State of New-York. That such a population—which, by the way, would not exist at the time of the completion of the line, nor till ten years afterward—will not yield the required income to pay out of the net profits the interest on the capital invested in the enterprise, I think I am, according to my conviction, bound to maintain.

"Of course an increase of population beyond the percentage mentioned is possible, in consequence of accelerated exertions and efforts to direct immigration toward the hitherto neglected States of Dakota, Idaho, and Oregon and Washington Territory; but we must not

ignore the fact that such exertions and efforts will always have to contend with great difficulties. The stream of immigration has hitherto flowed notoriously and preferably in the direction of the more Southern States, its diversion northward, particularly in the States of Dakota, Idaho, and Montana, where the Indian tribes are still hostile, will not succeed until after years of struggle and perseverance. Take, for instance, Minnesota, which has only just succeeded in attracting the influx of population already mentioned, though its emigration agents have for years traversed the length and breadth of Europe, and though the State has for a considerable time been provided with railways. To rely so confidently and strongly upon the exertions and efforts in favor of an immigration, the results of which must be reserved for a future day, and to deduce with certainty that they will necessarily produce a considerable local traffic for the Northern Pacific Railway from the time of the completion of the line, I consider hazardous.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRADE.

"19. If thus, according to my conviction, the prospects for an advantageous local traffic on the Northern Pacific railway during the first years of its operation do not exist, the through traffic will hardly offer any better chances. The Northern Pacific Railway, one terminus of which is situated at Duluth, on Lake Superior, in Minnesota, and the other at Puget Sound, will hardly be able to reckon on a through traffic in the course of a series of years, so far as it relates solely to American products, since the termini do not furnish any basis for such a traffic. Puget Sound, favorably as it

may be situated for shipping, has, for the time being, nothing in the shape of industrial establishments except a few embryo collieries, as yet insignificant, and some important saw-mills, which procure their raw material by water, and whose selling markets are not on American soil but abroad, requiring ships to export their product, while Duluth, a town of about 4000 inhabitants, is still in embryo, so that it is hard to tell what traffic it may afford hereafter.

"20. The Asiatic through trade, so far as it affects the existing Pacific lines, and the importance of which must not be too highly estimated, since it consists of two articles only, tea and silk, will only be attracted with difficulty to the Northern Pacific road, because, on the one hand, until the branch line provided for in the charter is completed, which will reduce the distance from Puget Sound to Duluth from 2000 miles on the main line to 1775 miles on the branch line, the distance on the existing Pacific lines is about equal to that of the Northern Pacific, which offers no shortening of the journey by land, and because, on the other hand, the commercial relations between New York and Chicago and San Francisco are so closely tied that the removal of the agency of the San Francisco houses concerned in this commerce can hardly be thought of.

"21. After this exposition, though I readily acknowledge that the Northern Pacific road will come in for something at the opening—for instance, the important consignments to supply the military forts with provisions, the transport of provisions for the Hudson's Bay Company, the products of the mines of Montana, Idaho, and Washington, insignificant at present—I must incline to the opinion that after the completion of the

line and the simultaneous cessation of paying interest out of the capital, a longer or shorter period of time will intervene during which the working of the road will not produce the required income to pay an interest of 7.30 per cent. on the capital invested after deducting the working expenses. As the means provided in the statutory regulations, of which I shall speak further on, by which supplies are to be raised in cases when the regular income does not suffice to pay the interest, will fail to afford a remedy, as I shall endeavor to prove, I have no hesitation in saying that the obligations undertaken by the promoters of the enterprise respecting the payment of interest cannot be fulfilled during the period immediately following the opening of the line.

VALUE OF THE LAND GRANT.

"22. With regard to the third question, whether the sale of land will realize the amounts by which the redemption of the entire bonded debt can be effected within the thirty years specified, I must, first of all, contradict an opinion which has been widely circulated, representing the regions traversed by the Northern Pacific Railway as unfavorable to civilization, agriculture and industry The experience I have acquired from personal inspection, as well as the most trustworthy information from official sources I have everywhere gathered on the spot, has convinced me that the region through which the Northern Pacific Railway passes is one of the most fertile on the American Continent, and is in every respect suitable for colonization. Minnesota and Dakota belong to the grain-growing region; Montana and Idaho are rich in minerals and pastures, and

Oregon and Washington Territory belong to the region of minerals, furs, timber and agriculture.

"The Government land grant to the Northern Pacific Railway Company, representing, as already mentioned, 50,000,000 acres for the main line, has an appreciable value, the money price of which, at the rate at which the Illinois Central sold its land, would amount to $550,000,000; at the rate at which Minnesota disposed of her school land, it would amount to $350,000,000; and at the rate at which the Kansas Pacific realized, it would amount to $165,000,000. Granted that even the last figure is put too high, we may fall back on the minimum price below which the United States Government has bound itself to the Northern Pacific Railway Company not to sell land in the alternating sections adjoining the line. At $2.50 an acre the land grant of the company is worth $125,000,000—an amount still more than sufficient to redeem the entire $100,000,000 of bonds; even the redemption at ten per cent. above par permitted by the statutory regulations requiring $110,000,000 to redeem the bonds, would still leave a handsome surplus. However, another question is whether the land can really be disposed of by way of sale within the thirty years fixed for the redemption of the bonds, and whether the demand for these lands will so nearly equal the supply that sales can be made at the given prices and during the specified period of time? The answer to this question is essentially dependent on the same points which have been already considered in connection with the security for the payment of interest on the bonds, namely, whether in this case the population of the respective regions will increase at a rate sufficiently rapid to insure that after the lapse

of thirty years the whole land of the company shall have changed hands and been transferred to private owners. So far as human calculations can at all forecast what may be accomplished in periods of such duration, this question may be answered in the affirmative. The experience of the past in the United States, as well as what is seen every day, gives ample proof that, as a rule, after a number of years have passed subsequent to the opening of a line in new and uncultivated regions, and new settlements have been established in consequence of the railway, such land can be sold well and easier than any other land. Thus, though a period of several years following immediately upon the opening of a line may have few sales to show, yet in the long run all will be right, and the period of redemption is long enough to warrant a confidence, based upon experience, that within the period of redemption the area of the Northern Pacific Railway Company will have changed hands for the benefit of the company. However, that during the first few years after the opening of the line the sales will assume but small dimensions, can hardly be doubted, since, as has been already observed, the immigration turning toward the newly-opened regions of the Northern Pacific Railway will not be of sufficient magnitude to create an active demand, and as, furthermore, a great many immigrants who may turn in that direction to look out for new settlements will prefer to avail themselves of the facilities offered by the Homestead law, according to which every man on American soil, above twenty-one years of age, and declaring that he will remain, may secure on easy terms the possession of eighty acres of public land by simply paying a fee. Now, as in the regions crossed by the

Northern Pacific Railway the public land lies adjacent in alternating sections, and is consequently without any difference of quality, the immigrants will, at the outset, prefer the public land, and the railway company will only be able to effect exceptional sales.

"23. To what extent public land is disposed of under the Homestead law may be gathered from the fact that during the year 1869, the Government of the United States sold for cash 2,900,000 acres, and allotted under the Homestead law 2,737,000 acres; during the year 1870, it sold for cash 2,150,000 acres, and allotted under the Homestead law 3,700,000 acres. If thus the land sales of the railway company should be of little account for several years, one of the means already alluded to, of supplementing the fund out of which the interest on the bonds is to be paid in years of deficiency, will simultaneously fail. The statutory regulations stipulate that the bonds shall be successively bought up with the proceeds of the land sales and cancelled. At the same time, however, it is permitted, in case of the treasury of the company being exhausted, and consequently without the necessary means for paying the interest on the bonds, to make up the deficiency out of the proceeds of the land sales. Of course the company is bound to make restitution to the land fund of the amount taken out, by handing over the first net profits of the line. But if the land sales are only of a limited extent at first, and the proceeds correspondingly small, it will not be possible to make any substantial advances toward paying the interest, and simultaneously, as I have previously asserted, the line will not produce the requisite amount for the payment of the interest on the bonds; and thus, in my opinion, it is certain that a

longer or shorter period will ensue, immediately upon the opening of the line, during which the bondholders will have to forego interest.

INSUFFICIENT SECURITY FOR BONDHOLDERS.

"24. In continuation of the foregoing, I have yet to mention in what manner the rights of the bondholders are to be guarded under such critical circumstances. The mortgage of July 1st, 1870, executed by the railway company to the trustees, as representatives of the bondholders on the other side—to which the bondholders have to submit—stipulates that, in case the company should not be able to fulfil their obligations respecting the payment of interest on the bonds, and (1) the delay in the payment has lasted three months, the trustees shall have the power to sell so much land out of the area of the company as will be necessary to realize the amount required to pay the interest; (2) when the delay in the payment has lasted six months the trustees shall be empowered to take charge of the line and work it themselves, and to make all the necessary arrangements for that purpose; (3) when the delay in the payment has lasted three years, the trustees shall be empowered to sell the line, and all the possessions pertaining to it, for the benefit of the bondholders. These stipulations, however, if acted upon, would do the bondholders little good. With reference to the powers conferred upon the trustees by Article 1, it is difficult to see what advantage would be gained for the bondholders by making use of them. If the land were saleable the company could and would sell to pay the interest on the bonds, and it will only be on account of the land not being saleable, shortly after the opening

of the line, that no proceeds of the land sale will be available to supplement the interest-paying fund, and that the circumstances will arise for which the sale of land is to furnish a remedy. How the trustees can realize money by the sale of unsaleable land is not very clear. The same objection applies to the measures provided for in Article 2, empowering the trustees to take charge of the line and work it themselves. What benefits are the bondholders likely to derive from that? The trustees will hardly be able to convert a non-paying line into a paying line, and it might even be hazardous to take the management out of the hands of people acquainted with local and other conditions, simply because a crisis had ensued which, by no exertions and foresight, could by any human possibility have been averted. Finally, the powers conferred upon the trustees by Article 3 ought to have been given, in my opinion, by Article 1. If the interest on the bonds should not be paid, the bondholders—the mortgagees of the Northern Pacific Railway—must, according to my view of the matter, have the power to bring the object mortgaged, in the case before us the property of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, under the hammer of the auctioneer, in order to realize out of the proceeds a pro rata dividend upon their claims, as in any other case of insolvency; but this power must not be withheld for a space of three years, and only conceded when other and questionable measures have proved fruitless.

"I find in the mortgage of July 1st, 1870, which determines the rights of the bondholders, less a security for the exercise of those rights than a troublesome obstacle to the execution of rights guaranteed to the bond-

holders by the general laws of the United States of America.

CONCLUSION.

"25. To sum up, I cannot deem it advisable that European capitalists should be encouraged to participate in the enterprize of the Northern Pacific Railway, as, in my opinion, after the completion of the line a period will ensue during which the company will not be able to fulfil the obligation it is under respecting the payment of interest on the bonds. It is certainly possible that this period will not ensue immediately upon the completion of the main line, inasmuch as the branch line, equally provided by the charter, will issue new mortgage bonds, out of which the interest may be paid for a while, but this will only postpone, not avert, the crisis.

"That the Northern Pacific Railway may be a good and profitable enterprise after the years of its childhood and troubles have been survived, will not be enough to commend it to the European money market; it will have to be proved that the company will be able during the early years of the enterprise to fulfil all the engagements entered into. In the full consciousness of the responsibility incumbent on me as a member of the European Commission of Experts, I cannot consider that this proof is forthcoming.

HAAS.

"BERLIN, *Nov. 30th*, 1871."

CHAPTER XIII.

DANGER AHEAD.

Evils resulting to the Country from Railroad Mismanagement—The Danger of Monopolies—Disregard of Individual and Public Rights—Efforts to corrupt the Legislative and Judicial Powers of the Country—How the Corporations menace the Public Liberties—Mistakes of the People—Helplessness of the Community—Mr. Thomas Scott's Boast justified—A Railroad King—Contrast between Vanderbilt and Drew—Immense Power of Commodore Vanderbilt—A Gigantic Monopoly—A Real Danger—An Unsafe Power in the Hands of an Interested Man—Danger Ahead—The Way to meet it.

WE have now examined hastily some of the evils of the present system of railroad management, and have pointed out some of the troubles likely to arise therefrom. Our purpose in doing so is not to excite unnecessary or ill-advised hostility to the railroad system of the country, but to arouse the people to a sense of the danger with which the mismanagement of this system threatens them. That there is danger, we presume no one will deny.

Looking back over what we have been considering, we find:

I. That the railroad system of the United States, which was intended to give the people rapid and cheap communication and transportation, and which was designed as the servant of the people, has grown into a powerful combination of monopolies, each and all animated by a common object.

II. That the object of these monopolies is to compel the people to pay whatever rates they may see fit to

establish for the service rendered them, and to keep these rates at the highest possible point.

III. That the corporations have a decided advantage over the public in this struggle, and that they are determined to resist, and do resist, all efforts on the part of the latter to obtain cheap transportation.

IV. That they are utterly regardless of the rights of the people, either as individuals, or as a community, and that they resent and punish to the extent of their power, any attempt on the part of an individual to dispute their regulations, however arbitrary and unjust the said rules may be.

V. That they are practically irresponsible for their action, and resist any and all efforts to render them amenable to the law.

VI. That they pursue a systematic course of plunder, robbing the nation of its property, and levying exorbitant rates upon individuals and freight, to pay "fancy dividends" upon their fictitious stock.

VII. That in order to secure the success of their schemes, they do not hesitate to resort to the most corrupt practices. They have done what they could to debauch the men placed in positions of public trust by the people, bribing legislators, and taking them into their pay, literally purchasing courts of justice, and thus closing the means of obtaining justice once open to the people.

VIII. That they are directly responsible for a large share of the corruption that is fast demoralizing our public service, and are seeking to render themselves the masters of the National and State governments.

IX. That they have introduced an element of reckless gambling in stocks into the monetary affairs of the



INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD WAS BEING BUILT.

country, which is utterly destructive of all sound business management, and have succeeded in demoralizing this portion of our financial system to such an extent that great evils must follow unless they are compelled to desist.

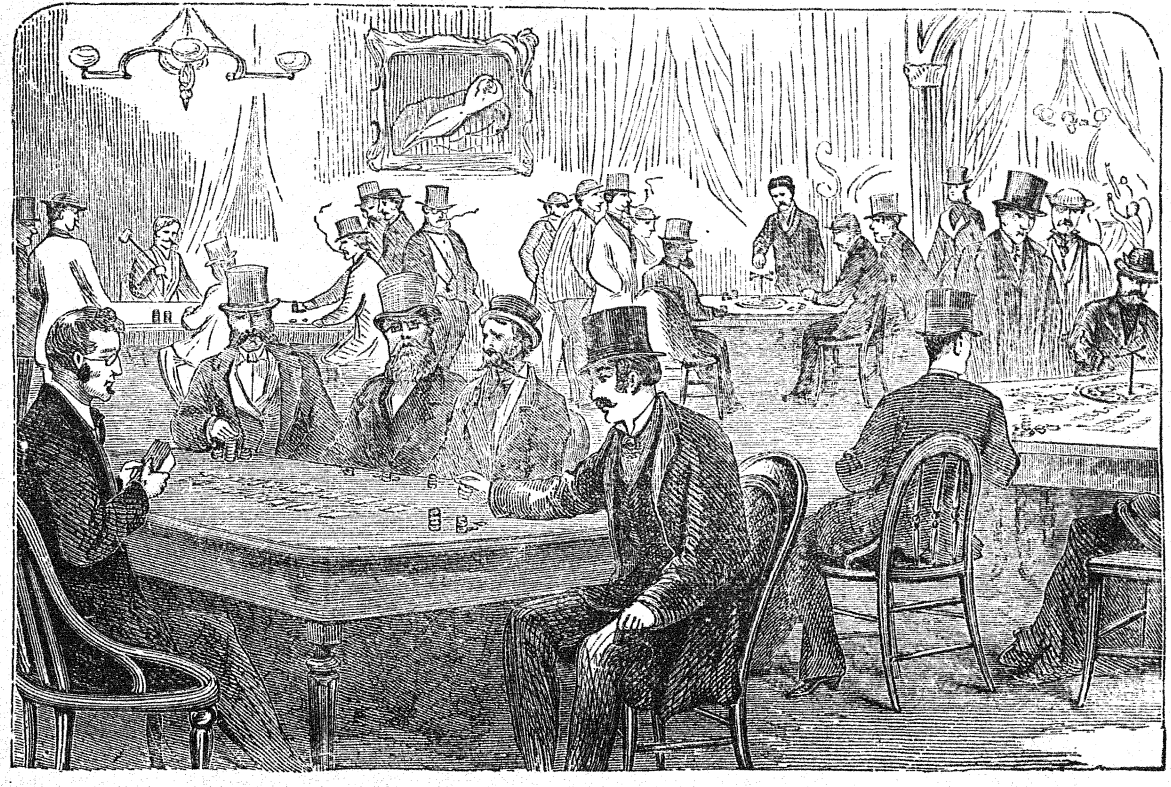
X. That they are growing bolder and more audacious in their designs upon the people, caring for nothing but an increase in their gains, and that the liberties, the free institutions, the property, and the national existence of the American people are seriously endangered by the unlawful designs and the insolent acts of the railroad corporations.

There is danger in all this, and it would be worse than folly to shut our eyes and profess not to see it. It is a danger that must be met and turned aside. The power of a railroad corporation is not an imaginary thing. The corporation employs many hundred men, and disburses large sums of money; and it does these things for the avowed purpose of "earning" as much money from the people who are compelled to use the road, as they will pay. It is carrying out a system of operations opposed to the interests of the people, and it is a compact, solid body, under the direction and control of one vigorous mind, and it possesses every chance of success against the people, who are generally divided and indisposed to assert their rights, though sensible that they are being injured. It is almost absolute master of the market of the region it supplies. It can benefit or injure a community by liberal tariffs or extortionate rates, as it pleases, and the managers are free to decide which policy shall be pursued. It is subject to no control. It can do as it pleases. It controls hundreds of votes along its line, not one of which will be

cast against it in any contest with the public, and the lobby it maintains at the centres of government takes care that no adverse legislation shall stop its encroachments upon the rights of the people. Relying upon its wealth and power, it insolently defies the community to protect itself, and pursues its course of extortion unchecked.

Now, if this be the power of a single road, what shall we say of the vast combinations of roads which are being organized and are in operation throughout the country? Does any one for an instant imagine that these combinations, whose sole object is to enrich themselves, are careful of the rights of the public? The very essence of their system is to make charges as high as possible, and, by combining, prevent competition. They know their roads are a necessity to the public, and that persons using them must pay whatever rates they see fit to impose. They have combined for the purpose of compelling the public to submit to their extortions, and they have no intention of abandoning their design. They are masters of the situation thus far, and they know it.

As for the people, they have no redress as matters are conducted at present. "With packed legislatures," says the *Atlantic Monthly*, in a recent issue, "with paid or intimidated judges, and with a civil service consisting of several thousand cunning clerks and able-bodied brakemen, conductors, and switch-tenders, they would be in just that position most dreaded by all lovers of liberty—a powerful and enormously rich corporation, surrounded by a timid, weak, and hopeless public. While we were still engaged in singing pæans over the glorious institutions of our happy country, we should

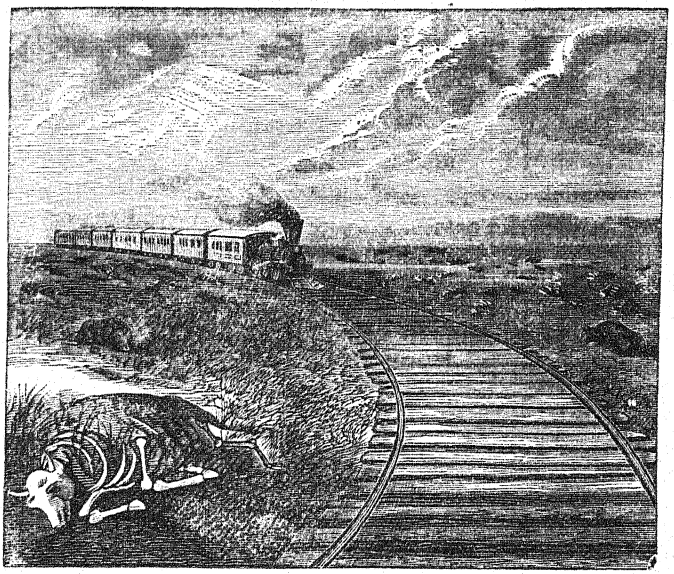


EVENING RECREATIONS OF RAILROAD GAMBLERS.

suddenly find that our institutions had disappeared, and that we had riveted round our necks the chains of a worse despotism than any we ever lamented for our fellow-creatures. This is really no imaginary picture, as any one will admit who recollects the stronghold, absolutely inaccessible to the law, which Fisk and Gould erected and for a time maintained in New York, or the military operations of the employés of the Erie and the Susquehanna railroads during the 'Susquehanna War,' and who has followed with any attention the helpless struggles of the Government of the United States—formerly supposed to be quite able to take care of itself—in the foul toils of the Union Pacific Railroad."

Mr. Thomas Scott, the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railway, is credited with the remark that he preferred his position to the Presidency of the United States, as it was a post of more real power, and offered greater opportunities to a man of ambition and talent. This was no idle boast. Colonel Scott has shown, upon more occasions than one, that he feels that his road is the master of the vast communities dependent upon it.

Few monarchs enjoy as much substantial power as is vested in the hands of Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, who is often called the "Railroad King." A man of unbounded ambition, and with every quality for the successful organization and management of great monopolies, he has, by his genius and daring, placed himself at the head of the railroad interest of the United States. Naturally arrogant, his continued success has made him a true king of the absolute school, in the execution of his plans. Mr. Adams draws the following contrast between Vanderbilt and his rival,



CROSSING THE PLAINS ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Daniel Drew :—"Drew is astute, and full of resources, and at all times a dangerous opponent; but Vanderbilt takes larger, more comprehensive views, and his mind has a vigorous grasp which that of Drew seems to want. While, in short, in a wider field, the one might have made himself a great and successful despot, the other would hardly have aspired beyond the control of the jobbing department of some corrupt government. Accordingly, while in Drew's connection with the railroad system his operations and manipulations evince no qualities calculated to excite even a vulgar admiration or respect, it is impossible to regard Vanderbilt's methods or aims without recognizing the magnitude of the man's ideas and conceding his abilities. He involuntarily excites feelings of admiration for himself and alarm for

the public. His ambition is a great one. It seems to be nothing less than to make himself master in his own right of the great channels of communication which connect the city of New York with the interior of the continent, and to control them as his private property. Drew sought to carry to a mean perfection the old system of operating successfully from the confidential position of director, neither knowing anything nor caring anything for the railroad system, except in its connection with the movements of the Stock Exchange, and he succeeded in his object. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, as selfish, harder, and more dangerous, though less subtle, has by instinct, rather than by intellectual effort, seen the full magnitude of the system, and through it has sought to make himself a dictator in modern civilization, moving forward to this end step by step with a sort of pitiless energy which has seemed to have in it an element of fate. As trade now dominates the world, and railways dominate trade, his object has been to make himself the virtual master of all by making himself absolute lord of the railways. Had he begun his railroad operations with this end in view, complete failure would have been almost certainly his reward. Commencing as he did, however, with a comparatively insignificant objective point—the cheap purchase of a bankrupt stock—and developing his ideas as he advanced, his power and his reputation grew, until an end which at first it would have seemed madness to entertain, became at last both natural and feasible."

Not long since, the Presidency of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad became vacant by reason of the death of the president, Horace F. Clark. Mr. Clark was the son-in-law and a valuable ally of

Commodore Vanderbilt, and at his death the directors transferred the presidency to Vanderbilt. Their action elicited considerable comment from the press at the time. The editorial remarks of *Harper's Weekly* are significant and worthy of preservation, as showing the view of the matter held by an influential portion of the American people. Said that journal:

"The election of Commodore Vanderbilt to the presidency of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway marks another step in the gradual consolidation of our great railroad and financial enterprises. Starting from Chicago, the metropolis of the northwest, and the greatest grain depot in the world, the Lake Shore Railway, running through a country which has been settled for two generations of men, drains the rich peninsula between the lakes, and connects the populous towns of the south shore of Lake Erie with the railway system of the east. At Buffalo it connects with the extensive system of railroads which Mr. Vanderbilt has consolidated within the past few years under the title of the New York Central & Hudson River Railway, and which drain the best counties of New York from Lake Erie to Westchester. Adding to the Central & Hudson the Harlem, which is now operated under a perpetual lease, Mr. Vanderbilt thus controls 2150 miles of railway, constituting the main line between the west and the sea-board, and the chief outlet of such cities as Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Lockport, Schenectady, Troy, Albany, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and the other river-side towns. The property which he thus administers is represented on the Stock Exchange by securities equal to $215,000,000, and its gross income last year was not less than forty-five mil-

lions of dollars—more than the whole income of the United States Government a few years ago.

"It is impossible to contemplate this vast aggregation of money power and commercial control in the hands of one man without feeling concern for the result. Neither military, nor political nor commercial supremacy can be pushed beyond certain limits without danger. It would seem as though the limit in this case had been reached. Yet, not content with the mastery of 2150 miles of railway, involving in a large degree the control of the internal trade of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and New York, it is well understood that, in October next, at the annual election of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Commodore will enter into possession of that great property likewise, with its sixty or seventy thousand miles of wires, its forty millions of capital, and its eight or nine millions of revenue. When this occurs, not only will the commerce of the four chief States of the North be subject to Mr. Vanderbilt—under such feeble restrictions as our Legislatures may impose—but the whole telegraphic correspondence of the country will obey his law. He may prescribe, not only what shall be the price of a barrel of flour in New York, but also when, how, and at what cost citizens may communicate with each other by telegraph.

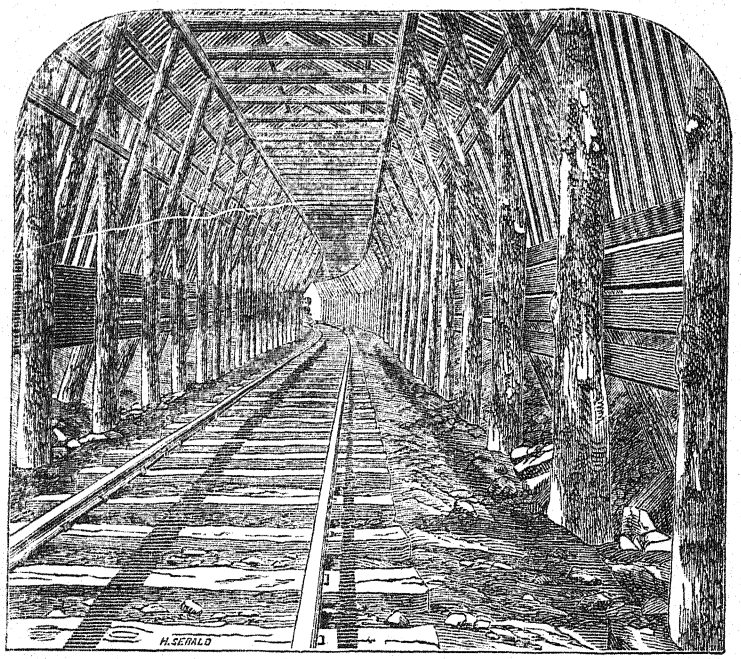
"Of course he will be subject to legislative control. What that will amount to we all know. In the past no Legislature in this State has ever dared to beard him. He will be a bold man, indeed, who attempts to do so now, when his resources are so unbounded, and his power so far-reaching. It was said that the late James Fisk, Jr., who controlled a paltry 450 miles of

Erie, running through a half-settled country, could, on an emergency, bring 25,000 votes into the field. At how many votes, then, must we reckon the master of 2150 miles of railway through a thickly settled country, and 70,000 miles of telegraph? It is, moreover, one thing to pass laws, and quite another to execute them against a man fertile in resource, energetic in action, obstinate in combat, and inexhaustible in purse. We have some fine laws prescribing the rate of fare on the Central & Hudson, but every traveller knows that if he would be comfortable he must pay thirty to forty per cent. extra for a seat in a drawing-room car.

"If, again, the concentration of these great enterprises in one grasp were likely to be attended with a reduction of the cost of travel and the burdens of trade, or if it insured improved facilities to keep pace with the development of the country, these would be redeeming features in the Vanderbilt régime. But great as Mr. Vanderbilt undoubtedly is as a railway manager, his greatness shows itself not in increased facilities for travel and trade, but wholly and altogether in economy of administration. He makes money by saving it. Economy is his watchword, his motto. It was by new economies, he said in his letter accepting the presidency of the Lake Shore, that he hoped to set that company on its legs. It is by economy that he makes the Central pay four times more than Erastus Corning or Henry Keep could ever make it yield. Now economy in railway administration is admirable from the stockholders' point of view. It is not so good for the traveller. If it means, as some evil-disposed critics of the Vanderbilt régime pretend, filthy cars, wretched stations, general discomfort, and decreased instead of increased accomodation, the pros-

pect of its indefinite extension is not likely to overwhelm the public with delight. It would, of course, be childish to expect Commodore Vanderbilt or any one else to run railroads from philanthropic motives or as charitable institutions. He runs them to make money, and for no other purpose. This being the case, and such being his policy, it is not surprising, considering how extensively railways control commerce, govern prices, and influence our closest interests, that people should feel nervous at the news of this Great Economist capturing another thousand miles of railway, and stretching out his long hand to grasp all the telegraph wires in the country. It is probably unfair to grudge the Central stockholders their dividends. But people who are not so fortunate as to belong to that happy class cannot be blamed for remembering that the Central & Hudson property, which is now made to pay dividends on $115,000,000, was represented in 1862 by only $50,000,000 of stock and bonds, and really cost about $35,000,000, the difference between this sum and $115,000,000 being mostly what is called, in the jargon of the street, 'water;' and that if there had been no water mixed with the good old Central wine, the road could have carried passengers at one cent a mile in clean, well-ventilated cars, and have paid the same dividends that it does now.

"In truth, however, it is a small matter to a prosperous people like ourselves whether we pay one or three cents a mile to go to Albany, or whether dust and discomfort do or do not drive us into drawing-room cars. A much graver matter is the inevitable tendency of these grasping monopolies that are springing up around us, and the inexorable law which punishes corporate



SNOW SHEDS ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

greed with confiscation. No student of history, especially of the history of the great corporations of the last century—we mean, of course, the ecclesiastical bodies—can fail to discern the fate of many of our great railway companies. One set of men after another growls and submits. One Legislature after another threatens and is cajoled or bought off. But the intolerable oppression continues, and year by year the instinct of rebellion grows stronger and stronger, until it has coherence enough for demagogues to make it a plank in their platforms. Then no man can stem the tide or set a limit to party fury or popular injustice. You can hear the first mutterings of the storm in the proceedings of

the 'granges' at the West. Already, monstrous as it may seem, judiciary elections turn on railway against anti-railway. Even Congress the other day, in its fury over the Crédit Mobilier, stopped but little short of confiscation in its proceedings against the Union Pacific. How long will it be before some party in this State seriously proposes to tax the Central all it makes on its watered stock? Is there no Ben Butler in the Western counties to ride this magnificent hobby-horse into Albany and Washington? When the Central was borrowing money to pay three per cent. half yearly, it seemed mean to tax it. But now, with a revenue of twenty-five millions, Aristides himself might vote to confiscate. Idle to talk about measures being unconstitutional. Constitutions can be changed as well as laws, and when the day comes for the spoliation of the railways, neither vested rights nor common honesty are likely to obtain a hearing."

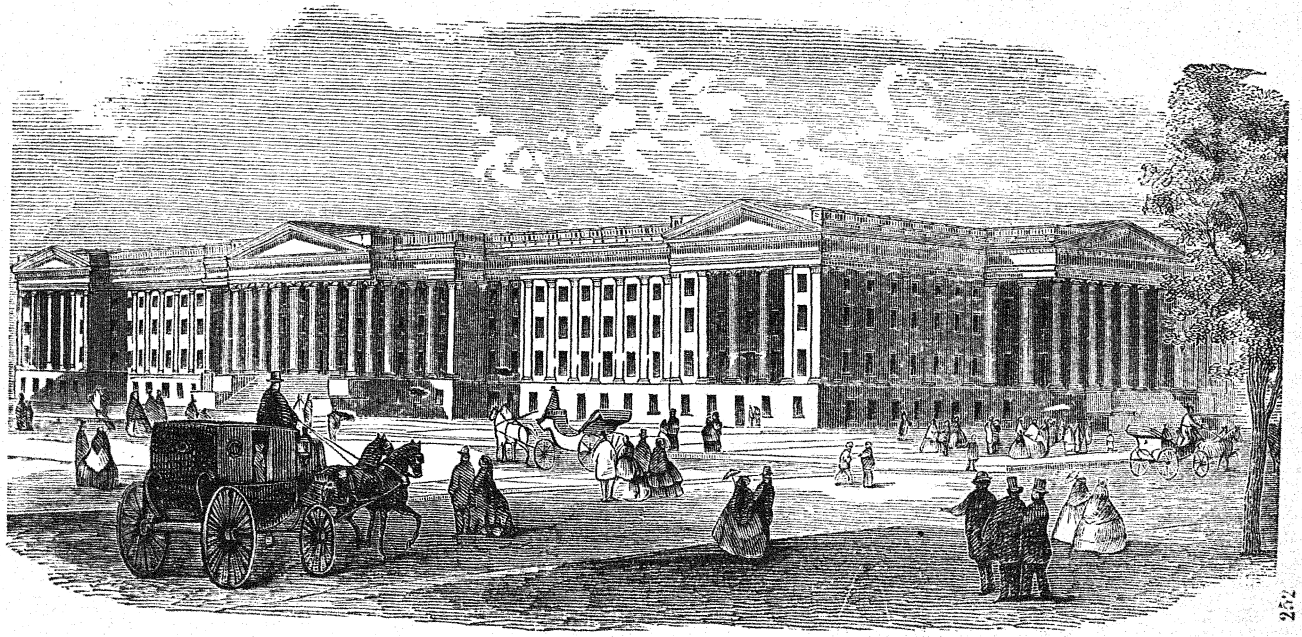
Now Commodore Vanderbilt is by no means a bad man personally, but he is the representative of one of the most perfect despotisms in existence, and he is human enough to regard the interests of his roads before those of the public. It is not safe to lodge such power as he holds in the hands of any individual, and it is for the people to decide how long such a state of affairs shall continue. His power is exerted against them. His despotism, in common with that of the other monopolies, threatens them in every relation of their national life. He exacts tribute from them in every act of his official existence, and his great wealth is made up of the aggregation of the sums he has wrung from them as a successful leader of a grinding monopoly.

Nor is he the only "dangerous character" before the

public. Each of the great railroad monopolies has its representative, who does on a small scale that which Vanderbilt accomplishes in his regal style, and each is dangerous to the community, as being engaged in a struggle against its best interests and most cherished rights and privileges.

Such vast power as these men possess would be a source of danger in the most disinterested hands. It is doubly so in the hands of men who are engaged in such a warfare against the public as the railroads are now carrying on. The people owe it to themselves to curtail their powers, and to render them harmless by subjecting them to a series of regulations which shall compel them to respect the rights of the community to whom they are indebted for the very existence of their roads.

The people have the right to do this, and it should be done promptly. There is no necessity for placing burdens upon the roads heavier than they can bear. They have a right to a fair return for their investments, but they have no right to plunder the public. A series of wise and liberal regulations will protect the people against railroad tyranny and extortion, and at the same time enable the roads to do a profitable business.



UNITED STATES TREASURY—THE MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE ROBS THE PEOPLE.

PART II.

THE COAL MONOPOLY.

CHAPTER XIV.

OPERATIONS OF THE COAL RING.

Character and Extent of the Coal Deposits of the United States—The Supremacy of Anthracite—Enormous Coal Wealth of the Country—This should be a Land of Cheap Fuel—Coal one of the Costliest Articles of Consumption—The Cause of this—The Anthracite Fields—Their Location and Value—The Pennsylvania Coal Ring—A Crushing Monopoly—Efforts of the Corporations to keep up the Price of Coal—Condition of the Companies kept secret—History and Present Condition of the Reading Railroad—A Dangerous Monopoly—Immense Wealth and Power of this Corporation—Ten per cent. on Watered Stock—How Money is extorted from the People by the Coal Ring—An Inside View of the Scranton Coal Sales—Amount of the Tax paid by the People to the Coal Ring—An Imperial Tribute—Who are the Sufferers—The Poor driven to Despair—How a Scarcity of Coal is brought about—The People at the Mercy of the Coal Ring—Popular *vs.* Corporate Rights—The Remedy for the Great Evil—How to bring down the Price of Coal and destroy the Power of the Monopoly—The Remedy in the Hands of the People—The Future of the Country at the Mercy of the Coal Ring—The Duty of Congress—Will Congress stand by the People or yield to the Monopoly?

WE have seen how the railroad monopolists have inaugurated and are carrying out a systematic warfare upon the people of the United States, the result of which has been to increase the cost of food. We shall now consider the efforts of these monopolists to raise the price of coal, next to food the chief necessity of the people of this country. We shall find the same disregard of the rights of the community, the same

heartless greed, on the part of the corporations, that we have seen in the management of the railroads.

Coal is found in twenty of the States and Territories of the Union. According to the census of 1870, the product for that year was as follows:

	Tons of Bituminous Coal.	Tons of Anthracite Coal.
Alabama,	11,000	———
Colorado,	4,500	———
Illinois,	2,624,163	———
Indiana,	437,870	———
Iowa,	263,487	———
Kansas,	32,938	———
Kentucky,	150,582	———
Maryland,	1,819,824	———
Michigan,	28,150	———
Missouri,	621,930	———
Nebraska,	1,425	———
Ohio,	2,527,285	———
Pennsylvania,	7,798,518	15,650,275
Rhode Island,	———	14,000
Tennessee,	133,418	———
Utah,	5,800	———
Virginia,	61,803	———
Washington,	17,814	———
West Virginia,	608,878	———
Wyoming,	50,000	———
Total Product of the United States...	17,199,415	15,664,275

The capital employed in the production of coal amounted, in 1870, to $110,008,029.

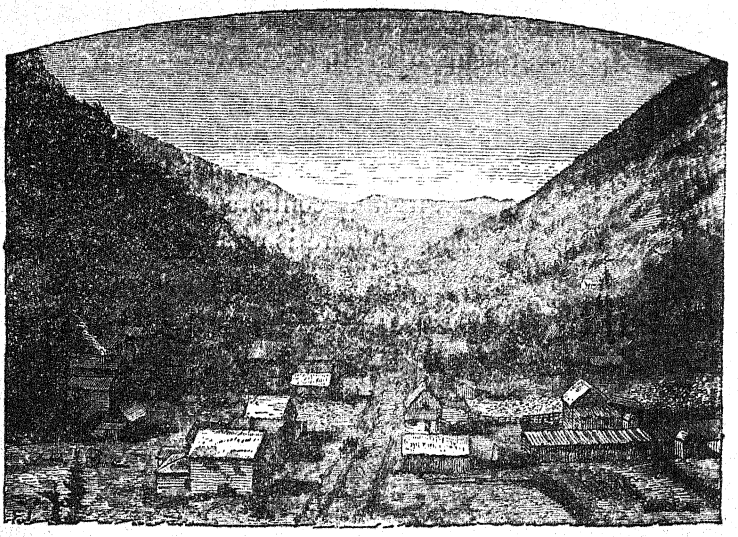
By the above table it will be seen that the amount of anthracite coal is but 1,535,140 tons less than the total product of bituminous coal. The latter is divided among nineteen States and Territories; the former is almost exclusively confined to the State of Pennsylvania. The bituminous coal is used principally in the West, but the anthracite is the fuel of the Middle and

Eastern States. The bituminous coal deposits of the United States are supposed to be inexhaustible. As yet they have been scarcely touched. They are capable of supplying the wants of the entire continent, and of contributing towards the needs of other lands. The single State of West Virginia contains coal enough to supply the entire Union. There is no reason to believe that the supply open to the American people will ever be exhausted, and, with our facilities for mining, coal should be produced at a comparatively small cost. It never should reach a high figure, but should be so moderate in price that no one in this land of plenty should ever suffer from the lack of it.

Yet scarcely a winter passes that we do not see, in the Eastern States at least, a scarcity of coal, which is the cause of great and unnecessary suffering to the poorer classes. In spite of the immense qantities of fuel within reach; in spite of the fact that this should be a land of cheap fuel, we find, in all the Eastern States, that coal rises in price so rapidly upon the approach of winter that the poor can scarcely obtain it, and people of moderate means are compelled to make serious sacrifices of other comforts in order to obtain the necessary supply.

The cause of this unnatural state of affairs will appear as we examine into the manner in which New England and the Middle States are supplied with fuel.

The anthracite coal used in the Eastern States, and preferred by Eastern people to the bituminous coal of the West, comes almost entirely from a small district in the State of Pennsylvania, in the Eastern portion of the State. This region is included within an area of about five hundred square miles, and within this



MINING VILLAGE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

area is contained the richest, and indeed almost the only bed of anthracite coal in the world. "In the beautiful valley of the Wyoming, in the wild and desolate regions of the Schuylkill and the Lehigh, strewn in great basins, or sometimes upheaved to the tops of the mountains, the rich stores of coal have been concentrated by nature in an unequalled profusion. The supply is at present boundless. Many beds reach to an unknown depth. Some have as yet been only partially explored; and notwithstanding the extraordinary waste practised in getting out the coal, there seems enough to satisfy for generations the wants of the nation."

Upon this small, but immensely valuable region, the people of the Eastern States are dependent for their supply of fuel. The product of the mines can find its way to market only by the railroads which lead from

the coal regions to the principal cities of the East, and by the canals which communicate with the Delaware and the Hudson rivers. These are few in number, repeated consolidations having confined them to the corporations known as the Delaware, Lackawana & Western, the Delaware & Hudson, the Lehigh Valley, and the Philadelphia & Reading Companies. The other roads leading to the coal regions are either leased or controlled by these companies, and these constitute a monopoly of the carrying trade. It is a well understood fact that these corporations will not permit the construction of any road which may endanger the monopoly they enjoy, and they are well known to be powerful enough to enforce this decision. If the coal of the Pennsylvania mines reaches the markets of the East at all, it must pass over the routes controlled by these corporations, and pay such tolls as they may see fit to levy upon it. They take care that these tolls shall be high enough to return them enormous dividends on the stock, which stock is popularly believed to be perhaps the most liberally watered of any in the market.

The companies mentioned are not only the sole controllers of the transportation from the mines to the market, but, together with the Pennsylvania Coal Company, they own nearly the whole of the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. Their policy has been, and is, to buy up the coal lands as fast as possible, in order that they may obtain control of every branch of the coal trade of the State, and thus be the absolute masters of the fuel of the East. By becoming the owners of the mines and of the lines of transportation by which the coal must reach the markets of the Eastern States, the corpora-

LIBRARY OF
EWING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
ALLAHABAD

tions are enabled to control the amount of production and to regulate it in such a manner that coal shall always command such prices as they see fit to ask for it. So great has been their success that at present they are able to name the price at which coal shall be sold in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. The people have no choice in the matter; they must pay the rates demanded, or do without fuel.

The majority of the companies manage their affairs in such a manner that the public are able to learn very little concerning them. Some refuse to publish any statements at all; others make public the most meagre and unsatisfactory returns. Enough is known, however, to make it evident that a very heavy profit is reaped by the stockholders upon their investment, in spite of the efforts of the companies to keep secret the exact ratio of this profit.

The principal member of the great coal monopoly is the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, one of the richest and most powerful corporations in the Union, and, beyond a doubt, "the life and soul" of the monopoly we are discussing. Poor's *Railroad Manual of the United States*, for 1873–74, sums up the history and present condition of this company as follows:

"This company was chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, April 4th, 1833, to build a road from Philadelphia to Reading, in Berks county, 58 miles from Philadelphia. Work was commenced early in the Spring of 1835, and portions of the road were opened for travel in July, 1838. By Act of March 20th, 1838, authority was given to extend the road to Mount Carbon, or to Pottsville, one mile above Mount Carbon. As these two points were already connected by a road

called the Mount Carbon Railroad, it was decided to extend the road to Mount Carbon and connect therewith. The Mount Carbon Railroad was leased, and on May 13th, 1872, was merged into and became part of the main line of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad.

"The first through trains between Philadelphia and Pottsville, 93 miles, were run in January 1842, although local trains were run in 1838.

"The branch from the falls of the Schuylkill to Port Richmond, from which the shipments of coal are made, was completed in 1842; since then over forty six millions of tons of coal have been shipped from that point, principally for consumption in the Eastern and Middle States.

"In 1850, the company bought that portion of the Commonwealth's improvements extending from Broad and Vine streets in Philadelphia, to and including the inclined plane on the Schuylkill, and the Columbia bridge over the river.

"In 1858, the Lebanon Valley Railroad, 54 miles long, extending from Reading to Harrisburg, was merged into the main line.

"Within the past two years, the following railroads and branches have been merged into the company's railroad proper. The length of these roads is given in the tabular statement on page 263:

"The Mahanoy & Broad Mountain Railroad, wholly within the coal region.

"The Lebanon & Tremont Railroad, partly in Lebanon and Schuylkill counties.

"The Northern Liberties & Penn Township Railroad (commonly called the Willow Street Railroad),

from Broad street to the Delaware River, Philadelphia.

"Port Kennedy Railroad, Montgomery county.

"Schuylkill & Susquehanna Railroad, extending from Rockville, on the Susquehanna river, 5 miles above Harrisburg, to Auburn, on the Schuylkill river.

"Shamokin & Trevorton Railroad, wholly in the coal region.

"Zerbe Valley Railroad, from Port Trevorton, Snyder county, on the Susquehanna river, to a point near Shamokin.

"The Mount Carbon Railroad, from Mount Carbon to a point above Pottsville.

"The following roads are leased to the company, generally in perpetuity:

"Catawissa Railroad, to Williamsport.

"Chester Valley Railroad, Bridgeport to Downingtown.

"Perkiomen Railroad, Montgomery county.

"East Pennsylvania Railroad, Reading to Allentown.

"Little Schuylkill Railroad, from Port Clinton to Junction with Catawissa Railroad.

"Mount Carbon & Port Carbon Railroad, wholly in coal region.

"Mill Creek Railroad, wholly in coal region.

"Schuylkill Valley Railroad, wholly in coal region.

"Mine Hill & Schuylkill Haven Railroad, wholly in coal region.

"East Mahanoy Railroad, wholly in coal region.

"Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Railroad.

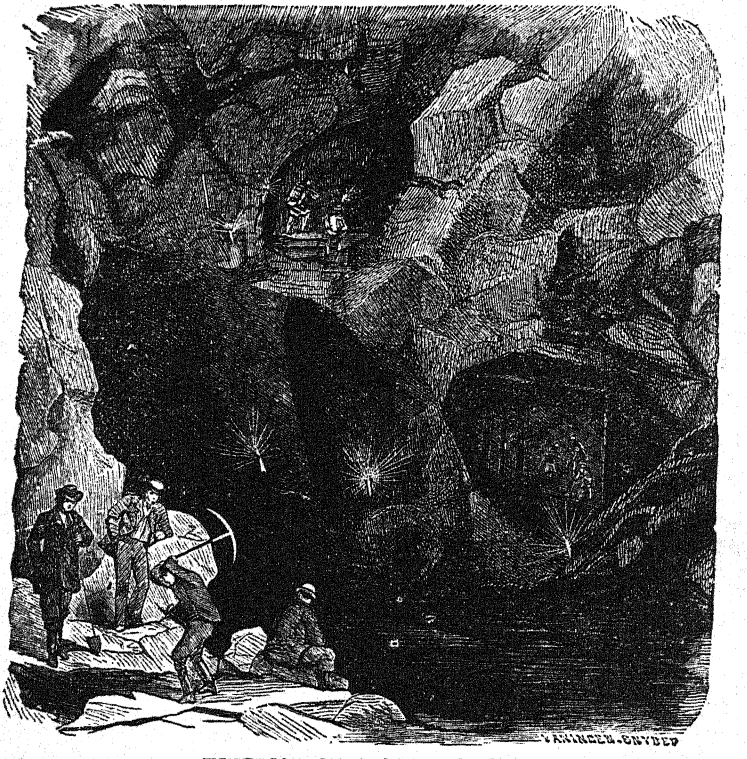
"In addition to the above, the company controls and operates the Reading & Columbia Railroad and the

Allentown Railroad, from Topton to Port Clinton, completed to Kutztown.

"The company has also leased in perpetuity the canal of the Schuylkill Navigation Company, extending from Port Carbon, Schuylkill county, to Philadelphia, a distance of 108 miles; also the Susquehanna and tide-water canals, extending from Columbia to Havre de Grace, on the Susquehanna river. The chief business of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company is the transportation of coal from the first and second anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania to tide-water in the Delaware river, at Port Richmond, Philadelphia. At this eastern terminus, extensive wharves, 23 in number, and extending from 300 to 800 feet into the river Delaware, have been erected with trestlework and chutes, allowing a direct discharge of coal from the cars into vessels. To accommodate this immense shipping business, 35 miles of track are distributed on the wharves or their immediate neighborhood. The main line of the road winds through the Schuylkill valley, extending its numerous branches east and west, draining completely the two southern coal-fields, and making them tributaries to the main stem.

"The heavy freight of this road, being generally in one direction, that is, from the coal region to the seaboard, the grades of the road have been adapted to its economical working, by establishing exclusively down grades and levels in the direction of the main traffic, and the heaviest grades admit of a locomotive taking back the same numbers of empty cars she is able to move downward loaded.

"At Lebanon, 28 miles west of Reading, a connection is made with the Cornwall Railroad, contributing



INTERIOR OF A COAL MINE.

the products of the immense magnetic iron ore deposits of Cornwall, the largest unbroken mass of ore known, to the business of this branch.

"The Broad Mountain, dividing the two coal-fields, is crossed by the different branches at four different points, three of which lead directly into the Mahanoy coal-field and one into the Wiconisco basin. The ascent from the southern side is by steep but practicable gradients, but the descent of the above points is by means of inclined planes, the steepest of which, the Mahanoy plane, has a gradient of 22 feet per 100 feet and is ⅝ mile in length.

"The following is a tabular statement of the several lines, owned, leased and controlled by the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, November 30, 1872:

NAME OF ROAD.	Single Track.	Double Track.	Length of Road.	Sidings and Later'ls.	Tot. Length of Tracks and Sidings.
MAIN LINE.—Philadelphia & Reading Railroad	.....	98.4	98.4	143.0	339.8
Northern Liberties & Penn Township	.....	1.4	1.4	.8	3.6
Port Kennedy Branch	1.2	.....	1.2	.4	1.6
Lebanon Valley Branch	13.0	40.7	53.7	18.9	113.3
Lebanon & Tremont Branch	42.2	.....	42.2	24.0	66.2
Schuylkill & Susquehanna Branch	53.4	.....	53.4	9.3	62.7
Mount Carbon Branch	8.5	.....	8.5	7.1	15.6
Mahanoy & Shamokin Branch	53.8	10.8	64.6	66.9	142.3
Total roads owned	172.1	151.3	323.4	270.4	745.1
Chester Valley Railroad	21.5	.....	21.5	2.3	23.8
Perkiomen Railroad	18.4	.....	18.4	2.8	21.2
Colebrookdale Railroad	12.8	.....	12.8	1.7	14.5
Pickering Valley Railroad	11.3	.....	11.3	.4	11.7
East Pennsylvania Railroad	36.0	.....	36.0	15.5	51.5
Allentown Railroad	4.5	.....	4.5	.3	4.8
Little Schuylkill Rai road	28.2	.....	28.2	25.5	53.7
Mine Hill Railroad	31.0	21.8	52.8	63.2	137.8
Mount Carbon & Port Carbon Railroad	.....	2.5	2.5	9.8	14.8
Mill Creek Railroad	.....	3.8	3.8	18.1	25.7
Schuylkill Valley Railroad	5.7	5.3	11.0	16.1	32.4
East Mahanoy Railroad	10.7	.....	10.7	3.7	14.4
Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown R. R.	13.5	20.2	33.7	13.7	67.6
Catawissa & Williamsport Railroad	92.6	.....	92.6	13.5	106.1
Total roads leased	286.2	53.6	339.8	186.6	580.0
West Reading Railroad	1.9	.....	1.9	1.8	3.7
Reading & Columbia Railroad	39.5	.....	39.5	13.6	53.1
Lebanon Branch Reading & Columbia Railroad	3.4	.....	3.4	.....	3.4
Total roads controlled	44.8	.....	44.8	15.4	60.2
RECAPITULATION.					
Roads owned	172.1	151.3	323.4	270 4	745.1
Roads leased	286.2	53.6	339.8	186.6	580.0
Roads controlled	44.8	.....	44.8	15.4	60.2
Total	503.1	204.9	708.6	472.4	1385.3

"Statement of the length of tracks (equated to single track) in use by the company, yearly, November 30, 1863–72:

	1863.	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	1872.
Main line	266.1	283.3	289.0	306.7	315.8	320.2	326.0	334.3	336.8	339.8
Branch lines	248.0	402.8	428.5	441.9	454.8	486.5	815.9	833.7	929.5	1,045.5
Total	514.1	686.1	717.5	748.6	770.6	806.7	1,141.9	1,168.0	1,266.3	1,385.3

"For terms of leases of Schuylkill Navigation and Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Railroad and branches, *see* 'Manual' for 1871–72.

"For nature of the consolidation of the Mahanoy & Shamokin Railroad, the Northern Liberties & Penn Township Railroad, and the Lebanon & Tremont Railroad, with the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, *see* 'Manual' for 1872–73.

"On the 1st of January, 1872, a formal lease and contract was entered into, by which the possession of the Susquehanna Canal, extending from Columbia to the tidewater on Chesapeake Bay, passed to this company, at an annual rent equal to the interest upon the debt of the Canal Company, and one-half of the net profits of operating the canal, after deducting rents and the cost of all improvements; provided that during and after the year 1880 the annual rent to be paid in addition to the amount of interest shall not be less than a sum equal to *three* per cent. upon the present capital of the Canal Company.

"On the 10th of October, 1872, the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company entered into a lease with the Catawissa Railroad Company for its entire line from the junction with the Little Schuylkill Railroad to Williamsport, including the contracts of the latter company with the Sunbury & Erie and the Lehigh & Mahanoy Railroads, the Empire Transportation Company, and the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company, for 999 years, from November 1, 1872; the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company agreeing to pay the interest on the bonds and such other sum as shall equal 30 per cent. of the gross earnings, being not less than $77,000 on the 1st days of May and November, 1873; $89,000

on the same days of 1874; $101,000 on the same days of 1875; and $113,000 on the same days in 1876 and thereafter. Provision is also made for preserving the separate organization of the Catawissa Railroad Company.

"Notwithstanding the largely increased production of coal and its transportation over this road, the receipts per ton were less than for the previous year, having been $1.54.4 per ton, against $1.80.8 for 1871, and $1.94 for the average of the previous ten years.

"The following table shows the product of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania for ten years:

Year.	Tons of Coal.	Over previous years.			
		Increase.	Decrease.	Increase per cent.	Decrease per cent.
1863	9,566,066	1,696,599	.....	21.56	.....
1864	10,177,475	611,469	.....	6.39	.....
1865	9,652,391	.....	525,084	.....	5.16
1866	12,703,882	3,051,491	.....	31.61	.....
1867	12,988,725	284,843	.....	2.24	.....
1868	13,834,132	845,407	.....	6.51	.....
1869	13,723,030	.....	111,102	.....	.80
1870	15,849,899	2,126,869	.....	15.49	.....
1871	15,113,407	.....	736,492	.....	4.64
1872	18,929,263	3,815,856	.....	25.25	.....

"It will be seen by the above that the increase in the production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania in ten years has been a fraction less than 100 per cent., and that one-third of the entire production of last year has been transported over the roads of this company. The business of the canals has involved a loss of $467,755.60, but in view of the annual increase of the production, it is believed that it will not be long before both road and canals will be taxed to their utmost limits.

"During the year various connecting lines heretofore controlled by this company have become merged in it.

The Mount Carbon Railroad, of which this company owned 3202 shares, was absorbed by exchanging share for share, the investment amounting to $178,229.25; the Schuylkill & Susquehanna Railroad, of which this company owned 21,702 shares, was merged by the issue of one share for three, representing a cost of $404,388.34; and the stock of the Port Kennedy Railroad, all the stock of which, amounting to $26,893.98, was owned by this company, transferred to the item of railroad in the balance-sheet. Stock of the company to the amount of 536 shares was also issued and exchanged for stock in the following named leased companies:

Mount Carbon & Port Carbon Railroad	195	shares for	163
Schuylkill Valley Navigation Railroad	177	" "	354
Mill Creek & Mine Hill Navigation & Railroad	164	" "	328

"The basis of the exchange was such as to secure to stockholders the same income as was derived from their stock in the above-named companies.

"There were also created and issued 50,190 shares of stock in exchange for a similar amount of convertible bonds, as follows:

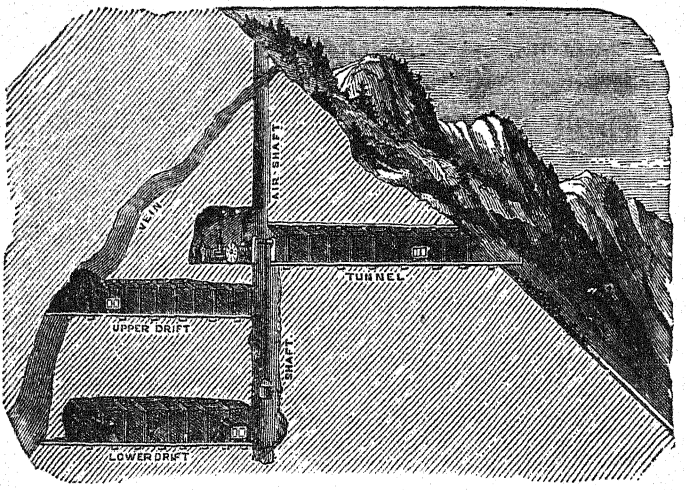
Loan of 1857–86	$17,500
Loan of 1870–90	2,492,000
Total amount converted	$2,509,500

"There remain outstanding only $124,000 of convertible bonds, of which $96,000 are of the 6 per cent. loan of 1886, and $28,000 of the 7 per cent. loan of 1890. The sterling loan of 1872, amounting to $110,400, was retired, and $110,000 consolidated mortgage bonds of 1911 issued.

"The company took the express business of its lines

into its own hands on the 1st of September, 1872, and the results for the three months show that, while in September the receipts were 36.8 per cent. less than the amount received from the express company during the same month of the previous year, in October they were only one-half of 1 per cent. less, and in November 58.87 per cent. more than for the corresponding month of 1871.

"The Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company, of which the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company is the sole stockholder, and a full account of whose organization is given in the 'Manual' for 1872–73, now controls 80,000 acres of land, on which are 98 collieries, 27 of the largest of which will be worked by the company, and the remainder leased. The tonnage of these lands amounted for the year to 3,030,881 tons, and the rents were $946,774.69. Almost the entire issue of $19,000,000 of the consolidated loan was applied to the purchase and development of these lands, in addition to which the Coal and Iron Company have issued bonds amounting to $11,131,000, guaranteed by the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company. It is believed that the entire production of coal on its estates during the current year will reach 4,100,000 tons, of which the company will mine over 2,000,000. For the still further development of this industry, a new debenture loan of $10,500,000 has been placed upon the market, consisting of 7 per cent. coupon bonds, payable in 1893, convertible after July 1, 1876, and before January 1, 1892, each stockholder having the right to subscribe, at par, in proportion to his stock, payments to be made in instalments up to April 15, 1875, with the privilege of anticipating any or all instalments. The subscrip-



VERTICAL SECTION OF A COAL MINE.

tions, up to January 13, reached $12,857,400, of which $8,543,000 were pro rata, and $2,305,630 has been paid in.

"The company have determined to construct a fleet of additional steam colliers, some of 600 and some of 1200 tons capacity, the machinery to be built at the company's shops. A contract has been made for the hulls and boilers for two vessels for a trial. If they are successful, a large fleet will at once be completed."

Now this is a remarkable history of prosperity, and it is significant as showing the rapidity with which the Coal Monopoly is fastening its yoke upon the people of the United States. In the year 1872, one-third of the total production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania was carried to market over the roads of the Philadelphia & Reading Company, or, in other words, the people of the Eastern and Middle States were at the mercy of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for one-third of their

fuel, and paid to this company a tax amounting to large sums during the year. When we remember this we shall have no difficulty in understanding why the stock of this road is such a favorite in the market.

But the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad is not the only corporation engaged in the effort to run up the price of coal. It is only the principal sinner. All the corporations engaged in the coal carrying trade and in mining have a common interest, which is to extort from the public the highest price it will pay for coal. Their profits are large, excessively large, and it is believed by the public that in order to conceal them the companies have watered their stock to a very great extent. The exact point to which the watering process has been carried no one but those in charge of the affairs of the companies can tell, but the popular belief places it at a very high figure.

"Since 1864 the minimum dividend paid in any year by either the Reading & Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, or Lehigh Valley Railroad companies, or the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, is ten per cent. The Reading has paid as high as fifteen per cent., and each of the others as high as twenty per cent. It cannot be said that the business has not been profitable to them. Ten per cent. per annum is a good return for a railroad investment, and is certainly far above the average profits of individuals who have embarked in the business of coal mining.

"It would be interesting to know how much of the round two hundred million dollars representing the capital and debt of the corporations composing the great coal combination is watered stock. A great deal of it is fictitious capital, in our opinion. It is matter of his-

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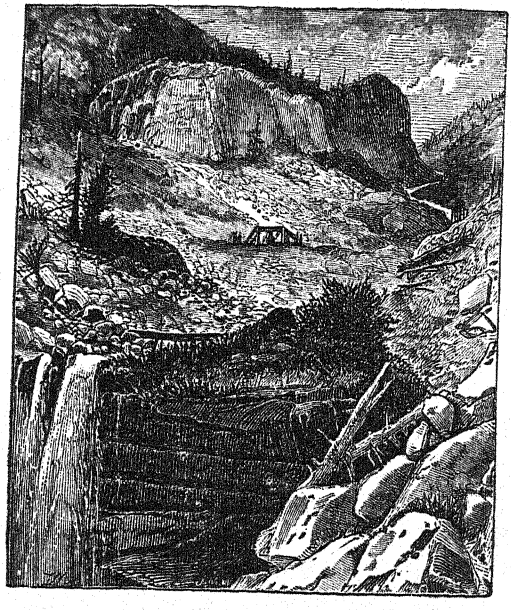
tory that the Reading & Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroads, and the best part of the Lehigh Valley, and also the Delaware & Hudson Canal, were completed works in 1864. They were all bringing coal to tide-water in that year, and the quantity they brought was more than half the quantity they are bringing now. The total anthracite production that year exceeded ten million tons, while for the last twelve months it has been about eighteen millions. With completed roads and canals, with the mines in their possession, and about the same terminal facilities in 1864 as they now enjoy, these corporations certainly did not require double the capital to do double the business. We should judge that an increase of capital of one-third would be amply sufficient to double the production. As an instance, the capital stock and debt of the Boston & Albany Railroad were sixteen million dollars in 1861 and twenty-one millions in 1870, and in the interval the business more than doubled, a great deal of double track was laid, and other expensive improvements were made.

"The figures of the coal corporations, without further explanations, will speak for themselves. The capital stock of the four companies we have named has been increased from $43,000,000 in 1864 to $90,000,000 in 1872, or considerably more than doubled, and the debt has grown from $17,000,000 in 1864 to $43,000,000 in 1872. Taking the stock and debt together, the increase has been from $60,000,000 in 1864 to $133,000,000 in 1872, or 120 per cent., while the increase in the production of coal is only 80 per cent. In making the calculation we have deducted from the debt of the Reading Railroad the bonds of the

Schuylkill Canal, and also $19,000,000 more, being the amount of its recent investment in coal mines. The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company has doubled its stock and debt since 1864, and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and Lehigh Valley companies have multiplied the nominal amount of their investment by three, the stock of the two companies last named having been raised from $13,500,000 to $41,000,000, and the debt from $5,000,000 to $19,000,000. (See Poor's *Manual of the Railroads of the United States.*) We suspect the managers of these corporations think it looks better to distribute among the shareholders ten per cent. on twenty millions of nominal capital than twenty per cent. on half the amount.

"In those parts of the country where anthracite coal is used, the consumption is reckoned at one ton a year for each inhabitant. A family of six will burn six tons, and will pay this winter a special tax of from ten to twelve dollars in order that these great coal corporations may do a little better than paying only ten per cent. on their watered stocks. 'The exceptionally low price in America during the past year,' say the managers of the Reading Railroad in their report, 'has introduced coal in competition with wood into districts where it never had been sent before; and it is well-known that when the appliances for burning anthracite coal are once introduced, and the advantages of that fuel once understood, it is never displaced by any other.' We are wedded to the glowing anthracite as the Englishman is wedded to his beer. The corporations have found it out, and have fixed the excise accordingly."

At the time these pages are passing through the press, coal is selling in New York for seven dollars a



SCENE IN THE COAL REGIONS.

ton, and is rising in price. Probably, when the mid-winter arrives, the rate will have advanced to ten dollars per ton, and this will be the average price throughout the Middle and Eastern States. And yet it costs but from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents to produce this coal at the mines. The balance is made up by the enormous rates charged for transportation and by the profits of the retail dealers. Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, in his report to the stockholders in January, 1871, made an estimate of the natural average price of coal at Port Carbon, a point on the Reading Railroad, about ninety miles from Philadelphia. He declared "that if all the coal fields were producing

largely, the average price of coal at Port Carbon would not exceed from $2.25 to $2.50 per ton."

It is the custom of the retail dealers in the East to lay in their supplies of coal for the winter during the summer and early fall. At this period of the year large quantities of coal are sold by the miners, and the prices then obtained to a great degree govern the retail prices for the remainder of the year. The companies exert themselves to keep the prices at these sales at the highest possible figure, and as they are masters of the situation, they succeed in obtaining whatever they may choose to ask. Some idea of their high-handed manner of conducting their business may be gained from the following comments of the New York *Tribune* upon the August (1873) sales of Scranton coal:

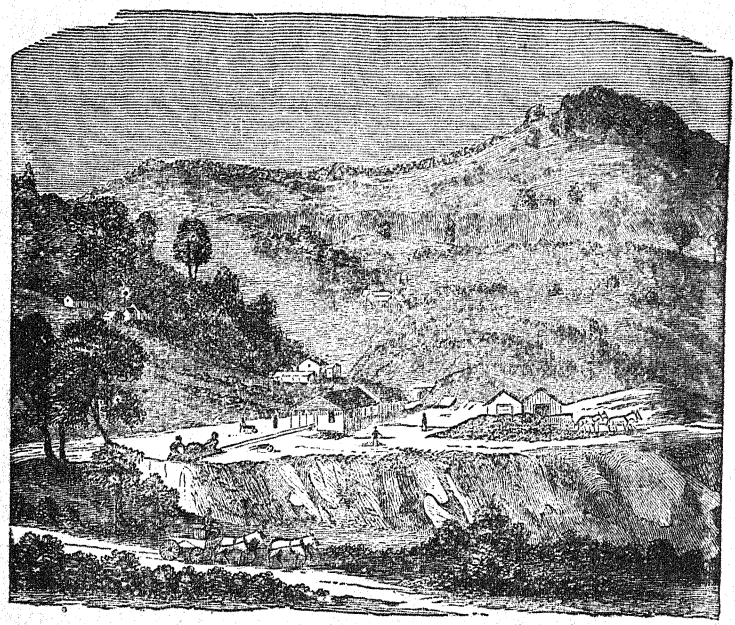
"The poor, starving coal companies have just given another turn to the screw, just 'to steady the price' of the fuel by which ten millions of people are to cook their food and keep themselves warm the coming winter. The Scranton auction sale was held yesterday, and the average price obtained for the 90,000 tons sold was $5.17 per ton, against an average of $3.46 for 100,000 tons sold August 28th, 1872, and of $5.03 for 140,000 tons sold August 30th, 1871, the famine year. In the year 1870, the production was also interrupted by strikes, the suspension of mining in the Schuylkill region for four months, terminating August 1st, enabling, as President Gowen tells us, the Wyoming and Lackawanna Companies to obtain high prices. Yet the average price for 80,000 tons of Scranton coal, sold by auction, August 31st, 1870, was only $4.83. We bring these prices together in a line in order that the public may compare them·

Average price, August 31st, 1870	$4.83
Average price, August 30th, 1871	5.03
Average price, August 28th, 1872	3.46
Average price, August 27th, 1873	5.17

"We confess our inability to do justice to the facts which the above figures so eloquently proclaim. In 1870 and 1871, the supply of coal was restricted by strikes of the laborers, which for magnitude and obstinate persistency are without a parallel in the history of Trades Unions. Last year is the only one of the four when the price of coal was regulated by natural laws, with both supply and demand unimpeded. This year we have a conspiracy of the coal corporations, and as the result of that conspiracy we have prices already far above the point to which strikes and suspensions carried them in 1870 and 1871. The State of Pennsylvania might have levied a tax on anthracite coal of the difference between this and last year's prices, and paid her entire bonded debt in one year. The annual product of such a tax would extinguish the whole debt of the State of New York, Canal bonds and all, even with the present deficiencies in the Sinking Funds. Yet people are expected to pay over these millions to the wealthiest corporations in the world without a murmur. We are told by Mr. Mead, the secretary of the little twenty per cent. Pennsylvania Coal Company, that it is 'beneficial' to us to submit to this extortion; that it is 'right and reasonable' that we should pay this tax. Here have these companies for five years been fighting each other and their private competitors, and distributing all the while ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent. dividends; and now they come forward and extort a coal tax of more than a dollar per ton over and above what

would give them a fair profit, and they claim to be public benefactors! What colossal impudence!

"Another man, Mr. R. G. Moulton, the general agent of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, gives his views: 'If the low rates had continued, the result would have been a general stoppage of the business and a tremendous inflation of prices.' As well talk of a general stoppage of agriculture! In the opinion of these gentlemen, prices have now reached a 'healthy level.' To the shallow twaddle of these tax-gatherers, to which, four weeks ago, we appropriated a column of our space, we oppose the eminently sound and conservative views of President Gowen. 'High prices and uncertainty of supply,' says Mr. Gowen, 'will drive away buyers, force manufacturers to turn to other fuels, and prevent the natural increase of demand which would result from low prices, and which would soon supply a certain market for any temporary over-production.' ('Reading Railroad Report,' 1871, page 18.) It is also certain that Mr. Gowen regarded the over-production of last year as only temporary, for he states his belief that the stock on hand at the close of the season was no greater than in the year preceding; argues that the market will require three million tons more in 1873 than in 1872, and concludes that it is a reasonable supposition 'that it will be difficult to produce this year any quantity so greatly in excess of the demand as to depress the market to any considerable degree.' ('Reading Railroad Report,' 1873, pages 20 and 21.) We might quote further from Mr. Gowen, but have we not quoted enough to show that, as a disinterested observer, he would have pronounced the work of this Anthracite Coal Combination to be one of the most inexcusable



WESTERN COAL MINE.

displays of rapacious greed that the world has witnessed since Christianity became the religion of civilized man?"

There is no good reason why coal that costs two dollars per ton at the mines should cost seven dollars to the Eastern consumer. The actual cost of transportation could be paid and a fair profit returned to the railroad companies, and yet the price of coal be reduced very much. But a fair profit is not to the taste of the monopolist. He must have an exorbitant return for his capital, or he is not satisfied. He cares nothing for the thousands of suffering poor who are unable to procure fuel at the prices at which he holds it. He is deaf to the voice of humanity; he thinks only of his gains. So the curse of the railroad monopolist hangs like a black pall over the Republic, growing darker and

darker as the time wears on. His greed and heartlessness have made bread dear in a land capable of feeding the world, and the same accursed spirit of avarice has put the next great necessity of human life almost beyond the reach of the poor. "The cheapness of food and coal most concerns the comfort of the people; to lower their price must be the aim of every popular government. Yet both with us have become the subjects of monopolies, and are dealt out to the people by the great companies in such quantities as they think will aid them best in paying their dividends. We are threatened with a dearth of coal, because the companies have resolved that there shall be one. There is no complaint of any deficiency in the supply, of any failure of the mines, or any want of labor, but the coal companies and the railroads combine to stop the production of coal in order to raise the price, and are willing to starve the miner and the consumer to enlarge their own profits. It is of no consequence to them that the poor must suffer or perish, that every honest working family must be pinched and straitened, that manufactures are impeded and commerce checked, so long as their dividends are maintained and their wasteful extravagance supplied. The price of coal has already risen one-third; by December, if the companies choose, it may be doubled. The mines are to be left unworked, the coal retained, and the all-powerful companies' rule unchecked over the helpless people. It has long been their custom to produce these periods of unnecessary dearth; they scarcely seem conscious of the cruelty of their policy, or of the painful consequences of their avarice."

It is an ugly state of affairs, but there is no denying

the facts in the case. The people of the New England and Middle States are utterly at the mercy of the great corporations controlling the Pennsylvania coal fields. They must pay for their fuel just what these companies choose to ask for it, and they have no means of escaping from their dilemma if the companies are left in their present condition. The companies have been steadily increasing their exactions, and unless something is done to check them, they will no doubt increase them to a point at which anthracite coal will become accessible only to the rich.

Doubtless these companies have rights, among which is the right to earn a fair return for the labor and capital invested in their business. But the people, the consumers, have a right in the matter, which they will yet be driven to assert. The Almighty did not create the coal beds of Pennsylvania for the sole benefit of the railroads and coal corporations that have secured the control of them. He placed this magnificent gift in a region easily accessible, for the benefit of the millions who people the vast region it is intended to supply. The people have a right to obtain it at moderate rates, and they have a right to compel the great monopoly that is bleeding them so unmercifully to respect this claim; and the day may come, and ought to come, if there is not a change for the better, when the coal monopolist will find that vested rights, and charters, and stocks and bonds, are powerless to restrain the wrath of a defrauded people bent upon supplying one of the chief necessities of their existence.

It has been suggested that a remedy could be found in the introduction of the bituminous coal of the Western States into the market of the East. This fuel,

however, would be subject to a heavy transportation tax which would be levied upon it by the railroads over which it would have to pass, and this would go far towards preventing it from becoming a formidable rival to Pennsylvania coal.

Another remedy that has been proposed is the construction of a freight railroad by the General Government from New York to Chicago. It is believed by the advocates of this scheme that such a road, on which minimum rates of transportation would be charged, would bring Western coal to the Eastern markets at rates which would effectually break down the anthracite monopoly. There can be no doubt that if the Western coal could be laid down in New York and Boston at reasonable rates, it would prove a formidable rival to anthracite; but the railroad rates, as at present managed, preserve the supremacy of the kindred monopoly. Should the proposed Government road touch the Pennsylvania coal regions on its way to the West, another blow would be struck at the monopoly. By affording cheap transportation to the Eastern markets, it would reduce the price of coal at least one-half. It is the cost of transportation alone that raises the price of fuel, and not the cost of producing it.

A recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, commenting upon the extortions of the coal monopoly, thus speaks of the necessity for such a railroad:

"But the future of the coal trade is still more suggestive. Soon the mines of Pennsylvania and the West must supply the fuel of the world. The mines of England, yielding 120,000,000 tons a year, already show signs of exhaustion. Coal has doubled in price in England within three years. English iron manufactu-

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ALLAHABAD.

rers are turning to the United States as the scene of their future successes. It is rumored in Philadelphia that a prominent English firm engaged in building steamers has resolved to remove with all its capital and labor to the banks of the Delaware. It is not unlikely that Western Virginia and Pennsylvania may soon supply the factories of Europe with fuel, that the great iron-works of the world will follow the line of coal from Pittsburg to the Tennessee; and it seems more than ever the duty of the National Government to prevent this great trade from falling into the hands of monopolists. A Government railway penetrating the West from New York to Chicago seems the only means of opening to the world the immense masses of coal that lie every where scattered through the inaccessible country. Our export of fuel and the growth of our iron factories depend upon the cheapness of coal. It seems the duty of the National Government to provide at least economical transportation; and the best mode of tempting the steam-ship builders from the banks of the Clyde to the Hudson or the Delaware would be to provide a sufficient communication between the mines and the sea. Nor with a Government route would the great monopolies ever be able to prey upon the famishing people."

But will Congress build such a road? Will that honorable body condescend to consider the rights of the people against the interests of the railroads? We confess we have little hope of it. The Congress of the United States, so far from showing any disposition to check the extortions of the monopolists, has aided the coal monopoly in its robberies of the people by compelling the people of the Eastern States to purchase

Pennsylvania coal. It has, in its eagerness to serve the men who are plundering its masters—the people—levied a prohibitory duty upon coal imported from the British Provinces. The rich coal fields of Nova Scotia lie at the very doors of New England, and a fine quality of coal could be delivered at the New England ports at prices lower than the Pennsylvania dealers are demanding. It is to the interest of New England to purchase this coal. With its markets thus supplied, it would be relieved of its dependence upon Pennsylvania, and the competition thus introduced would result in a scale of moderate prices. The anthracite monopolist would be deprived of his power to rob the people, and would be obliged to sell his coal for its actual value. But Congress has joined the coalition against the people, and in order that the Pennsylvania coal ring may rob and plunder the community, by charging unfair prices for its coal, it has levied upon foreign coal a duty which keeps it out of the market.

Let the duty be taken off foreign coal; let there be free trade in this great necessity of life, and a very different state of affairs will ensue. Let the people enjoy the benefit of a free market, and let them be rid of their slavery to an insolent and unscrupulous monopoly.

Think of this, farmers and workmen of New England, as you sit by your costly coal fires, and reckon the value of each lump of the precious fuel. Demand of your servants in Congress that justice shall be done you, and that you shall be able to buy your coal cheap in a land which is the richest of all lands in that mineral. You have a right to a free market. You have a right to your hard earnings, and it is a shame

to your manhood to submit to such infamous extortion as is being practised upon you with the assistance of your servants in Congress. The remedy lies in your own hands. Members of Congress will do much for the monopolists, but they will not dare to resist the determined expression of your will, for do you not hold their official lives in your hands? and can you not make or unmake them with a ballot? Organize, combine for the protection of your interests. Join hands with the farmers of the West in their courageous war upon monopolies of all kinds. There is not a monopoly in the land but can be broken to atoms by the combined and determined action of an indignant and wronged people.

PART III.

THE FARMERS' WRONGS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE AGRICULTURAL CLASSES AND THEIR WRONGS.

Detailed Statement of the Agricultural Wealth of the United States, and of the Strength of the Agricultural Class—The American Farmer—His Defects and Virtues—His Character as a Man and a Citizen—The Superior of the Old World Farmer—He should be the most independent and contented Man on Earth—The actual State of Affairs—Hard Lot of the American Farmer—Difficulty of making the Farm pay—A real Grievance—Wrongs of the Farmer—The Effect upon the Young Men—Driven from Home—Sad Story of a Farmer's Daughter—Not an isolated Case—Cause for Apprehension—A Remedy needed.

In the Ninth Census of the United States, taken in the year 1870, the number of persons engaged in all classes of occupations was 12,505,923. Of these 5,922,471 were persons engaged in agricultural pursuits. The rest of the great army of workers was divided as follows: Persons engaged in personal and professional services, 2,684,793. Persons engaged in trade and transportation, 1,191,238. Persons engaged in manufactures and mechanical and mining industries, 2,707,421. Thus it will be seen that nearly one-half of the industrial class of the United States is engaged in agricultural pursuits. Taking the number of inhabitants of the Union of ten years of age and over, which is

28,228,945, we gain a still clearer conception of the strength and importance of the agricultural class of the country.

The agricultural workers are thus subdivided, according to the Census quoted:

	Total.	Males.	Females.
Agricultural laborers	2,885,996	2,512,664	373,332
Apiarists	136	136	———
Dairymen and dairywomen	3,550	3,133	417
Farm and plantation overseers	3,609	3,609	———
Farmers and planters	2,977,711	2,955,030	22,681
Florists	1,085	1,046	39
Gardeners and nurserymen	31,435	31,202	233
Stock-drovers	3,181	3,181	———
Stock-herders	5,590	5,545	45
Stock-raisers	6,588	6,558	30
Turpentine farmers	361	361	———
Turpentine laborers	2,117	1,933	184
Vinegrowers	1,112	1,105	7

This being the force employed, let us glance at the field in which its operations are performed, and the results accomplished by it.

In 1870, the total area of land in farms amounted to 407,735,041 acres. This was divided as follows:

Acres of improved land	188,921,099
" " woodland	159,310,177
" " other unimproved land	59,503,765

The total number of farms was 2,659,985. These were reported as follows:

Under 5 acres	6,875
5 acres and under 10	172,021
10 acres and under 20	294,607
20 acres and under 50	847,614
50 acres and under 100	754,221
100 acres and under 500	565,054
500 acres and under 1000	15,873
1000 acres and over	3,720
Average size of farms	153 acres.

The capital invested in the farms and their products was stated as follows:

Cash value of farms	$9,262,803,861
Cash value of farming implements and machinery	336,878,429
Total amount of wages paid during the year, including the value of board	310,286,285
Total (estimated) value of all farm productions, including betterments and additions to stock	2,447,538,658
Value of orchard products	47,335,189
Value of market-garden products	20,719,229
Value of forest products	36,808,277
Value of homemade manufactures	23,423,332
Value of animals slaughtered, or sold for slaughter	398,956,376
Value of all live stock	1,525,276,457

The live stock was stated as follows:

Number of horses	7,145,370
Number of mules and asses	1,125,415
Number of milch cows	8,935,332
Number of working oxen	1,319,271
Number of other cattle	13,566,005
Number of sheep	28,477,951
Number of swine	25,134,569

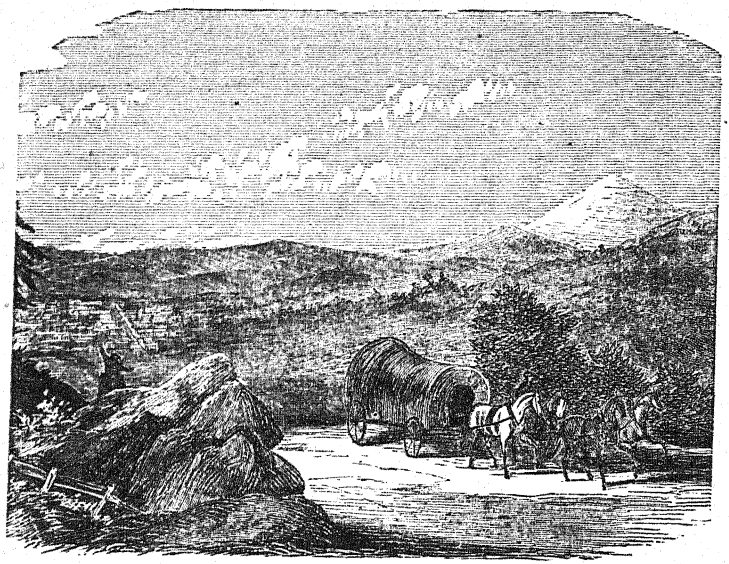
The farm products were as follows:

Bushels of Spring wheat	112,549,733
Bushels of Winter wheat	175,195,893
Bushels of sweet potatoes	21,709,824
Bushels of Irish potatoes	143;337,473
Pounds of butter	514,092,683
Pounds of cheese	53,492,153
Gallons of milk sold	235,500,599
Bushels of clover seed	639,657
Bushels of grass seed	583,188
Hogsheads of cane sugar	87,043
Hogsheads of sorghum sugar	24
Pounds of maple sugar	28,443,645
Gallons of cane molasses	66,593,323
Gallons of sorghum molasses	10,050,089
Gallons of maple molasses	921,057
Pounds of beeswax	631,129
Pounds of honey	14,702,815
Bushels of rye	19,918,795
Bushels of Indian corn	769,944,549
Bushels of oats	282,107,157
Bushels of barley	29,761,305

Bushels of buckwheat	9,821,721
Pounds of tobacco	262,735,341
Bales of cotton	3,011,996
Pounds of rice	73,635,021
Pounds of wool	100,102,386
Bushels of peas and beans	5,746,027
Gallons of wine	3,092,330
Tons of hay	27,316,048
Pounds of hops	25,456,669
Tons of hemp	12,746
Pounds of flax	27,133,034
Bushels of flaxseed	1,730,444
Pounds of silk cocoons	3,937

These figures present to the reader a fair average of the condition of the farming interest of the country. They show that nearly one-half of the whole toiling class, the men and women who use hands and brain to procure their daily bread, are engaged in the labors of the farm and in pursuits kindred to it. These constitute the real backbone and sinew of the country, and are its mainstay in times of trial and danger.

Whatever may be the merits of other classes, it cannot be denied that our agricultural community comprises a population of which any country may be proud. The American farmer is, as a rule, an intelligent, clear-headed, practical man. He is the possessor of, at least, a common school education. A reader of the newspapers and a lover of books, he manages to keep himself abreast of the questions of the day, and has definite and intelligent opinions concerning them, which he is able to express vigorously when occasion demands. He is strong-armed as well as strong-minded, and his out-door life keeps him in robust health. He is industrious, ambitious to improve his temporal condition, and attentive to his duties. As a citizen he is faithful to the obligations imposed upon him by the



WAGONING GRAIN TO MARKET.

laws of the land, and deeply interested in the welfare of his country. As the head of a family he is kind, affectionate, earnestly striving to advance the welfare of those dependent on him. In short, his ambition extends to two things chiefly—to provide for his family in such a way that his children may have a comfortable and happy home, and enter upon life prepared for its struggles, possessing vigorous bodies and well-trained minds; and to make his farm the best in the county.

No one who has travelled through agricultural districts of the Old World, can withhold from the American farmer his meed of praise. The farmer of England is, at the best, the inferior of the American. He is coarser, worse in morals and general habits, and inferior in education; while on the continent, the farmer is little better than a slave.

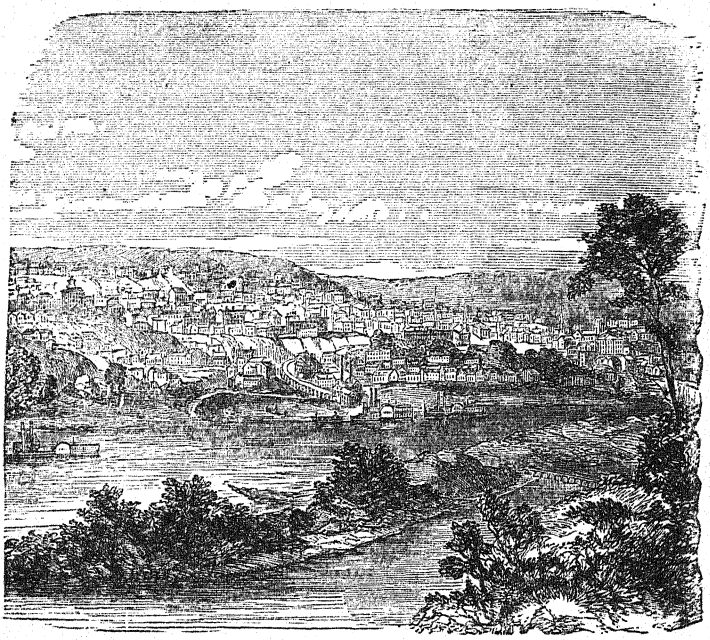
Now, in the natural order of things, and especially in this happy land of freedom, the farmer should be the most fortunate man in the community. Owning his land, with good health, dependent only upon the bounty of the Giver of all Good, his should be a life of absolute independence. Not that this should free him from the great necessity of earning these blessings by the sweat of his brow, but that his hard labor should be blessed with a fair reward, and that he should be able to look forward with confidence to a comfortable provision for his old age, and a fair start in life for his children. Yet, looking around upon the community, we find matters very different. The condition of affairs which meets us at every turn is not that which should exist in a well-regulated state of society.

Instead of the lighthearted, independent, contented owner of a domain sufficient to support him in comfort, we find the American farmer a toiling, overworked man from the beginning to the close of his life. However intelligent he may be, however determined to succeed, we find him, as a rule, doing little more than providing food and clothing for those dependent on him, often struggling under a load of debt, and conscious that he is not receiving as fair a return for his labor as the merchant or mechanic receives for his. There is something wrong in the system which thus dooms him to perpetual slavery, and it will be interesting to endeavor to ascertain the causes of the evil which has come upon him.

It is a common saying that "no man makes a fortune on a farm." It is true there are instances of great wealth amassed by farmers, but they are the exceptions. These fortunate persons have been possessed

of large capital, which has enabled them to conduct their operations on a scale which compelled large returns. The average farmer, however, is a man of limited means, and it taxes all his energy to make "both ends meet" at the end of the year. He may dream of great wealth, and, in his mind's eye, may see himself a capitalist, able to carry out his theories upon a proper scale; but the golden harvest never comes to him, and he ends his days where he began, a struggling man, vainly grappling with a difficulty that is too great for him. Yet he labors as hard, as honestly, and as intelligently as the merchant or manufacturer. He has, perhaps, quite as much capital invested as they, and yet in spite of his efforts, in spite of his intelligence, in spite of his honesty, he cannot keep up with them in the race for wealth. He is distanced by men of less ability, and he cannot help himself. The most that the majority of farmers are capable of achieving is to become the absolute masters of their property. He is a lucky man who can do this, who can keep the farm clear of mortgages and himself free from debt, and earn enough to educate his children and afford his family the refinements and comforts of our present civilization.

Now here is a real grievance; here is a most singular state of affairs. The most useful class in the land, that which should be the most fortunate and independent, is becoming the most oppressed, the hardest worked, and the poorest paid. There is no necessity for this state of affairs. It should not exist. But it is a reality, and the farmers know it, and their efforts to remedy it have thus far been without success. Every year the trouble is becoming more serious. The young



ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

men, seeing the fate of their fathers, their lives of constant toil, and the hopelessness of realizing a proper return for their industry, are leaving the farm and flocking to the great cities, to seek in other pursuits the rewards denied them in the calling they prefer, and to which they are best suited. They leave behind them the sweet restraints of home, and the happy innocence of a country life, and come to the cities to meet trials and temptations to which they too often fall victims.

The young women, dismayed by the hard lot of their mothers, and wishing to escape from the drudgery which is the inevitable doom of the farmer's wife, follow the example of their brothers. They come to

the city, where there is no room for them, and where snares and dangers lie thick along their paths. Too often they yield to them, and go down into the dreadful abyss from which no woman ever comes back. Oh! the sad stories of farmers' daughters that one hears in the great city of New York. How they come crowding there, year after year, frightened by the hard life at home, and, in their eagerness to escape from it, rushing upon a doom so terrible that even the hardest lot of honest labor would be joyfully embraced could they but see the end when taking the first step.

Not long ago, a gray haired old man came to New York from his farm in New England, in search of his daughter. He was accompanied by his son. He told a sad tale to the police. Owning his farm, and nominally well to do in the world, he was still barely able to provide a support for his family. One of his daughters —the eldest—appreciating his difficulties, and wishing to help him by relieving him of her support, had left home with his consent, and had come to the great city to obtain work. For awhile she succeeded, and not only earned enough to keep her in comfort, but managed to send an occasional remittance to the old people at home. By and by there was a change. Her letters became rarer, and at length ceased. Weeks passed away, but no letter came, and, in alarm, the old man had come to the city to find his child. He was sure she was not dead, and he dreaded to find that she had gone the way that so many go. He applied to the police, and in the official to whom he confided his story he found a sympathizing friend. Inquiries among the members of the force enabled the officers to recognize the girl by her father's description as one who had

but recently become known to them as a lost woman, and they at once led the father and brother to the house in which she was living. As they entered the brightly lighted parlors, the girl recognized her father, and, with a wild cry of joy, sprang into his arms. There was no need of explanation, and the father had no reproaches for the poor, sinful wanderer. Lifting her tenderly in his arms, he bore her to the street, sobbing out joyfully as they passed the portals of the house of shame:

"We've saved her, thank God! We've saved Lizzie!"

That night all three left for their distant home.

This is not an isolated case. There is many an unfortunate who has trod the hard streets of the metropolis, with no eye but the pitying one above to look kindly on her, who could tell of a home from which the hard hand of poverty drove her.

It is a most lamentable condition of affairs that makes these things possible. It is not so with other callings. The labor of the merchant, the manufacturer, the small trader, the professional man, enables him to do better for his children, and to give them a home of refinement and happiness, which they enjoy, and which makes them eager to provide homes of their own when they arrive at man's and woman's estate. But the reverse is too often the case with the farmer. His sons have no wish to toil as their father, and they seek to escape from the farm, and change their pursuits as soon as they can. The farmer's daughter, seeing her mother's daily toil and care, and the constant struggle of both parents to earn a decent living, has no wish to become a farmer's wife, and she too seeks to leave home at the earliest possible moment.

Now these evils, like most of those from which the farmer suffers, are traceable to the cause we have been considering. The farmer does not receive a proper return for his labor, and is therefore unable to provide for his family as he should. The same amount of labor, of energy, intelligence, and capital in other pursuits would produce different and happier results. Here they do not produce even fair results.

The whole farming community will bear testimony to the truth of our assertion. We are stating no imaginary case. It is a sad history of facts we are relating. We assert that the farmer's grievances are real, and not fictitious. They deserve from the entire community a patient hearing. He who can find a remedy for them will deserve and receive the thanks of a grateful country.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE MIDDLE-MEN.

A Leading Cause of the Distress of Farmers—Working at Starvation Prices—High Price of Bread—Who is responsible for it—How the Middle-Men grow Rich at the Expense of the Farmer—An Unequal Division of Profits—The Farmer receives too Little—Comparison between Agricultural and Manufacturing Profits—The Story of Two Brothers—A Lesson for Farmers—Profitable and Unprofitable Labor—Contrast between the Middle-Men and the Farmers—Where the Profit on Grain goes—A Palace and a Farm House—Who pay for the Splendors of the Large Cities—Need of the Farmer for Ready Money—How this Necessity is taken Advantage of—The Local Grain Dealers—How they Plunder the Farmers—The Excess of Western Production—The Real Cause of it.

ONE of the principal causes of the great distress prevailing among the farming interest to-day is the low price which the farmer receives for his products. There can be no question that his labor is repaid at too low a rate, and that until he receives a fairer price for his toil and skill he must be content to struggle on as he is forced to do at present.

Now, we are aware that there will be many who will take alarm at the idea of an increase in the price of breadstuffs, and who will meet our assertion with the old argument that the people pay enough for their bread already. We are fully aware of this. We believe that it would be a great evil to the country at large to increase the price of bread, and that that article is already sufficiently high; but we maintain that this state of affairs is not due to the farmer.

The farmer, the producer of the food of the country, is compelled to make a heavy outlay of money and time in order to make a fair crop of grain. To this outlay he adds his labor, which is long and severe. When his crop is harvested and sent to market, he receives a small profit upon his investment in the price paid for his grain, and this is still further reduced by the iniquitous freights levied upon him by the railroads for transporting his produce to market. The grain upon reaching market passes into other hands, and sells at an advance upon the price paid the farmer. The next step is to convert it into flour or meal, and here another profit is added to its cost, and one very much larger than that received by the farmer. Millers are fortunate men, and they are experts in the art of making money. The flour or meal next passes into the hands of the commission merchant, or the retail dealer, and by the time it reaches the final consumer the cost is vastly increased by the number of profits it has to pay. As flour or bread a price is paid for it which the whole community pronounce too high, and the result is that the farmer is universally denounced for his rapacity. He is believed by the average consumer of bread to be enjoying the proceeds of an extortionate price for the chief article of human consumption.

Now the truth is, that of all the profits we have enumerated, that of the farmer is the smallest and the most unfair. It is not in proportion to that of the merchant or the miller. He is robbed by the railroads in the first instance, and in the next place his price is kept down in order that the grain merchant and the miller may enlarge their profits. These worthy gentlemen are shrewd enough to join in the general demand for

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THE MIDDLE-MAN'S DREAM OF HIS PLUNDER.

cheaper food, and in denouncing the farmer for keeping up the price of bread, when it is their heavy profits that keep up the high prices. They know where the trouble lies, but by denouncing the farmer, they seek to screen themselves.

The merchant and the miller make too much upon their investment of labor and capital, and the farmer makes too little upon his. Matters should be adjusted upon a different basis. The middle-men should be content with a smaller profit, and the profit of the farmer should be increased. It will be difficult to do this, for the middle-men, being masters of the situation, will not

be satisfied without a certain return for their labor, which return they place at a very high figure, and the farmer, who is entirely dependent upon them, must be satisfied with what he can get. Yet the farmer's labor is as much entitled to reward as that of the middle-man, and it is fair that his profit should be as large in proportion as that of any one through whose hands his grain passes. But, instead of this, instead of receiving the reward to which his honest labor is entitled, he is compelled to accept a miserably small return for that labor, in order that the middle-men may make large profits and grow rich. They grow rich at the expense of the farmer and the community. The farmer either remains where he started or grows poorer.

Some time ago Mr. John T. Campbell, of Rockville, Indiana, undertook to compare the average profits upon the capital of the country invested in manufactures and that invested in farming, as reported by the last Census of the United States:

"Let us take," says he, "a general survey of the statistics as shown by the census reports of the three last decades, and carefully note the comparison between the general manufacturing interests of the nation, much of which is protected, and the general agricultural interests, and see if it teaches us a lesson.

"But we would be discouraged from this comparison by General Walker's foot note to the compendium of the Ninth Census, page 797, in which he says in substance that capital reported as invested in manufactures is entirely untrustworthy and delusive, and that it is the one inquiry which manufacturers resent as uselessly obtrusive, and that they could not tell what they were worth or how much of their wealth was invested as capital if

they were disposed to. He thinks the capital that yields a gross product annually of four and a quarter billions should be reported at *eight billions* instead of two billions, as shown by the Ninth Census, and recommends the abandonment of that inquiry in the future.

"Perhaps the following showing will explain why the manufacturers are so reluctant about showing their capital, and also that generally the amount of their capital is *overstated* rather than *understated.*

"While the statistics may not be strictly accurate, they are a safe guide by which to compare one industry with another, or the same industry at different periods.

"In 1850 the value of the manufactured product, after deducting the cost of wages and raw material, was 42½ per cent. on the capital invested. This, of course, was not the clear profit on capital, for doubtless the owners have greatly augmented its profits by the assistance of their own labor.

"In 1860 the profits on manufacturing capital (assisted by the owners' labor, as before), after deducting the cost of wages and raw material, was 47 per cent. per annum.

"In 1870 the manufacturing capital, put under like conditions as before, yielded a profit of nearly 46 per cent. per annum, or including mining and fishing, as per census of 1850 and 1860, 44⅓ per cent.

"However 'untrustworthy' the census reports may be as to the amount of capital engaged in manufacture, here is a uniform percentage for three decades.

"The value of the total agricultural product not being given for any but the census of 1870, I cannot compare the profits of capital invested in agricultural industry with the profits of capital invested in manufacturing

industry for any but that year, but it will doubtless be a good indication of the results in 1850 and 1860.

"In 1870 the value of the entire agricultural product, after deducting the cost of wages, as in the case of manufacturers, was 19⅓ per cent. per annum on the capital invested in agriculture, assisted by the owners' labor.

"In this case I assume the value of the farm, farming implements, and live stock (less its annual increase) to be the farmer's capital, to which *should* be added the value of the seed for the crops and provender for the stock.

"From 1850 to 1860 manufacturing capital increased 89⅓ per cent., while the number of establishments increased only 14⅛ per cent., and the number of operatives increased only 37 per cent.

"This leads *one* hereditary protectionist to the conclusion that manufacturing capital has but little tendency to diffuse itself among the people; but on the contrary, that those who possessed it in 1850 also possessed about 85 per cent. of the increase from 1850 to 1860.

"From 1860 to 1870 manufacturing capital (including mining and fishing, as these branches of industry were classed with and included in manufacturing statistics in 1850–60) increased 132⅓ per cent. The number of establishments increased nearly 87 per cent.; and the number of operatives increased only 70 per cent.

"While this showing is much better than the previous one, it still shows that the fortunate few who had possession of the capital still get the lion's share of the increase.

"The per cent. on the dutiable imports from 1850

to 1860 averaged about 25 per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 about 40 per cent. Possibly, or even *probably* this high duty had much or *most* to do with increasing the capital—the number of establishments and the number of operatives during the last decade—but must they continue to be propped up by protection at the expense of the greatly overworked agricultural laborers? For it really appears this way. Perhaps some one better versed in statistics can see some other and greater reason why the agricultural capital of the nation, consisting of farm implements and live stock, increased 101½ per cent. from 1850 to 1860, during which decade the average duties on imports was about 25 per cent., and during which period manufacturing capital increased only 89⅞ per cent. And why from 1860 to 1870 agricultural capital increased only 39½ per cent., with an average duty of 40 per cent., while manufacturing capital increased 132½ per cent.

"It is not sufficient to answer that the ravages of war have depreciated the value of farming capital, for other things being equal, manufacturing capital would suffer as much as farming capital, and would be as difficult to resuscitate.

"The State of Louisiana has quite as bad a showing of agricultural capital as any Southern State, and the following is the comparison of increase in agricultural and manufacturing capital for the last two decades in that State: Agricultural capital increased from 1850 to 1860 102 per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 it decreased 55 per cent. Manufacturing capital increased from 1850 to 1860 42 per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 156 per cent. Perhaps the people are lazy in Louisiana and the other late rebel States, and the manufac-

turing capital has been taken there by the Yankees. Let us therefore take Ohio, a first-class agricultural and manufacturing State with an industrious population.

"From 1850 to 1860 agricultural capital in Ohio increased 87 per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 it increased only 54⅜ per cent. Manufacturing capital increased from 1850 to 1860 97 per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 it increased 164 per cent.

"Perhaps it may be urged that agricultural capital in Ohio has about reached its climax and cannot expand much more, while manufacturing capital may expand illimitably. If so to any extent in Ohio it would be doubly or trebly so in the older States. Let us examine Connecticut. Agricultural capital increased from 1850 to 1860 27¼ per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 it increased nearly 39 per cent., showing that it is possible for agricultural capital to still increase greatly in value even in the oldest States. The manufacturing capital (in Connecticut) increased from 1850 to 1860 76⅕ per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 it increased 109 per cent. In this old State, as elsewhere, to him that had it was given, for the number of establishments increased from 1850 to 1860 19½ per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 they increased 69½ per cent.

"How about the operatives? They increased in number from 1850 to 1860 27 per cent., and from 1860 to 1870 they increased 39 per cent.

"The number of operatives have not maintained their former ratio to the capital on which they are employed. In 1850 there was an operative in the United States to every $557 of manufacturing capital, in 1860 one to every $770 of capital, and in 1870 one to every $1031 of capital.

"In Pennsylvania there was in 1850 an operative for every $644 of manufacturing capital, in 1860 an operative to every $855, and in 1870 an operative to every $1270.

"In the State of Massachusetts in 1850 there was an operative to every $501 of manufacturing capital; in 1860 an operative to every $611 of capital, and in 1870 an operative to every $829 of capital. These examples are a fair type of the rest. Protection in this country is fast coming to mean Protection for improved machinery with a Chinaman to operate it, against cheap labor in Europe.

"Let us see if the agriculturists of Pennsylvania make enough on their capital and labor to pay for protecting the manufacturers of that State. In 1870 the agricultural product of Pennsylvania, less the cost of wages, was 13½ per cent. on the agricultural capital assisted by the owners' labor, while the manufacturing product, less cost of wages and raw material, was 40 per cent. assisted by the owners' labor. But possibly agricultural capital in Pennsylvania is rated too high, for there is a limit to what the land may be made to produce, though there is no well-defined limit to the price which the presence of a large landless population may be the innocent cause of putting on it. Let us examine Illinois, where land is cheap and productive and markets easy of access. If the Illinois farmer can't keep pace with the manufacturer none other can.

"In 1870 the value of the agricultural product of Illinois, less the cost of wages, was 17 per cent. on the agricultural capital assisted by the owners' labor; while the manufactured product, less the cost of wages and raw material, was 49⅞ per cent. on the manufactur-

ing capital of that State for the same year assisted by the owners' labor.

"In short, 5,500,000 laborers, operating with $11,000,000,000 of capital, can give a product of only $2,500,000,000 a year in agriculture; while 2,000,000 of laborers, operating on $2,000,000,000 capital in manufacturing, can give a product, less the cost of the raw material, of $1,500,000,000.

"While we may have to concede that certain specified industries will languish and fail if not protected, we also insist that the field in general manufacturing is wide enough and profitable enough to fairly employ all that may fail in special industries."

These figures are eloquent, and go far to sustain the assertions we have made.

Thirty years ago, two brothers started out in life. The elder, loving the country, its pure air and free life, invested the sum of five thousand dollars, which he had inherited from his father, in a snug farm in the West. His farm lay in a growing section of country, within easy access of the markets, and the land was as good as any in the State. The young man, whom we shall call David Dean, had been brought up on a farm in New England, and was by nature in every way fitted for an agricultural proprietor. Under his management his farm prospered, and year by year it grew until he became one of the best to do farmers in his State. A man of intelligence and education, he kept himself abreast of the times, adopting every improvement in cultivation that his judgment sanctioned, and rendering his homestead in all respects a model farm. In due time he married. Children grew up around him, and these he was enabled to keep in comfort and

to provide each with a fair education as an equipment for the battle of life. He counted himself a fortunate man, as, indeed, he was, for he was an exceptionally prosperous farmer. Thirty years of honest and intelligent labor brought him their reward, and when at last he was gathered to his fathers, he was found to have earned for his family, besides the support he had given them, a fine farm of several hundred acres, and about twenty thousand dollars in other investments. His whole estate was worth, perhaps $60,000, representing, apart from the amount expended in maintaining his family, an average gain of about $2000 per annum during the thirty years of his manhood.

The younger brother also inherited five thousand dollars from his father, but, being more ambitious than David, he obtained employment in New York. In those days $5000 was a good round sum, for we were then a nation of small dealers; and the young man, being provident and temperate in his habits, invested this in such a manner that it nearly supported him, leaving him a considerable portion of his salary, which he carefully invested. In the course of a few years he was enabled to purchase a minor interest in the business of the house in which he was employed, and being a steady, industrious and frugal man, his condition was bettered every year. In ten years from the day he entered the house he was the owner of half the business. In ten years more he had bought out the interests of the other partners, and was the sole owner of the business. He too had married, and children had grown up around him. At the end of the twenty years he was in possession of a splendid and lucrative business, which was increasing his wealth rapidly from year to year, and his home was



LIFE AMONG THE MIDDLE-MEN.

an elegant mansion replete with every luxury. At the end of the thirty years men called him a millionaire; and having occasion about that time to make an inventory of his possessions, he found that he was the master of the handsome fortune of two millions of dollars, invested in various forms. Apart from the cost of maintaining his family, his wealth represented an average gain of nearly $67,000 for every year of his working career. As he stood by the grave of his farmer brother, to whom he was deeply attached, and to whom he had often lent a helping hand, he inwardly thanked Heaven that he had chosen at the first to abandon the farm and adopt a mercantile life; and he was very clearly of the opinion that his brother David, whom men called fortunate, had received a very imperfect return for the capital and intelligent labor he had expended upon his calling.

And if this was his opinion, as a shrewd, practical man of business, of one who had been really fortunate in his pursuits, what must he have thought of the recompense of the vast army of farmers who are doomed to perpetual servitude in order that others not of their blood may grow fat upon their exertions?

It would be an interesting, if a very saddening journey of inspection, for one to visit the counting-houses of the fat, sleek dealers in grain, the forwarders and middle-men of our great cities, where every evidence of wealth and prosperity is visible, and where the huge ledgers contain the summary of the gains which have flowed into the house from the results of its sales and speculations in grain. It would be interesting to talk with the heads of the houses, the well-fed, well-clothed, soft-handed and portly members of the Produce Ex-

change, and learn how rosy are their views of life, how bright their anticipations of the future. It would be still more interesting to ride up with the head of the house, in his elegant coach with liveried servant, to his superb mansion in the fashionable quarter of the city; to enter with him and see how luxurious are all the appointments of the establishment; how soft and deep the carpets into which one's foot sinks noiselessly; how rich the frescoes, how superb the furniture, and how beautiful the general appearance of the place. It would be interesting, we say, to see all these, the evidences of wealth earned in the successful prosecution of the business of buying and selling grain; and it would be even more interesting, and should be deeply instructive, to go from these scenes of splendor, and visit in succession the homes of the farmers in whose grain the house that has been so successful has been operating. One might take the names from the accounts in the merchant's ledger. What a contrast there would be! It would be like passing from the master's mansion to the cabins of the slaves on a Southern plantation in the *ante-bellum* days. What a succession of plain and often unattractive homes we should find! Instead of the elegant mistress of the city mansion, we should find the worn, anxious, prematurely old farmer's wife, whose dreams of an easier lot have faded before the unceasing toil and care demanded of her. Instead of the fat, rosy, well-dressed middle-man, we should find the farmer in homespun, with hard, brown hand, and a man worn down in body and soul with care and toil in the present and anxiety for the future. Instead of the cheery views of the middle-man, we should find heavy-hearted broodings over the unsatis-

factoriness of his position and the injustice with which his labors are repaid. We should find scores of honest, industrious, and deserving men toiling early and late, enduring hardships and privations, only to see their just reward taken from them to enrich the middle-man. Is it a wonder that they regard the grain dealer as their worst enemy?

The farmer is not a capitalist. He has very little ready money as a rule, and his need for cash is very great. Often when the harvest has been gathered in, and the crop is ready for the market, there are numerous expenses devolving upon the farmer which must be met in cash. There is but one way to obtain ready money, and that is to sell a portion of the grain that has been harvested to the local grain dealer, numbers of whom abound in every agricultural district. The farmer cannot wait for the slow process of sending his crop to a distant market, and awaiting the remittances of his commission merchant; and he often argues that the grain will bring him but little more after the expenses of transportation, selling, etc., are paid. His need of money is urgent, and a portion of his crop goes to the nearest local grain merchant; and when once sales of this kind have begun, the entire crop is usually disposed of in the same manner.

The local dealer is perfectly acquainted with the necessities of the farmer. He knows that nothing but the need of money has driven him to sell his crop in such a manner, and his offers are governed by this knowledge. He takes advantage of the farmer's necessity to offer him a price below the actual value of his grain, and the latter is obliged, or feels himself obliged,

to accept it; and the crop that has cost so much labor and care and capital to produce, goes to swell the profits of the local grain dealer, and the farmer is doomed to another disappointment.

Said a gentleman, writing from Dubuque, Iowa, not long since, referring to the hardships endured by the farmers of that State:

"While every other interest seems to 'bear down' upon the farmer, he has been, until recently, entirely powerless to resist or to retaliate by putting up the price of what he has to sell. In a former letter I have explained how the railroads often play into the hands of the grain speculators, to the injury of the farmers. But these speculators have a way of combining against the farmers, independently of the railroads. The great bulk of the grain of this State has been sold by the producers at the nearest railroad station, and it has been very rare for a farmer to ship his own crop. The reasons for this are numerous: very few farmers know much about the methods of doing business in the cities; they are not acquainted with the commission merchants, and if they were would often be afraid to trust them. Again, it often happens that the farmer desires to sell a load of grain and get the money for it immediately without waiting for it to be sold in Chicago, while he may not desire to sell enough at the present state of the market to load one or more cars. The result of these circumstances is that the local wheat buyers have had almost a monopoly of the shipping business, and, as I have already remarked, the bulk of the crop is sold at the nearest railroad station. But even here there is little or no competition between rival buyers, because they either agree each morning to pay a certain fixed

price that day, or else agree not to outbid each other, and divide their profits in proportion to the amount each man has bought."

Thus the farmer is robbed year after year, and when he utters his complaint, there are loud outcries from the robbers that his grievances are purely imaginary, and that he has brought all his woes upon himself by an excessive production of grain, and is experiencing only the evils which attend upon an overstocked market.

But this outcry about a surplus of grain in the West is mere folly. The agriculture of the Western and especially the North-western States is of necessity confined to grain. "The North-west not only must produce cereals, but must produce a surplus. The hope that growth of manufactures may create a sufficient 'home market' in the farming States is cherished by many, in complete disregard of necessary conditions of manufacture, or the ratio of production to consumption of agricultural products. The average consumption of wheat is four and seventy-six hundreths bushels *per capita;* and of all cereals, including the quantity fed to animals, thirty-six bushels *per capita.* If it were possible to gather up all the hands employed in all the cotton mills of the United States and deposit them in a single county in Iowa, either one of the fourteen counties in that State now produces more wheat than all those hands could consume. All the hands employed in the factories and shops of the United States, if added to the present population of Illinois, would consume less than half the surplus of cereals now produced by that State. A mill of 273 hands on every farm of 100 acres of wheat would only suffice to con-

sume the wheat which that farm would produce. Until hands in manufacturing establishments eat very much more than they are able to do at present, and manufacturers establish themselves without regard to natural facilities and resources, the great agricultural States will continue to produce a surplus of cereals. The costly exchange of products between farms and factories widely separated, supports a class which consumes nearly half as much as do the hands employed in manufactures. In the year 1871, about thirty-nine per cent. of the wheat grown in this country was consumed by farmers and those dependent upon them; about eighteen per cent. by persons employed in manufactures and those dependent upon them; about eighteen per cent. by those engaged in personal and professional services and others dependent upon them; about eight per cent. by persons engaged in trade and transportation and their dependents; and the rest, about seventeen per cent., was exported. The surplus of cereals in the North-western States, therefore, is not the result of accident or mistaken whim, but the inevitable consequence of fixed laws. Increasing density of population and cost of land steadily drive the larger operations of agriculture to regions more remote from the great centres of population, manufactures, and commerce, and to fresher and cheaper lands. New York produces less wheat and less corn than it did twenty years ago. The cost of moving the ever-increasing surplus of agricultural States, over a steadily increasing distance, to points where it is needed to supply an ever-increasing deficit in production, is a condition of the growth and prosperity of agriculture in this country which it cannot escape."*

* W. M. Grosvenor.

It is idle, then, to speak of the Western surplus of cereals as the fault of the farmer or the cause of the evils from which he suffers. The wrongs of which he complains spring from no such source. We have pointed them out, and in doing so have expressed the sense of the entire farming community.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RAILROADS AND THE FARMERS.

Opportunity of the Railroads to plunder the Farmers—Extent of the Wheat Production of the United States—Amount consumed at Home—The Western Surplus—Amount of Corn produced—The System of High Freights—The West shut out from Market—Effect of the Civil War—Burning Corn for Fuel—Greed of the Railroad Companies—The Cost of getting Grain to Market—Facts for Farmers—Combination of the Railroads and the Middlemen—The Story of a Car Load of Corn—Mr. Walker's Views—The Farmers' Complaint—Railroads disregard the Law—Futile Efforts of the Western States to protect their Citizens—How High Freights are arranged—The Dependence of the Farmers upon the Railroads—The Effect of High Freights upon the Value of the Farm—A Startling Exhibit.

We have endeavored to familiarize the reader with the greed and tyranny of the railroad corporations. We come now to consider their dealings with the farmers, and to show how the latter are plundered by the corporations of their earnings by the iniquitous rates levied upon them. The farmers of the entire country are sufferers at the hands of the railroads, but the farmers of the Western States are their principal victims.

The reason of this will be evident when we consider the relative production and consumption of the various sections of the country. In 1870 the total wheat crop of the United States was 287,745,626 bushels. Of this the Western States, not including the Pacific States, or the Territories, produced over 202,000,000. About one-

third of this vast amount is used for home consumption, and the rest, or about 130,000,000 of bushels, is shipped away to other States and to foreign countries. Exactly how much is exported to Europe depends upon the condition of the harvest in the Old World, but about 50,000,000 bushels are annually sent over the ocean. The remainder is sold in the American markets. The New England States are large consumers of Western wheat, requiring about 35,000,000 bushels more than they produce themselves. About 33,000,000 bushels are received in New York, and though some of this is finally exported, the bulk remains in the Empire State. Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland require about 5,000,000 bushels more than they produce. The Southern States do not produce all they need, and are consequently large buyers of Western wheat.

All the surplus of the West, in order to find a market, must, to some extent, at least, pass over some railroad. The bulk of the wheat is sent to Chicago and the lake ports and to St. Louis, whence it finds its way during the season of navigation to the Erie Canal at Buffalo and the cities communicating with the canal, thence by the canal to Albany, whence all that is intended for the East and for export is sent to New York or Boston. But the season of navigation occupies only a portion of the year, and during the remainder the grain of the West must find its way eastward over one of the great railways. The cost of transportation to the East eats up about one-half of the value of the wheat, and the farmer's profit is made small in order that the heavy freights may be paid and the large profits of the middle-men gained.

But wheat is not the only grain crop that seeks a



CAMP OF WAGONERS HAULING GRAIN TO MARKET.

market. The production of Indian corn in the United States in 1870 amounted to 760,944,549 bushels. Of this product 492,664,536 bushels were grown in the Western States. Very much of this is used at home, but an immense quantity is shipped to the East for consumption there and for exportation.

Thus it will be seen that the Western States, being the principal grain producers of the country, are the most dependent upon the railroads, and, therefore, the greatest sufferers by their extortions.

Every farmer will doubtless remember the expectations that were held out to him, when the road upon which he is principally dependent was seeking the right of way and subscriptions towards defraying the cost of its construction. How he dreamed of the days which were to come when he could send his grain cheaply and rapidly to market. But alas, those dreams were never realized. The road once built, the rates were based upon a scale to meet the financial needs of its managers, and the farmers' interests were never considered. The road was built to make money for its stockholders, and the farmer must pay its tolls or his crops could not reach the market. The inducements and promises made by the corporations at the outset were never fulfilled.

When the civil war burst upon the country in 1861, the Western farmers were among the first sufferers. Their Southern market was closed entirely against them, and their great avenue to the sea, the Mississippi river, was lost to them. Corn fell rapidly in price until it reached ten cents per bushel. At this rate no one could afford to pay the cost of sending it to market, and it being cheaper than coal, vast quantities were consumed in the West for fuel. But as the war progressed, the needs of the Government and the Eastern States created a strong demand for Western corn, and the price of that grain rose in the Eastern markets. The Western farmers at once began to ship their corn East, hoping to make up some of the losses they had sustained. No sooner had the demand sprung up, however, than the railroads at once advanced their tolls, and the money that should have gone to repay the farmers' losses was secured by them by reason of

their exorbitant freight charges. So burdensome were the exactions of the roads that there was a general outcry from the entire community against the outrage. Said the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society of Iowa, in his report for 1862: "Our great national highway to the ocean for two years has been closed, and we have been left to the tender mercies of relentless gamblers in railroad stocks. With facilities altogether inadequate to carry the marketable products of the teeming West, they have taken advantage of the necessities of the people to make one advance after another in their tariff of charges, until it now costs, in some instances, three times as much to carry our grain to market as it does to produce it."

In the ten years that have gone by since this complaint was made, neither Iowa nor any of the States have experienced any relief from the evils referred to. New roads have been built, but the rates have remained high. They have even grown higher. In a season of scarcity they are sufficient to throw a gloom over the entire farming interest; and when such a magnificent yield as that of 1872 blesses the country, the general joy of the agricultural community is embittered by a strong advance in freights. The roads combine against the farmers, be the season good or bad. The grain of the West must go to market, and the roads combine to demand what they please for its transportation. The farmers find that to get the product of one acre of corn to market, they must pay the railroad the product of three acres. The reader can easily calculate the result. A prominent farmer in Iowa recently declared to a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* that if the cost of producing grain was as great in Iowa as in the States

farther east, the corn crop could not be sent to market at all.

The farmer, unlike other producers of a valuable commodity, is not allowed to fix the price of his produce. That is decided for him by the railroads and the middle-men, who generally work together, as they can well afford to do, the farmer paying the cost of their iniquitous combination.

Said an Iowa farmer recently:

"The railroads of this State discriminate unjustly against the farmers in the transportation of crops; that is, give other men advantages which they deny to the farmers. Let me explain: Here is a wheat or corn buyer who makes a living by purchasing grain of the farmers and shipping it to Chicago. Of course he makes a profit by it—grows rich, in fact. Now the farmers think that if they ship their own grain directly to Chicago they might save the profit that this middle-man makes. They engage a lot of cars, load them, and send them forward, but they find when they have paid the freight and the other expenses which the middle-man must necessarily also incur, they don't have as much left for their grain as he offered them. Now how is that explained? The railroad company gives the grain trader a drawback on the grain he ships, which it refuses to the farmers; and in some instances, at least, these traders are in partnership with railway officials. I thought, when the idea of cooperative shipments was first proposed, that these favors were given solely on account of the amount of business that these men brought to the railroads. I supposed that the deductions were simply those that would be naturally made to wholesale trade, and in speeches to the farmers

I told them so. But we have learned differently, for when our farmers have combined and offered freight in large quantities to the railroad companies, they have refused to give us the advantages which they give to the favorites.

"The terms of these contracts are secret. But we know that they must be considerable, or these men who have them could not make so much money. You see what this kind of railroad management amounts to. The company comes in and says: 'You shall sell your corn to a certain man and for a certain price, which we will fix.' That's one thing we complain of, and we will not long submit to it. But I haven't told you all. In certain cases the roads have fixed the rates of freight very high, and then men have appeared among the farmers, offering to buy our produce at prices just a shade higher than what it would net us to ship it ourselves, but at rates much below what it ought to bring us. We have often suspected that those men were the agents of the railroad companies or of the railroad managers. If our suspicions were correct, you see what an outrage upon the farmers it was. The railroad people knowing our necessities, and that many of us are obliged to sell, even at a loss, for the purpose of obtaining money, first arbitrarily fix the price of our produce and then force us to sell to them.

"Nor are these discriminations confined to our shipments east. They discriminate in favor of certain men in bringing freight westward, and in that way force us to trade with those men. Take salt, for instance, and let an association of farmers and a local trader purchase the same amount at the same price in Chicago. When that salt is in Iowa, the local trader, if there is strong

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EWING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,
ALLAHABAD.

competition, will retail it to the farmers cheaper than what their own cost them with the freight added. Now there must be some cat in that meal (or salt). It may be that in some cases the wholesale dealer may give the Iowa trader a drawback; but in others we know that he is favored with special rates by the railroads which they refuse to give to others shipping the same goods in like amount."

Said another:

"We fare worse than the man who fell among thieves between Jerusalem and Jericho. The great railroad corporations first extort from us everything they possibly can, and then they turn us over to Chicago to be still further plundered. Why, they don't allow us to say which elevator our grain shall go into when it reaches Chicago; we have no redress if the railroad don't deliver as much grain as we ship from here, and it is utterly impossible for us to have any of our grain passed as 'No. 1.' We may ship the best wheat that ever went to Chicago, and the probabilities are that they will mix it up with their 'imperial' wheat and make a 'No. 2' that will bring a higher price, and the increase that we ought to have goes to the owner of the elevator. We have no particular interest in Chicago's prosperity; indeed, if our grain could go forward without going into Chicago to be taxed for the benefit of her speculators, we should be much better off."

Some time ago a Philadelphia merchant stated that a car load of corn had been recently shipped to him from the interior of Iowa. The freight charges, commissions and other expenses amounted to $233.70, and the grain sold for $233.07, leaving a deficit to the shippers in addition to the value of the grain at the point of ship-

ment. Another consignment of corn netted the shippers five cents a bushel, from which, however, was to be deducted the price of the corn at the place of production, which would entail a loss of ten or fifteen cents a bushel.

In some cases the farmers within twenty-five or thirty miles of a convenient market in the West, have found it cheaper to haul their grain to market in their own wagons than to ship it by the railroads.

Said the Hon. Amasa Walker, of Brookline, Mass., in a speech delivered in Boston on the 1st of September, 1873: "The farmer's products must be transported a great distance, and they are heavy products, and it takes a large part of what he can raise to pay the freight and get his goods to market. You have, perhaps, heard of the man who went out to Iowa and bought a lot of corn for thirteen cents, and, selling it in Springfield, Mass., for sixty-nine cents, made just one cent a bushel. Now that is a very startling illustration, but no more startling than true, of the manner in which the whole thing appears. Now you will see why the farmers are the first to move, because they are made so much more interested than others by its taking such a larger portion of what they can raise. For instance, a manufacturer will send on his goods West and pay not more than five per cent.—a twentieth or thirtieth part of what the farmer pays on his products, and the difference is a very wide one."

Said Mr. Stephen Smith, the Illinois farmer, speaking for the men of his calling in his own State, recognizing and pointing out the evils of railroad extortion: "For the past three or four years the conviction has been gradually forcing itself upon us that something

was wrong in our affairs; for while every other industry was being fairly remunerated, we have been steadily going behind, until poverty, if not bankruptcy, stared us in the face. We found that, while we labored harder and more hours than the artisan and workman in other pursuits, we were forced to content ourselves with poorer food and clothing, with fewer social privileges, and less opportunities for mental cultivation than they. We could not help seeing that if they were as steady and industrious as we, they were able to live in better houses, and had more money to spend in their adornment than we had; that if they had the taste for such things, as most of them had, they had more pictures, books and newspapers, and more leisure to enjoy them, than we, and that they often indulged in such luxuries as lectures, concerts, excursions, and festivals, while it was rare, indeed, that we could afford to give wife and children one of these treats. Then we began to see that the men who did nothing but handle the products of our labor were still better off, and were getting rich while we were growing poor; that those who supplied us with the implements for our work added from twenty to fifty per cent. to the original cost, and charged it over to us; that the merchant and grocer who supplied us with necessaries in their line never forgot their profits; that the lawyer, who spent half an hour in drawing up the mortgage upon our farm, charged us what would be equal to four days of our labor; that to the doctor who came five or six miles into the country to cheer the coming or speed the departing member of our family, we paid the price of an acre of corn or five days' labor with our team; that the teacher, for whose education we had paid, earned as much in six hours as

we could in six days of sixteen hours each; and so on through all the branches of trade, professions or productions, we found all getting a fair, and some an exorbitant, profit on their commodities and services with which our own would bear no comparison."

"Is it any wonder," says the New York *Tribune*, commenting upon this declaration, "that the men who turned from their hard labor and profitless crops to see these features of their surroundings should put up the cry, 'There's something wrong about all this'? And the story is not much exaggerated; from the farmer's point of view not at all, but on the contrary very mildly stated. You may say some of these things that seem so unjust and harsh are but the natural and inevitable accompaniments of the profession of agriculture; that men take up and follow farming knowing all the disadvantages and risks of the business; that they go into it with their eyes open, and that even with these drawbacks the business is overdone, and low prices are brought about by over-production. But with all that, you do not remove or explain the patent injustice which always stares the farmer in the face, that all his neighbors in other pursuits and occupations are get-



WHAT IS LEFT OF A CROP AFTER PAYING RAILROAD CHARGES.

ting rich and living in comfort upon the profits of his business and his labor. For many of the discomforts and privations of their lot there are compensations, of course. They do not deny this, though they could hardly be expected to enumerate them in the recital of their complaints, for they belong to the other side of the case. On the other side of the case, too, are considerations that pertain to the kind of crops they raise, whether they could not make their business more profitable by the exercise of sounder judgment in the choice of crops to be produced, and other similar suggestions. But underlying all this is a grievance actual and tangible, and that is their present and immediate objective point, to wit: the absolute power over them and their business of the railroad corporations which have been created by their votes. They have seen the railroads discriminating against them in freight tariffs, and paying no heed to remonstrance or protest. They have appealed to legislatures and to courts, and found themselves met with the money and power of great moneyed corporations; and finally they have betaken themselves to organization and to trying the force of numbers for the acquisition of what they believe to be their rights. They may be striking out in some cases blindly and in a hasty, unreasoning way; but what they mean to do is to agitate the subject till it gets some attention and some thought from men competent to devise a remedy, or at least a relief."

Efforts have been made by some of the Western States to protect their farmers against the extortions of the roads; but little has been accomplished. The railroad corporations, relying upon their great wealth and their immense patronage, insolently defy the States

that seek to control them, and disregard the laws concerning them. They do not mean to submit to control. They have reaped a rich harvest from the farmers. Railroad directors have fattened too long upon the plunder of the farm to give it up without a struggle. They mean to make it so terrible for the farmers to fight the road that the latter will be forced to cease to defend their rights, and submit to any exaction that may be levied upon them. They mean that the world shall continue to witness the unequal state of affairs now existing, in which the farmer is growing poorer and the railroad director richer.

It certainly is a very unfortunate state of affairs which makes the bread-producing interest of the country the chief sufferer from the rapacity of railroads. Yet there is no denying the fact that the cereals of the agricultural States are taxed more heavily by the railroad corporations than any other products of the land.

Mr. W. M. Grosvenor, from whom we have quoted in a previous chapter, has recently published an article of unusual ability in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* (which we commend to the perusal of the readers of this work), in which, though differing widely from the views expressed in these pages, he sets forth in a masterly manner the reasons why grain is the principal sufferer from railroad extortion. Let us hear him:

"Three men meet in a room in New York. They are not called kings, wear no crowns, and bear no sceptres. They merely represent trunk lines of railway from the Mississippi to New York. Other points settled, one says, 'As to the grain rate; shall we make it fifty from Chicago?'

"'Agreed; crops are heavy, and we shall have enough to do.'

"Business finished, the three enjoy sundry bottles of good wine. The daily papers presently announce that 'the trunk lines have agreed upon a new schedule of rates for freight, which is, in effect, a trifling increase; on grain, from forty-five to fifty cents from Chicago to New York, with rates to other points in the usual proportion.'—The conversation was insignificant, the increase 'trifling.' But to the farmers of the Northwest, it means that the will of three men has taken over thirty millions from the cash value of their products for that year, and five hundred millions from the actual value of their farms.



RAISING THE RATES OF RAILROAD FREIGHTS.

"The conversation is imaginary; but the startling facts upon which it is based are terribly real, as Western farmers have learned. The few men who control the great railway lines have it in their power to strip Western agriculture of all its earnings,—not after the

manner of ancient highwaymen, by high-handed defiance of society and law, the rush of swift steeds, the clash of steel, and the stern 'Stand and deliver!' The bandits of modern civilization, who enrich themselves by the plunder of others, come with chests full of charters; judges are their friends, if not their tools; and they wield no weapon more alarming than the little pencil with which they calculate differences of rate, apparently so insignificant that public opinion wonders why the farmer should complain about such trifles. Yet the farmers have complained, and, complaining in vain, have got angry. When large bodies of men get angry, the results are likely to be important, though they may not always prove beneficent. The farmers' movement threatens a revolution in the business of transportation, if not in the laws which protect investments of capital. It seems strange, no doubt, to those who do not know that a change of one-twentieth of a mill per one hundred pounds, in the charge for transportation per mile, may take hundreds of millions from the actual value of farms. It can neither be comprehended nor intelligently directed, without a full understanding of the conditions under which agriculture exists in the Northwestern States, and of the power which the railway has exerted and still wields for the development or destruction of that great industry.

"About 150,000,000 bushels of wheat, 11,000,000 tons of hay, and 1,012,000,000 bushels of cereals are annually produced by eleven States, having in 1870 a population of 14,283,000. In this statement, as in the term 'Northwestern States,' when used in this article, Kentucky and Missouri are included with the former free States of the Mississippi Valley. Had these States

consumed in proportion to their population, there would have remained a surplus of eighty-one million bushels of wheat and five hundred million bushels of cereals. Though the consumption *per capita* is greater of cereals other than wheat in this region than in the whole country, over two hundred million bushels of grain are received yearly at seven chief points of shipment from the West, while a large quantity besides goes directly to consumers at the East and South, without passing through either of these cities. Probably eight million tons of grain, besides hay and other products of the farm, go forth from this fertile region each year in search of distant markets.

"Because the surplus is so enormous, distant markets control in a great degree the price of the whole crop. As the water behind a dam never rises far above the level of the overflowing sheet, so the prices of products largely exported do not rise much above the export price, less cost of transportation to the port of shipment. That this is true of wheat, of which we export about one-sixth, is well known; of other grain and of hay we export comparatively little, and yet the surplus at the West is so large, and the demand at the East for consumption or shipment so essential to a profitable sale of the crop, that the Eastern markets rule prices, not only of the quantity forwarded, but of the entire product. A very large proportion of the corn crop is consumed at the West. Yet the average of monthly quotations for the three years 1869, 1870, and 1871, at New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, the difference per bushel and per cental, and the summer rate for freight per cental from Chicago and Cincinnati to New York, all in cents, compare as follows:

	Price.	Difference. Per bu.	Per ct.	Freight. Rates.
New York	87 2-3			
Cincinnati	64 2-3	23	41	41
Chicago	62 1-3	25 1-3	45 1-5	45

"Thus even in corn, the average rate for three years at these three markets corresponds exactly with the summer rate of transportation between them.

"In spite of wide fluctuations, 'corners,' and local disturbances, the tendency of Western markets is to approximate closely during any term of years to the rates at which the surplus of products of the farm can be shipped to and sold in Eastern markets.

"Consequently, an increase of one cent per bushel in cost of transportation ordinarily costs the Western farmer one cent per bushel in the selling price of his crop. Neighborhood consumers, millers, produce merchants, cattle-feeders, do not ordinarily pay more than the price fixed by Eastern quotations less the rate of transportation, because they know that millions of bushels all around them must find a market at the East, or be wholly lost.

"Cotton was 'king,' only because it could bear transportation, its value being great in proportion to its bulk. Hay would wear the crown, if, instead of one cent, it was worth twenty cents a pound. Crops differ very widely in their dependence upon cost of transportation, and hence the question of transportation affects the Southern and Southwestern States much less than the States of the Northwest. Wool excepted, Northern crops vary in value, from about two cents per pound for wheat to less than one cent for potatoes. But tobacco is worth eight, sugar ten, and cotton nineteen cents a pound. Transportation of cotton one hundred miles

by wagon (at twenty cents per ton per mile) would cost only one-nineteenth of its value. Carriage a like distance would cost about half the value of wheat, and more than the whole value of potatoes or hay. At three cents per ton per mile, by railroad, the entire value of potatoes (at fifty-four cents) would pay for transportation 600 miles; of hay (at twenty-two dollars a ton), 733 miles; of wheat ($1.24 a bushel), 1377 miles; of tobacco (eight cents), 5533 miles; of sugar (ten cents), 6666 miles; and of cotton (nineteen cents), 12,666 miles. Even in the palmy days of Southern agriculture, the building of railroads was regarded with comparative indifference by the people of that section; and, for the same reason, the contest between the farm and the rail is mainly confined to the Northwest.

"Unable to raise Southern crops, the farmers of the Northwest must raise products peculiarly affected in value by the cost of transportation, or relapse into a patriarchal form of industry, and derive their only profit from flocks and herds. The value of animals for food is limited by the demand for consumption. All the animal food required by States which do not produce enough for their own use—in value about forty millions, or one-tenth of the entire consumption—could be supplied by a single State. Texas now has one-seventh of all the neat cattle in the country, and the difference in cost of transportation from Texas and from Northwestern States is more than compensated by the difference in the cost of land. No large increase in the production of animals at the Northwest could be profitable, unless the people of this country should continue to eat very much more animal food. Wool bears transportation a long distance, but, again, the demand

is limited; the entire value of wool consumed, not of our own production, is less than that of the wheat alone exported. Meanwhile, Texas, New Mexico, and California will soon supply wool in such quantity that the growing of sheep for wool alone must become even less profitable than it now is in the Northwestern States. . . .

"An increase of five cents per one hundred pounds in the cost of transportation from Western States to New York or other Eastern markets is equivalent to three cents a bushel on wheat, two cents and eight-tenths on rye and corn, one cent and six-tenths a bushel on oats, and (allowing for convenience forty-nine pounds to the bushel of barley and buckwheat, laws of different States varying widely) two cents and four-tenths to the bushel of barley or buckwheat. At these rates, supposing the change in rates to affect the whole crop of all the Northwestern States alike, the loss in value to the farmer upon the crop of 1871, as given in the latest agricultural report, may be thus stated:

	Quantity produced.	Loss in Value.
Wheat	149,600,000 bushels	$4,488,000
Corn	690,900,000 "	19,345,000
Hay	10,915,000 tons	10,915,000
Oats	153,789,000 bushels	2,460,000
Rye	6,625,000 "	185,000
Barley	10,019,000 "	245,000
Buckwheat	1,694,000 "	41,000
		$37,679,000

"This loss of over $37,000,000 in the selling price of the products of 44,375,100 acres cultivated is about eighty-four cents an acre. It is a loss not of valuation, but of the yearly income or profit upon which valuation is based. The actual value of land for farming pur-

poses is that sum upon which the net profit of the yearly crop will yield a fair interest. At seven per cent. interest, whatever reduces the net profit seventy cents per acre reduces the actual value of the land $10 per acre. Hence the loss of $37,679,000, in the yearly income from certain lands, is equivalent to a loss of $538,271,000 in their actual value. Such is the result of a 'trifling' change of five cents per cental in rates of freight!

"It is true, the farmers of the eleven States are not affected in the same degree by a general change in rates. For the effect upon the value of land depends upon the number of bushels produced to the acre. The average yield of different crops to the acre in different States, for the four years 1868–1871 inclusive, and the effect of a change of one cent. per one hundred pounds upon the average value of land employed in growing each crop in each State, are stated in the following tables:

AVERAGE YIELD OF DIFFERENT CROPS.

"(Hay in tons and hundredths; other crops in bushels and tenths.)

	Wheat.	Corn.	Rye.	Oats.	Barley.	Buck't.	Potato.	Hay.
Ohio	14.0	40.4	14.2	31.9	24.4	15.1	90	1.32
Kentucky	8.9	29.2	11.0	22.1	19.1	17.6	74	1.28
Michigan	13.9	32.8	16.7	33.7	28.9	17.3	103	1.31
Indiana	12.1	33.1	14.5	28.2	23.7	16.1	76	1 32
Illinois	11.7	32.7	16.2	30.9	23.0	16.1	79	1.37
Wisconsin	13.5	33.8	15.8	33.7	26.6	18.6	86	1.36
Minnesota	14.8	33.2	18.5	35.0	25.1	19.4	109	1.49
Iowa	12?7	36.2	18.1	35.3	27.0	20.5	111	1.58
Missouri	13.6	32.5	17.0	29.9	25.4	21.0	96	1.50
Kansas	16,2	33.8	21.6	32.6	24.8	17.9	134	1.56
Nebraska	14.7	34.1	19.8	36.3	28.4	19.6	106	1.56

"Effect upon value of land per acre of a change of one cent per one hundred pounds in value of crop:

	Wheat.	Corn.	Rye.	Oats.	Barley.	Buck't.	Potato.	Hay.
Ohio	$1.20	3.20	1.13	1.46	1.05	1.70	7.71	3.71
Kentucky	.76	2.33	.88	1.01	1.23	1.33	6.34	3.57
Michigan	1.19	2.62	1.33	1.54	1.21	2.02	8.83	3.71
Indiana	1.03	2.65	1.16	1.29	1.12	1.62	6.51	3.71
Illinois	1.00	2.61	1.29	1.41	1.12	1.61	6 77	3.85
Wisconsin	1.16	2.70	1.26	1.54	1.30	1.66	7 37	3.85
Minnesota	1.21	2.65	1.48	1.60	1.35	1.75	9 34	4.14
Iowa	1.09	2.89	1.45	1.61	1.48	1.89	9.51	4.43
Missouri	1.02	2.60	1.36	1.37	1.47	1.77	8.23	4.28
Kansas	1.39	2.70	1.75	1.49	1.25	1.75	11.48	4.43
Nebraska	1.68	2.73	1.56	1.76	1.37	1.98	9.08	4.43

"From these tables, the effect of any change of rates of transportation or of price, upon lands employed in growing either crop in either State, may be readily calculated; also the profit on every one hundred pounds of each crop necessary to yield seven per cent. interest on any value of land per acre; also, the effect of any change in rates of freight per ton per mile, the distance to the controlling market being known. Thus, from a farm nine hundred miles from New York, a change in freight rates of one nine-hundredth of one cent per one hundred pounds, or one forty-fifth of one cent per ton, per mile, will affect the value of wheat land in Illinois one dollar an acre. It is easy to see, also, that there are limits within which only these effects follow, fixed, on the one hand, by the lowest cost of raising any crop compared with its value at a consuming market, and on the other hand by the cost of land. But within those limits, as far as the price of crops is controlled by distant markets, all the profits and even the very existence of agriculture depend upon the rate charged for transporting its products. It is not strange that the owners

of land and producers of grain regard with constant apprehension a power which may at any moment affect the value of a thousand million bushels of cereals, and of forty-four million acres of cultivated land. Even if a change of five cents per cental does not affect the whole crop so much as three cents per bushel in price, it may take away all the profit—all the reward of a year's labor. And the same power may also raise rates even more at pleasure. The farmers have been taught that the cost of transportation depends upon the will of a few men, and varies with their agreements or quarrels. The *quondam* pedler of Vermont fell out with Vanderbilt, and their quarrel was worth, during the year 1870, one-fifth of a cent per ton per mile to the farmers; $9,000,000 on the crop of wheat alone, if it had all been shipped at the reduced rate. In July, 1872, somebody raised the rates from the West five cents per cental. His act cost the farmers millions of dollars. Is it strange that our greatest industry grows restive under fluctuations which it can neither foresee nor comprehend? Elsewhere the world moves. The beneficent progress of civilization in other lands is toward cheaper transportation and better wages for the producer. Russia pushes railroads through her vast territory, in order that her subjects may obtain at the Baltic and Black Seas better pay for their industry. We cannot maintain sufficient private markets of our own, nor force upward prices in those great markets of the world upon which ours depend. If, while the world makes transportation cheaper, we make it more costly, the loss will be our own.

"This the farmer believes we are doing. He declares that others who stand between him and the consumer,

amass great wealth, while pinching economy barely saves him subsistence and does not keep him from debt. His beliefs, as to the cause of existing evils, and the best remedy, whether correct or not, will soon take the shape of laws. He has the votes. Before that power, legislators drop like leaves shaken by the autumn wind. Governors, politicians of all grades, crush each other in their hurry to seize the new standard. Lawyers who do not forget the Dartmouth College case, already find themselves ineligible to the judiciary. Has not this same generation set its heel upon the Dred Scott decision? Reverence for judicial precedents is a dam which floods have carried away. Restraints devised by founders of our Government no longer bar the people from their will. We have trusted all power to the majority. If its opinion is in error, we have but one remedy: that freedom of discussion which remains the only safeguard of our institutions."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STORY OF FARMER GREEN'S REAPER.

A Common Fault with Farmers—Not in a Condition to incur Risks—The Danger of running into Debt—The Curse of Mortgages—Labor Saving Machines—What they are worth—Unfair Prices demanded for them—Farmers paying twenty per cent. Interest.—An iniquitous Business—Danger of Indiscriminate Purchases of Machinery—A few Words of Sober Counsel—Farmer Green and his Farm—Getting on in the World—Farmer Green buys a Reaper—How he paid for it—The first false Step—Beautiful Calculations—An Iron-clad Note—In the Toils—Arrival of the Reaper—Disappointment—Second Visit of the Agent—The Theory of Deferred Payments—How it works—Deeper in Debt—The Farm mortgaged—New Misfortunes—Selling the Homestead—Beginning anew—What Farmer Green's Reaper cost him—A Lesson for Farmers.

We have spoken of the evils from which the farmers of the country have suffered, for which they are not responsible. We come now to consider one for which the farmer is entirely responsible, and which should receive the earnest and candid consideration of every farmer in the land. We mean the recklessness with which they incur debts which they afterwards find themselves powerless to pay. We do not mean that the farmer is the only one who thus hampers himself, or that he is any more given to incurring debts than other people, but we do mean that his carelessness in this respect is a source of serious trouble to him. He, of all men, should avoid debt, for, as a general rule, his means of discharging such obligations are too limited to permit him to incur risks that are but trifles to other men. He

must look to his land for the means of discharging his debts, and he should shun as a pestilence anything that tends to increase the burdens upon that land. To keep the farm clear of mortgages should be the farmer's chief effort, and nothing but the direst necessity should ever tempt him to peril the safety of his home.

Of late years it has become a habit with the farming class to depend upon the labor-saving machines to do the work of the farm. No one will deny that improved machinery is a great advantage to the farmer, or that a good planter, cultivator, or reaper is worth making a sacrifice to obtain; but the labor is saved by the machine at a high cost when the farmer goes in debt to purchase it. If a machine is wanted, wait until the money is in hand to pay for it.

In the first place, the farmer pays a price for the machine that is too high when he purchases it for cash. When only a partial payment is made, and the remainder is paid in instalments, the cost of the machine is enormously increased. Under the most favorable circumstances, the machine costs more money than it is actually worth.

"The immense profits of general agents and sub-agents have been added to the manufacturers' prices; then, when cash has not been paid, the prices have been still further increased to cover interest at twenty per cent. Finally, as Mr. McCormick testified in Washington that from one-fourth to one-third of his sales were bad debts, an average of 33 per cent. must be added to cover these. The grand result is, that the farmers pay from 50 to 100 per cent. more for their machinery than they ought."

But farm machinery is not the only thing that the

farmer is compelled to pay an exorbitant price for. If he buys a sewing machine for his wife, he pays fully twenty-five or thirty per cent. more than the article is actually worth, the difference going to swell the enormous profits of the sewing machine companies. And so the list could be extended indefinitely. All kinds of machinery sell too high, and the farmer is required to pay a most extravagant profit to the dealer who supplies him. People seem to think that he is a legitimate object of plunder, and he is charged prices that no one would ever dream of asking a sharp city merchant.

The country districts are flooded with the agents of the agricultural machine manufacturers, who are using all their arts to dispose of the wares of their principals. Reapers, corn-planters, seed drills, cultivators, mowing machines, sulky corn-plows, and the like, are offered in profusion. All are costly, and many of them are worthless, for it is a lamentable fact that about one-half of the so-called labor-saving machines are so wretchedly constructed that they either break down at an early stage, or are incapable of performing the work for which they are designed. None of them are absolutely necessary, for the work of the farm can be done without them, and should be, unless the farmer is fortunate enough to have the purchase money in hand, and is able to spare it for that purpose. But too often he buys against his own judgment, yielding to the blandishments and persuasions of the agent, and when he awakes to a sense of his error, it is too late to withdraw. He has assumed a burdensome obligation, and he must meet it at any cost. One hears many sad stories of the struggles of farmers to meet the debts thus incurred. "Since I

have come into this State," says the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Iowa, "and mingled with the farmers here, I have found that it is a common occurrence, that thousands of farmers who are still struggling to keep their heads above water, and are obliged to economize in every conceivable way and deny themselves and families many comforts, first began to run behind when they purchased a reaper or mower, or some other piece of farm machinery which they could not pay for and which they could have done without."

The sad history of Farmer Green (a veritable character, although we introduce him here by a fictitious name) should be a lesson and a warning to all his brethren.

Farmer Green was a resident of Iowa, and was reputed to be a sensible and prosperous man. He was far on in life, and had cleared his farm of debt, had stocked it with many things needful to his business, and was generally counted a prosperous man. His snug farm was his pride and boast, and he looked forward to the time when he should be able to add to it by the purchase of a desirable section of land adjoining it.

It was the early summer, and Farmer Green was rejoicing in the magnificent crop of wheat that was springing up on his land, and giving the promise of a handsome return for his care and labor. Day after day he watched the superb growth, and counted over in his mind the number of bushels of golden grain it would yield when the summer sun had warmed it into maturity. Many were the plans he laid for the use of the proceeds of that glorious crop. The goodwife's wants should be all supplied this year, and none of the chil-

dren should be forced to put up with the deprivations that had fallen to their lot when he was still struggling to clear the farm from its encumbrance of debt.

One day, as he stood watching the bright field of green that spread out before him, and imagining what he would do when the grain was harvested and the money received for it, he was accosted by a stranger who came driving down the road from the village.

"A beautiful crop of wheat you've got there," said the stranger, as he drew rein before the farm gate.

"Yes," said Farmer Green, "I reckon it will turn out pretty well."

"A fine farm you have, too," said the stranger, glancing admiringly around him.

"Yes," said the farmer, pleased with the compliment to his place. "There's none better in the neighborhood."

"Paid for yet?" asked the stranger.

"Every dollar, thank God," said the owner, heartily. "It's clear at last, and I hope to keep it so."

"That's right," said the stranger. "Never contract a debt you're not sure of paying, and the farm will remain yours. That's a mighty nice crop of wheat," he added, as if speaking to himself. "I never saw anything look prettier. It will be ready for cutting soon. How do you cut it? By hand?"

"Yes," replied the farmer. "We've no reapers in this part of the country, and we farm in the oldfashioned way."

"That's a pity," said the stranger. "A reaper would work beautifully on this land. Why it would be no trouble at all to get your wheat in with a good reaper."

"That's true," said Farmer Green.

"You ought to have a reaper to cut it with," said the stranger.

"Can't afford it; haven't got the money to spare," said the farmer.

"See here, now," said the stranger, in a more confidential tone. "I'm selling a patent reaper—a first-class machine, and dirt-cheap at the money asked for it. You'd better let me sell you one."

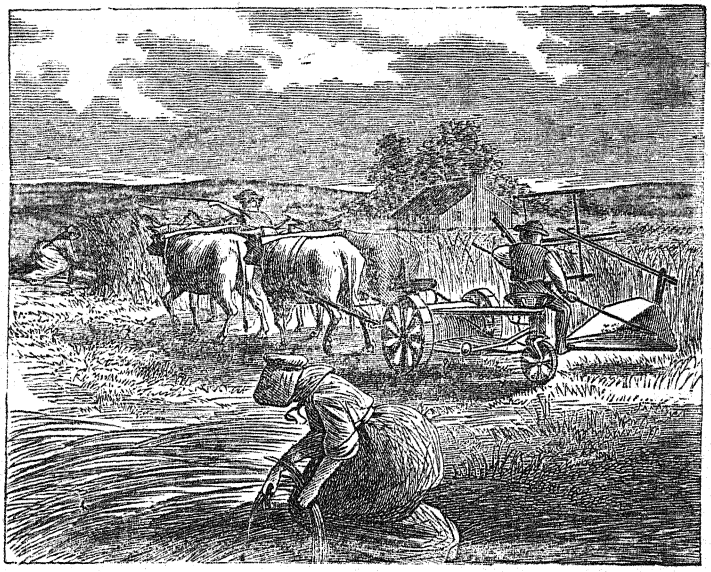
"It's no use to talk about it, my friend. I haven't the money to spare."

"I don't want your money now," said the man, temptingly. "I'll sell you one at a bargain, and wait till it has paid for itself."

And with that the agent produced pencil and paper, and went into a calculation, showing the farmer how much it would cost him to cut his crop that year, and how much the reaper would save him, as well as a calculation of the amount of grain he could cut for other farmers in the vicinity.

"So you see," added the agent, persuasively, "before the time of payment comes around you will have saved and earned enough to pay for the reaper, and will still have a fine machine capable of doing more work, equally profitable, next season."

Farmer Green's better judgment bade him refuse the terms thus offered, liberal as they seemed. He knew the evil consequences of running into debt, and his conscience bade him put the temptation behind him. He wanted a reaper, however; he had always wanted one; and here was an opportunity of purchasing one upon terms which would enable him to pay for it out of its actual earnings. There was not a reaper in the county,



FARMER GREEN TRIES HIS REAPER.

and he felt confident that he would be able to keep it busy on his neighbors' farms, all through the season, after he had cut his own crop.

The agent was a smooth tongued, plausible fellow, and he plied the farmer with every argument he was master of. The result was that the farmer bought the reaper. He had not the money to pay for it, but he gave what is called in Iowa "an iron-clad note" for it. In plainer English, he gave his note accompanied with a statement of property. By the laws of Iowa such a note is equivalent to a mortgage. And so, in order to purchase the reaper, the farmer had imperilled his property, and had placed the safety of his home upon the turn of a chance.

The machine arrived in due time, and was found to be all the agent had claimed for it. It was a capital

reaper, and a very handsome machine withal. Farmer Green could not help feeling a little downhearted as he remembered the risk he had incurred in order to obtain it; but he consoled himself with the hope that he would be able to make it pay for itself. When the harvest came around, the machine proved itself a good worker. Farmer Green soon had his crop cut and stacked, and then began to look about him for engagements for cutting his neighbors' grain. Some were willing to make the trial, and a few jobs of this kind enabled him to earn something with his reaper. But the work was less in amount than he had looked forward to, for the agent who had sold him the reaper had found other customers in the vicinity, and the demand for Farmer Green's machine was very much less than he had anticipated. The reaper stood idle under its shed during the better portion of the harvest season, and the farmer was doomed to a severe disappointment.

When the crop was sold there was another disappointment. There had been a heavy decline in the price of wheat, and the farmer did not receive as much as he had expected for his grain. All this while the day upon which the note must be paid was drawing near, and the farmer's chances of meeting it were rapidly diminishing. And still another blow fell upon him. Just after the harvest his wife fell sick, and her illness was long and expensive.

Upon the appointed day, the agent of the Reaper Company presented the note of Farmer Green, and demanded its payment. With a sad heart the farmer related his troubles to him, and told him he was unable to meet his note. He had not the money. The agent's face grew very long as he listened to the woful tale,

and after considerable hesitation, he said he was very sorry; that Farmer Green should have made allowance for all these risks, in making the purchase. However, the mischief was done, and there was nothing but to accept the situation. If the farmer could not pay, he supposed the time would have to be extended, but it would be necessary to charge him a fair rate of interest. Farmer Green said that that was only just. He had done his best to meet the note, but failing to do so, he was willing to pay for his failure. What, he inquired, would be a fair rate of interest?

"Twenty per cent. per annum," replied the agent, gravely.

Farmer Green's heart sank, and he said in a despairing tone, that the rate was too high.

"For ordinary interest, perhaps," replied the agent; "but, you see, we assume a serious risk in this case. I'd rather have the money down than one hundred per cent. interest. But you havn't got it. We take the risk of your failing entirely to pay us, and it is only fair that we should be paid for this risk as well as for the delay we are put to."

There was no help for it, and Farmer Green was obliged to pay the extortionate demand. He had placed himself at the mercy of the Reaper Company, and he must do their bidding. He hoped that a succession of good crops would enable him to pay the interest and take up the note; but, alas for him, this hope was destined to disappointment also. He paid the interest once or twice, but the burden was too heavy for him, and at last, in sheer despair, he mortgaged the farm, paid the note, and got rid of the Reaper Company. But he had only shifted his burdens. The mortgage proved as



FARMER GREEN MORTGAGES HIS FARM.

troublesome as the note had been, and instead of being able to decrease it, he was obliged to increase it as time passed on. By the first false step he had placed the farm of which he was so proud in danger. He had voluntarily incurred a useless debt, and the rest of his bad luck was simply the logical consequence of a reckless and foolish act. He ran behind steadily, and at length his difficulties increased to such an extent that in order to rid himself of the debts he had no hope of paying in any other way, he sold his farm, discharged the mortgage, and bidding adieu to his old home and friends, went farther West, to a section where lands were cheaper, and there began life anew at the time he had once hoped to enjoy some rest from his labors.

And yet, Farmer Green, with all his shrewdness,

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never attributed his misfortunes to their true cause. He never admitted, even to himself, that his great error had been in contracting a useless debt, and assuming an obligation he had no certainty of meeting. He never believed that it was the reaper that ruined him, yet such was the case. Had he put by the temptation held out to him by the Reaper agent, there would have been no burden resting upon him, and his short crop, and other misfortunes, would not have driven him to the expedients he was obliged to resort to. "Out of debt, out of danger" is a true maxim; the wisdom and force of which only those who have passed through the agony and humiliation of such a slavery can appreciate.

There are debts enough that the farmer cannot help assuming; burdens that fall upon him through no fault of his. They are heavy enough, God knows, and they should teach him to assume none from which he can possibly escape.

Improved machinery is useful where it is honestly made, but even the best is worth less than the farmer ordinarily pays for it. He is charged too high, and his hard earnings, instead of constituting a fund for the rearing of his children and the protection of his old age, go to make up the colossal fortunes of the manufacturers and dealers in such machinery. A reform is needed, and it is near at hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

FARMER SMITH SPEAKS HIS MIND.

The Secretary of the Illinois Farmers' State Association—Speech at Carrollton—Views of a Practical and Thinking Farmer—Sound Views for the Consideration of the Farmers of the Union—Mr. Smith's Homestead—A comfortable Western Farm—A quiet Talk with Farmer Smith—His Statement of the Farmers' Wrongs, and his Views as to the Remedy—Corn selling for less than Cost—"Sixty Bushels of Corn to buy Two Pairs of Boys' Boots"—The Mysteries of Western Coal Selling—The Farms more heavily taxed than the Railroads—The Grange offers the best Remedy, and the best Means of attaining it.

PROMINENT among the Western farmers who have devoted themselves to a practical solution of the questions we have been discussing, is Mr. Stephen M. Smith, of Illinois. He is the secretary of the Farmers' State Association of Illinois, and a man of vigorous and independent mind. As he speaks not only for himself, but for a large and influential class of farmers, we quote here at length from his public declarations. We do this not only to commend his remarks to the careful consideration of those of our readers interested in these questions, but in support of our assertions respecting the grievances and opinions of the farmers of the United States. In an address delivered to the farmers at Carrollton, Ills., on the 3d of September, 1873, he said:

"For a purpose evident enough, the report of my Winchester speech of August 9th has been published in every paper which does not happen to agree with me politically, especially all over this State and the State

of Iowa. I have had hundreds of copies of papers sent to me with marked articles criticising this so-called report of my Winchester speech. Allow me to say that the words 'blood and anarchy' never came into my speech. I didn't say I would take my boys and go to the State capital and help ride the villains out on a rail, although I believe they deserved it. If I had mentioned it, I wouldn't have said more than that I believed they deserved it, but I did not say it. I did say, and this is my very language—and mark now, for I want to be particularly honest, what my remarks were—I said, in referring to the manner in which our legislators had betrayed our trust and sold out our rights and interests again and again, that they were elected to carry out certain purposes, and had failed to do so over and over again, and that the interests of the laboring and producing classes of the whole country, not merely of this State but of the whole of the United States, had been sold out over and over again to monopolists of every sort and character; and I added, there is no law on our statute books by which we can reach them and punish them for that crime of betraying the laboring people of the country. I said I was very much inclined to adopt a punishment suggested by an indignant friend of mine when our legislators adjourned last Winter after voting to come back and spend another Winter and take another half million out of our pockets which we had to pay in corn at twenty cents a bushel, which punishment was to treat the members to a coat of tar and feathers and ride them out of their counties on a rail. Now see how you can make a speech read when you take expressions that were uttered at least an hour apart and put them into a sentence. What I said about

my boys was something like this: Speaking of the magnitude of this movement, how chronic the wrong was we suffered from, and how this evil—that we had no voice in fixing a price upon our labor—had come down to us from the feudal ages, I said I did not expect to live to see the full fruition of my hopes in this country, but that I would bequeath the fight to my boys with the injunction that they should never leave it until all their rights under our Constitution and laws were guaranteed to them, and they had secured the dearest of all rights to an American freeman—that of fixing the price upon their own labor. That is the connection in which I mentioned my boys and no other. I did say that when I was a boy we used to shoot crows and hang them up on a pole in the corn-field as a terror to evil-doers [laughter], and I said perhaps the time might come when, if every other remedy failed, we might hang some men about the country in that same way as a terror to evil-doers; but I believed the remedy for all the evils of which we complained was the peaceful remedy of the ballot-box. That is the language which has been so tortured, and this is enough on that point. I have, however, this comforting reflection in regard to all that has been said and all the flings at me in relation to that speech, that if you want to find where the best apples are, go into the orchard and look for the tree under which you will find the most clubs. There is no mistake about that rule.

"Whence comes this wrong—the fact that, notwithstanding all this immense production of all the necessaries of human life, our farms are still under mortgage? Take another fact and put it with this one—that a careful estimate made in 1866, when we were nearer

out of debt than we have ever been in the history of this country, since the high prices of the war enabled us to pay off more mortgages and personal debts than during any previous period of our existence. The personal debt of the United States was $1,900,000,000. Three-quarters of that, or about $1,500,000,000 was borne by the agriculturists of the United States. When you consider that this latter sum has to be carried at an average rate of ten per cent. per annum, is it any wonder that we are poor? Couple with this another fact, that the annual increase of the wealth of the United States for any decade during the very best period of our existence has never exceeded three and a-half per cent., that is, the agriculturists are actually carrying $1,500,000,000 at ten per cent., while the products of industry nowhere, taking it all through, have exceeded three and a-half per cent. Is it then any wonder you are poor, and that with each year the whole agricultural population of the United States is growing poorer and poorer, while those who handle the products of our labor are growing richer and richer?

"Take Commodore Vanderbilt, for example, and suppose that twenty years ago he was worth $5,000,000, and that to-day he is worth $65,000,000, how has he accumulated $60,000,000 in twenty years? Mark it, he never earned a dollar in his life, and yet he has gotten into his hands $60,000,000 in twenty years. I might stop right here and not say another word on the subject, for here is sufficient proof that there is something wrong in this business, owing to which this man has accumulated so much. How did he do it? Has he rendered an equivalent in the service he has performed for us in transporting our productions to market,

or has he not? That is the question. If he has not, then we have been wronged of just so much money. For everything beyond a fair and reasonable equivalent for the service rendered is just as much stolen from us as if he held a pistol at your head and said, 'Your money or your life;' taking it because you had no pistol and he was the stronger.

"It is useless to try to dodge this proposition, for it can't be done. When a man who has earned nothing by productive industry, but who has simply handled the products of labor, has accumulated that amount in a number of years, it is a proof that something is wrong. The whole wrong lies in this, that we are getting too little for our products, and those who handle them are getting too much.

"Colonel Coleman has shown you what it costs to get a bushel of corn or wheat to market from where he lives in Missouri, and we all know what it costs here, and that we pay three-fourths of the product of our labor to get the other fourth to market. If this is so, who fixes the price upon your labor? What have you to say in regard to its price any more than did the slave of the South in the days of his worst estate? We are in fact in a condition of slavery unless we can control the price of our own labor. If you fix the price of my labor you circumscribe my actions and fix me to one plan for my lifetime, without opportunity for rest or recreation. How do the monopolists get these prices? Take the plowmen of this State; all have their annual conventions. They come together and agree that they will have just so much for plows during that year, no matter what we may get for our products; and for the last two years they have asked one hundred per cent.

on the cost of production. Thus that combination makes a monopoly of the plow business. No matter what agent or manufacturer you buy of you have to pay the same per cent. There are, my friends, the pork-packers, from all the principal cities in this Union, who last year met and combined to fix the price of pork—you know this as well as I. St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Louisville, and Cincinnati came together just as they are going to convene next week at Cincinnati, and fixed the price of our pork for the coming year just as coolly as the master sold the slave or the products of his labor. Last year they fixed the price upon your pork at $4 a hundred live weight, and they would buy all there is in the West at the same rate. Of course they got it, and if they had fixed the price at $5 they would have had it. I only got $3.25. Probably the high price for freight made the difference in your case. What right had they to do this?

"Certain people denounce me because I use strong language. Colonel Coleman called these pork men scoundrels, and I believe it's a good word, for the man who robs me is a scoundrel. They combined to rob us. The scoundrels came together and fixed their price, and the pork began coming in. The men who were in debt, and whose notes for these reapers and mowers had matured, sold first, and when they were through the stream stopped. It costs as much to run a packing-house on half time as it does for whole time, and as the pork did not come in they put the price up forty cents a hundred, and that started the stream again; and the next set of men whose notes for reapers and corn-planters had matured sent in another lot. When that was worked up the pork-packers put up the price

another forty cents, and another lot came along. I admit that there are some rich farmers in our country, but the rich ones are the exception, and the poor ones the rule. That is the difference. But did your rich men, who do not owe a dollar in the world and who have their farms stocked and paid, stop to think who fixed the price on your pork? Why, the men who owned the first notes for reapers and sold the first lot of hogs fixed the price of yours! The price of your products, be it what it may, is determined by the figure at which those who must sell dispose of theirs. Those who must sell fix the price for those who need not. Is it not then worth while to have a union of all interests, to come together and be brothers in fact as in name? We can protect each other, and while we protect our poor neighbor and assist him over a tight place, we are protecting ourselves, because if he must sell at twenty cents, that fixes the price upon our corn. Combination will beat combination. It is to your interest to come together in these farmers' clubs, granges, organizations, and combinations, for a common purpose, which is the mutual self-protection of the whole people. Did you ever stop to think, my friend, that not a single locomotive nor car can be run over these prairies of ours without the oil manufactured from the hog, and with which they grease their wheels? Shut down on your pork for one season, and you dry up every locomotive in the State. They cannot run a day without you, nor can people do without pork as an article of food, without lard, or your other products. The wheels of the world will not go unless you grease them with the products of your toil. When you come together and enter into a combination of this sort by your State, county, town-

ship, or precinct associations, one auxiliary to the others all the way up, and when the machinery is perfect, I say you have a combination that is irresistible, for the reason that you hold in your hands the breadstuffs which feed the world, and when you look at your corn-cribs and granaries and refuse to open them, you bring the world to your feet at once, because it cannot exist one day without you.

"Increase in taxation, then, is another wrong which we have brought upon ourselves, and we might as well look it squarely in the face and right it. When I went on the farm seventeen years ago it took a $10 gold piece to pay the taxes, and now it takes seven and a-half of them, which is an advance of a little over seven hundred per cent. But what corresponding benefit have I, in God's name, for that increase of taxes? Is it not time for us to look into it, and inquire of our public servants how it happens that our taxes increase, and what they give us in exchange for them? Did you know that they are multiplying officers and expenses, and voting away thousands upon thousands of dollars with a perfect disregard of the interest of the tax-payers? I am told that a county not a hundred miles from here used to be run for $300 a year, and now it costs $2500. Did you ever stop to think that it takes the product of a whole township to feed a judge? Our Circuit Judge eats up all we earn in a township in a year. Is not he a monstrous eater? Is it not time we tried to look into this matter and see if we could not get some man who would eat less? It costs too much to board that kind of cattle. Think of what you are getting for your products, and of what you are paying for his service. Is there any reason, justice, or right in all this?"

Mr. Smith then touched upon the salary grab, which he roundly denounced. Of President Grant he said: "The President who signed that bill which put $100,000 in his pocket is not one bit better in my estimation than the men who voted for it and took the steal. You will pardon me for using such harsh expressions as that, when I tell you I have been a Republican ever since the party started, and went right straight along with it. But, thank God, I did not vote for General Grant the last time. I have not that sin to answer for, at any rate. But let me say, I do not feel a bit better about it, and I do not think I degraded myself a bit more voting for him the first time than any Democrat who voted for James Buchanan. I should think there is but very little to choose between them." In pursuing this political topic, Mr. Smith spoke of the Democratic party, which, he said, died twelve years ago. Still he wanted to fix it as the boy did the dog: "'I know he is dead, but I want to make him deader.' The people have spewed it out of their mouths because of its corruption, and they will spew the Republican party out of their mouths for the same reason.

"No reform is possible within the existing parties. History has proven that no reform was ever yet worked inside the party or sect in which originated the corruptions complained of. From Martin Luther down all the great social, political and religious reforms that have ever been accomplished began clear down among the common people and worked upwards, while all oppressions, wrongs and corruptions began up yonder and worked downward. When I began this movement I said I would seek to accomplish these reforms inside of the Republican party if I can, outside of it if I must.

But that salary grab, the action of our Legislature last winter, of the Republican Legislature of Indiana upon this matter last winter, and that of the Iowa Legislature, which snubbed the Grangers, have convinced me that there is no redress for us inside any party organization except our own. I have been voted—that is the word—ever since I was twenty-one, and now I am going to vote; that is the difference. I have been led up to the polls all these years like cattle, and have been voted. Now, in God's name, let us go to voting. When you do that you will make the 'fur fly.' When you decide that you will do that, you will see more than one fellow around with hayseed in his hair and in his clothes. My advice is simply this; to vote as farmers. Did you ever stop to think that you had three-fifths and a fraction over of all the votes in this State? Yet, with all that numerical superiority, what have you done in electing men to office to protect your interests? Think what power you have. Is it any wonder that these fellows are ready to bow right down to us when they think of the power we hold as voters? Is it any wonder that they are willing to concede to us a great many things and a great many rights they have always denied us heretofore? As for myself, so help me heaven, no man who has once betrayed my trust, no man who took that salary steal, from the President down to the lowest of them, will ever get my vote for any office whatever, not even for postmaster; and I say, as I did on the Fourth of July, that if any one of these men is ever elected again outside of certain large cities, it will be agricultural votes that will elect him. And I said, and repeat the expression, that if they are thus elected you deserve to go right in and work thirty months to pay

them for one in the public service. If you are wronged in the future do not complain, for you have it in your power to remedy the evil by these combinations; but let them be for good, mind you, not for evil. Let us combine. I saw a man at our national Congress who said: 'When I left southwestern Georgia I paid a dollar a bushel for your prairie corn. I come out here and I find that you are getting twenty cents a bushel for it, and that therefore somebody got eighty cents for fetching it to me. You ought to have half a dollar for that corn, and I ought to get it for seventy-five cents; and then the fellows who fetch it to us would get twenty-five cents instead of eighty, and that would equalize the thing. I would rather pay seventy-five cents than one dollar, and you never ought to raise a bushel of corn for less than half a dollar.' And so say I. You never should sell a bushel short of half a dollar, and you can have it the moment you say you will. If your poor neighbors must sell, furnish them the money; make up a purse for them, lend them the money on their cribs and enable them to hold on till the price is up. People cannot eat dry goods and nails; but we can be self-supporting on a farm; and there is where we have got the advantage, for we can make our farms support us, as we did when I was a boy, when we spun linen and muslin, and made everything we used. They must have our products, and the power to fix a price upon them is in our hands the moment we get ready for it, and that within a year, if we are wise in this matter. First begin by organizing everywhere; not for extortion, not for robbery, but to execute the first law of nature, that of self-protection. Organize, that we may be strong against the many. While segregated we are weak;

aggregated we are a power which will be irresistible for good to ourselves."

The correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, gives the following account of an interview with Mr. Smith:

"The great apostle of the farmers' movement in this State, the man who planned the organization of the farmers, and by his earnest, well-directed efforts, has done more than any other to give it shape and make it an effective power, is S. M. Smith, Secretary of the State Farmers' Association, and himself a plain, hard-working prairie farmer, residing about two miles from this village. A native of Connecticut, and descended from one of those frugal, hard-working New-England farmers who leave the marks of their enterprise wherever they go, he came to Illinois seventeen years ago, gave up his business of woollen manufacturer, and hired Willow Farm, which he now owns. The place, though situated in the midst of one of the richest prairies of Illinois, had then, after nearly twenty years' cultivation, been little improved. A very small house, such as one may see upon the poorer farms of



S. M. SMITH, SECRETARY OF THE ILLINOIS STATE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.

the East, a few apple trees and some straw sheds to shelter the stock in the Winter, were all that the owner had been able to add to the place to promote the comfort of his family, or increase the value of his farm. Mr. Smith has enlarged the house, though it is still very unpretentious and far from modern in its appointments, planted trees, ditched the land in the low places, and placed the whole under a very high state of cultivation. His barns are still of logs thatched with straw, but his stock is in good condition, and everything about the place bespeaks the thrift as well as the good taste of its owner. Mr. Smith himself is past sixty years of age, though time has touched him rather lightly and left him all the energy and enthusiasm of a young man. A great lover of books, his well-selected library is about the only luxury in which, as a farmer, he has been able to indulge himself and his family, and, of all his books, he prizes most highly a complete bound file of Mr. Greeley's *New Yorker*, for which, as Mr. Greeley afterward assured him, he raised the first club. From that day to this the *New Yorker*, the *Jeffersonian*, the *Log Cabin*, or the New York *Tribune*, has been constantly read by Mr. Smith and his family. The truth is, I hardly find a farmer in the West, who reads or thinks for himself, and who does not speak of Mr. Greeley as having been his personal friend. You will find the portrait of the founder of the *Tribune* hanging in almost every farmer's parlor.

"In one corner of the apartment which serves as the farmer's dining-room and the family sitting-room, Mr. Smith has a table covered with letters, documents, and newspapers; and here, between the intervals of farm labor, and assisted by wife and son, a lad about 14 years

of age, he has conducted the correspondence which has united the farmers of the State, and prepared the speeches that have roused them from their apathy. Mr. Smith met me at the hotel, and invited me to Willow Farm, remarking that we should have a much better opportunity to talk there, and that he had some letters and documents which he desired to show me. I think that I have before said in one of my letters, that the farmers of this State have two distinct organizations. The Grange is a secret organization extending over many of the States, non-political in its character. The initiation fee of the Grange is five dollars for men, and three dollars for women, and a tax of ten cents a month is collected from each member. Entirely distinct from the Grange is the Farmers' Club, an open society, which until the formation of the State Association, was entirely independent. In October last, Mr. Smith, who was then Secretary of the Farmers' Club of this place, called a meeting to be held in Kewanee, on the 16th and 17th of that month, and about fifty delegates from farmers' clubs and granges attended. The sessions were held in a large hall, and a few of the citizens occasionally dropped in, saw a small knot of people in one corner of the room, laughed and went out. But those few men formed the State Association, appointed a State Central Committee, and a committee of one from each county. The Executive Committee there chosen issued the call for the Bloomington Convention of last January, probably the most important farmers' meeting ever held in this State. It is of this State Association, composed of delegates from both clubs and granges, that Mr. Smith is Secretary.

"Until I met Mr. Smith, I had been unable to get any

very clear idea of the exact grounds of the farmers' complaints. 'Railroad extortion,' 'Unjust Discrimination,' 'Monopoly,' are general terms freely used by the farmers, but just what constituted them I was unable to find out. One of my first questions, therefore, was whether the farmers of this State were not prosperous. I told him that the people of the East, hearing of the wonderful fertility of Illinois soil, supposed the farmers who had been here for any length of time must be a well-to-do, comfortably situated class of people. Mr. Smith replied that this was a very erroneous idea. 'The majority of the farmers of this State,' he said, 'have hard work to support their families. Year by year new mortgages are given to pay new debts, and it is the exception rather than the rule for a farmer to be saving anything. At least one-half of the farms in this part of the State are mortgaged for money borrowed at ten per cent. interest, and the majority of them will never be redeemed. You let it be known that a man in this village has a thousand dollars to lend on first-class security, and he will have a dozen applications before night!'

"'Have these mortgages been given for balances due on farms purchased, or for money borrowed after the farms have been paid for?' I asked.

"'In some cases they represent a part of the purchase money of the farms, but in most cases the farmers have been obliged to borrow because they have been running behind. Nobody can make anything by farming here unless he has a large farm, and I'll tell you by-and-by why, with plenty of land, a man can make a little; but even then he can seldom realize ordinary interest on his investment. Now, I have here a good farm, and

you can see what I have made of it. But I never could have paid for it in the sixteen years I have been here from the profits of farming. I was successful in a little speculation, and made enough to buy the land.'

"'The railroad men say that you farmers are extravagant in your living; that during your years of prosperity the silk dress got into the family, and that you have never been able to get it out—in short, that you are indulging in a style of living wholly unknown among you a few years ago.'



W. C. FLAGG, PRESIDENT OF THE ILLINOIS STATE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.

"'It is not so,' was the reply. 'If you will notice the little boxes of houses in which the most of our farmers live, with almost nothing about them to make them attractive, and then if you could go into them and see how meanly they are furnished, and how the inmates have to economize and count every cent they expend, you would see that the assertion is not true. Take the farmers who live within ten miles west of me, and I don't believe the whole of them spend $15 a year in reading matter; and as for dress, your mechanics, who work by the day, and their families, are much better clad. All over these prairies you see

magnificent fields of corn; but if it costs the farmer more to raise it than he can get for it, a good crop is no sign of prosperity.'

"'Is it true that you have to sell your corn for less than what it costs you to produce it?' I asked.

"'Certainly, and I can demonstrate it to you,' was the reply. 'I have given the matter very careful study for years, and I think I can tell just about how much it costs me to raise a bushel of corn. You may take first the labor. I think any farmer will tell you that it takes a man and a team at least five days to plow, harrow, mark out, plant, cultivate, harvest, and house an acre of corn. It can't be done in less time. Two dollars a day is no more than a fair price for the work of a man and a team. Then the first item of expense is $10. The land in this county is assessed at $33.33⅓ an acre; it is worth, unless the sale of the whole of it should be forced, $40; I refused $68 an acre for my farm last year. Interest at 10 per cent. on $40 for one year is $4. Fifty bushels of corn to an acre is more than the average of this county. To shell a bushel of corn and haul it two miles to Kewanee, with taxes, the wear and tear on farming implements, etc., costs at least five cents a bushel, or $2.50 for the crop on an acre. So you see my acre of corn has cost me $16.50. Corn is now worth in Kewanee twenty cents a bushel. My fifty bushels will, therefore, bring me only $10. That is, I barely get pay for my labor, while I lose the interest on the money invested in my farm, the wear and tear of machinery, and get nothing for shelling and carting, or with which to pay my taxes. Again, the bushel of corn has cost me 33 cents. I suppose we can raise corn at a profit for thirty cents a bushel. Our

farmers don't expect to get 10 per cent. interest on their investments, though they have as good a right to it as the capitalist or merchant. Then there is one other thing which I did not take into account. The stalks have no cash value, but they furnish fodder for our stock. The only thing that has saved the Illinois farmer from complete ruin and bankruptcy has been his stock. After our corn has been husked, we turn our cattle into the fields and they will come out in the Spring fat. I said that I would tell you why a large farm might be made to pay, where a small one could not. If a man has a large farm and capital enough he can make money raising stock and hogs, because each will get a certain percentage of its growth from material on the farm that has no market, and is, therefore, really of no value unless used in this way. Beside, the corn which I feed to my stock and pigs, brings me much more than twenty cents a bushel.

"'I can give you some striking examples of the profit of raising corn and wheat in this vicinity, if you desire. One forenoon a man went past here with a load of sixty bushels of corn. He said that he had come a long distance—had started at four o'clock in the morning. As he returned in the afternoon, I asked him how much he had got for his load of corn. He held up two pairs of boys' boots, and said that his sixty bushels of corn, and $1 in cash, had just purchased them. It took at least seven days' labor of a man and team to raise that corn, and another long day to haul it to market, to say nothing of interest on the farmer's investment and other expenses. I judge that each pair of boots cost about five days' labor, or its equivalent. I knew another man who took a ton of corn to market

for the purpose of buying coal. It purchased just a ton, and he spent a day with his team in hauling. One year I raised 3600 bushels of wheat, and kept a careful account of its cost. When I sold it, and balanced my books, I found that I had for my own labor, which I had not charged, and that of my wife, who had a terribly hard time of it cooking for harvesters and threshers during the hot weather of midsummer, just $300! Why, sir, $1000 would not have paid for that summer's work. Wheat is so uncertain a crop, it has so many enemies from the time it is sown until it is threshed, and it is so exacting of the farmer who must attend to it at certain time, or he will lose it, that we can't afford to raise it for less than ninety cents a bushel.

"'Now there is something wrong in all this. With our productive soil, and facilities for reaching market, the farmers of Illinois ought to be fore-handed, comfortably housed and clothed, and able to save a little every year, instead of getting deeper and deeper into debt. We are an intelligent, hard-working, economical people, and every one of us who owns his farm is to that extent a capitalist; and we ought to be able to do as well as the journeyman mechanic, with less education than we and no capital. It is not right that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, which only moves our crop to Chicago, a distance of 132 miles, and the trade in that city who handles it, should be growing enormously rich, while we are growing poorer. It is not worth eleven cents a bushel to take our corn from here to Chicago, and the railroad that is charging it is robbing us of a part of the fruits of our labor.'

"'Mr. Walker, the President of this road, told me that railroad property in Illinois was not profitable,

and while he admitted that his road was one of the few that are paying dividends, I inferred from what he said that it was making only fair profits,' I remarked. 'He said also, that when you farmers complain that railroad corporations are getting rich, you forget that while your farms were bought for from $1.25 to $5 an acre, they are now worth on an average, from $50 to $75, and some of them even $100.'

"'We don't forget that,' said Mr. Smith; 'but let us see, now, how much it amounts to. This country was settled about forty years ago by men who came into what was then a wilderness, lived for years in log cabins, and were deprived of every comfort and luxury of civilized life. Suppose that they had remained and still hold the land, its enhancement represents all those privations, and besides the toil not only of the head of the family, but in many cases of all its members for forty years. Fifty dollars an acre is a high price for the average land in this county. The increase in value on an eighty-acre farm has been less than $4000. Beside this we have barely made a living. Perhaps Mr. Walker and his family would like to try it.

"'And now in regard to this railroad, I'll give you a few facts, and then you can see whether it is paying more than a fair percentage or not. It has paid a dividend from the very start, and in addition to that it has been constantly laying by a surplus. Sometimes this surplus has been used to water the stock, and sometimes in other ways, as I will tell you. The road has numerous branches or feeders. Each of these has been nominally built by a separate company. The towns along the line have been induced to subscribe for stock and give town or county bonds for it. These bonds have

paid for grading and putting down the ties. Then the company has mortgaged the road to raise money to complete it. In a few years it has to be sold for the benefit of the mortgagees; the stock, which is mostly held by the towns and counties, and for which they issued their bonds, is wiped out, the Burlington Railroad buys the branch for perhaps one-half or two-thirds its cost, pays the mortgage out of its surplus, issues new stock and divides it among its own stockholders. These men that get the stock never paid a cent for it. In some cases, instead of dividing new stock, they divide the bonds, a dividend of this kind amounting to sixty per cent. of the capital having been recently made. I have been told of a man whose original investment of $100 in the stock of this road has increased to $20,000. I don't believe it, but I do believe that every dollar's worth of stock originally put in has been so much watered as to represent now a good many dollars.

"'You say President Walker told you that it required large sums of money to increase the efficiency of the railroads as the country becomes more densely settled. We don't object to that. If a road needs to be extended, let the company issue new stock and get the money for it. No farmer in this State will complain as long as the railroads do not make more than 10 per cent. on the money actually paid in. What we do object to is paying such exorbitant rates for freight; we don't think it right that this Burlington Road should be able, beside paying a dividend, to lay by a surplus; then, when they spend that surplus in building a new road, they ought not to expect the farmers to pay them such high rates that they can divide 10 per cent on their surplus. In other words, they extort from us, unjustly, $1,000,

000, and then come and expect to realize, out of our crops, 10 per cent. on the money that ought to be in our pockets. That's what we call extortion.

"'Judge Beckwith of the Alton Road tells you that millions of dollars have been sunk in the railroads of this State. I have no doubt that is true. He says that if you take the cost of each item that entered into the construction of a road, there is not a road in the State that pays a fair percentage on that amount. Well, what of it? Does Judge Beckwith expect to get 10 per cent. interest on all the money that has been sunk in establishing railroads? Suppose the man who preceded me paid $2000 for this farm and sunk $5000 more in improving it; then suppose I come and buy it for $5000, must I expect that the farm will pay me interest on $12,000? Yet this seems to me the reasoning of the railroad managers. I think I know the farmers of this State pretty well, and I tell you only the truth when I say that we don't ask the railroads to serve us for nothing, nor for any cheaper rates than they can fairly afford. Then, if we are no better off we will look elsewhere for the remedy. But I tell you, eleven cents a bushel is too much for carrying corn from here to Chicago, where it is delivered here in the elevator, is carried over only one road and delivered in the company's own warehouse, and nothing short of the figures showing the exact cost of the service will convince us that we are not robbed by the railroad of a part of the price of every bushel of corn carried over it.

"'We think the leading railroads of this State, besides charging us too high rates for the benefit of the stockholders, are not managed as economically as they might

be, and that there are "rings" connected with some of them which are increasing the cost of running the roads for their own benefit,' continued Mr. Smith. 'It is generally hard to discover just where the swindle is, because when the officers of a road manage it so that the dividends come regularly, the stockholders are not often very watchful over them. Sometimes, however, we get hold of a fact. Now here is the Burlington & Quincy road, which has in Kewanee a patent shoot for coal. It takes at this point forty tons a day. The miner will sell me coal at the bank for seven cents a bushel—that is, $1.75 a ton. He carts it a mile and delivers it in the railroad shoot for eleven cents a bushel, or $2.75 a ton. He pays one cent a bushel, or twenty-five cents a ton, for carting. This leaves seventy-five cents a ton, or $30 a day, on the amount delivered, which the miner charges the railroad company buying coal at wholesale in excess of what he charges me, when I buy by the single ton. Now there must be some cat under that meal. Again, I met, recently, a gentleman who is engaged in coal mining in Indiana. He told me that a shaft had been opened a few rods from one of the branches of this Burlington road, and, having agreed with the owner to take his coal at $1.25 a ton, he went to the railroad company to arrange for its transportation. A few miles further down the road was another mine, and he thought he ought to have rates similar to those the company mining there had. The general freight agent refused to supply him with any cars at all —I suppose he pretended not to have them. An investigation showed that at the old mine the railroad company was paying $1.75 a ton for coal—fifty cents a ton more than it was worth there—and there are strong

grounds for suspecting that some of the officers of the road are interested in the mine.

"'The railroad managers say that while the "fast freight" lines may conflict with the interests of the stockholders of a road, they don't injure the farmers. I contend that they do. The rates of freight and fare are fixed with reference to the dividends that it is desired to make. Anything, therefore, that reduces the profits to the stockholders increases the rates which the farmer has to pay. Suppose this Burlington road should actually make only three per cent. this year, don't you suppose they would raise their rates the next? At the same time the "ring," comprising some of the officers of the road, may be making enough on "fast freight" lines, "palace car" lines, and other inside arrangements, to increase the dividends very greatly, were the profits divided among the stockholders. These are but a few of the abuses of which we complain. On some of the roads there are "construction rings" and "rings" of various kinds. All we ask is that the railroads shall be honestly managed; that the "rings" shall be broken, and then we are willing to pay for moving our crops such prices as will fairly remunerate the railroad companies.'

"'How do you propose to bring about this reform?' I asked.

"'We hold, in the first place, that the Legislature has a right to control the railroads. It has a right to know just how much the service which they render costs, and to enact that higher than certain rates are extortionate. The act that was passed really strikes only at unjust discriminations, and has increased the burdens of the farmers at all competing points as well

as at many others. Now I hold that a lower rate at a competing point is not *prima facie* evidence of unjust discrimination. But that is what this law says.'

"'Suppose the courts decide that your law fixing maximum rates is unconstitutional,' I suggested.

"'Then we must change the Constitution. But first, we want a decision into which this question shall enter. We object to the repeated quotation of the Dartmouth College case, and desire to see this question taken up by itself and disposed of independently. If it is then decided that the railroad companies are superior to the people and the State, that they are sovereign powers, and that they have the right, by raising or reducing their rates at will, to fix the price we shall get for our produce, why then we must resort to the last remedy. I think now that I have explained to you pretty fully our position on the railroad question. Some enthusiastic men indulge in denunciation of the railroads as such and make unwise threats, but the great body of farmers are not unreasonable in their demands.

"'One other thing in connection with this: We think that there has been unjust discrimination in the matter of taxation. Mr. Harris, General Superintendent of the Burlington road, testified before a legislative committee, last winter, that the road cost $47,000 a mile. But they have only been taxed on from two to five thousand dollars a mile for road, rolling-stock, depots, side-track, and everything, while the farmers have been taxed for nearly the cash value of their property. This we don't consider fair.'

"Referring again to the low price of grain, I suggested that the low price may be partially due to overproduction.'

"Mr. Smith admitted that the amount of the crop greatly affected the price of grain, but said that there was another reason why the farmers got so little for their crops—they are so constantly in need of money that they are obliged to sell for what they can get, instead of fixing their own price. 'Suppose,' he said, 'that each of our grocers in town should load up a wagon every morning and send it into the country with instructions to the driver to sell it out for whatever it would fetch, and bring back corn; don't you suppose groceries would be cheap and corn high? Reverse the picture, and you have the state of affairs actually existing. The farmer must have tea and coffee and sugar. He loads up his wagon with corn and takes it to town. The grocer says: "This tea cost me a dollar a pound; I will sell it to you for a dollar and fifteen cents; the coffee cost me forty cents; I will sell it to you for fifty." The farmer is obliged to take them at these prices or not at all. He has no money and must sell his corn in order to purchase them. But he is not allowed to say to the grocer: "This corn cost me twenty-five cents a bushel; I shall have to ask you thirty." The grocer, on the other hand, says to him: "I'll pay you twenty cents." Now, this will continue just as long as the farmers are no more prosperous than they are now. I hold that there never has been an over-production; that there is a demand for all that is raised, if it could only be got cheaply to market. What is needed is for the farmers to be able to hold on to their grain when the price is low and sell when the market is favorable.'

"Mr. Smith, like many other farmers whom I have met, complained of the enormous profits made by middle-men on almost every manufactured article the

farmers buy. Many of the Granges have employed purchasing agents, who are now buying farming and domestic machinery at wholesale prices. The wholesale dealers in Chicago at first refused to sell except at retail prices to the agents of the Granges, saying that by so doing they would lose the trade of agents and retail dealers. Most of them have, however, reconsidered this determination, and the saving made by the farmers by purchasing through the Grange is from ten to fifty per cent. A farmer in Bureau county gave me some figures that will illustrate the working of this system. A good farm wagon, complete, retails at $100; the Grange purchases it for $70. A plow for which the farmers have been paying $22, a Granger gets for $16. A $50 sewing machine is purchased for $30, and a $65 one for $39. From $40 to $60 is saved on the price of a parlor organ. A rapidly growing competition seems to have sprung up among the wholesale dealers for the custom of the Granges, and whatever other result the movement may have, the farmers will be greatly benefited by the coöperative business."

CHAPTER XX.

VIEWS OF A WISCONSIN FARMER.

The Master of the Wisconsin State Grange—A Model Farmer and his Farm—Colonel Cochrane's Views of the Situation—Conflict between the Railroads and the Farms—The Roads first built with the Farmers' Savings—How the Farmer was induced to buy Railroad Stock—How they are robbed by the Roads—Position of the Middle-men—The Cost of Western Farming—Through and Local Shipments—How the Grange helps the Cheese Makers—Farming in Wisconsin; what it costs and what it pays—The Farmers unable to fix their Prices.

WE commend to the reader's attention the following account of an interview between the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and Colonel John Cochrane, one of the most influential farmers of Wisconsin, and the Master of the Wisconsin State Grange.

"Colonel Cochrane is one of the oldest settlers of the State, having come here at an early day, and is a practical farmer, whose ability and success are attested not only by his broad acres of well-cultivated land, but by the reputation for good farming which he has all over the State. He has never been a politician, though he has, of course, always taken an intelligent interest in political questions, and he enters now into this farmers' movement at a time of life when men of his habits and pursuit generally find retirement more attractive, from a strong conviction of duty and a desire to raise the farmers of Wisconsin out of the slough of despond into



THE GRANGER'S HOME.

which they have fast been sinking. I have not been able to visit Colonel Cochrane at his home, and am therefore unable to speak of his farm from personal knowledge, but some idea of the magnitude of his operations may be obtained from the fact that he has under the highest state of cultivation nearly 1000 acres of excellent land, and finished, this recently, the threshing of his crop of 3200 bushels of as good wheat as was ever sent to market from the State of Wisconsin. His crop in a single year has been 6000 bushels.

"I met Colonel Cochrane on the cars between Wau-

pun and this place and had a good opportunity to converse with him about the Grange, the work it has accomplished and that which it proposes, and, as he expressed more fully than any one else I have met, the sentiments of the farmers on the transportation and other questions, I shall repeat in part the substance of our conversation. Very naturally our discussion turned first to the railroads and their relations to the farmers.

"I had just been examining the last report of the Wisconsin Secretary of State in regard to the operations of the railroads of the State for the year 1871, and remarked that I found no evidence that the railroad companies of Wisconsin were making any money. The dividends declared were less than three per cent. on the cost of construction and equipment; only two roads in the State paid anything to their stockholders, and the net earnings of the roads before either paying interest on their bonds, laying aside ten per cent. to keep up the road, or paying any dividends, amounted to only little more than one per cent. on their cost. The following are the figures, although I did not quote them at length to Colonel Cochrane:

"'Total length of road reported, $2518\frac{91}{100}$ miles; operated in Wisconsin, $1485\frac{41}{100}$ miles; operated elsewhere, $1033\frac{5}{10}$ miles; total cost of roads and equipments, $95,190,374.01; capital stock subscribed, $24,712,098; capital stock paid, $57,879,836.82; indebtedness of roads, $45,896,647.54; total receipts and amount due companies, $22,260,085.67; of which there was earned in Wisconsin, $7,623,904.60; expenditures less interest, new construction and dividends, $10,832,545.98; total net earnings, $11,427,537.69; cost of road and equip-

ment per mile, $37,790.30; net earnings per mile, $453.67; roads earned on their cost and equipment 1⅓ per cent.'

"It will be seen that while more than half of the mileage of roads reported on is in Wisconsin, only about one-third of the gross earnings were obtained in this State, so that the showing for this State alone, were it given entirely separate, might have been still more unfavorable.

"Colonel Cochrane replied that if the companies were not making money, many of their managers were. 'Besides,' he said, 'the men who now control these roads have, in many instances, put into them comparatively little money. Do you know how these roads have, most of them, been built? In the first place, they got land grants that in some counties are worth almost as much as the roads cost. Then they sent agents to the counties through which the road was to be built, who induced them to vote bonds to the companies and take stock; in some instances they promised them a first mortgage on the road when it should be completed. Then they got bonds from cities, and, in some cases, even from townships. Of course the interest on these all has to be raised by taxing us farmers. But that is not all. Their agents went through the country, and wherever they found a farmer who had a few hundred dollars laid by, they persuaded him to buy the stock of the road, and pay cash for it. Their argument was a very plausible one; they told us that we were paying from twenty-five to fifty cents a bushel to get our wheat hauled to Milwaukee, and that when the road was completed they would carry it for from five to ten cents. The difference would be added to the value of every

bushel of wheat that we raised. Then the road would belong to the farmers, and, of course, we were all going to get rich. I took $2000 worth of stock in this (Chicago & Northwestern) road, and paid cash for it. But a great many of the farmers had no money to spare, and they were induced to give the railroads mortgages on their farms. They were assured that before the time came to pay the mortgages the road would be built and the value of their crops would be enough increased to enable them to pay up, and at any rate their farms would be enough enhanced in value more than to make up for the mortgage. In some cases the farmers took stock for these mortgages, and in some the promise of a first mortgage on the road as soon as it should be built.

"'Well, now, how do you suppose they treated us? They didn't give the farmers the mortgage on the road that they promised, but when they gave them anything it was a second mortgage on long time. The first was a short one given to capitalists. That was, of course, foreclosed, the road sold out, and the value of the stock and bonds held by counties, towns, and individual farmers destroyed. I could find you stacks of certificates and bonds for which our farmers paid cash or mortgaged their places, and which are now not worth as much as the blank paper on which they are printed. Thousands of farmers were absolutely ruined. So you see that these roads have been built, in large part, by our money, and it is the height of impudence for these men who now manage them to expect to realize a large percentage out of us on the money they have stolen from us.'

"'Do you consider the charges for freight on these roads as exorbitant?' I asked.

"'Of course I do,' was the reply. 'They are a great deal higher than when the roads were first built, and they had far less business then than they now have. Their whole policy is to take every cent that we farmers can pay. They want us to go on raising wheat, because if we should stop they would of course lose business, but they are not willing that we should make any profit. If the crop is an abundant one they put up the rates of freight. You've noticed the reports in the papers this week that it is proposed to raise the rates on all the Wisconsin roads. At the old rates, with the amount of wheat to be moved, they would make more money than during any previous year. But they don't propose to let us farmers have any of the benefit of the good crop if they can help it.'

"'How much do they charge for taking wheat from your place to Milwaukee?'

"'Ten cents a bushel for a distance of about sixty miles. When the roads were first built they used to carry it for six. But we have other grounds of complaint besides high charges. Our grain is handled too much between the producer and the consumer, and everybody who touches it takes four or five cents a bushel—he expects to make a living from it. It ought to go directly from the farmer to the seaboard, and then we should save ten or twelve cents a bushel. Again, it makes very little difference how good the quality of the grain we send to Milwaukee or Chicago is, we never get credit for anything but "number two." A neighbor of mine shipped seven car loads of wheat to Milwaukee this week, not a bushel of which weighed less than sixty pounds, and much of it went sixty-one and sixty-one and a half; it was sound and clean, and was "num-

LIBRARY OF
EVANS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
ALLAHABAD.

ber one" wheat, if there was ever any raised in this State; but it was inspected as number two, and that man was actually robbed of four or five cents on every bushel of that grain. Those Milwaukee dealers will mix that good wheat with a lot that is dirty or light, and sell the whole for a better price. That is one reason why I say that our grain ought to go directly to the consumer without so much handling by those fellows who steal a part of the price of our produce and charge us for the service.

"'Now we don't ask anything unfair or unreasonable of the railroads. We say, let them be economically operated; let them stop paying such enormous salaries to their officers and give us fair treatment, and we are willing to pay them reasonably for their services. But they need not expect that we are going to allow them to earn interest on the money that we ourselves have put into the roads; we are determined on that point.'

"Colonel Cochrane says that the cost of farming in this State has been greatly increased by the building of railroads, or at least since their introduction. Before the war he could hire men who were capable of conducting his farm, without his supervision, for less money than he now has to pay for hands who hardly know enough to hitch up a team and go into the field to work unless somebody tells them how to do it. The only hands he can now hire are Dutch (I suppose he meant Germans), and they do only about half as much work as the Americans he used to get. The same is true of work in the houses; no matter how able and willing the farmer may be to hire servants, his wife must be a drudge. It is almost impossible to find, he said, a girl who knows enough to cook a meal, and who will hire

out to do housework. The servants are of the most inferior kind, and even they can't be depended on to stay at the very time they are most wanted. If you make a contract with them in the Spring for the season, and agree to pay them $2 a week and board, when the hot weather comes they begin to grumble, and when the harvest begins they 'can't stand the work any longer,' and the next thing you hear they are binding in the harvest field for a dollar a day while the farmer's wife is left alone with from a dozen to twenty-five harvesters to provide for. These hardships the Colonel attributed largely to the railroads—they paid unskilled laborers better wages than the farmers could afford to, and they opened up new country for homesteads for the better class of men who formerly worked out by the month. Though these might be calamities to the large farmers in the older parts of the State, it seemed to me that society had, on the whole, been benefited by the improvement in the condition of these workingmen, and that if this was the only ground of complaint against the railroad companies, the farmers would get little sympathy. But I am convinced that it is not.

"Colonel Cochrane's idea in regard to the necessity of making through shipments is a very important one, and in almost every case where I have heard of its having been tried, it has resulted in great saving to the farmers. A striking instance came to my knowledge recently. I met on the train the owner of the largest cheese factory in the State. During a part of the Spring and early Summer he used 20,000 pounds of milk a day and made 2000 pounds of cheese. That cheese he shipped to New York, paying $1 a hundred pounds for freight, so that he received here at his factory in Wis-

consin, within one cent a pound of the market value of his cheese in New York. The cheese he makes is as good as that made in New York State, sells for the same price, and, I believe, is sent East unbranded. Poor cheeses made in New York and Pennsylvania, I am told, are marked 'Western,' while good Wisconsin cheeses are branded 'New York.' I suppose four or five cents a pound would be about the difference between the farmer's selling price and the New York market price of cheese, if it was sold first at the factory, then shipped to Chicago and sold again, and finally reshipped to New York and sold a third time. Of course every farmer who sells his milk at that factory is benefited by this direct dealing between the producers and the New York merchant, for they get about twice as much for their milk. The gentleman to whom I refer is a Granger, and pays to patrons one dollar a hundred pounds for their milk, or takes the milk, makes it into cheese, boxes it, ships and sells it, paying all charges and returning the money to the farmers for a commission of four and a half cents a pound. The price of good butter in the country in this State is about fifteen cents a pound. The rates above given net the farmer about four times as much for his milk as he gets by making butter at that price."

And while upon Wisconsin matters, the following, from the same correspondent, will be found of interest:

"I came to Oshkosh for the purpose of meeting Mr. J. Brainerd, the Secretary of the State Grange, and Mr. Osborn, its purchasing agent, both representative farmers and actively engaged in the organization of the Farmers' Movement. Mr. Brainerd, in company with his brother, manages a nursery, market, and fruit gar-

den, and Mr. Osborn is also engaged in the cultivation of trees. Both of them are old settlers here, although both are but little past the prime of life; both have been successful in their business, and both have an extensive acquaintance among the farmers throughout the State. Neither is or has been, as far as I can learn, a politician. In my conversations with these men my aim was chiefly to learn as much as possible about the condition of the farmers of this State, socially and pecuniarily, the causes of their want of prosperity, if they fail to make farming profitable, and the remedy which the Grange and the farmers generally propose. As I have already treated at some length, in a former letter, of the relations of the Wisconsin farmers to the railroads of the State, I shall now confine myself to other topics of discussion.

"The staple crop of Wisconsin is wheat, though, from my observation in travelling through the State, and without any statistics before me, I should judge that other crops constitute a considerable per centage of the total value of its agricultural products. The dairy interest is already a large and rapidly growing one; stock-raising and feeding has been found profitable by many of the farmers; wool-growing is engaged in by some of the best farmers of the State; I think that pork enough is made to supply the demand in the lumber regions of the State with a surplus for export, and the hop and tobacco crops will bring in considerable money. Of corn and potatoes I think the surplus is not large. The wheat crop this year is the largest since that of 1860, and the grain is of excellent quality. The season was in every way favorable. After the wheat once began to grow, it came forward with unusual rapidity, and

just when the farmers began to fear that the straw would be too stout and their crops lodged, dry weather set in, and, while it checked the growth of the straw, it ripened the grain finely. The weather during harvest was never better, and the result has been that the entire crop has been saved in good order. The average throughout the State is thought by the best informed farmers to be about eighteen bushels to the acre, or about four bushels greater than for several years past. On some large farms, well cultivated, the average for several hundred acres is nearly twenty-five bushels to the acre, and on single fields as high as thirty bushels. Of course the farmers, who sowed a great breadth of wheat in the Spring, are in the best of spirits now.

"But the wheat is almost the only crop that is really good. The corn has been everywhere light, and not more than one-half or two-thirds of a crop has been gathered; potatoes have not done well; the dairies of the State promised well early in the season, but the dry weather of the summer greatly reduced the amount of milk. The manager of one cheese factory told me that while he received 20,000 pounds of milk a day during a part of May and June, he was only receiving 13,000 pounds now. The hops and tobacco that I have seen look well, but I have no means of comparing the crops with those of former years. It will be seen therefore that the farmers will need all that they get for their wheat this year.

"At the close of the war, and for a year or two afterward, the farmers of Wisconsin were generally out of debt and a little 'forehanded.' The high prices that they had received for their produce of every kind had enabled them to pay off what they were before owing,

to purchase farming machinery in abundance, and to indulge in many little luxuries which before had been unknown among them. But for several years past the wheat crop has not been very great, and prices have often been down; at the same time the farmers have found it difficult to go back to that system of the most rigid economy which they once practised, and they have been getting gradually deeper and deeper in debt. In the purchase of agricultural implements and machinery many of the farmers have been extravagant, and in the care of them more have been negligent. 'Go out into the country almost anywhere,' said Mr. Brainerd to me, 'and you will see the plow, the harrow, and the cultivator standing out in the weather where they were last used, and in hundreds of instances the reaper and mower will lie where the last grain or hay was cut. They may have been new this year, and cost as much as the owner will get for a great many acres of wheat. Next year they will be rusty, and the third or fourth year unfit for use, while good farmers who house their machinery make it last seven or eight years. It is the object of the Grange to teach its members to make the most of what they have, as well as to help them to purchase cheaply.'

"A great many Wisconsin farmers, like those of other States, fail because they never know on which crops they are making a profit, and on which they are losing money. I suppose I asked at least a dozen farmers in this State how much a bushel or an acre it cost to raise wheat before I found one who could give me an intelligent answer. Some thought that seventy-five cents a bushel would pay, while others thought there was no money in wheat at less than $1 a bushel. Mr.

Stillson, whose farm of 960 acres adjoins this city, and who has been one of the most successful farmers in the State, keeps a careful account of every cent that is expended in the production of each of his crops, and how much he receives for it. He told me that to pay all expenses and 7 per cent. interest on the value of the land takes about $15 an acre. If the crop is fifteen bushels, at $1 a bushel, the farmer makes nothing. This year, counting the average crop at eighteen bushels per acre, and the price at the farm at $1, the average profit will be $3 an acre. Ordinary years, when the average crop is only about fourteen bushels, unless the price is more than $1, there is no profit, and a part of the interest on the investment is lost The majority of the farmers know nothing about this, but go on year after year raising crops that don't pay, while there are others that would bring them a good profit.

"There are large sections of Wisconsin where the farmers make butter and sell it at fifteen cents a pound. By erecting a cheese factory, and turning in their milk at eighty-five cents per 100 pounds, the lowest rate paid, they would get about forty cents for a given quantity of milk, which now, after deducting the labor of making butter, the salt, packing, etc., brings them only ten cents. A few farmers like Mr. Stillson, Colonel Cochrane, and others who might be named, have always managed their places with the same business tact that a merchant displays, and, with no more capital to start with than others, and no superior advantages, they have become rich. It is not to be expected that the Grange will make Stillsons or Cochranes of all the farmers, but it may, by bringing them together for discussion and consultation, by encouraging them to read more the

best agricultural journals, and by assisting them to co-operate with each other, teach them to conduct their business more intelligently and, therefore, more profitably.

"'Another reason,' said Mr. Brainerd, 'why our farmers are not prosperous, is because they have no control over the market for their produce. As soon as the crop is harvested, no matter how the market is, all the farmers of this whole country begin to rush forward their grain to Milwaukee, Chicago, and the Eastern markets. A similar policy would ruin any merchant in the country. Suppose a man in the city with a large stock of valuable goods on hand has paper becoming due and has no ready money with which to pay: does he put his goods up at auction and sell them for anything they will bring without regard to cost? No, sir; he goes and makes a new loan, and before that becomes due he has probably sold a part of his goods at a good profit. Now, why shouldn't the farmer adopt the same policy? Why shouldn't he say: "My wheat, to yield me a good profit, should fetch $1.10 a bushel: if anybody wants it for that he can take it, but it isn't for sale at a less price." Of course it would do no good for one farmer to adopt this course; but suppose a majority of the farmers of Wisconsin and Minnesota were to do it, and the price set was a fair one, don't you suppose we would get it? Talk about the price of wheat in Liverpool regulating the price here in Wisconsin. It may fix the price in the Eastern States, and if it was inflexible there and we held out too, why the transportation companies would have to move our crops for the difference. The fact is, the price would either go up in New York or freights would come down. Don't you

suppose if I raise 1200 bushels of wheat that I had rather get $1200 for 1000 bushels of it, and keep the other 200 bushels over, than to sell the whole for $1200? This is a lesson we hope to teach the farmers in the Grange. I and my brothers raise vegetables and small fruits for the market here in Oshkosh, and do a profitable business, but we don't go to market in the morning and ask people how much they will give us for what we have to sell; if we did we should have failed long ago. We fix our price, and we don't sell for less than that price.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT ROBS THE FARMERS.

Relative strength of the Farming and Manufacturing Classes—Estimate of the Number of Employers and Working People—The Farmers at the Mercy of the Manufacturers—Need of a free and cheap Market—How the Tariff works—The Government protects the Manufacturers in their Extortions from the Farmers—The Farmer requires a cheap Market—What the Farmer pays for Staple Articles of Consumption—The Farmers making the Fortunes of the Manufacturers—A Tax upon Agriculture—What a Dose of Quinine costs—Necessities taxed more heavily than Luxuries—The Interests of the Farmer opposed to those of the Manufacturer—The Government hostile to the Farmers—Food for wholesome Reflection—How the Farmer can be benefited by a Free Market—How to bring it about.

We come now to consider another manner in which the farmers and people of the country are robbed.

According to the Census of 1870 there were 2,707,421 persons engaged in manufactures, mechanical and mining industries, and 5,922,471 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits. There is no means of obtaining the exact number of employers in the manufacturing class, but, making all due allowance for the great number of small establishments in this country, we may safely assert that the number of persons engaged in manufacturing operations, and employing the labor of others, is limited to a few hundred thousand, scarcely half a million in number, if so many, the remainder of the number given above being made up by the persons receiving wages and termed operatives.

The industry of the small class of manufacturers is

divided among numerous branches of trade. Immense sums are invested in these pursuits, and large fortunes amassed. We export very little; the bulk of our manufactures being consumed at home, so that the money paid for them comes out of the pockets of the American people. The cost of manufacturing is generally high in this country, and our products of this kind cannot compete in foreign markets with those of the great manufacturing nations of Europe, which are able to produce at a much lower cost, and consequently to undersell us. Our manufacturers are therefore driven upon a home market, and must sell their goods to the people of this country alone.

It is very right and proper that the manufacturing industry of this country should be encouraged, and that so powerful an element of our prosperity and strength should be fostered by all legitimate and reasonable means. It was with difficulty that our manufactures were built up. The cheap producing nations of Europe proved themselves powerful rivals. They could deliver their goods in the American market at prices below those at which our own productions could be sold, and in order to enable American manufacturers to hold their own, the General Government imposed a tariff of duties upon imported goods. This was at first limited to a few articles, and was intended to enable the American manufacturer to meet his European rivals upon equal terms. Under the protection of the tariff the manufacturing interest of the country improved rapidly. But with its growth, its demands increased. Protection was extended to article after article, until at the present day the list of protected articles makes up a good-sized volume. Not only was the extent of protection en-

larged, but the degree was also increased, until at length the tariff, which was meant to be merely protective and fostering as regards our own productions, has become prohibitory as regards importations from foreign countries.

We do not propose to discuss here the history of the tariff, or the merits of that measure; but simply to show its workings, and to call the attention of the reader to its effect upon the community.

The principal effect of the tariff, as it is arranged at present, is to close the foreign market to the average American buyer, and to compel him to purchase of the native manufacturer. He has no choice in the matter. He has no opportunity of comparing foreign with native goods. He is compelled to purchase the wares of the American manufacturer, the law operating so as to exclude the foreign dealer.

Under the operations of the tariff, the manufacturers of the United States enjoy a certain and uncontested market for their wares. They are not subjected to the competition that is necessary to the protection of the buyer, and they can put on the market whatever pleases them.

In a free market, the purchaser enjoys the liberty of buying just what he wants, and is not compelled to purchase either an inferior article, or one that does not suit him. More than this, he pays only the value of the article purchased, and the manufacturer is forced to rely upon his legitimate profit. Matters are very different under the system at present existing in this country, and this state of affairs constitutes one of the most serious evils from which the farmers of the United States are suffering.

Let us suppose that English spool cotton can be sold in the American market for four cents a spool, and that American spool cotton can be sold for the same price. The purchaser, with the prices of the two articles equal, will be guided in his selection by the quality of the goods, and will buy the best. But the American manufacturer is not willing to compete with the English manufacturer upon equal terms. Congress is petitioned, and a duty is levied upon English spool cotton, which duty at present amounts to 85 per cent. By the operation of this law the English manufacturer is compelled to add the duty to his price, and English spool cotton is advanced to seven and four-tenths cents a spool. The American manufacturer at once advances his price to, let us say, six cents a spool, and at this price sells an article which is worth only four cents, and which he could afford to sell at that figure. But Congress puts it in his power to exact 50 per cent. additional from the people of the country, and they must either purchase at this figure or buy English cotton at seven and four-tenths cents a spool. But for the tariff he would be compelled to sell his cotton at four cents, its actual value, but by the aid of that measure he is enabled to wring 50 per cent. additional from the people. The entire nation is thus taxed for the benefit of a few manufacturers of spool cotton. The interest of the nation is directly opposed to that of the manufacturers. Free trade, or a low tariff for revenue only, would result in a saving to the people, and would deprive the manufacturers of their power to plunder them.

It is the same way with almost every article of consumption that can be named. Woollen goods pay a duty of 70 per cent.; cotton goods from 35 to 52 per

cent.; silks, 60 per cent.; wool hats, 72 per cent.; and blankets 90 per cent. This list could be extended almost indefinitely, but these instances are enough for our purpose. By these infamous duties the American manufacturer is enabled to keep his prices at an enormous figure, and to pocket extortionate profits at the expense of the entire people.

Let us suppose that, without the duty, English blankets could be sold in the United States for $5 a pair, and that American blankets could be sold at the same figure, with a fair profit to the manufacturer. The tariff adds a duty of 90 per cent., or $4.50 to the English article, and raises the price to $9.50 a pair. The American manufacturer is thus enabled to advance his price to $8.50, and still to undersell the English manufacturer. The people are thus compelled to pay $3.50 additional for every pair of American blankets they purchase. No wonder our woollen and cotton factors amass such immense fortunes.

There are but two or three manufacturers of quinine in the United States, but, as this medicine is the special antidote to the most common disease of this country, large quantities of quinine are used annually. The bark from which the powder is made, is admitted free of duty, but the powder itself must pay a duty of 50 per cent. The American manufacturer is thus "protected" to an extent which enables him to demand 50 per cent. more for his quinine than he could obtain in a free market, and the excess is a burdensome tax exacted from the entire nation. The reader can easily form an idea of the amount of the annual tribute paid by the nation to the two or three manufacturers of quinine.

Castor oil is about doubled in price by this system.

The heaviest duties are levied upon articles of necessity, upon the clothing, medicines and other necessities of the poor. Upon articles of luxury the duties are proportionately light. It is 90 per cent. on blankets, and but 60 per cent. on silks. On flannels of the quality used by working men for their underclothing, the duty is almost prohibitory, while on the finer grades it is comparatively light. On salt it has been within a very recent period, 107 per cent.; while on diamonds it is only 10 per cent.

Thus the burden falls upon the middle and poorer classes, upon those who cannot afford to use luxuries. The rich pay comparatively little; it is the great mass of toiling, struggling people that pay the enormous tribute to the manufacturers.

The burden falls upon the farmer with very great force. Almost every article needed in the exercise of his calling, besides those required for domestic consumption, is taxed enormously. It is useless to go over the whole list. A few instances are as follows:

	Subject to a duty or tax ad valorem in average. Per cent.
Bar iron for a wagon	40
Trace chains	60
Iron for plows	42
Steel for plows	30
Iron for threshing machines and any other machines	42
Steel for the same	32
Horse-shoes and nails	35
Horse-rugs or blankets	140
Rope	35
Harness	35
Curry-combs	35
Horse brushes	40
Nails for his barn, duty on iron	42

	Subject to a duty or tax ad valorem in average.
	Per cent.
Wood screws	67 to 120
Iron tacks	45
Scythes	45
Spades	45
Shovels	45
Pitchforks	45
Buts and hinges for the barn and stable doors	53
Paint for the barn and stables	51
Hand-saws, twenty-four inches	39
Cross-cut saws	26
Files and rasps	50
Hammers	38
Hoes	45
Whips	35
Saddles	35
Saddle blankets	140
Rochelle and Epsom salts to doctor his horses	73

It is asserted by the friends of the tariff that the high duties serve only to afford a revenue to the General Government, and thus supply it with the means of meeting its enormous expenses. But the burden upon the people consists not so much in the taxes they pay upon the foreign goods they purchase, as in the enormous tribute they pay to the American manufacturer. The bulk of the manufactured goods sold in the country are made here, and the high prices kept up by the operations of the tariff compel the people to pay to the American manufacturer an undue share of their earnings for his wares. Let us suppose that the duty on blankets was 25 per cent. instead of 90 per cent. Sixty-five per cent. on every pair of blankets would be saved to the purchaser. Instead of being forced to pay $8.50 for American blankets, and $9.50 for English blankets, we should pay for English blankets $6.25,

and if the American manufacturer wished to undersell his English rival, he would be able to charge but from $5 to $6 for his blankets. The General Government would receive a duty of 25 per cent. on all foreign blankets, and the people would be freed from their tribute to the American manufacturer.

It is useless to talk of the injury to the revenue which would result from a lower tariff. The tariff as at present arranged, is not designed for the benefit of the Government. It is arranged for the benefit of a small class of capitalists, who are allowed by Congress to plunder the nation for their individual profit. The Government receives comparatively little benefit from the heavy burdens placed upon the nation. The vast sums thus exacted flow into the pockets of the manufacturers.

It is to the interest, not only of the farmer, but of the entire nation, that the market be thrown open to a fair and full competition, which will of necessity result in a decline of prices. The saving to the purchasing class of the country will be counted by millions. The vast majority of the American people will be immensely benefited, and people of moderate means, and especially the poor, will be relieved of one of their heaviest burdens.

As a matter of course, the manufacturers, who have fattened upon the plunder they have so long enjoyed, will resist any effort to deprive them of their immense profits. Money will be freely spent to defeat the effort of the people to secure their independence, and it will require a decided and persistent stand on the part of the people to accomplish a change. But a change is needed.

There is no good reason why the entire nation should

be compelled to pay prices out of all proportion to the value of the articles purchased, in order that a few manufacturers may amass large fortunes in an unnaturally short period. The people have the right to arrange their industrial system so that they shall pay a fair price for their purchases, and no more. They have a right to protect themselves from robbers and plunderers, under whatever guise these enemies may assail them.

Theoretically, the people are the source of power under our system of government, and Presidents and Congressmen are but their servants, charged with the execution of their wishes. But is this so in practice? Is the Congress of the United States the true exponent of the popular will? Do the people really sanction the "land grab," the "salary steal," the Crédit Mobilier swindle, the numerous jobs and schemes which plunder the people, and enrich a few unscrupulous individuals, and which bear the stamp of Congressional approval? Are the people really engaged in robbing themselves? It is absurd to ask the question.

The people, thank God, *are* the source of power, and, under our wise and beneficent system, they hold in their own hands the remedy for the betrayal of their trust. Their first duty is to exercise this remedy; to remove from power and consign to official perdition the unfaithful servants who have so wronged and misrepresented them. This should be no party work. Republicans and Democrats should join hands in it. It is not a party question. It passes the limits of ordinary politics, and comes home to each individual voter. If he values his rights as a citizen, if he wishes to save himself and his countrymen from being plundered, if he

would put an end to the evils which we have pointed out to him, let him see that no one is placed in power who is not pledged to respect the popular will, which is the supreme law of the land. Let him vote for honest men only. Let him combine with his fellow-citizens in demanding the necessary reforms, and refuse to support any candidate for office who will not pledge himself to carry out the wishes of the people.

Members of Congress are very powerful individuals, no doubt; but a popular breath can unmake as well as make them; and he who values his official life should take warning in time. Whatever the remainder of the people may do, or intend, the farmers of this country have come to the conclusion that they have suffered long enough at the hands of the honorable gentlemen who make our laws. They are conscious of the fact that they are a very numerous and powerful body, constituting a very large portion of the voting class of the country, and that they are able to enforce their wishes by their ballots. They are resolved that their rights shall be respected, and they are fully aware that the Honorable Members have never recognized those rights. They are aware that they have been sacrificed to enrich railroad directors; and that they are plundered in order that a small class of manufacturers may grow rich at their expense. They are fully conscious of their wrongs, and of the responsibility of the Congress of the United States for their sufferings. They are resolved that there shall be a change, and that they shall obtain their just share of the benefits intended by the founders of our Government. If Honorable Members, either as individuals or as a body, stand in the way of their efforts to obtain redress for their wrongs,

or fail to respond, and that promptly, to their demands upon them, they must be content to abide the consequences. When the issue is fairly joined, as it will be very soon, the people at large will not fail to make common cause with the farmers against the monopolists, and it will be an evil day for Congress should it continue to champion the cause of the monopolist against the sovereign people, whose power is irresistible.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE REMEDY.

Review of the Wrongs suffered by the Agricultural Classes—A Minor Evil—The Remedy—The Farmer to receive a fair Return for his Industry—The Farmer's Interest that of the Nation—The Duty of the Country to protect the Farmer—The Kind of Laws needed—The Monopolists the Enemies of the Whole People—A Free and Cheap Market demanded—Power of the Farmers of the United States—The Extent to which they control the Popular Vote—Number of voting Farmers—The People in Sympathy with the Agricultural Class—What the Farmers can accomplish—Necessity of Union—A great and glorious Revolution at Hand.

At the risk of being tedious to the reader, we have enumerated some of the principal evils from which the farming class of this country is at present suffering. We did not hope at the outset to recount all the grievances of this, the most useful, industrial class. We have aimed only at pointing out merely the leading troubles against which the farmer is struggling. We trust we have done so.

We have seen how he is robbed by the Railroad Monopoly; how in order to swell the dividends of the roads upon which he is forced to depend to reach his market, he is compelled to submit to an iniquitously high rate of transportation, which renders it impossible for him to receive his fair share of the proceeds of his crop. We have seen how utterly regardless of his rights and interests are these corporations, whose only care is to earn the largest dividend upon their stocks that can possibly be wrung from the community.

We have seen how the citizens of the Eastern States are plundered by the Coal Ring, and how this is but another phase of Railroad Extortion and Tyranny. In this unhappy state of affairs, the farmer suffers in common with the rest of the community.

We have seen also how the middle-men grow rich at the farmer's expense, and how he is compelled to pay an exorbitant price for almost everything he uses. The fact is, the farmer is charged too high for nearly every article he purchases. "In this State," says a recent letter from Iowa, "the farmers are also overcharged for the groceries and dry goods that they buy at the village store. I don't mean to say that the traders make too much money; it is the system that is at fault rather than the men, and those of the farmers who think most are beginning to see that they are in a great measure responsible for the system. The majority of the farmers of this State buy their goods of the local traders on credit, paying when they sell their crops. These traders have, therefore, in fixing their prices, to make allowance for bad debts and for interest. But as they don't receive cash, they of course cannot buy for cash, and the New York and Philadelphia merchants who 'carry' the local traders have to be paid for their risks and loss of interest. And besides all this, there is hardly a town in Iowa in which there are not about twice as many stores as there ought to be. It is a mistake to suppose that by the over-crowding of the business in the small Western towns the people get the benefit of competition. Where there are two stores and only trade enough for one, their owners combine and arrange the prices between them, being sure to put them high enough so that both can live."

Did the farmer receive a fair price for his crop, there would be less need of his making his purchases on credit, and he would be relieved of many of the debtor's burdens; but as long as he is compelled to accept an unfair and inadequate return for his labors, so long will he be compelled to bear these burdens without hope of relief.

Let him receive a fair price for his products; let him be freed from the exactions of those who control his means of reaching a market, and a very different state of affairs will ensue. These exactions swallow up so large a portion of his earnings, that he is compelled to enter the market upon the most disadvantageous terms. He is not master of his own actions, but is compelled to submit to whatever conditions the railroad and the middle-man may choose to impose upon him.

It is certainly a very unfortunate and unnatural condition of society that dooms the principal and the most useful portion of the producing class to the greatest amount of oppression; but such is the evil that is upon us. A remedy is needed, and one which can be applied without unnecessary delay. To continue in the path along which we are now moving, is to commit a most serious error. We cannot afford to oppress the farming class of this country. Both the Government and the people should foster and encourage it by every means in their power. It is our chief element of strength and stability, and a wrong inflicted upon it must react upon the whole nation. If the farmer suffers, the country at large must suffer with him, so that our own interest should lead us to shield him from injury, and sustain him in his efforts to redress his grievances.

The remedy for the evils from which the agricultural

classes are suffering lies in their own hands, and it consists in the enactment and enforcement of a series of just and liberal laws by the General and State Governments, which shall assign to each class of the community the rights to which it is fairly entitled, protect the farmer in the enjoyments of the privileges and rights which are his due, and punish any attempt of one class to prey upon another; laws which shall put an end to the practice of building useless and unnecessary railroads; which shall check the enormous power now lodged in the hands of the railroad officials of the Union, and compel them to manage their roads so that they shall be a benefit and not a curse to the community; which shall inaugurate a system of fair charges for transportation, and render it possible for the produce of the farm to reach the markets of the country at rates which do not involve the ruin of the producer; which shall give us cheap coal in this land of plenty; which shall no longer make the manufacturer richer and the consumer poorer; which shall have for their object the protection and encouragement of all classes of our industry.

The war of the monopolists upon the community has been going on long enough, and it must cease, and the General Government must cease to aid the capitalist, and to oppress the community. The interests of the entire people of the United States are opposed to those of the monopolies we have been considering. We want cheap coal, cheap bread, cheap transportation, cheap clothing. We want the price of every necessary article of consumption or daily use lowered, and whatever man, or combination of men, who seek to prevent the realization of this demand, is the enemy of the public.

The people, and especially the farmers, demand a free market, into which they can go and obtain what they need for a fair price without paying a tax to any one.

This demand they have the power to enforce, for are they not the source of power, and can they not enforce their demand, and assert their power by their ballots at the polls?

The farmers of the United States hold in their grasp a vast power, and they are beginning to see that they must use it for their own protection. We have seen that out of a total population of 38,558,371 in the United States in 1870, 5,922,471 persons, or more than one-seventh of the entire population of the Union, were engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the same year, the total male population of the Republic was 19,493,565. Of the number of persons given as engaged in agricultural pursuits, 5,525,503 were males, so that the males of the farming classes number more than one-fourth of the entire male population of the country. Of the 19,493,565 males given above, 8,425,941 were twenty-one years of age and over; or almost one-half of the male population constitute the voting class. Assuming the same proportion for the agricultural class, we shall find that about 2,000,000 of this class are voters. The truth is, however, that the proportion is greater. Of the 5,525,503 agriculturalists, 426,381 were between the ages of ten and sixteen years; 4,650,191 were from sixteen to fifty-nine; and 448,931 were sixty and over. By the census from which these figures are taken, the number of farmers and planters is placed at 2,955,030 males, none of whom are under sixteen years of age, very few can be minors, and it seems clear that the great majority of them must be voters. We think, then,

that we are warranted in asserting that the number of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits and possessing the right of suffrage, is over 4,000,000, or fully one-half of the entire voting population of the Republic. We see no reason to distrust this estimate. It appears fair, and though we have no definite returns to offer upon this head, we are sure that we are very near the actual truth in placing the voting strength of the farming classes at one-half of that of the entire country.

Now if this be true, it needs no argument to prove to the farmers of this country that they possess the power as well as the right to remedy the grievances of which they complain. Four millions of voters united in a common cause, and seeking the triumph of a common principle, are capable of accomplishing anything. But they must be united. There must be no divisions among them; no quarrelling over petty issues. The great objects for which they strive must be first achieved, and minor differences settled afterwards.

What can be more important to the farmer than the cause of his own independence, his redemption from his slavery to the monopolies that have wronged him so deeply, and robbed him so thoroughly? State and Federal legislation can be so thoroughly controlled by this powerful army of voters, that no unjust or burdensome law can be enacted to their disadvantage, the repeal of those of which they complain can be effected, and the passage of such as are necessary to the inauguration of an era of justice and equality secured.

It will be a great and a glorious revolution, and it will be peaceful. There will be no strife, no bloodshed, no ruined homes, no starving widows and orphans to cast their reproaches upon the men who undertake the

change. On the contrary, the enemies of the people will be thoroughly defeated in a quiet and almost invisible manner, and the power of the monopolists will be so thoroughly broken that they will no longer be able to oppress and grind the poor, or those less fortunate than themselves.

The power of bringing about a different condition of affairs being thus secured to the farmers, it becomes a solemn duty upon their part to use it. In doing so, they can benefit not only themselves, but the entire nation. The power of the monopolists to oppress must be broken, and they can break it. They can rid the country of the great curse that has been vexing it for so long. But, in order to accomplish anything, the farmers' vote must be cast as a unit in favor of the measures desired, and of the men chosen to carry into execution these measures. Hitherto this vote has been divided, and the monopolists have taken advantage of this division to fasten their yoke upon the nation. Let the farmers now combine for the accomplishment of the ends they have in view, and there will be thousands of votes thrown with them by the outside public, who have a common interest with them, and success is certain. By presenting a solid front all over the Union upon questions vital to them, and by acting as one man in the hour of conflict with the enemy, the success of the farmers' movement will be as certain as the rising of the sun.

The best opportunity ever presented to the American farmers, of combined and energetic action in behalf of their rights, is held out to them at present by the "Order of the Patrons of Husbandry," an organization which we shall now proceed to investigate.

PART IV.

THE ORDER OF PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ORDER.

Mission of Mr. O. H. Kelley to the Southern States—He discovers a Remedy for the Farmers' Grievances—Conferences at Washington—Formation of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry—Organization of the National Grange—Subsequent History of the Order—Increase of the Granges—The Grange in Iowa—Strength of the Order—The Weekly Bulletin—A Wonderful History—Unprecedentedly Rapid Growth of the Order—Comments of the "Tribune" on the Increase of the Granges—The Order in Canada—List of Canadian Granges.

In the month of January, 1866, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, directed Mr. O. H. Kelley, of the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, to make a tour of the Southern States, and report upon their agricultural and mineral resources. Mr. Kelley was well qualified for the task assigned him, and executed it in a manner which won the high commendation of the Department. He visited all the Southern States, and inquired minutely into their condition, conversing freely with the farmers and planters, and acquainting himself with their wants, plans, actual condition, and hopes for the future.

One of the results of this tour was the awakening of Mr. Kelley to the utterly helpless condition of the

farming interest, not only of the South, but of the whole country. There were evils from which this class was suffering, and which all acknowledged, but there was no remedy to be found for them. The farmers were scattered, divided in opinions, almost indifferent to their condition, and without any means of expressing or enforcing their views as a body.

It seemed clear to Mr. Kelley that if a remedy was to be found for the evils that he encountered, it must be in the associated and harmonious action of the farming class. In order, however, to bring about such action, the farmers must be given an opportunity for association, and he conceived the plan of bringing them together through the medium of an order devoted to their interests, and affording them the means of taking the best measures for furthering those interests. He did not propose to limit the new order to the Southern States, but his plan embraced the union of the farmers of the entire country for social and educational purposes, as well as for the protection of their interests.

Mr. Kelley returned to Washington in November, 1866, and mentioned his scheme to several friends, prominent among whom was Mr. William Saunders, then and now, the Superintendent of the Gardens and Grounds of the Department of Agriculture. He also communicated it to Mr. William M. Ireland, Chief Clerk of the Finance Office of the Post Office Department; Mr. John R. Thompson, of the Treasury Department; Rev. Dr. John Trimble, also of the Treasury Department; and the Rev. A. B. Grosh, of the Department of Agriculture.

The matter was discussed by these gentlemen, and

various suggestions were offered by them respecting the proposed organization. At length, Messrs. Kelley and Ireland set to work to embody the results of these deliberations, and on the evening of the 5th of August, 1867, compiled the first degree of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry.

On the 12th of August, Mr. Saunders left Washington for the West, on business for the Department of Agriculture. He took with him the first degree of the Order, and upon reaching St. Louis began his efforts to establish it in the West. He was entirely successful, and on the evening of December 4th, 1867, the National Grange was established at Washington, at the residence of Mr. Saunders. The following officers were elected:

Master.—WILLIAM SAUNDERS, of District of Columbia.
Lecturer.—J. R. THOMPSON, of Vermont.
Overseer.—ANSON BARTLETT, of Ohio.
Steward.—WILLIAM MURI, of Pennsylvania.
Assistant Steward.—A. S. MOSS, of New York.
Chaplain.—REV. A. B. GROSH, of Pennsylvania.
Treasurer.—WILLIAM M. IRELAND, of Pennsylvania.
Secretary.—O. H. KELLEY, of Minnesota.
Gate Keeper.—EDWARD P. FARRIS, of Illinois.

Soon after this, a subordinate Grange was established in Washington, together with a school of instruction to test the efficiency of the ritual. This Grange numbered about sixty members.

The first dispensation granted by the National Grange was issued to a subordinate lodge at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; the second was to a Grange at Fredonia, New York; the third to a Grange at Columbus, Ohio; and the fourth to a Grange at Chicago.

In April, 1868, Mr. Kelley left Washington for the purpose of establishing subordinate Granges throughout

the country. His efforts were directed mainly to the Western States, and were very successful. During the first month after leaving Washington, he organized six Granges in Minnesota. From this the order spread rapidly. The farmers were a little shy of the Order at first, and the fact that it was a secret society rather inclined them to distrust it; but when it was fairly presented to them, and its objects stated and explained, it became apparent to them at once that it was a necessity, and its success was assured from the moment that this conviction entered the minds of the agricultural community. The most remarkable growth was manifested in the State of Iowa, in which as many as eighty Granges per week were organized at one period of the present year. Says a letter from Iowa:

"The Grange is stronger in Iowa than in any other State. The number of subordinate Granges is about 2000, and the number of members or 'patrons' over 100,000. The Order was planted here soon after its formation in Washington, nearly four years ago, but for various reasons was not widely extended until within the past twelve months. During the Spring of this year it grew with astonishing rapidity, increasing until the beginning of the harvest at the rate of from sixty to eighty Granges a week. Its great strength is in the country. When the Order was first introduced it was proposed to plant it first in the towns, with the expectation that it would naturally spread from them into the country. But this was found to be impossible, for the town Granges seemed to have very little cohesive power. There was not life enough in them to preserve their own existence, to say nothing of their inability to propagate their kind. It was not until the mission-

aries went out into the prairies and began to work among those who gave their whole time and attention to the farm that the Order took root.

"Of many attempts to organize the farmers of Iowa for any purpose, the Grange is the first that has been successful. Farmers' clubs, established under the most favorable circumstances and fostered by the State Board of Agriculture, have always proved short-lived. Not more than eighteen or twenty could ever be kept in active operation at once, and even that small number would soon dwindle away unless the promise of rare seeds or agricultural documents was constantly held out as an inducement to the farmers to continue their meetings, and new clubs were frequently organized to fill the places of those that died. But the Grange seems to have exactly supplied a want of the people. Perhaps the 'hard times' experienced during the past two or three years by the farmers of Iowa, in common with those of other Western States, aroused them to the necessity of united, intelligent coöperation, and prepared them to welcome the Grange as the first channel opened through which they might hope for relief. At all events, the Order has taken kindly to the soil of Iowa, and has accomplished more here than elsewhere, while the farmers' clubs have long since disappeared."

The number of Granges in the United States is increasing so rapidly that it is hard to give an accurate statement concerning them. The Secretary of the National Grange formerly issued from his office at Washington a monthly bulletin giving the strength of the Order in each State. The latest bulletin places the total number of subordinate Granges at over 20,000,

and they are increasing at the rate of over 1000 a month. As these bulletins are of interest to all concerned in the movement, we give that of the 1st of July as a specimen. It is as follows, with some alterations and changes made since it was issued:

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

NATIONAL GRANGE,

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, 612 LOUISIANA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 1, 1874.

Alabama.....	*Master*—W. H. CHAMBERS	Oswichee.
SUB. GR'S, **624**	*Sec'y* E. M. LAW	Tuskegee.
Arkansas.....	*Master*—JOHN T. JONES	Helena.
SUB. GR'S, **442**	*Sec'y* JOHN S. WILLIAMS	Duvall's Bluff.
California.....	*Master*—J. M. HAMILTON	Guenoc.
SUB. GR'S, **218**	*Sec'y* W. H. BAXTER	Napa City.
Connecticut...	*Master*—State Grange not organized.	
SUB. GR'S, **8**	*Sec'y*	
Delaware.....	*Master*—State Grange not organized.	
SUB. GR'S, **13**	*Sec'y*	
Florida.....	*Master*—B. T. WARDLOW	Madison.
SUB. GR'S, **58**	*Sec'y* W. A. BRINSON	Live Oak.
Georgia.....	*Master*—T. J. SMITH	Oconee, C. R. R.
SUB. GR'S, **664**	*Sec'y* E. TAYLOR	Colaparchee.
Illinois.....	*Master*—ALONZO GOLDER	Rock Falls.
SUB. GR'S, **1541**	*Sec'y* O. E. FANNING	Galt.
Indiana.....	*Master*—HENLEY JAMES	Marion.
SUB. GR'S, **1968**	*Sec'y* MARTIN M. MOODY	Muncie.

Iowa..... Sub.Gr's,2016	*Master*—A. B. Smedley	Cresco.
	Sec'y N. W. Garretson	Winterset.
Kansas..... Sub.Gr's,1352	*Master*—M. E. Hudson	Mapleton.
	Sec'y Geo. W. Spurgeon	Jacksonville.
Kentucky..... Sub. Gr's,1136	*Master*—M. D. Davie	Beverly.
	Sec'y J. Eugene Barnes	Georgetown.
Louisiana..... Sub. Gr's, 138	*Master*—H. W. L. Lewis	Osyka, Miss.
	Sec'y N. D. Wetmore	Ponchatoula.
Maine..... Sub. Gr's, 43	*Master*—	
	Sec'y	
Maryland..... Sub. Gr's, 116	*Master*—Joseph T. Moore	Sandy Spring.
	Sec'y Edward Hall of B	Millersville.
Mass..... Sub. Gr's, 62	*Master*—J. P. Felton	Greenfield.
	Sec'y Benj. Davis	Ware.
Michigan..... Sub. Gr's, 439	*Master*—S. F. Brown	Schoolcraft.
	Sec'y J. T. Cobb	Schoolcraft.
Minnesota..... Sub. Gr's, 553	*Master*—Geo. J. Parsons	Winona.
	Sec'y Wm. Paist	St. Paul.
Mississippi..... Sub. Gr's, 618	*Master*—A. J. Vaughan	Early Grove.
	Sec'y W. L. Williams	Rienzi.
Missouri..... Sub.Gr's,1942	*Master*—T. R. Allen	Allenton.
	Sec'y A. M. Coffey	Knob Noster.
Montana..... Sub. Gr's, 21	*Master*—	
	Sec'y	
Nebraska..... Sub. Gr's, 627	*Master*—Wm. B. Porter	Platsmouth.
	Sec'y Wm. McCaig	Elmwood.
New Hamp.... Sub. Gr's, 38	*Master*—Dudley T. Chase	Claremont.
	Sec'y C. C. Shaw	Milford.
New Jersey... Sub. Gr's, 104	*Master*—Edward Howland	Hammonton.
	Sec'y R. W. Pratt	Newfield.

New York..... Sub. Gr's, 273	*Master*—Geo. D. Hinckley	.....	Fredonia.
	Sec'y W. A. Armstrong	.....	Elmira.
N. Carolina.... Sub. Gr's, 431	*Master*—Columbus Mills	.....	Concord.
	Sec'y G. W. Lawrence	.....	Fayetteville.
Ohio..... Sub. Gr's, 1006	*Master*—S. H. Ellis	.....	Springboro'.
	Sec'y D. M. Stewart	.....	Xenia.
Oregon..... Sub. Gr's, 171	*Master*—Daniel Clark	.....	Salem.
	Sec'y J. H. Smith	.....	Harrisburg.
Penna..... Sub. Gr's, 342	*Master*—D. B. Mauger	.....	Douglassville.
	Sec'y R. H. Thomas	.....	Mechanicsburg.
S. Carolina..... Sub. Gr's, 308	*Master*—Thomas Taylor	.....	Columbia.
	Sec'y D. Wyatt Aiken	.....	Cokesbury.
Tennessee..... Sub. Gr's, 1017	*Master*—William Maxwell	.....	Maxville.
	Sec'y Dr. J. H. Currey	.....	Nashville.
Texas. ..... Sub. Gr's, 463	*Master*—J. B. Johnson	.....	Fairfield.
	Sec'y H. H. Parker	.....	Salado.
Vermont..... Sub. Gr's, 128	*Master*—E. P. Colton	.....	Irasburg.
	Sec'y E. L. Hovey	.....	St. Johnsbury.
Virginia..... Sub. Gr's, 237	*Master*—J. W. White	.....	Charlotte.
	Sec'y M. W. Hazelwood	.....	Richmond.
W. Virginia... Sub. Gr's, 72	*Master*—B. M. Kitchen	.....	Shanghai.
	Sec'y J. W. Curtis	.....	Martinsburg.
Wisconsin..... Sub. Gr's, 556	*Master*—John Cochrane	.....	Waupun.
	Sec'y H. E. Huxley	.....	Neenah.
Colorado..... Sub. Gr's, 68	*Master*—	.....	
	Sec'y	.....	
Dakota..... Sub. Gr's, 59	*Master*—E. B. Crew	.....	Lodi.
	Sec'y O. F. Stevens	.....	Jefferson.
Washington... Sub. Gr's, 42	*Master*—	.....	
	Sec'y	.....	

Canada..... { *Master*—.....
SUB. GR'S, 9 { *Sec'y* .....

Monthly Statement of Subordinate Granges organized during 1872 and 1873:

	January.	Feburary.	March.	April.	May.	June.
1872.....	54	61	96	98	65	86
1873.....	153	347	666	571	696	625

	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
1872.....	115	79	79	91	109	120
1873.....	612	829	919	1050	974	1225

The total number of Subordinate Granges is now over 20,000 and the reported membership, over 1,600,000.

Such has been the rapid and unprecedented growth of the Order. During the past twelve months, its increase has been most marked, and it is now spreading at a rate which will soon carry it into every county in the United States. At first its growth was chiefly in the Western States, but it is now increasing rapidly in the Middle, Eastern, and Southern States. It has become in all respects a national movement, and is already a power which by its immense strength and great importance is exerting a tremendous influence in every part of the Union.

"It has grown by the process of nature," says the New York *Tribune*, commenting upon its wonderful history, "out of the pressing wants of the time; and it has spread and waxed strong steadily and rapidly ever since it came into existence. Within a few weeks it has menaced the political equilibrium of the most steadfast States. It has upset the calculations of veteran

campaigners, and put professional office-seekers to more embarrassment than even the Back Pay. The Grange was not the origin of the Farmers' Movement; it was only its outgrowth. Yet in calculating the moral and physical forces of the movement, the Grange must be the principal factor. It took its origin a few years ago in a Washington office. Its founders were not farmers, but Government clerks. They understood, however, the temper and the wants of the agricultural class, and they devised, with aid, perhaps, from the prairies, one of the most ingenious and effective organizations ever invented in so short a time. From Washington the Grange spread all over the great grain region, and back again to the far East, and Southward into the country of cotton and tobacco. Everywhere it found enthusiastic adherents. Everywhere it found farmers who needed its help, farmers' wives and daughters, who picked up a new life and a fresh spirit under its social and intellectual influence, and gave it in return the attraction of a refined and cheerful membership. Business and pleasure surely were never so profitably combined before. It was the old principle of the husking-frolic and the quilting-bee, applied to loftier objects and practised with a sterner eye to the main chance. The women and the young people, who met at evening to go through the little ceremonies of the Grangers' ritual, and pass an hour or so in decorous amusements and conversation, and song, and reading, may have fancied that they were only breaking the monotony of toil by a bit of harmless entertainment; but the Grange knew better. They were learning, and teaching others, to be better farmers, to be thrifty, to buy cheaper, to sell better, to rid themselves of creditors, to keep out of

debt, and finally to check the enormous power of the railroads which have so long been driving the farmers to the wall. In fact, the Grange succeeded so well because it had the art to take the average men and women of the West and make them work without knowing it, and accomplish what they hardly dreamed of. That it did succeed is a sufficient evidence that it was founded upon a genuine and general popular need, and directed toward a really important object. Even if it should be worsted at last in the struggle against monopoly, it will still have done ample good to justify its existence.

"What the end of the railroad question is to be no one can yet predict. The difficulties of the case are perplexing, and they vary in different States, nay, in different towns. Thus far we cannot see that the Patrons of Husbandry have made any distinct impression upon the defences of their chief adversary. Rates have been raised rather than lowered on the transportation lines since this agitation began. Legislation where it has been attempted has done little good. The decisions of the courts have settled no great principles, and it is not clear that the courts themselves are not in danger of being unsettled by the popular passion. But it is a great thing to have brought the farmers' cause so prominently before the public that their complaints are now familiar to every intelligent man in the United States. It is a great thing to have created almost universal sympathy for them. It is a great thing to have made the farmers formidable in the eyes of the politicians, started Committees of Congress and the Legislatures travelling about the country to find out what can be done for them, and terrified caucuses into crav-

ing their friendship. Above all, perhaps, it is a great thing to have brought the honest agricultural element prominently into politics; it looked a year ago as if the art of government was gradually falling into the hands of an exclusive profession,—the hands being the dirtiest and the profession the meanest in all the United States."

No official estimate is given of the number of members of the various Granges, but with the number of lodges at seven thousand, or over, the number of members may be safely estimated at about half a million. A year hence, if the present rate of growth continues, as there is every reason to believe it will, the membership of the Order will be nearly three millions.

Such an Order must necesarily exert a powerful influence upon the community. If it be for good, the Order must be regarded as a blessing to the entire country; and that it is for good we hope to show in the remaining chapters of this work.

The Order has passed beyond the limits of the United States, and has spread into Canada, where there are now seven subordinate Granges. They are as follows:

No. 1. INTERNATIONAL—*Master*, Albert P. Ball, Stanstead, Prov. Quebec; *Secretary*, J. G. Field, Derby Line, Vermont.

No. 2. BARNSTON—*Master*, Geo. C. Hanson, Barnston, Prov. Quebec; *Secretary*, Ed'd A. Cushing, Barnston, Prov. Quebec.

No. 3. GOLDEN—*Master*, Albert E. Damon; *Secretary*, Wm. Major, Drew's Mills, Prov. Quebec.

No. 4. SHIPTON—*Master*, Timothy Leet; *Secretary*, R. M. J. Bernard, Danville, Prov. Quebec.

No. 5. AYLMER—*Master*, Lord Aylmer, Melbourne, Prov. Quebec; *Secretary*, John Main, Melbourne, Prov. Quebec.

No. 6. FRELIGHSBURG—*Master*, S. R. Whitman, Frelighsburg, Prov. Quebec; *Secretary*, E. E. Spencer, Frelighsburg, Prov. Quebec.

No. 7. DUNHAM—*Master*, R. L. Galer, Dunham, Prov. Quebec; *Secretary*, C. E. C. Brown, Dunham, Prov. Quebec.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMPOSITION OF THE GRANGES.

Objects of the Order—Male and Female Members—Division into National, State, and Local Granges—Officers of the National Grange—Membership limited to Agriculturalists—Organization of the Grange—Qualifications of Members—Secrecy required—The Degrees of the Order—The Ritual Degrees of the Subordinate Grange—Degrees of the State Grange—Degrees of the National Grange—Financial Matters—How the Grange is organized—Description of the Working System of the Order—How the Expenses of the Grange are paid—The Secret Feature considered—Necessity for and Advantage of Secrecy—Advantages of Female Members—Woman's Work in the Grange—Objects of the Order discussed.

THE Order of Patrons of Husbandry is a secret society devoted to the interests of the agricultural classes. Its objects are stated in a general way by the Secretary of the National Grange, as follows:

"NATIONAL GRANGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"It is evident to all intelligent minds that the time has come when those engaged in rural pursuits should have an organization devoted entirely to their interests. Such it is intended to make the Order of Patrons. It was instituted in 1867; its growth is unprecedented in the history of secret associations, and it is acknowledged one of the most useful and powerful organizations in the United States. Its grand objects are not only general improvement in husbandry, but to increase the general happiness, wealth, and prosperity of the coun-

try. It is founded upon the axioms that the products of the soil comprise the basis of all wealth; that individual happiness depends upon general prosperity, and that the wealth of a country depends upon the general intelligence and mental culture of the producing classes.

"In the meetings of this Order all but members are excluded, and there is in its proceedings a symbolized ritual, pleasing, beautiful, and appropriate, which is designed not only to charm the fancy, but to cultivate and enlarge the mind and purify the heart; having at the same time strict adaptation to rural pursuits.

"The secrecy of the ritual and proceedings of the Order have been adopted chiefly for the purpose of accomplishing desired efficiency, extension, and unity, and to secure among its members, in the internal working of the Order, confidence, harmony, and security.

"Women are admitted to full membership, and we solicit the co-operation of women because of a conviction that without her aid success will be less certain and decided. Much might be said in this connection, but every husband and brother knows that where he can be accompanied by his wife or sister no lessons will be learned but those of purity and truth.

"The Order of the Patrons of Husbandry will accomplish a thorough and systematic organization among farmers and horticulturists throughout the United States, and will secure among them intimate social relations and acquaintance with each other, for the advancement and elevation of their pursuits, *with an appreciation and protection of their true interests.* By such

means may be accomplished that which exists throughout the country in all other avocations and among all other classes—*combined co-operative association for individual improvement and common benefit.*

"Among the advantages which may be derived from the Order are systematic arrangements for procuring and disseminating, in the most expeditious manner, information relative to crops, demand and supply, prices, markets, and transportation throughout the country; also for the purchase and exchange of stock, seeds, and desired varieties of plants and trees, and for the purpose of procuring help at home or from abroad, and situations for persons seeking employment; also, for ascertaining and testing the merits of newly-discovered farming implements and those not in general use, and for *detecting and exposing those that are unworthy, and for protecting, by all available means, the farming interests from fraud and deception, and combinations of every kind.*

"We ignore all political or religious discussions in the Order; we do not solicit the patronage of any sect, association, or individual, upon any grounds whatever, except upon the intrinsic merits of the Order.

"The better to secure greater benefits to our members, we desire to establish Granges in every city, town, and village in the United States."

The Order consists of a National Grange with its headquarters at Washington, D. C., as many State Granges as there are States in the Union, and an indefinite number of Subordinate Granges. The names and addresses of the officers of the various State Granges have been given. The officers of the National Grange are as follows:

OFFICERS OF NATIONAL GRANGE.

Elected at Sixth Annual Session.

Master—DUDLEY W. ADAMS, Waukon, Iowa.
Overseer—THOMAS TAYLOR, Columbia, South Carolina.
Lecturer—T. A. THOMPSON, Plainvew, Wabasha Co., Minn.
Steward—A. J. VAUGHAN, Early Grove, Marshall Co., Miss.
Assistant Steward—G. W. THOMPSON, New Brunswick, N. J.
Chaplain—REV. A. B. GROSH, Washington, D. C.
Treasurer—F. M. MCDOWELL, Corning, N. Y.
Secretary—O. H. KELLEY, Washington, D. C.
Gate-keeper—O. DINWIDDIE, Orchard Grove, Lake Co., Ind.
Ceres—MRS. D. W. ADAMS, Waukon, Iowa.
Pomona—MRS. O. H. KELLEY, Washington, D. C.
Flora—MRS. J. C. ABBOTT, Clarkesville, Butler Co., Iowa.
Lady Assistant Steward—MISS C. A. HALL, Washington, D. C.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS, Washington, D. C.
D. WYATT AIKEN, Cokesbury, Abbeville Co., S. C.
E. R. SHANKLAND, Dubuque, Iowa.

The membership of the Order is confined to persons engaged in agricultural pursuits. This limitation is necessary as the success of the Order depends upon the unity of interests existing among its members. There must be a common object, and a common incentive to attain the fulfilment of that object.

The term Grange, which is applied to the various societies composing the Order, is particularly appropriate. It is derived from the Latin *granium*, and means simply a farm.

The membership of the Order includes both males and females. The former must be over eighteen years of age, and the latter over sixteen. These constitute a secret society, which is divided into local or subordinate Granges, State Granges, and a National Grange.

According to the Constitution of the Order, the officers

of a local Grange are thirteen in number, and are elected annually. Nine are men, and four women. The male officers are a Master, Overseer, Lecturer, Steward, Assistant Steward, Chaplain, Treasurer, Secretary, and Gate-keeper. The female officers are Ceres, Pomona, Flora, and Lady Assistant Steward. The officers of the State and National Grange are the same in number and title.

The State Grange consists of the Masters and Past Masters (or Masters who have passed out of office) of the local Granges. As there must be twelve officers in the State Grange, the Constitution requires that there shall be fifteen local Granges in each State before a State Grange can be organized.

The National Grange is composed of the Masters and Past Masters of the State Granges.

The local Granges are required to meet once a month, but are permitted to hold as many intermediate meetings as they may deem necessary. The State Granges and the National Grange meet annually, at such times and places as they may appoint.

No one but a person of good moral character can become a member of the Order. Idlers and disreputable persons have no place in it. No religious or political test is demanded. Individual opinions are respected and tolerated to the fullest degree; and no discussions upon religious or political questions are allowed at the meetings of the Granges.

The Order is a secret society, as has been stated. Its proceedings are secret, and none but members are admitted to its meetings. Several degrees are included in the organization, for each of which there is a beautiful and appropriate ritual.

The subordinate or local Grange is empowered to confer four degrees. The first degree is that of Laborer. When conferred upon women it is the degree of Maid. The second is that of Cultivator, for men; and Shepherdess for women. The third, that of Harvester, for men; and Gleaner, for women. The fourth, that of Husbandman, for men; and Matron for women.

The State Grange alone confers the fifth degree, that of Pomona (Hope). The wives of Masters of the local Granges are also members of the State Grange.

The last two degrees are conferred by the National Grange only. They are the sixth degree, or that of Flora (Charity); conferred upon Masters of the State Granges and their wives who have taken the degree of Pomona; and the seventh degree, or that of Ceres (Faith), which is conferred upon any members of the National Grange who have served one year therein. It has charge of the secret work of the Order, and tries all cases of impeachment of officers of the National Grange.

Each person becoming a member of the Order is required to pay an initiation fee, which is fixed at $5 for men, and $2 for women. This covers the four degrees of the subordinate Grange. The monthly dues are regulated by each Grange, but they cannot be less than ten cents for each member.

The Treasurer of the subordinate Grange is required to pay to the State Grange the sum of $1 for each man, and fifty cents for each woman initiated into the Grange, such payments being made quarterly. He is also required to pay a quarterly due of six cents for each member.

Each State Grange is required to pay to the National Grange in quarterly instalments, the annual due of ten

cents for each member of the Order within its jurisdiction. The funds of the Order are guarded by a series of judicious regulations, and their proper administration is thus guaranteed.

The necessity for these payments, as well as some of the leading objects of the Order, is set forth in the following communication from a leading Southern Patron (Mr. Wm. E. Simmons, of Charleston, S. C.):

"Not quite a year ago, I called one day to see a friend on some business; this was soon arranged to our mutual satisfaction, and, after chatting a while, I got up to leave. As we shook hands my friend handed me a small pamphlet, at the same time requesting me to read it. 'What is this?' I asked. 'Read it and judge for yourself,' he replied. By reference to the title page I was informed that this mysterious little book was the 'Constitution of the *Patrons of Husbandry*.' 'Who are the Patrons of Husbandry? I never heard of them,' I soliloquized. Upon reading a little further I found that this was a name applied to a secret organization for the promotion and protection of agricultural interests, which existed throughout various portions of the United States, in the form of clubs, or, according to the Patrons' nomenclature, 'Granges.' I also discovered that there was a head centre or 'National Grange,' located at Washington, to which all other Granges were subservient, and from which emanated all authority, information, and plans of work of any importance. Now, the idea of applying for authority to organize a club of farmers in South Carolina, to a body of men nearly five hundred miles away, and of submitting to them, for their sanction, every plan of work that we devise down here, for the benefit of

our immediate neighborhood, seemed to me to imply a degree of subjection to the will of others altogether at variance with my conception of republican free principles. This, however, was only my side of the question, and being unwilling to incur the odium attached to the two knights of olden time, who, having regarded a shield from different stand-points, and seen different colors, contended, each, that the color he had seen was that of the whole shield, and neither having the candor to go over to the other side and see for himself, both preferred to settle the question at the point of the sword. I, therefore, determined just to step over and see how things looked from the opposite stand-point. And I must say that a good deal of the one-sided coloring I had at first seen was lost by this little manœuvre. For instance, being subject to the will of the National Grange, which had, at first, seemed to be so great an objection, began now to look somewhat like an advantage, certainly like a necessity. For any body of men to be effective must be organized, and every organization to be perfect must have a head, with an able corps of subaltern officers. Just in proportion as an organization is deficient in these respects will it be deficient in strength, and *vice versa*, the same is equally true. The Patrons of Husbandry is simply a grand combination of societies, of which the subordinate Granges are the individual members, the State Granges the corps of subaltern officers, and the National Grange, composed of none but those who are distinguished for pre-eminent merit and ability, the great head. Now, each subordinate Grange, being only one of a thousand, like individual members of one great body, it is necessary for the good of the whole that their several workings be in

harmony with each other, and consistent with the objects of the Order. Therefore, to secure this general harmony and consistency, it is necessary that each subordinate and State Grange should submit its plan of work to the approval of the National Grange, otherwise it might enter upon a field of work totally foreign to either of the foregoing principles. Again, the exaction by the National Grange, from other Granges, of an annual due for each of their members, and each degree conferred on members during the year, seemed to me to be an imposition—a well-planned scheme for extracting money from the unsuspecting farmer. Why are we not allowed to keep all our money in our own Grange? Surely we can use it to better advantage than any other body of men! When, however, I began to think of the functions of this Grange, its portion of the work of this immense body of societies, of the vast amount of information, covering every subject of interest to the Order, daily being collected by it all over the country, to be handed over to the printer and afterward re-distributed, in a printed form, to the Granges in every section, it occurred to me that to do all this requires at least one office, and one or more secretaries and correspondents. How is the rental of that office to be paid? These secretaries and correspondents must be paid for their time. How, also, are their salaries to be paid? And, more important than all, how can it pay for this large amount of printing? Besides, the postage on all this material must foot up handsomely at the end of the year. A new member of a subordinate Grange, after having taken four degrees, has paid into the treasury of the Grange five dollars, besides his regular monthly dues. Of this sum, the treasurer of his Grange pays the secre-

tary of the State Grange twenty-five cents for each degree the new member has taken; also, an annual due of twenty-five cents for said member, making a total of one dollar and twenty-five cents for the year. The treasurer of the State Grange then pays to the secretary of the National Grange ten cents for each degree conferred upon this member, together with an additional ten cents, as an annual due for him, or a total of fifty cents for the year. Thus, of five dollars and over, paid by a new member into the treasury of his Grange during the first year of his membership, only fifty cents is claimed by the National Grange, and, after he has taken all the degrees, it claims only ten cents as his annual due.

"The woman membership feature, likewise, appeared to be a very objectionable one. 'Woman's proper sphere of action,' I repeated, 'is the fireside; when she leaves that to join societies, etc., she takes the first step towards woman's rights.' But there is no more danger of her becoming a woman's rights woman at the Grange than there is of her becoming one at the fireside, for at each place she is in company with her husband and brother. . . . . .

"As to the importance of woman's aid, I thought of the numerous instances afforded by history of the powerful influence she has always exercised over the destinies of mankind, but a stronger proof of that importance exists in the mind of every man in the United States who is blessed with a faithful and intelligent wife. But where is the necessity for secrecy? Why cannot the workings of the Order be open to the gaze of all men? Men who do good only are never afraid to have their actions scrutinized. Certainly not. But wise men keep their own counsel, and of what they do

the world knows nothing until it is done. The general who conceives a great strategic movement confides his plans only to a few trusty followers, and when any business of great moment comes before Congress it sits in secret session. The general does not conceal his plans, nor Congress its deliberations, through fear of the world's scrutiny, but because the safety of the interests involved demands that secrecy be observed. In like manner, then, the Patrons conceal their deliberations, because by so doing they insure greater security and efficiency in their workings. Thus, also, are bad men prevented availing themselves of the advantages of the Order to impose upon the credulity of mankind. Secret societies, too, have always been more permanent than others, and will flourish where the latter die out. When, however, I had got this far, I suddenly remembered that we had an agricultural society in our county, and I began asking myself why it would not answer all the purposes of this secret Order of farmers. After a little reflection upon the objects of such organizations, I found that agricultural societies are limited in their application to furnishing information on the *practice* of agriculture, horticulture, etc., on the nature of soils and manures, to the establishment of shows for produce, stock, etc., and to the promotion of agricultural education. Here, then, were the most important objects of agricultural societies; unless the Patrons proposed to do more, it was useless to think further on the subject of joining them. But, on turning my attention to the objects of the Patrons, it soon became evident that not only did they propose to do all of the above, but also a great deal more. Besides teaching the farmer how to practise agriculture after the most im-

proved methods, they, likewise, protect him in the act. They are ever on the watch to detect and warn him of impositions, to prevent his intrusting his produce to fraudulent agents, and to bring about a reduction of high freights for his benefit. They enable him to purchase his supplies cheaper, and his tools and machinery at from ten to twenty-five per cent. less than he can by any other means. They prevent cruelty to animals, nurse the sick, assist the poor, instruct the youth, establish libraries and reading-rooms, and aim at elevating all classes, both socially and morally. And while agricultural societies, in general, possess no common bond of union, each being wholly independent of the other, the Granges are but so many 'parts of one stupendous whole,' which whole is a body firmly united in substance and intent, guided by one head, striving for the achievement of one end, namely, THE GENERAL GOOD OF THE AGRICULTURIST AT LARGE."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAWS OF THE ORDER.

Constitution and By-Laws of the Order—Preamble—Organization—Degrees—Officers—Meetings—Laws—Ritual—Membership—Fees for Membership—Dues—Requirements—Charters and Dispensations—Duties of Officers—Treasurers—Restrictions—Amendments—Birth-day of Ceres to be observed—By-Laws.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ORDER OF PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY, AND BY-LAWS OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE,

Adopted at the Sixth Annual Session of the National Grange, January 1873.

PREAMBLE.

HUMAN happiness is the acme of earthly ambition. Individual happiness depends upon general prosperity.

The prosperity of a nation is in proportion to the value of its productions.

The soil is the source from whence we derive all that constitutes wealth; without it we would have no agriculture, no manufactures, no commerce. Of all the material gifts of the Creator, the various productions of the vegetable world are of the first importance. The art of agriculture is the parent and precursor of all arts, and its products the foundation of all wealth.

The productions of the earth are subject to the influence of natural laws, invariable and indisputable; the amount produced will consequently be in proportion to the intelligence of the producer, and success will depend upon his knowledge of the action of these laws, and the proper application of their principles.

Hence, knowledge is the foundation of happiness.

The ultimate object of this organization is for mutual instruction and protection, to lighten labor by diffusing a knowledge of its aims and purposes, expand the mind by tracing the beautiful laws the Great Creator has established in the Universe, and to enlarge our views of Creative wisdom and power.

To those who read aright, history proves that in all ages society is fragmentary, and successful results of general welfare can be secured only by general effort. Unity of action cannot be acquired without discipline, and discipline cannot be enforced without significant organization; hence we have a ceremony of initiation which binds us in mutual fraternity as with a band of iron; but although its influence is so powerful, its application is as gentle as that of the silken thread that binds a wreath of flowers.

The Patrons of Husbandry consist of the following:

ORGANIZATION.

Subordinate Granges.

First Degree: Laborer, (man,) Maid, (woman.)
Second Degree: Cultivator, (man,) Shepherdess, (woman.)
Third Degree: Harvester, (man,) Gleaner, (woman.)
Fourth Degree: Husbandman, (man,) Matron, (woman.)

State Grange.

Fifth Degree: Pomona, (Hope.)

Composed of the Masters of Subordinate Granges and their wives who are Matrons. Past Masters and their wives who are Matrons shall be honorary members and eligible to office, but not entitled to vote.

National Grange.

Sixth Degree: Flora, (Charity.)

Composed of Masters of State Granges and their wives who have taken the degree of Pomona. Past Masters of State Granges, and their wives who have taken said degree of Pomona, shall be honorary members and eligible to office, but not entitled to vote.

Seventh Degree: Ceres, (Faith.)

Members of the National Grange who have served one year therein may become members of this degree upon application and election. It shall have charge of the secret work of the Order,

and shall be a court of impeachment of all officers of the National Grange.

Members of this degree are honorary members of the National Grange, and are eligible to office therein, but not entitled to vote.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—*Officers.*

SECTION 1. The officers of a Grange, either National, State, or Subordinate, consist of and rank as follows: Master, Overseer, Lecturer, Steward, Assistant Steward, Chaplain, Treasurer, Secretary, Gate-keeper, Ceres, Pomona, Flora, and Lady Assistant Steward. It is their duty to see that the laws of the Order are carried out.

SEC. 2. *How Chosen.*—In the Subordinate Granges they shall be chosen annually; in the State Granges once in two years; and in the National Grange once in three years. All elections to be by ballot.

Vacancies by death or resignation to be filled at a special election at the next regular meeting thereof—officers so chosen to serve until the annual meeting.

SEC. 3. The Master of the National Grange may appoint members of the Order as deputies to organize Granges where no State Grange exists.

SEC. 4. There shall be an Executive Committee of the National Grange, consisting of three members, whose terms of office shall be three years, one of whom shall be elected each year.

SEC. 5. The officers of the respective Granges shall be addressed as "WORTHY."

ARTICLE II.—*Meetings.*

SECTION 1. *Subordinate Granges* shall meet each month, and may hold intermediate meetings as may be deemed necessary for the good of the Order. All business meetings are confined to the Fourth Degree.

SEC. 2. *State Granges* shall meet annually at such time and place as the Grange shall from year to year determine.

SEC. 3. The *National Grange* shall meet annually on the first Wednesday in February, at such place as the Grange may from year to year determine. Should the National Grange adjourn without selecting the place of meeting, the Executive Committee shall ap-

point the place and notify the Secretary of the National Grange and the Masters of State Granges, at least thirty days before the day appointed.

ARTICLE III.—*Laws.*

The National Grange, at its annual session, shall frame, amend, or repeal such laws as the good of the Order may require. All laws of State and Subordinate Granges must conform to this Constitution and the laws adopted by the National Grange.

ARTICLE IV.—*Ritual.*

The Ritual adopted by the National Grange shall be used in all Subordinate Granges, and any desired alteration in the same must be submitted to, and receive the sanction of, the National Grange.

ARTICLE V.—*Membership.*

Any person interested in Agricultural pursuits, of the age of sixteen years, (female,) and eighteen years, (male,) duly proposed, elected, and complying with the rules and regulations of the Order, is entitled to membership and the benefit of the degrees taken. Every application must be accompanied by the fee of membership. If rejected, the money will be refunded. Applications must be certified by members, and balloted for at a subsequent meeting. It shall require three negative votes to reject an applicant.

ARTICLE VI.—*Fees for Membership.*

The minimum fee for membership in a Subordinate Grange shall be, for men five dollars, and for women two dollars, for the four degrees, except charter members, who shall pay—men, three dollars, and women fifty cents.

ARTICLE VII. *Dues.*

SECTION 1. The minimum of regular monthly dues shall be ten cents from each member, and each Grange may otherwise regulate its own dues.

SEC. 2. The Secretary of each Subordinate Grange shall report quarterly to the Secretary of the State Grange the names of all persons initiated or passed to higher degrees.

SEC. 3. The Treasurer of each Subordinate Grange shall report quarterly, and pay to the Treasurer of his State Grange the sum

of one dollar for each man, and fifty cents for each woman initiated during that quarter; also a quarterly due of six cents for each member.

SEC. 4. The Secretary of each State Grange shall report quarterly to the Secretary of the National Grange the membership in his State, and the degrees conferred during the quarter.

SEC. 5. The Treasurer of each State Grange shall deposit to the credit of the National Grange of Patrons of Husbandry with some Banking or Trust company in New York, (to be selected by the Executive Committee,) in quarterly instalments, the annual due of ten cents for each member in his State, and forward the receipts for the same to the Treasurer of the National Grange.

SEC. 6. All moneys deposited with said company shall be paid out only upon the drafts of the Treasurer, signed by the Master, and countersigned by the Secretary.

SEC. 7. No State Grange shall be entitled to representation in the National Grange whose dues are unpaid for more than one quarter.

ARTICLE VIII.—*Requirements.*

SECTION 1. Reports from Subordinate Granges relative to crops, implements, stock, or any other matters called for by the National Grange, must be certified to by the Master and Secretary, and under seal of the Grange giving the same.

SEC. 2. All printed matter on whatever subject, and all information issued by the National or State to Subordinate Granges, shall be made known to the members without unnecessary delay.

SEC. 3. If any brothers or sisters of the Order are sick, it shall be the duty of the Patrons to visit them, and see that they are well provided with all things needful.

SEC. 4. Any member found guilty of wanton cruelty to animals shall be expelled from the Order.

SEC. 5. The officers of Subordinate Granges shall be on the alert in devising means by which the interests of the whole Order may be advanced; but no plan of work shall be adopted by State or Subordinate Granges without first submitting it to, and receiving the sanction of, the National Grange.

ARTICLE IX.—*Charters and Dispensations.*

SECTION 1. All charters and dispensations issue directly from the National Grange.

SEC. 2. Nine men and four women, having received the four Subordinate Degrees, may receive a dispensation to organize a Subordinate Grange.

SEC. 3. Applications for dispensations shall be made to the Secretary of the National Grange, and be signed by the persons applying for the same, and be accompanied by a fee of fifteen dollars.

SEC. 4. Charter members are those persons *only* whose names are upon the application, and whose fees were paid at the time of organization. Their number shall not be less than nine men and four women, nor more than twenty men and ten women.

SEC. 5. Fifteen Subordinate Granges working in a State can apply for authority to organize a State Grange.

SEC. 6. When State Granges are organized, dispensations will be replaced by charters, issued without further fee.

SEC. 7. All charters must pass through the State Granges for record, and receive the seal and official signatures of the same.

SEC. 8. No Grange shall confer more than one degree (either *First, Second, Third, or Fourth*) at the same meeting.

SEC. 9. After a State Grange is organized, all applications for charters must pass through the same and be approved by the Master and Secretary.

ARTICLE X.—*Duties of Officers.*

The duties of the officers of the National, State, and Subordinate Granges shall be prescribed by the laws of the same.

ARTICLE XI.—*Treasurers.*

SECTION 1. The Treasurers of the National, State, and Subordinate Granges shall give bonds, to be approved by the officers of their respective Granges.

SEC. 2. In all Granges bills must be approved by the Master, and countersigned by the Secretary, before the Treasurer can pay the same.

ARTICLE XII.—*Restrictions.*

Religious or political questions will not be tolerated as subjects of discussion in the work of the Order, and no political or religious tests for membership shall be applied.

ARTICLE XIII.—*Amendments.*

This Constitution can be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the National Grange at any annual meeting, and when

such alteration or amendment shall have been ratified by three-fourths of the State Granges, and the same reported to the Secretary of the National Grange, it shall be of full force.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 1.

The fourth day of December, the birthday of the Patrons of Husbandry, shall be celebrated as the anniversary of the Order.

ARTICLE 2.

Not less than the representation of ten States present at any meeting of the National Grange, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE 3.

At the annual meeting of each State Grange it may elect a proxy to represent the State Grange in the National Grange in case of the inability of the Master to attend, but such proxy shall not thereby be entitled to the Sixth Degree.

ARTICLE 4.

Questions of administration and jurisprudence, arising in and between State Granges, and appeal from the action and decision thereof, shall be referred to the Master and Executive Committee of the National Grange, whose decision shall be respected and obeyed until overruled by action of the National Grange.

ARTICLE 5.

It shall be the duty of the Master to preside at meetings of the National Grange; to see that all officers and members of committees properly perform their respective duties; to see that the Constitution, By-laws, and Resolutions of the National Grange and the usages of the Order are observed and obeyed; to sign all drafts drawn upon the treasury, and generally to perform all duties pertaining to such office.

ARTICLE 6.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all proceedings of the National Grange, to keep a just and true account of all moneys received and paid out by him, to countersign all drafts upon the treasury, to conduct the correspondence of the National Grange, and generally to act as the administrative officer

of the National Grange, under the direction of the Master and the Executive Committee.

It shall be his duty at least once each month, to deposit with the Fiscal Agency holding the funds of the National Grange all moneys that may have come into his hands, and forward a duplicate receipt therefor to the Treasurer, and to make a full report of all transactions to the National Grange at each annual session.

It shall be his further duty to procure a monthly report from the Fiscal Agency with whom the funds of the National Grange are deposited of all moneys received and paid out by them during each month, and send a copy of such report to the Executive Committee and the Master of the National Grange.

ARTICLE 7.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to issue all drafts upon the Fiscal Agency of the Order, said drafts having been previously signed by the Master and countersigned by the Secretary of the National Grange.

SEC. 2. He shall report monthly to the Master of the National Grange, through the office of the Secretary, a statement of all receipts of deposits made by him, and of all drafts or checks signed by him during the previous month.

SEC. 3. He shall report to the National Grange at each annual session a statement of all receipts of deposits made by him and of all drafts or checks signed by him since his last annual report.

ARTICLE 8.

It shall be the duty of the Lecturer to visit, for the good of the Order, such portions of the United States as the Executive Committee may direct, for which services he shall receive compensation.

ARTICLE 9.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to exercise a general supervision of the affairs of the Order during the recess of the National Grange; to instruct the Secretary in regard to printing and disbursements, and to place in his hands a contingent fund; to decide all questions and appeals referred to them by the officers and members of State Granges; and to lay before the National Grange at each session a report of all such questions and appeals and their decisions thereon.

ARTICLE 10.

SECTION 1. Such compensation for time and service shall be given the Master, Lecturer, Secretary, Treasurer, and Executive Committee, as the National Grange may, from time to time, determine.

SEC. 2. Whenever General Deputies are appointed by the Master of the National Grange, said deputies shall receive such compensation for time and services as may be determined by the Executive Committee: *Provided,* In no case shall pay from the National Grange be given General Deputies in any State after the formation of its State Grange.

ARTICLE 11.

SECTION 1. The financial existence of Subordinate Granges shall date from the first day of January, first day of April, first day of July, and first day of October subsequent to the day of their organization, from which date their first quarter shall commence.

SEC. 2. State Granges shall date their financial existence three months after the first day of January, first of April, first of July, and first of October immediately following their organization.

ARTICLE 12.

Each State Grange shall be entitled to send one representative, who shall be a Master thereof, or his proxy, to all meetings of the National Grange. He shall receive mileage at the rate of five cents per mile both ways, computed by the nearest practicable route, to be paid as follows: The Master and Secretary of the National Grange shall give such representative an order for the amount on the Treasurer of the State Grange which he represents, and this order shall be receivable by the National Grange in payment of State dues.

ARTICLE 13.

Special meetings of the National Grange shall be called by the Master upon the application of the Masters of ten State Granges, one month's notice of such meeting being given to all members of the National Grange. No alterations or amendments to the By-laws or Ritual shall be made at any special meeting.

ARTICLE 14.

These By-laws may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the National Grange by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GRANGE AS A MEANS OF PROTECTION.

Advantages to the Farmers of the Grange—A Means of Combination afforded them—Good Results of Combination—Harmonious Action secured—The Grange intended as a Means of resisting the Farmers' Enemies—How it proposes to correct Abuses—The War against the Railroads—The Grange pledged to secure Measures just to all Parties—The Entire Order working for the Accomplishment of One Object—The Order the Protector of the Farmer—Plan of Action—How Measures are devised and carried out—Position of the Grange towards the Railroads—The Grange not a Political Institution—The Power of the Order, and how it is exerted—Individual Opinions respected by the Order—Prospects for the Future—Its Work—Membership confined to Agriculturalists.

WE propose, now that we have stated the general character of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, to examine into some of its avowed objects, and to discuss some of its claims to the confidence and favor of the class to which it appeals.

In the first place, the Grange offers to the farmers of the United States a means of combination, of harmony of action such as they have never before possessed. It offers them the means of expressing their views and wishes as a body, and of enforcing them. Its objects and mode of accomplishing them are distinctly stated, and are such as to commend themselves to every member of the Order. The weakest local Grange pursues a policy and seeks the furtherance of ideas and interests that are the objects of the efforts of every Grange in the Union. There is no division. Individual differ-

ences are cheerfully surrendered to the common good. An opportunity is afforded to each member to give expression to his views, and the general discussion which follows such expression subjects the ideas advanced to a test which proves either their excellence or the reverse.

It has been generally admitted that "the farmer is a power in the land," but this admission has been made in a vague sort of way. The farmer has hitherto been conscious of his power, but it has been as a voter that he has regarded himself. He has known the extent to which his power has been rendered useless by the divisions that have existed among his class. Farmer Smith may have had one idea of his grievances, and the proper mode of righting them, and the view held by Farmer Brown may have been entirely different. But in the Grange these two men meet upon a common platform. The Order recognizes as evils certain things upon which the whole farming class have long been united, and it proposes a method of redress which men of the most extreme views can accept. Its primary object is to bring about a union among the farmers of the Republic, for it is its cardinal maxim that only in union can the agricultural class show its strength and make it felt.

The Grange recognizes the plain fact that the American farmer is the victim of certain evils, and it proposes to correct these. In order to accomplish this, it organizes the farmers into one harmonious body; makes them a unit, and then exerts their combined strength for their protection. Conscious that the farmer needs protection against his foes, and that a single man can accomplish nothing, the Grange exerts the strength of a powerful

combination to protect the farmer against the evils from which he suffers.

The Grange recognizes that the farmer is robbed of his fair reward by the extortions of the railroad companies, and it seeks to bring about the existence of a more liberal state of affairs in which the railroads, while earning a just return on their investments, shall allow the farmer a more generous and less ruinous rate of freights. It proposes to accomplish this by the united action of the farmers of the entire country; by placing in power men of tried integrity, and who will secure the passage of a series of laws which shall protect the farmer and at the same time do justice to the railroad companies. This is a task of great magnitude, for, as we have shown, the power of the Corporations is immense, and they will not easily surrender it. But the Grange has taken a lesson from them. It has observed that they have achieved their power to plunder by combination and unity of action, and it proposes to fight them with the same weapons. It proposes to combine the farmers of each and every State against them. No single man, no single local or State organization of men, could accomplish such a work. But with the machinery at the command of the Order, the work is simple enough.

In each local Grange the programme is the same as in the National Grange. The same evil is recognized, and the same method of remedying it is sought to be enforced. The measures necessary to this end are arranged, and have received the sanction of the National Grange. They are recommended to the Order at large, and are communicated by the National Grange to the various State Granges, each of which, in its turn, com-

municates them to its respective subordinate or local Granges. The local Granges, through their individual members, carry these measures into effect, and thus we have the whole Order working for the accomplishment of one object. It is easy to see that when the Order shall embrace the entire agricultural class, as it now bids fair to do, its power to accomplish its objects will be irresistible.

The Grange then constitutes itself the protector of the farmers and their interests, and thus at the outset appeals to their sympathy and secures their co-operation. Its acts being the results of the combined wisdom of its members, it is clear that the protection it offers will be enlightened and efficient. Its deliberations ensure the avoidance of rash and hot-headed action. Nothing is done until all means are discussed, and the best and most suitable secured. The farmer is conscious that he has powerful and unscrupulous enemies, and that he urgently needs protection against them; as a member of the Order he can secure the accomplishment of the object nearest his heart, and self-interest prompts him to be a Patron of Husbandry.

The Order has, as we have said, clear and well-defined views of the evils from which the farmers are suffering, and its chief object is to remedy them. It claims to be the best judge of the wisdom and efficiency of these measures, and declines to allow the farmer's enemies to decide the question for him. Such opposition as it has met, has come from the monopolies and their supporters; but as one of the objects of the Order is the destruction of these gigantic frauds upon the people, this opposition is natural, and was to have been expected.

It has been charged that the Order is hostile to the railroads of the country, and is bent upon their destruction. This charge is absurd; but as it has been made, we may as well meet it. The Grange is not hostile to the railroads as a means of transportation, for it recognizes the necessity of this establishment to our system of society, but it is bitterly hostile to the corrupt management of this great industry. It is entirely opposed to the system of building railroads at the cost of the nation for the benefit of a few stockholders. It is opposed to the system of watering the stocks of railroad corporations, and of over-charging the people who are compelled to use the roads, in order to extort from them the means of paying large dividends on this fictitious increase of stock. It is opposed to the tyranny and corruption of the railroads, to their disregard of the rights of individuals and communities; and it is in favor of subjecting them to a series of laws which shall place them on a footing with other industries, and compel them to respect the rights of others.

These things it proposes to change, and we have shown that it has the power to accomplish its object. It is an object which appeals to the sympathy and demands the co-operation of the people at large, and there cannot be a doubt that the Order will receive all the outside aid that it needs.

The Order seeks no affiliation with either or any of the political parties of the present day. It has nothing to do with what men usually call politics. It is devoted to the interests of the farmers, and leaves political questions to its individual members, respecting every man's right of opinion and action in these matters.

Its views upon the political questions of the day

differ in different States. Attempts have been made by politicians to ally it with one or the other of the great parties that divide the nation, but they have not been successful. The Order has kept aloof from all such parties, and aims only at protecting the farming classes from the wrongs from which they are suffering, and devising and carrying out measures for their relief. It does not seek to interfere with or supersede either party, but, undertaking a different work from that of either, draws its recruits from both. The work with which it is charged is enough for it; and will occupy its attention and engage its energies to the exclusion of all other questions.

Nor has the Grange yet perfected its system of operations. The evils it seeks to combat are so old and great that there can be no difference respecting them; but the remedies are yet under discussion, and no definite plan of action will be resolved upon until a thorough investigation of its merits and a free interchange of opinions can be had.

Says a writer who has spent much time among the farmers of the West for the especial purpose of learning their views:

"The Grange makes no war upon railroads as such. Its members generally recognize the fact that without railroads their rich farms would soon be deserted except along the rivers, and become once more the homes of wolves and wild fowl, and they are willing that men who put their money into railroads shall receive fair returns on the capital they invest. But they believe that the people have some rights which even railroad corporations are bound to respect, and they are not willing that railroad charges shall be put so high as to pay

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ten per cent. on stock which the present owners never paid anything for, nor on stock that has been issued as a dividend. Many of the roads have been partially built with money subscribed by the farmers themselves, or by the towns and counties through which they extend, and the people are unwilling that men who have since got possession of these roads, often by the payment of comparatively little money, shall make large dividends until they have low rates. Above all, they are unwilling that the price of their crops shall be fixed by a ring of railroad men.

"The remedy proposed is different in almost every State. Some propose a *pro rata* law; some desire a fixed rate of maximum tariffs for freight and passengers; some desire that the question shall be regulated by the State, and some by the United States. In some States the present controversy is over the power of the Legislatures to control the railroads; in others that power is conceded either in the charters of the companies or the constitutions of the States, and then the question is, how shall the power be exercised? Some hold that the right of eminent domain exercised by a State in condemning private property for the use of railroads is a right pertaining only to the State in its sovereign capacity, and one of which it cannot in any way divest itself. Railroad property, they say, is no more sacred or exempt from the exercise of this right, when the interests of the people demand it, than any other. Should a railroad company now existing, therefore, become so oppressive in its charges as to make it for the public interest that a new company should be formed under greater restrictions, the State has the power to charter a new company to operate a road

over the same line, and, in its exercise of the right of eminent domain, to appoint a commission to appraise and condemn the property belonging to the old company. Nowhere are violent or illegal measures proposed. No tracks have been torn up, no buildings burned; the motto of the Grange is, equal justice to all; and as the farmers have the power, by united action, to carry any measure they propose, they feel confident of ultimate success.

"The Grange is not a political organization; politics and religion are forbidden topics of discussion in the Grange-room. But it strives to educate men to think for themselves and not to follow the dictates of party leaders and packed caucuses unless their own judgment approves. A majority of the people in the West, as is well known, have been Republicans, and a majority of the Grangers voted for General Grant last year. The Democracy has been their *bête noir*, and though the faith of many of them may have been shaken in the infallibility of the Republican party, they would never go into any other of which the Democrats formed an influential part. But the Grange makes the farmers a power within themselves and outside of any political party, and now, in the States where they are strongest, should they step out of the ranks of the party with which they have hertofore acted, it would not be necessary for them to seek shelter in the camp of their long time political enemy. They might leave the old ship that served them so long and bore them safely through so many a glorious fight, but which is now strained and worm-eaten, not to go on board the Democratic ship, but to launch a new one of their own. How wisely they may build remains yet to be seen. Just now, the

influence of the Grange is little more than to loosen the bands that bind men to old parties and to make them free to choose their future places.

"The Grange, although organized several years ago, did not become a formidable body until within the past twelvemonth. Immense crops of corn which had to be sold for less than the cost of production; short crops of wheat, with no corresponding increase of price; railroad combinations to prevent competition and reasonable rates of freight; wheat and corn rings, formed to control the price along many of the great railroad lines, and to prevent the farmers from receiving any advantage from favorable markets; the insatiable greed of some implement makers and agents; the accumulating mortgages on farms—these and many other circumstances have at length aroused the long-suffering farmers, and the Grange, already instituted, gave them the means to make their demands effective. This explains the astonishing growth of the Order since October, 1872.

"I have said that none but farmers and their families may be members of the Grange. I see it reported that a number of grain-dealers and others in Boston, not practical agriculturists, have obtained a charter and organized a Grange. I don't know by what authority Mr. Abbott, the State Deputy of Massachusetts, has initiated men who were not farmers into the Order, but every prominent Patron with whom I have spoken on the subject disapproves of this extension of the Order, and the matter will probably come before the National Grange at its next session. Hundreds of men in every State I have visited have, for personal ends, attempted to obtain admission to the Grange. Some have been

politicians, who have desired to promote their political prospects; some have been commercial agents, who have had an eye to business; and some have been editors, who have desired to make the Order their constituents. Grangers are ready to clasp hands with any one for the purpose of promoting reform, but they do it outside of the Grange room."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE GRANGE.

Dull and Monotonous Life of Farmers and their Families—The need of the Farmer for Social Intercourse—Hard lot of Farmers' Wives and Daughters—Scarcity of Amusements—"All Work and no Play"—Demand for a Change—The Work of the Grange—The Grange a Means of Social Enjoyment—Advantages of the Social System of the Grange—Farmers' Wives and Daughters in the Grange—The Lesson of Innocent Enjoyment taught—Festivals and Pleasures of the Grange—How the Order promotes Sociability and Friendship among the Farmers—Interesting Details—Barbecues—Sociables—Public Meetings—The Lesson of Courtesy—What the Grange has done for the Happiness of the Agricultural Class—A Great and Good Work.

THERE is another feature of the Grange that, alone, would make it invaluable to the farmers of America. It is the best means that has yet been devised of cultivating social relations among them, and in its social aspects, it is a perfect success.

Few who have not been residents of the country, can rightly understand the monotony of a farmer's life. Day after day the farmer and his family pursue the same appointed round of toil. There is no change save the regular recurrence of the Sabbath, and attendance upon religious services where such privileges are accessible. During the busy season constant toil leaves little leisure on the hands of any member of the household; but when the long winters set in, and several months of forced inactivity are upon them, the monotony is often very hard to bear. It is always felt, even by the dullest.

Visiting is rare, and as a rule is not encouraged. Strange to say, the farmer does not value social intercourse, and yet no one needs it more. He lives a lonely and secluded life, rarely caring to go beyond the limits of his farm, except to visit the village or the country store on business. Occasionally a circus, or some travelling show, or some political meeting would draw the farmers out of their seclusion, but with this exception, the monotony was unbroken. No wonder, then, that with constant toil and unbroken solitude as his only companions, the farmer should be a careworn, prematurely old man. No human being can exist without a certain amount of recreation and change. If these be denied, the whole mental and moral nature must suffer. The indifference of the farmer to social pleasures and relaxations was, perhaps, the worst feature of the case.

Now, if this was the condition of the farmers, what shall we say of their wives and daughters? Women are much more dependent upon society than men. Monotony affects them quicker and more powerfully, and they need relaxation and amusement to a greater degree than men. Yet how inexpressibly dreary is the lot of the farmer's wife and daughter. Theirs is a life of constant toil—the same routine day after day, week after week—with scarcely a break in it. A funeral or a wedding, or a county fair, are great events in their existence, as they bring them together with their neighbors and afford them some little society. But as a rule the loneliness of their lives is unbroken. They are confined to the limits of the farm, and there they must remain.

Who that has attended a country fair has failed to

mark the noisy and, at the first glance, unnecessary mirth of the farmers' wives and daughters? To city people, with scores of pleasures and amusements within reach, these outbursts may seem ridiculous; but they are natural. They are the assertion of the protest of nature against the long and dreary restraint that has been put upon them, and the mirth of these women is as natural and irresistible as the song of the long imprisoned bird escaping from its cage. They laugh and are boisterous because they have been silent and subdued so long. Such occasions, such opportunities for enjoyment come rarely to them, and they are quick to take advantage of them. Their time for pleasure is brief, and they make the most of it. Then they go back to their dreary monotony at home; for no matter how comfortable the home, how liberal the provision of the husband and father, there is a monotony and a loneliness about it which the most loving wife and dutiful daughter feels most keenly.

"Time was when young American women born and bred in the country were glad to 'go out to do housework,' and a woman's 'help' in the house was intelligent and capable. That time has passed; intelligent American girls, if their services are not needed at home, and they are obliged wholly or partially to earn their own living, become teachers or seek employment in the cities and villages, while the only household 'help' that can be obtained is of the raw Irish or German variety, which requires a generation in which to be educated, and which when educated ceases to be obtainable. The farmer's wife, therefore, though she may be able and willing to pay for good assistance, cannot get it, and is obliged to make a slave of herself, working

from sunrise to sunset through the long Summer days until nature itself fairly gives way. I do not exaggerate; I have seen the haggard looks and heard the weary sighs of overworked farmers' wives in the East and in the West. I have seen broad acres of highly cultivated land groaning under the abundant crops, good houses and barns, fine stock and money to the farmer's credit in the bank, but the order and cleanliness that reigned in-doors in harvest time, when twenty hungry men sat around the farmer's board, as well as when the family only were there, were too often purchased at the price of the premature old age of the wife. Anything that will break in upon this tread-mill life which, though not quite universal, is altogether too common, should be hailed with joy by the farmer and his family."

Now the Grange proposes to change this state of affairs, and render to the farmers and their families one of the greatest services that can possibly be done for them. It offers them the means of improving their social intercourse, of adding to their pleasures, and of improving their condition mentally as well as socially.

"The social feature of the Order," says J. C. Abbott, Deputy of the National Grange, "consists in being associated with ladies who are admitted as members of the Order, and upon whom the four degrees of a subordinate Grange are conferred. Other Orders close their doors against women, and shut her out from their councils. But believing that she is the help-meet of man, and that we need her counsel, as well as her aid, we open the doors of the Grange and bid her welcome.

"At the regular monthly meetings of the Grange a feast is held, the ladies supplying a bountiful repast of

the good things of this life, and this is made the happy medium whereby introductions are made and many pleasing and lasting acquaintances are formed.

"Mankind, in their natures, are social beings, and when in solitude all pine for social and friendly intercourse. This being an organization designed especially for farmers, we say that its social features are particularly pleasing, and well adapted to meet the necessity which exists for some method to bring them and their wives and families together, so that they may know each other better, and be brought into a closer connection and sympathy than now exists.

"In fact, the aid already rendered to our Order by woman is invaluable, and her services could not well be dispensed with. To divest the Order of this feature would be to go far toward despoiling it, and detract greatly from the enjoyment now felt in all our meetings. We say, then, that woman's presence is indispensable in all places where good conduct and moral and religious principles are sought to be inculcated."

"Socially," says Captain E. L. Hovey, in an address delivered at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, February 22d, 1872, "it is the right thing in the right place, for it is a Farmers' Society. If there is anything that tends to break up the humdrum life they have been living, and are living, it should be fostered with every possible means. Of all the evils that fetter and hamper this class of our people, there is nothing so destructive of that happiness human beings were permanently destined to enjoy as the seclusion in which they drag out their lives. Isolated from the arena of business life, with nothing to stimulate thought, they too often live and die strangers to any of those finer and ennobling

feelings that are so readily nurtured by commingling of society. They are becoming more and more unsocial, and have been tending in this direction since the first settling in this country. A half century ago and more, when general poverty and insecurity rendered mutual protection a necessity, there was a more genial feeling among the inhabitants. They went long distances on foot for an evening's enjoyment of social intercourse; but since those good old days a competence has come to the majority of farmers, and they stick to the homestead with a tenacity that fosters every social evil. They go through with about the same routine of duties from sunrise to sundown, from one year's end to another, through the whole active part of life, never unloosing the mind from the drudgery of farm life. The human being alone was created with the faculty of social intercourse, and he who fails to improve it scarcely rises above the level of the brute creation.

"One of the principal objects of this Society is to enlarge this God-given faculty. It calls the laborious worker of the soil from his duties and places him side by side with those engaged in the same occupation. A thousand questions are discussed that interest and benefit its members.

"Place a person in solitary confinement before any indications of intelligence are manifest, and actual experiment proves that the appearance, the shape of head, the features, suffer from such treatment, and the actual knowledge is excluded. Since these things are so, farmers who enslave themselves, who are semi-imprisoned, cannot expect to wear a very prepossessing personal appearance.

"You all know the value of a social home; you

know the difference between it and one continuously darkened with silence, wrangling, or brutal violence, it may be. What tends more to enlighten the mind and fill it with principles that will shed their lustre down through the whole course of life than a family gathered after the work of the day is completed, engaged in healthy, mind-invigorating, social intercourse? Any one who has paid any attention to the positions of families reared in these different ways cannot fail to bid God-speed to one institution that will improve the social condition of the farmer.

"Some who are inclined to see a humbug in every new move assert that this is a 'woman's rights' movement; others that it is a cover for political intrigues. Nothing could be further from the truth. The fact that women are admitted to full membership in the Order I regard as one of its most worthy features. I do not believe in woman suffrage, nor never can. I do not believe in making a plow-point of a gold watch; but the condition of a people, its customs, its manners, its morals, its social standing, its educational status, depend more upon its women than upon man. Is there not as wide a field for improvement in woman's sphere as in man's? Besides, when men are assembled for mental culture or social chat, what more stimulates them to high-minded action than the presence of woman? But there is no need of my dilating upon this important theme. The solution of a mathematical problem decides the matter. If great good comes from a meeting of only two—provided that *both* sexes are represented—how much advantage will result from a gathering of a hundred?"

It may be a slight thing to the ordinary reader of a

newspaper to see such paragraphs as the following, which we clip from an exchange:

"Delegates of the several Granges of Dubuque county, Iowa, met at Rockdale on the 8th, and arranged for a monster basket pic-nic at Ebworth on the 17th."

"The Granges of Randolph county, Ind., held a pic-nic at the fair grounds at Winchester on the 9th."

These items, which are now very frequent in the newspapers of the day, may mean nothing at all to the ordinary reader, but to the farmer, or to one who is familiar with the old regime of country life, they are eloquent indeed, for they tell of a different era that has dawned upon the agricultural community, and to the "Granger" they are apparent as the work of his Order. Who ever heard of farmers taking the trouble to organize themselves for enjoyment until the Grange taught them that pleasure is a duty as well as labor?

In the monthly meetings of the subordinate Grange, the farmers of a community are brought together twelve times a year if no oftener, and are accompanied by their wives and daughters. The ordinary proceedings of each meeting are such as to interest them, and to place them in a happy frame of mind for the cultivation and promotion of social relations. Acquaintances are made, new friendships are formed, and old ones strengthened. The farmer is taught that the world does not end for him at the boundaries of his farm; that there are hopes, fears, joys and sorrows beyond his domain in which it is his duty to take an interest. The entire farming community is bound together by the bonds which unite men working for a common cause. A few hours are spent in pleasant intercourse.

The week or the month has one bright spot in it for those who have taken part in the meeting.

The farmer is taught that social relaxation and pleasure are a necessity of human existence, and the duty of granting these to his family and dependents is made an obligation which he is bound to comply with. Leading members of the Grange arrange for gatherings of pleasure and social intercourse apart from the regular meetings of the Order. Pic-nics, barbecues, sociables, processions, public meetings are arranged and carried out at such times as will not interfere with the work of the farm, and the whole power of the Order is exerted to break up the dullness of farm life and enliven it with innocent social pleasures, which shall lighten the cares of the farmers and their families and increase their happiness.

In all the meetings of the Order, in all its gatherings for pleasure, the two sexes are brought together, and placed upon an equality, and the farmer is thus quietly and forcibly reminded that his wife and daughters are ladies entitled to all the courtesies and attentions of polite society, and not mere drudges charged with the performance of household work; something he has been too apt to forget.

Courtesy and high-toned feelings and deportment in all things are the lessons taught by the Grange, which thus becomes the instructor and guide of its community. Coarse and improper pleasures, rude and unmanly or unwomanly conduct, are not tolerated by the Order. Its pleasures are innocent and healthful, and it aims at the elevation and improvement of its members in every respect.

A letter from Iowa, in which State the Order has

attained its greatest strength, thus refers to the great change which the Grange has already brought about there:

"The social condition of a majority of the farmers in this State before the organization of Granges is described to me by leading members as anything but satisfactory. The country is comparatively new, having been settled only 10 to 25 years, and the people are still very much isolated. The dull monotony of their lives has only been broken in upon by an occasional wedding or funeral, and they have plodded on year after year, working from sunrise to sunset, taking very few holidays, rarely meeting each other except at the cross-roads store, church, or town-meeting, reading very little, and, in fact, transforming themselves into corn and wheat-producing machines. Of business methods they have known almost nothing. It was rare that a farmer was able to tell how much it cost him to make a bushel of corn or of wheat, a pound of beef or of butter, or to bale a ton of hay. The condition of the farmer's wife was even worse. Her work began earlier and ended later than that of her husband. It was a slavish life, with almost nothing to give it variety or to lift the woman out of the deep rut of her daily drudgery. Perhaps the most of these people have never known any different kind of life; perhaps they have had better food and a greater abundance of it, more comfortable homes and better clothing than before they became Iowa farmers, but their enjoyment of life has been of a low order, and any one who will give them broader ideas will be hailed as a benefactor. I have not been describing the average farmer of this State from personal observation; that would be impossible for a stranger

spending only a few days, or at most weeks, in the State to obtain. I am obliged to take the picture as it is painted for me by those who have beem familiar with it for years, and who have often sat at the farmer's table and slept in his 'spare room.' At the same time no one can ride across this State without observing even from the window of a railway car a painful contrast between the richness of the fields and the poverty of many of the homes. I don't believe there is a better farming country in the world than the Des Moines Valley, with its beautiful rolling prairie lands, and it every where shows evidence of good culture. And yet the owners of those farms live too often in little cramped-up houses, unattractive, in many cases uncomfortable. If there are good houses, they are generally owned not by the men who get their living from the farms, but by the men who buy wheat and ship it, or who have other means of support, and farm for pleasure, not for profit.

"Such a state of affairs as I have described cannot be corrected in a month or a year, and yet, I am assured, the influence of the Grange in elevating the farmers socially is already very apparent. In the first place, it brings together the farmers of a neighborhood, old and young, men and women, and if it did nothing more it would not have been established in vain; for the people of a town cannot spend an hour a week in informal conversation, even, without gaining new ideas and carrying away something to think about during the days that follow. But the meetings of the Grange are not entirely informal. A portion of the time is spent in the discussion of topics that are of especial interest to the farmers. The best crops for particular lands,

the best methods of cultivation, the experience of the different members, the cost of different kinds of crops—any questions the solution or discussion of which tend to make better farmers are considered. The women read essays on the various duties of their departments, and thus learn to be better housewives. Sometimes the Grange considers social and moral questions, and sometimes its exercises are of a literary character. The discussion of political and religious questions is strictly forbidden by the constitution of the Order.

"Another custom which originated in the Grange is that of holding festivals at short intervals during the season. It is impossible for the farmer to leave his business for a month in the Summer and spend the time in recreation, and, if his work could be left, his purse is rarely long enough to pay the expense of such a vacation. But he can spend a day between planting and cultivating, another before harvest, and a third when the grain is stacked; and the Grange taking advantage of this, either invites those of neighboring townships to a basket pic-nic, or accepts an invitation itself. A day is spent in some pleasant grove; there is speaking and music, and perhaps a little dancing, and the farmer goes back to his field better prepared for his work, some of the marks of care are smoothed out of his wife's face, and the business of both field and house go on with less of fret and worry for the day's innocent recreation. I was once a farmer's boy myself, and know from experience that those who till the soil work too many hours and have too few holidays. There is nothing that makes the work on a farm go easy like a holiday, and if it is rightly spent it puts new life into the work for a long time after."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LESSONS OF THE GRANGE.

The Grange as a Means of disseminating Agricultural Information—Grange Tracts—How they are circulated—Efforts of the Order to improve the Farmer's Condition—The Grange as a School of Reform—It makes Better Farmers—How it spreads Information—Advice as to Improvements—The Grange the Enemy of Careless and Improvident Farming—It encourages Good and Careful Work—The Stacks of Wheat—Only Virtuous and Industrious Members admitted into the Order—The Grange making Intelligent Farmers—Beneficial Effects of the Discussions of the Grange—The Grange teaches Habits of Thrift and Economy—Discountenances Debt—The Grange the Enemy of Selfishness—Encourages Education—The Friend of the Schools—The Grange making Better Men as well as Better Farmers—Claims of the Order upon the Sympathy of the Country.

SAYS a recent number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, "Over 500,000 tracts were issued to farmers by the National Grange last year."

This little paragaph, in an out of the way corner of the journal from which it is taken, is full of meaning to the members of the Grange. It shows that the Order is honestly and efficiently performing one of the principal portions of its work, for one of its main objects is the collection and dissemination of information relating to agricultural interests and of value to the farmer. Half a million little tracts sanctioned and sent out from the Central Grange find their way to millions of readers. They are couched in plain and simple language, and abound in practical information. *They are read, also.* The farmer receiving such a tract reads it with confidence, as he knows that it has come from men who are

earnestly seeking his good as a member of the great interest for which they are working. Being small and convenient in form, and, above all, not too long, he can carry it about with him. He can read it by his own fireside "when all the house is asleep," and he is keeping watch with his own thoughts; or as he sits under the shade of some wide-spreading tree to rest from the heat and the toil of the day. The little tract deals with questions which are of vital importance to him, and it sets him to thinking, and to thinking in the right direction, too.

The Grange does not regard the farmer as a mere machine, a mere drudge. It looks upon him as a reasonable, responsible being, and seeks to elevate and improve him. It stretches over him the shield of its protection against the enemies that assail him and seek to rob him of the rewards of his industry; it offers him the means of social enjoyment and teaches him the duty of healthful recreation and pleasure; it recognizes the right of woman to share the pleasures as well as the cares of man, and secures her pure and ennobling influence and co-operation in its work; and it teaches and enforces the lesson that the most intelligent and thoughtful farmer is sure to be the most successful.

In short, the Grange seeks to make better farmers of the agricultural class. It claims no authority to coerce them into any course of action, no right to command. It is merely an advisory body, and it seeks the improvement of its members only by its moral power. It is to the farmer a wise and judicious friend, and it advises only that which his own good sense tells him is the best course for him.

Its mode of operation is very simple. Reports are

sent in to the National Grange by the State and subordinate Granges of the condition and prospects of the agricultural interests in their respective localities. The authorities of the National Grange are in this way enabled to exercise an intelligent supervision of the farming interest of the whole country. Reports are regularly sent to the State Granges, and by them distributed to the subordinate Granges. The National Grange is thus a National Intelligence Office for the benefit of its members, and the humblest farmer can, through the system thus adopted, keep himself informed as to the actual condition of the interest to which he is attached. The state of the crops, the probable amount of the harvest, upon which anticipations of value are based, can be thus ascertained. The farmer can be kept advised of the ruling prices in the various markets of the country, and freed from his dependence upon the grain dealers and their organs for this information. In this way he is better prepared to go into the market and dispose of his wares.

But not only does the Grange keep the farmer advised upon these points. It recognizes that agriculture is susceptible of great improvement, and it makes it its business to ascertain and make known the best means of attaining a high state of excellence in this pursuit. From the National and State Granges information is sent out concerning the latest improvements, and the needs of the system. Nothing is ordered. The subordinate Grange is informed that such and such improvements have been used with profit in certain parts of the country, and is invited to discuss the question whether they are needed, and may not be advantageously introduced into its own community. The local organization is free to adopt or

reject them; but the discussion is of infinite value to all concerned in it. It brings out the opinions of the entire farming community, and many useful and admirable suggestions, which are often carried into practice by the members, spring from it.

The Grange is the uncompromising enemy of carelessness and disorder. Its golden rule is, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," and it enforces this law by every means in its power. Careless and untidy farming are discountenanced. The farmer is taught that he must keep his place in order, and make it look its best every day in the week.

"While riding over the country the other day with a leading Granger," says a letter from Minnesota, "he called my attention to the wheat stacks that we saw. 'There,' he said, pointing to a row of stacks that stood up straight and trim, were well capped, and in every way calculated to allow the grain to dry while it was protected from the weather, 'there are the stacks of a Granger. Those over yonder, in which the bundles are thrown together haphazard, belong to a man who is not a Patron. He thinks that he will thresh out his grain soon, and that it is therefore unnecessary to take pains in stacking. But something may happen to prevent this, and the stacks may remain for months, and the grain be injured. The Grange teaches the farmers that it always pays to do their work well, and it is making better farmers than we ever had before.'"

This is important testimony in favor of the Grange, and if the organization did no more than make "better farmers than we ever had before," it would still be doing a great and beneficent work, and a work which would lay the whole country under obligations to it.

An Order which can thus improve and elevate over five millions of human beings is certainly deserving of the encouragement of the nation.

The Grange is the bitter and uncompromising foe of idleness. It has no room for a lazy man. While it recognizes the fact that frequent relaxation and indulgence in innocent pleasures are a necessity of mankind, it teaches that industry is the only sure foundation of success, and that the idle or lazy man can be neither prosperous, virtuous, nor useful. The Order aims to accomplish a great work in the community, and it accepts only workingmen and women. Each one has a part to play in the execution of its great designs, and it will tolerate no idlers, no mere lookers-on. A powerful stimulus is thus given to its members, and it will not be long before it will be as easy to recognize a Granger by his prosperity as it is now by his habits of neatness and order.

As it is the enemy of idleness, so it is of vice. The Grange will have no dealings with drunkards, swindlers, or immoral men and women. It demands a good moral character as the first requisite for membership. A drunken or dissolute farmer can have no sympathy with an Order which teaches that all men should be temperate and pure minded. A swindler can have no fellowship with men who believe in honesty as the basis of every relation in life, and who act upon this belief. And so the Grange keeps unworthy men and women at a distance, and its influence in and upon the community is entirely in favor of virtue.

Says a letter from Ohio:

"This is what the Grange aims to do. Once in two weeks (sometimes every week) its members meet in

some convenient hall which they either hire or own, each family bringing its basket of food. Many hands make light work; cooking utensils, dishes and tables are owned by the Grange; a bountiful feast is soon prepared, and the afternoon is spent in social pleasures or in discussions upon subjects in which they are mutually interested. Who can doubt that an occasional breaking away from work by the farmer and his family, even though he should get no new ideas, will improve them all in health and make them better able to perform their routine of duties?

"But the Grange strives directly to make better farmers, and of this there is certainly need. Many of the agriculturists of the West and North-West left Eastern farms where high cultivation and intelligent management were necessary to insure a living; and if they were fair farmers there, they have generally been abundantly successful in the West. But there is a large class of men who have gone upon the wild lands of the West—Irish, German, Scandinavian immigrants gathered in Europe by railroad and emigration agents—whose knowledge of agriculture is of the most limited kind, and who have everything against them but the strength of their arms, their ability to endure privation, and the wonderful fertility of the soil when its tough sod has once been broken. They put lots of muscle into their business, but very little brains. Nor are all of the bad farmers of the West of foreign birth. Thousands of men reared in cities have been induced, by the promise of cheap land and rich crops, to forsake the life in which they were reared, for the reaper and the plow. Some of these men have done well; others have naturally failed. Another fact I have noticed is that the

very men who are most in need of advice such as a good agricultural journal would give them, are the ones who don't take it—probably their failure to read such a paper explains their need of it. To all farmers, good or bad, the Grange offers opportunities of improvement never before within the reach of the country people except in Farmers' Clubs, and in them only to a limited extent. Experienced, successful men tell in the Grange room how they have made good crops, or why they failed to do so; agricultural newspapers are taken, read and exchanged; important advice is given to young and inexperienced farmers, and each member, no matter how well he understands his business, is sure to obtain some item of useful information.

"The Grange teaches the farmer to contract habits of thrift and economy. The man who buys on credit always buys in the highest market, and of no class in the community is this remark more strikingly true than of the farmers. It is no uncommon thing for a bill at the village store to make a veritable slave of a farmer. A partial failure of his crops, sickness in his family, or other unforeseen occurrence, makes it impossible for him to settle when pay-day comes around, and a mortgage on his farm, at fifteen per cent. interest, is the result. Other men may offer to sell goods to him cheaper, but it may be impossible for him to transfer his trade when such transfer might involve a foreclosure of a mortgage. The Grange advises all of its members to buy and sell for cash, and to demand such favors as cash purchasers are justly entitled to. If ten per cent. of a man's sales on credit become bad debts, the increase in prices to make up for such loss ought to be charged against those who buy on credit, and not against those

who buy for cash, and on whose purchases there is, therefore, no risk. The Grange also assists its members to get down to a cash basis, by making contracts with local dealers to allow a discount to Grangers who pay on the spot for their purchases, by making extensive contracts to purchase agricultural implements, sewing-machines, etc., at wholesale from the manufacturers, and in a few cases by lending money at low rates of interest to enable the farmers to take advantage of these arrangements. I have spoken of this feature of the Grange movement at considerable length in one of my letters from Iowa: the Grange in that State has thus far been the model which those of other States are imitating with greater or less success.

"The Grange, I have said, teaches its members to be thrifty and economical. By this I do not mean that it teaches them to pinch and starve themselves, or to deny themselves the comforts or even the luxuries of life. On the other hand, it shows them how to acquire the means to gratify their finer tastes. Instead of leaving his plow in the last furrow, to rust and rot through the long season and wear out in four years, when it ought to last six, the Grange teaches the farmer to put it under cover, and so save enough to pay for the subscription to a good newspaper or magazine, or to purchase a good book. Instead of allowing his wheat to lie in the shock and sprout before it is threshed, the Grange tells the farmer that its value will be increased several cents on a bushel if he carefully stacks it. It shows the careless, thriftless farmer the secret of his more successful neighbor's success, and gives him a helping hand to make that secret of practical value to him."

The Grange is the foe to selfishness. It is too much

the habit of the farmer to regard himself and his own family only, and to be careless of the welfare or interests of others. The Grange teaches him that he is only a single member of the vast community of men who till the ground, and that his interests are identical with theirs, and that he must consider others as well as himself. He is thus drawn out of himself and made to entertain larger and more liberal views of life and its duties.

The material interests of the farmer are not the only ones which receive the fostering care of the Order. His intellectual improvement is also aimed at. The Grange teaches its members that education and intellectual culture are necessary to the farmer as well as to other men. It impresses upon him the duty of encouraging the growth and prosperity of the public schools, and reminds him that money saved at the cost of his children's education is saved at too high a price. It encourages the farmer to purchase and read good and useful books, and the best periodicals of the day. At its meetings discussions are encouraged which serve to keep its members informed upon the leading questions of the times, and to accustom them to express their views in an intelligent manner. In one respect the Grange may be considered as an educational club, with the very positive and definite object of achieving the intellectual improvement of its members. Certainly this is a noble work, and should win for the Order the best wishes and cordial sympathy of every citizen of the Republic. The work of the Order is just commencing. It is still in its infancy, but it gives promise of glorious results.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COÖPERATIVE FEATURE.

Coöperative Feature of the Grange—How the Grange saves the Farmers the Middle-man's Profit—Circular of the Secretary of the National Grange—A Means of Practical Economy—The System of Purchases adopted by the Grange—The System on Trial in Iowa—The System productive of Economy—How the Iowa Grange conducts its Operations—Bringing the Manufacturers to Terms—The Plow Trade—A Saving of Fifty Thousand Dollars on Plows—A Liberal System of Discounts—Work of the State Agent—Joint Stock Stores established—Method of Coöperative Selling—Elevators established by the Granges—Direct Shipments—Magnificent Success of the Grange in Iowa—The Granges saving more Money than they cost—Efforts to embarrass the Grange—Warning of the National Grange—Opposition of the Middle-men—A Successful Effort at Coöperation abroad—The History of the Civil Service Supply Association of London—A Lesson and an Encouragement to the Grange.

"THE Order of Patrons of Husbandry," says the Secretary of the National Grange, in a circular addressed to Manufacturers of Agricultural and Domestic Implements and Machinery, "is an organization of farmers and horticulturalists, one object of which is to secure to its members the advantages of coöperation in all things affecting their interests. . . . To enable the members of the Order to purchase implements and machinery at as low cost as possible, by saving the commission usually paid to agents, and the profits of the long line of dealers standing between the manufacturers and the farmers, the Executive Committee of the National Grange desire to publish a list of all the establishments that will *deal directly* with State and subordinate

Granges. This list will be regarded as strictly confidential, and one copy only will be furnished to each Grange.

"Large orders can thus be made up by the consolidation of the orders from Granges in the same State or vicinity, and special terms for freight, etc., arranged with transportation lines, thereby effecting another large saving to the purchaser.

"Manufacturers of all articles used by farmers, who desire to avail themselves of this means of disposing of their products directly to the consumer for cash, thereby avoiding the losses incident to the credit system, or the storing of goods in the hands of commission merchants or agents, are invited to send their catalogues and wholesale price lists to, and to correspond with O. H. KELLEY,

"Sec'y of the National Grange, Washington, D. C."

This circular embodies one of the principal features of the Grange movement, and one which will render it indispensable to the farmers. The Grange recognizes the fact that the farmers have been charged too much for the majority of the articles they purchase, and it undertakes to save them from this loss.

The method of coöperative buying adopted by the Grange for this purpose, is very simple. A State agent is appointed, whose duty it is to correspond with manufacturers and wholesale merchants, and ascertain the most favorable terms upon which they will sell their wares to members of the Grange. If these terms are satisfactory, they are communicated to the subordinate Granges, the members of which make up their orders, and accompany them with the amount of the purchase

money of the articles desired in cash. These are sent to the State agent, who forwards them to the manufacturer, with instructions for the shipment of the purchases direct to the purchasers.

The Grange thus makes it to the interest of the dealer to sell to its members direct. A large cash order is given, and the manufacturer or dealer is relieved of the ordinary risks of business, while the farmer is enabled to purchase his goods for much less than he could formerly buy them. A single farmer, or a single local organization of farmers, could effect nothing in this respect, for they would be powerless to compete with the middle-men or local dealers; but the trade of a county or State is a valuable consideration, and the manufacturer will make advantageous concessions to secure it.

Perhaps we cannot better illustrate this feature of the Grange than by presenting here an account of the successful inauguration of the coöperative system in Iowa, where it has been tried with admirable results.

"One of the first lessons which the Grange of this State seeks to teach its members is to buy for cash, to avoid as far as possible the purchase of agricultural machinery not absolutely needed, and when in rare instances the farmer must buy implements for which he cannot pay, to borrow the money outright, furnishing the required security on his place, rather than to purchase on three, four, or five years' credit, giving 'iron-clad' notes, and paying the enormous prices which are always charged under such circumstances. This has been no holiday job; machinery-bankrupt as thousands of the farmers have been, with their notes, given for implements, in the hands of every sheriff of the State

for collection, and, by official figures, constituting almost half the delinquent debts, they have doubted and hesitated when relief through coöperation has been offered, and have been far more ready to advocate reforms with which they personally have nothing particular to do than to begin at home and help themselves. Happily, the Grange of the State has had among its members a few men of good business ability and sterling integrity, who have felt interest enough in the welfare and prosperity of the farmers and the success of the order of which they were members, to give much of their time and in some cases to risk their money in this much-needed home reform. While at Des Moines, and since I came here, I have found out some of these men, and, in their desire to spread a knowledge of their success, and to encourage farmers elsewhere to imitate their example or improve on it, they have given me every facility to learn the inside workings of the system of coöperative purchases and sales they have adopted, and to see what its results have thus far been.

"It is but little more than a year since prominent Grangers of Iowa were first successful in making large coöperative purchases, although previous to that, I think, they had appointed a State agent and a few county agents. They then found the manufacturers almost wholly in the power of the agents. Not only had they made their contracts with these agents for the year, giving to each a monopoly of the sales for his particular district, but, had they been disposed to disregard those contracts and sell to the agents of the Granges at wholesale rates, they did not dare to do it, because to lose the trade of the agents, who would have nothing

to do with manufacturers selling at wholesale prices to other customers within their districts, would, while the present methods of doing business are adhered to, be nothing short of ruin. The farmers who were moving in the matter understood this; they knew that it was unreasonable to ask a plow maker, a sewing-machine dealer, or any other manufacturer or wholesale merchant, to abandon a business system by which he was supported, unless the Grange could offer him in exchange an equally profitable and extensive patronage. And just here may be explained the failure of all local attempts at coöperative machinery buying. When the farmers of a county have united to purchase their plows, and have sent their agent to the manufacturer, they have found that they could get no material reduction of price. The manufacturer has said: 'My trade in your county belongs to Mr. A, and I have agreed not to sell goods to persons living there below his prices, or at any rate to pay him his customary commission on all such sales that we do make. You want twenty plows; if we sell them to you at our wholesale price we shall either have to lose the agent's commission on them or lose his trade, and he takes a thousand plows a year.' No local coöperative association could command trade enough to make it an object for the manufacturers to show them any important favors.

"But the wide spread of the Grange in this State gave to the farmers the means of holding out to any manufacturer whom its members should generally patronize, an inducement to give up the trade of the agents and sell directly to them, and the managers of the Grange were not slow to avail themselves of the power they thus acquired. Having agreed to buy

nothing on credit but to pay cash for all their purchases, and having received assurances from a sufficient number of Granges that their members would purchase through their own agent, application was made to three manufacturers of plows in Des Moines for wholesale rates. Two of them refused to make any terms with the Grange, but the third agreed to make a deduction of twenty per cent. on the retail price of each of his plows and twenty-five per cent. on cultivators. The result was that this man, although he made up a large stock in advance, was unable to supply the demand of the Grange, and the freight agent of one of the railroads at Des Moines remarked the other day that the paint had not been dry on a single plow that had been shipped from that man's shop this year. One of the other manufacturers very soon discovered his mistake, and got some of the orders that the first could not fill, and the third is now ready to trade with the Granges. Plows have also been bought of other manufacturers, both in this State and those adjoining. How many plows the Granges have purchased within a year at these reduced prices cannot be ascertained, as, after the contract had been made by the State agent, the orders did not necessarily come through him, and no complete record has, therefore, been kept; the county agents have forwarded many of them directly to the manufacturers, the only condition being that the cash accompany the order and that the purchaser be a Granger. It is safe to say, however, that the purchases have amounted to many thousands, and that not less than $50,000 have been saved to the farmers of the State, within a year, in the purchase of plows and cultivators alone.

"In the purchase of sewing machines the saving has been still greater and the sales very large. The retail price of sewing machines in this State has been from $50 to $95, according to variety; they are now sold to the Grangers at 40 per cent. discount from these prices, or for from $30 to $57. The demand has been so great that 1500 machines have been ordered to be delivered during the coming year. Supposing all of these to be of the cheapest variety, the saving will be $30,000. The number purchased will probably far exceed 1500. On parlor organs the discount to the Granges is from 20 to 25 per cent.; on scales, from 25 to 33⅓ per cent.; on shellers, 15 per cent.; on wagons, 20 per cent.; on hay-forks, 33⅓ per cent.; on miscellaneous implements, like feed-grinders, stalk-cutters, harrows, field-rollers, hay-rakes, grain separators, etc., 25 per cent. On mowers the discount is 25 per cent.; that is, a machine which retails at $120 is sold to the Grangers for $90. A lot of reapers which a manufacturer who was going out of the business had on hand were offered to the Grangers for $75 each, provided they would take the whole of them. They were carefully examined and tested by the State agent and others, who reported that they would be cheap at $150. A circular conveying this information was sent to the Granges of the State, and the whole lot was disposed of at once. They have given universal satisfaction. I might go on at great length quoting prices, but those I have given are sufficient to show that by intelligent coöperation the farmers of the West can save a great amount of money. General Wilson, Secretary of the State Grange, thinks that $2,000,000 has already been saved in this way. Mr. Whitman, the State agent, to whose well-directed

and untiring efforts the success that has so far crowned this experiment is, in very great measure, due, thinks this figure too high, though he has no data from which to make an estimate. The Grange has not only benefited its own members by its coöperative purchases, but has caused a reduction in the prices of all kinds of farming implements, sewing machines, etc., in the stores and when sold by agents. A single example will illustrate this fact. A year ago, when the agents for the sale of a certain cultivator supposed that they had the entire control of the market, they charged $35, and threatened to raise the price. Since the Grange has been purchasing similar cultivators for $26.25, the agents have reduced their prices to $30.

"The manner of conducting this coöperative buying is very simple, although to insure success it is necessary to place it in the hands of competent and honest men. Mr. J. D. Whitman, the State agent, has his office at Des Moines, and is the principal manager. He gives a bond of $50,000 for the honest and faithful performance of his duties, and receives a small salary. In each county of the State there is a County agent, who may also be placed under bonds, if the Granges of the county think it necessary. The State agent places himself in communication with manufacturers and wholesale merchants, learns the terms on which they will sell their goods to the Granges, makes contracts with them when it is desirable, and informs the Granges by circular of the prices, etc. Orders may then be given through either the State or County agents. All orders must be accompanied by the cash to pay for the article desired, and a certificate from the Master of the Grange that the purchaser is a member of the Order.

The State agent on receiving money credits the remitter with the amount on his books, specifying the article to be purchased and sending him a receipt. He at once forwards the cash to the manufacturer or merchant, and then debits the purchaser with the amount remitted. The goods are shipped directly from the manufacturer to the purchaser, but the receipted bill is sent to the State agent, who files it away as his voucher. If the goods are imperfect, or not as good as have been contracted for, and the seller refuses to give the purchaser satisfaction, then the Grange transfers its entire trade to some other firm. A man who was furnishing the Grange with plows, last Spring, sent a few that were much inferior to the sample. A circular was sent to all the Granges informing them of this fact, and in less than a week orders for that plow stopped, and the man has not sold one to a Grange in the State since.

"The State agent always gives preference to home manufacturers. Wherever an Iowa plow-maker or manufacturer of any kind can furnish first-class goods as cheaply as they can be purchased at Chicago, St. Louis, or New York, the Grange gives him its trade, but its motto is to buy in the cheapest market which ready cash will command. In some sections of the State the members of the Grange have established joint-stock stores, and have thus been able to purchase their groceries and dry goods much cheaper than before. This has not been generally encouraged by the leading Grangers, except in cases where the local traders have refused to deal with them on what they considered fair terms. The great bulk of the home trade in this State has been done on credit, and the farmers who

have remained solvent have had to pay not only a fair profit on the goods they have purchased, but something in addition for the time that has been given them, and to make up for the losses of the traders by bad debts. Now the members of the Grange who propose to pay cash for what they buy, think that they ought to have their goods cheaper than before. Some of the traders have admitted the justice of this claim, and have made satisfactory terms, but others have refused. Where no terms could be made, the Grangers have been forced to establish their own stores. Their plan has been to divide the stock into shares of $10 or $15, so that each member of the Order can afford to own one or more shares. The goods are then all bought and sold for cash, an advance of eight per cent. on the cost being charged. At Waterloo, where a store of this kind has been established, the farmers find that they obtain better articles at less prices, and that their stock pays them a good profit. The average sales in that store, since its establishment, have been $112 a day, a considerable portion of it coming from the railroad shops situated there.

"But it is not alone by coöperative purchases that the Grangers hope to save money. They have not only bought their goods on credit, and therefore in the highest market, but they have sold their crops at home to middle-men for cash, and therefore in the lowest market. They now hope, by coöperative selling, to get better prices for what they raise than they have hitherto received. Until quite recently such a thing as shipping his own grain to Chicago, or any eastern market, has been almost unknown among the farmers. Whenever any of them have attempted it they have

often been swindled so badly that they have lost all confidence in commission merchants. One of the first steps that the Grange took was to select a commission house of the highest character in Chicago, and another in New York, and make them its agents. Each of these houses has given bonds to the amount of $100,000, and agrees to receive everything that is consigned to it by the Grange or any of its members, and dispose of it to the best possible advantage, taking only one per cent. for commission. Since this arrangement has been made, many of the farmers have shipped their own grain, and the Chicago agent has been able to sell it for them on the cars upon which it was originally loaded, thus avoiding altogether elevator charges and the cost of trans-shipment. The prices thus realized by the farmers have generally been several cents a bushel better for grain than those offered at home, although the railroad companies have given them no special rates.

"In order to take advantage of favorable markets, the Granges have established at several points in the State elevators and warehouses of their own. In some places these warehouses have been built by two or three prominent members of the Order; in others the stock has been divided into small shares and is owned by great numbers of the farmers. The plan of conducting the business is the same in both cases. If the farmer prefers to sell his grain outright and get the money for it when it is delivered, the managers will pay him the highest price the state of the market warrants; if he is willing to take the risk of the market, they handle his grain for him, sell it, and return him the proceeds for a commission of a cent and a half

a bushel. This makes the farmers almost independent of middle-men between them and Chicago or New York markets. If the price offered for their grain is not in their judgment enough, they are not obliged to sell it at home, but can ship it themselves, feeling perfectly sure that they will be honestly dealt with, will have to pay no exorbitant commissions, and will get the best market price. At Waterloo, about 100 miles west of this city, an elevator was established by the Grange about nine months ago, the stock being held by a great number of farmers. Grain that has been shipped from that point both to New York and Chicago has brought the farmers considerably better prices than the local traders would pay, and beside this, recently a dividend of fifty per cent. was made on the stock. The Grangers' elevators now do all the work at that and other stations where they have been established, the local middle-men having gone entirely out of the business. If a Granger who does not live near one of these Grange elevators desires to make a shipment on his own account, he applies for cars at his local station, loads them, directs them to the Grange agent in Chicago or New York, and sends the receipts which the railroad company gives him to the State agent at Des Moines. By him the proper papers are forwarded to the Chicago or New York agent, and to him the returns are made. The State agent then returns to the shipper all the papers showing the charges and receipts on his shipment, with a check for the balance due.

"The farmers of this State raise every year a great number of hogs, that have always passed through the hands of at least one middle-man before they have reached the packers. The Granges in some parts of

the State concluded, last year, that they might as well sell directly to the packers themselves, and appointed one of their number to collect the hogs and deliver them. A considerable saving was made in this way, and the experiment will be much more extensively tried this Fall. In some parts of the State the Grangers are already talking of establishing their own packing-houses, so that, instead of selling the hogs alive, they can sell them in the shape of bacon, hams, and lard, packed and ready for shipment. They hope to realize much larger prices than by the old system.

"Another experiment, which was tried to a limited extent last Spring, and was attended with a gratifying degree of success, was the direct shipment, by members of the Grange in this State, of provisions to planters in the South, who are members of the Grange there. This business was managed by Mr. Shankland of this city, a member of the National Executive Committee of the Grange. He received orders from Grangers in South Carolina, accompanied by the cash, and purchased flour and bacon, which he shipped directly to the consumer. The purchases were made of the farmers when it was possible to do so, and when not, of the packers and millers in this city. The shipments were made by rail, by way of Cairo, Hickman, Kentucky, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta, to Columbia, two trans-shipments being made on the route. The railroad companies made special rates at from $1.08 to $1.15 per hundred pounds. Bacon was thus laid down at Columbia, South Carolina, at less than eight cents a pound, while its market value there was from 12 to 14 cents a pound. One planter informed Mr. Shankland that he saved by this plan $400 on a

single car-load of flour and bacon. Only twenty-three or twenty-four car-loads of provisions were shipped in this way last Spring, for the reason that these transactions are all between members of the Order, and the Grange had not at that time become much of an institution in the Southern States. There are now in the South 597 Granges, outside of Missouri, and it is expected that the number will be increased to at least 1000 by Spring. By that time it is also hoped that the Grangers of this State will have established a number of packing-houses and perhaps a few mills, so that they will be able to ship provisions directly to Southern consumers without their passing through the hands of any middle-men. There is no doubt that a large business of this kind will be done next year.

"Coöperative buying and selling by the Granges is as yet but an experiment, but the facts which I have set forth in this letter, all of which I have gathered from official sources, show it to be a very promising one. Of course there have been, and will be, difficulties to overcome. The farmers are often timid; a sudden decline in the market causing them to lose money on a single shipment of grain sometimes alarms them, and they are prone to go back to the old grain-buyers, forgetting, perhaps, that their gains on other shipments compensate many times for the loss on one. Dishonest men may secure appointments as agents and swindle them, and a hundred other things may occur to retard the success of the system. But the leaders of it, most of whom have been life-long disciples of Mr. Greeley, believe that the principle is right, and that the Grange organization furnishes the machinery by which it can be put into practical operation.

"Several Western journals have contained articles purporting to give an estimate of the immense sums of money that the Grange is taking from the farmers in the shape of fees, dues, etc., and have hinted that it was a foolish waste of money, which should be stopped before the people could be made to believe the farmers' cry of 'hard times.' They have also criticised the Grange for its secrecy. In justice to the Order, as I have observed it, I wish to repeat what I said in a former letter—that all attempts to organize the farmers for any purpose previous to the establishment of the Grange were failures; that its constitution and by-laws are public; that, as at present organized, it cannot be converted into a secret caucus to further the ends of any men or party, though it teaches certain principles which its members will probably demand shall be recognized by the parties or the men they support; and finally, that, though the Grange does collect from its members, in the aggregate, a considerable sum of money, it has already returned to them in this State alone, through coöperation, which is yet only an experiment, more money than has been paid into it throughout the country, to say nothing of the intellectual and social benefits it has conferred upon its members. The Granger who has bought a plow only through the agent of the Grange has saved more than enough to pay his fees for a year, while those who have purchased sewing machines or other expensive machinery have saved enough to pay their fees for several years."

As was to have been supposed, reckless and irresponsible men have sought to take advantage of the business feature of the Grange, to increase their sales to farmers, and it is a common thing to find dealers claim-

ing that their wares have received the endorsement of the Order. Farmers should beware of all such persons, and bear in mind the following letter of warning issued to the Order in general by the Secretary of the National Grange:

"To PATRONS:—All members of the Order are hereby cautioned against noticing any circulars that may be sent them purporting to be issued on the recommendation of the National Grange, or its Officers, as no certificate in favor of any article, seed, or implement will be furnished to any individual, under any circumstances whatsoever, until the merits of such article is endorsed and properly certified by at least ten Granges, (whose endorsement will appear on the circular,) and not in any case to those who are not members of the Order; and when any such endorsement is issued by the National Grange, all and every subordinate Grange will be duly notified by the Secretary of the National Grange."

No feature of the Order has had to encounter more opposition than the coöperative system we have described. The middle-men early took the alarm, and assailed it as a mere chimera, as utterly impracticable, and ridiculed unmercifully the claims of its advocates. Even that portion of the press most favorable to the Order expressed grave doubts of the possibility of carrying out this part of the programme. The repeated and numerous failures of coöperative systems were brought forward and urged with great force in opposition to the claims of the Grangers, and for a long time the farmers themselves held aloof from this feature of the Order. But time and experience have demonstrated both the practicability and the excellence of the

system. The magnificent success of the scheme in Iowa shows that it is not chimerical, but that it is based upon sound business principles, and only needs the cordial coöperation of members of the Order elsewhere to make it equally successful in other States.

In Minnesota, where no organized system of coöperative buying and selling has been adopted, a number of separate Granges have made purchases at wholesale, but they have not been able to make as favorable terms as the State agent of the Iowa Grange; but even these efforts, it was stated at the last meeting of the Minnesota State Grange, had resulted in the saving of three-quarters of a million of dollars to the farmers of the State.

The advantage of this feature of the Grange to the farmer is incalculable. Millions of dollars can and will be thus saved to the agriculturalists of the country, and the beneficial effects of this saving will soon be apparent.

One of the good results of the system came under the observation of the writer while these pages were being written. In a certain large city of the Eastern States, there is a mercantile house largely engaged in the purchase and exportation of Southern cotton. Among the debtors of this firm was a certain planter in a Southern State, whose indebtedness amounted to several thousand dollars. Wishing to close the account, and being in need of money, the firm applied to the planter for a remittance. He having business in their city, replied in person. He told them that, owing to the great stringency of the money market, he found himself unable to obtain ready money, and would be obliged to ask their indulgence for a little

while longer. "I expect to pay you very soon," he said, "and to pay interest on the debt. I can only raise money now by selling my cotton at a sacrifice, and I cannot consent to do that. Cotton is worth more than the price I should get for it now."

"What would it bring you?" asked the head of the house.

The planter named a price below the market rates in New York.

"What do you think it is worth?" asked the merchant.

"A cent and a half a pound more," said the planter.

This last price was still below the market rate, and the merchant said to the planter that if he would deliver to the Southern correspondent of the firm enough cotton to cover the amount of the debt, at the rate he had named, it would be as acceptable as the money.

"I should like to do so," said the planter, hesitatingly; "but I cannot. I am a member of the Grange, and we have recently established an agency of our own for the sale of our cotton, and have pledged ourselves to sell through no other source. I must stand by my agreement, or I would accept your offer."

But for the Grange the planter would have sold his cotton at a sacrifice, even at the higher price he had named. The Order, however, gave him the means of obtaining the worth of his crop. It prevented him from acting in haste, and, although he was but poorly informed as to the state of the market, the agency through which his business was transacted possessed the necessary information and saved him from the effects of his ignorance.

The coöperative system of the Grange is yet in its infancy. That it will be generally adopted, we cannot doubt, and that the greater portion of the Granges will enjoy the benefits seems clear. That it will have to encounter much opposition is to be expected. The middle-men will oppose it wherever it is introduced, as it will free the farmers from the tax hitherto paid to this class of merchants; but we have good reason to believe that it will be ultimately carried out by the entire Order in all parts of the country.

That successful coöperation is possible, and may be carried to a very great extent, is proved not only by the experience of the Iowa Grange, but by the operations of the "Civil Service Supply Association," of London. The following account of the establishment and growth of this remarkable association, perhaps the most successful of its kind in existence, was prepared by one of the original members. It is full of encouragement and suggestion to those who are working in the Grange for a similar object, and we commend it to them. It is as follows:

"The Civil Service Supply Association is the oldest Coöperative Society in the Service, and it has been the model upon which all London Coöperative Societies have been formed. Although barely eight years old, and in its commencement most humble, it is now selling goods at the enormous rate of £780,000 a year, and is fast revolutionizing the retail trade, not only of London, but of the whole country. Surely the story of its rise and progress is worth the telling.

"The Association originated in the Post-Office. The Winter of 1864–5 (like many other Winters, and for that matter Summers too) found a good many of us

Post-Office men engaged in a rather hard struggle to make both ends meet. Some of us had ventured to ask for higher pay, and had been favored with the usual sympathetic but depressing reply, that it was regretted that the circumstances of the case would not justify any addition to our salaries, etc., etc.

"Feeling as we did sharply, the general rise in the cost of living, especially in the price of all articles of clothing consequent on the American War, one or two of us had already bethought ourselves of coöperation as a means of lessening our difficulties. I, for one, being a Liberal in politics (for there are some few Liberals in the Civil Service) had watched with interest the doings of the Rochdale Pioneers, but could not at all see how to apply their experience to our own case.

"One day, however, two office friends came to me—it was, as I well remember, a foggy, gloomy day in November, enough to make one more than usually despondent—and declared once for all that they must either have more to spend or manage to spend less. They had given up all hope of more pay, and as a last resource they proposed that we should try to spend less by means of coöperation. Their idea was that we should induce a number of Post-Office men to procure their supplies of coal from some one coal merchant, in the expectation that by the largeness of the united order, and by the payment of ready money, we should obtain a considerable abatement in price. Talking the matter over, we resolved to try buying on this plan; but we soon agreed that coal was not a good article for the experiment, and in the end we decided to make a beginning with tea. That very afternoon one of us on his way home called at a celebrated wholesale house

(I even now withhold names for fear of the wrath of retail traders) and learnt that by buying half a chest at a time, and paying for it in ready money, we should save from 6d. to 9d. a pound. We therefore invited a few other office friends to join us. Each wrote down on a list the quantity he would take, at the same time handing in the money to pay for it. Some of the most cautious limited themselves to a single pound: others boldly coöperated to the extent of two pounds, a few rash men pledged themselves to three pounds, and we promoters had to take enough to make up the full order. The tea was bought, and after office hours we weighed and divided it among the purchasers. It proved to be excellent, and soon a demand arose for more. Other men in the office, who had heard of our successful venture, wished to join, and this time there was no need for us promoters to take more than we wanted. Some one now luckily discovered an empty cupboard in the office, and here we locked up our second half chest of tea till we could divide it among ourselves.

"This cupboard was the original store of the Civil Service Supply Association.

"More tea being very shortly needed, we prepared for a third purchase, and now so many joined us that we had to buy a whole chest. It was no joke to make up 100 pounds of tea into parcels of two or three pounds apiece, but we were lucky enough to find one who, like old Trapbois, was willing, nay eager, to undertake the task for a consideration. This was a funny little fellow, since dead, whose duties were very humble, and salary yet more so. Though nominally a clerk, he was regarded as a kind of cross between a clerk and a messenger. Poor fellow! while his small salary had no

prospect of increase, his large family increased but too fast. His remuneration for this piece of extra service was the surplus tea (some three or four pounds) contained in each chest, beyond the nominal amount.

"Our success in tea led us on to buy coffee; and each time that our list went round the office more and more men asked leave to join. Our poor cupboard soon became too small for our ever-increasing stocks, to which moreover we thought of adding sugar and other groceries. With no small anxiety we found ourselves constrained to hire a store-room outside the building, a step that we felt could not be safely taken unless we formed ourselves into a regular association. Hence arose the Post-Office Supply Association, which, being afterwards extended to the whole of the Civil Service, in the end took the title of the 'Civil Service Supply Association.' Our first impulse was to call ourselves the 'Post-Office Coöperative Society," but even the boldest of us shrank from so hazardous an avowal—so strong only eight short years ago was the prejudice against coöperation, regarded as it was by many as identical with socialism. In a word, we took the thing, but not the name.

"A small committee of Post-Office men was formed; and after much anxious deliberation they resolved, and a daring step they thought it, to take a little room at a rent of twelve shillings a week, in the perhaps not over-fashionable neighborhood of Bridgewater-square, Barbican.

"The following is an extract from the original prospectus of the Association, now a very scarce and highly-prized document:

"'This Association has been formed for the purpose

of supplying officers of the Post-Office and their friends with articles of all kinds, both for domestic consumption and general use, at the lowest wholesale prices.

"'The advantages of the scheme are obvious, but its full benefits can best be secured by a general combination in support of it on the part of the officers of the various departments.

"'It is intended that the articles mentioned in the accompanying price-list shall be purchased by the committee and distributed among the members. Arrangements for the supply of all other articles have been entered into with the firms named in the accompanying list.'

"Even when the Association was fairly started, and carrying on its business on its own premises, the committee did not venture to order any goods without ascertaining from the members what quantity of each article was needed. The business soon outgrew the room in Bridgewater-square, and the committee in a fit of extraordinary daring, engaged from a printer the upper floor of a small house in Bath street, on the ground floor of which the worthy typographer carried on his own business. The memorable house wherein the third store (counting the original cupboard) was carried on, has long since been pulled down to make way for the new Post-Office buildings, but those who went there to coöperate in those early days must have a vivid recollection of the narrow staircase, where one was elbowed by printer's devils, and of the dark little rooms crowded with purchasers. Here, however, we stayed but a short time, the business growing so rapidly that within a very few months the committee had again to seek larger premises, and this time, after mak-

ing temporary use of some premises in Wood street, they took a really desperate leap. After many a hunt for a house big enough to meet any probable increase of business, two of our committee discovered a suitable one in Monkwell street, a very narrow, out of the way thoroughfare near Cripplegate Church, and filled with confidence by past success, they took it on their own responsibility at a rent of £400 a year. Great was the anxiety of the remainder of the committee at this bold proceeding, though the intention was to sub-let the upper floor or the house to some firm that should undertake to sell goods to the members at wholesale prices. Tenants were found in certain hosiers, relatives of one of the Post-Office clerks, and the arrangement worked fairly well for a time, but as soon as it could safely do so, the committee regained possession of the floor, and undertook the sale of hosiery on its own account.

"From this point the narrative, from being one of small beginnings, becomes the story of a large and rapidly increasing business.

"First the committee obtained part of an adjoining house, then the whole of it, and after a time the other adjoining house, and part of a house on the opposite side of the street. A fresh house was taken in Villiers street, and subsequently a larger one in Long Acre, for the convenience of West End members. Before this time a great pressure had been put upon the committee to open a West End store; but they would not then make the venture, and this, among other causes, led to the establishment of the sister Association, entitled 'The Civil Service Coöperative Society,' which has its stores in the Haymarket.

"The city business of the Association will, during the present month, be removed to very large and handsome premises, near the Heralds' College, in Queen Victoria street, now building expressly for its use.

"I have not mentioned the extreme difficulty which the committee experienced in inducing wholesale houses to deal with the Association, especially when its doings found their way into print. Though ready money was always offered, together with good orders, most of the wholesale houses hung back, declaring that unless the orders were very large indeed, they should not feel warranted in encountering the fierce opposition of the retail traders. And now let us mark the consequences of this opposition. Very large orders being out of the question, so long as custom proceeded only from a limited number of persons, each of moderate income, and Civil servants generally not yet joining in the movement, the coöperators were obliged, in self-defence, to extend admission to quasi-membership beyond Civil Service bounds. Even this extraneous aid barely carried them through the struggle; the retailers having, over and over again, succeeded in deterring particular firms from supplying them with goods. These quasi-members, however, called by us 'subscribers,' were by no means admitted to any share in management, which indeed during the first year was strictly confined to a Post-Office Committee, though afterwards extended to representatives from the Civil Service generally. The exclusion of the general public from authority we have regarded as one of the chief causes of our success. Subscribers, however, by an annual payment of 5*s*., obtain all the commercial advantages enjoyed by full members, except that their

purchases are not delivered carriage-free. The full members become so by taking each a £1 share, of which, however, only 10*s.* has been called up. No one is allowed to hold more than a single share, nor are shares saleable or transferable in any way. On a member's death, his share is cancelled, and his deposit returned to his family. Until about a month ago any Civil Servant not below the rank of a clerk was eligible as a shareholder; but actual admission to the shareholding body required the approval of the committee. The number of shareholders, which has largely increased during the last three or four years, is now about 4200.

"By the rules of the Association, any profits which may be made are to be spent in reducing the prices at which the goods are sold. Even in the outset, prices were not fixed higher than is deemed needful to cover the working expenses, which now amount to only 6 or 7 per cent. on the wholesale purchase price; but, of course, the committee in its calculations has always taken good care to be well on the safe side. It is, perhaps, owing to extreme prudence in this matter, though, probably, still more to the need felt for a considerable working capital, that the Association has gradually accumulated the sum of about £75,000. The very magnitude of this capital has, however, proved a source of danger; for, without question, some persons have at different times obtained shares simply in the hope of breaking up the Association and getting a share of the spoil. Happily these unjustifiable attempts have hitherto always met with signal defeat, an overwhelming majority of the shareholders being determined to maintain the Association in honest and

faithful accordance with the principles upon which it was founded.

"At the last half-yearly meeting of the Association in April, a proposal was brought forward to limit the shareholding body to the present number. After a prolonged and animated discussion, it was resolved to submit the proposal to the vote of the whole of the shareholders, which was taken by ballot. Out of the 4200 shareholders only 1200 voted, but of those who did vote there was a majority of 400 in favor of the proposal, which was accordingly carried. Of course, could the accumulated profits be divided, this limitation of the number of shareholders would give the shares a considerable value. Legal opinion, however, is entirely against the possibility of thus disposing of any past accumulations, which by the rules can only be spent in reducing the prices of articles sold. It is expected that those who have thus obtained a limitation of the shareholding body, will now endeavor to carry such an alteration in the rules as will allow future profits to be devoted to a Widow and Orphan Fund, or to some such purpose. Any change in the constitution of the Association, having for its object the benefit of the Civil servants as distinguished from their friends the subscribers, is viewed with much anxiety and disfavor by most of the earlier members of the Society.

"The number of subscribers is now limited to 15,000. While this number furnishes a *clientèle* sufficiently strong to enable wholesale houses to disregard the retail traders, some check is placed upon the enlargement of the business, and consequent increase in the labor and responsibility of management.

"The extraordinary rapidity with which the business

has grown, will best be seen from the following table showing the amount of sales at the stores during each year of the Association's existence, viz.:

Date.	Amount of Sales.	Date.	Amount of Sales.
1865	£5000	1869	£345,000
1866	21,000	1870	447,000
1867	83,000	1871	646,000
1868	218,000	1872	723,000

"During the half year ended March 31st last, the sales reached £392,000, being, therefore, at the rate of £784,000 a year, viz.: for grocery and wine, £410,000: for hosiery and clothing, £192,000; and for fancy goods, stationery, etc., £182,000. At the present time about 8100 pounds of tea and about 15 tons of sugar are sold weekly.

"The articles sold at the stores consist principally of groceries, cigars, and tobacco, wine and spirits, hosiery and drapery, stationery, books and music, watches and jewelry. But most of these articles, and, indeed, almost every other article of ordinary demand, can also be obtained by members and subscribers at low rates, though of course only for ready money, at all such warehouses and shops as have arrangements with us. The latest quarterly Price List, which, from a single small sheet has grown to be a book of more than 200 pages, shows that the covenanting firms are not less than 250, while the reduction promised in prices ranges from 15 to 25 per cent. It is believed that this additional business amounts, at least, to £800,000, and not improbably to as much as £1,000,000 a year. Contrary to what might be expected, this part of the system works satisfactorily; for, though purchasers are invited to complain to the committee if they ever have reason to suppose they do not obtain the full discount promised.

few complaints are received. These, however, are all thoroughly examined, and wherever they prove to be well founded, the offending firm is struck off the list. Moreover, members soon learn from each other at what shops they are civilly and fairly treated, and act accordingly; so that some of the firms which have been connected with the Association from its early days, having gradually acquired a high reputation among us, are now doing a very large business with our members.

"The members have the advantage of a tailoring department, carried on in Bedford street, Strand, which, however, was for a long time a source of great trouble to the committee. Much difficulty was experienced in getting, and still more in keeping, good workmen, who left in a mysterious manner; and the work was frequently so badly done as to convince the committee that the workmen were being bribed to spoil the clothes intrusted to them, and thus to entail loss upon the Association. After a while, and by the exercise of great perserverance, these difficulties have all been overcome, and the tailoring department promises to be a great success.

"Notwithstanding that the retail price of the articles sold at the stores is on the average some six or seven per cent. above the wholesale price, it happens every now and then, that, owing to a rise in the market price between the publication of the quarterly price lists, the market price becomes higher than the retail price at the stores. Unless the article is one of large general consumption, such as tea, the committee adheres to its retail price until the issue of the next Quarterly Price List. This sometimes leads to an attempt by retail traders to buy up—of course through

some subscriber willing to play false to the Association—all the stock in hand. During the Franco-German war an attempt was thus made to buy up all the champagne, and not many months ago a rapid rise in the market price of white pepper and of anchovies led to similar attempts with these articles. Large orders are never now executed without such inquiry as satisfies the committee of their being made in good faith.

"The Association directly employs about 400 people, and pays upward of £48,000 a year in salaries and wages. The stores in Long Acre stand at an annual rental of £600, while for the new stores in Queen Victoria street, the mere ground rent is no less than £1400. The premises themselves we are about to purchase for £15,000, while a further rent of £200 a year is paid for a warehouse at Ward's Wharf, where are kept large stocks of every article in the Price List, and where are executed all large orders for goods. Something has been said as to the causes of our well-doing, but it seems desirable to inquire further into the reason of success so unprecedented. The Association is now one of the largest buyers and sellers in England, nay, in the world; and yet it was commenced and has been carried on by a body of men who in their ordinary employment neither buy nor sell. Moreover, the *personnel* of the committee so changes that at the present time there is left upon it but one of the original members, while every fresh committee-man, of course, has to learn the very A B C of commercial business. For explanation, I believe we may fairly point first to the high sense of honor which pervades the Government service, and which always renders it easy to find abun-

dance of men whose integrity is above suspicion; secondly, to the admirable training for business (viz., the adaptation of means to an end, as Mr. Walter Bagehot happily defines it) which the Post-Office service affords; and, thirdly, to the corporate nature of the Civil Service. In the establishment of almost every other trading company, as it seems to me, the promoters aim at some advantage for themselves and their friends beyond what is avowed, getting perhaps a larger allotment of shares, or obtaining them on more favorable terms than the general public, or at least securing appointments for their nominees. Indeed, so general is this practice, that it would, I suppose, be impossible to persuade the public that a company had been formed on such a footing as to give equal benefit to every individual shareholder. On the other hand, when the Civil Service Supply Association was formed, not only did not the originators of it obtain any special benefit for themselves, but no one ever imagined that they did. During the eight years that the Association has been in existence, though nearly £2,500,000 have passed through the committee's hands, there has arisen, so far as I know, no suspicion whatever of any dishonesty, or even of any questionable dealing.

"As I have before stated, the Association originated and was organized in the Post-Office—a department which, under the guidance and control of Sir Rowland Hill, has seen a great rise of able and energetic men. Even in earlier days, Post-Office men had, of course, taken constant part in a vast and complex business; but the introduction of penny postage had prodigiously enlarged this business in all its branches. Moreover, Sir Rowland's system of management—particularly

his bold application of the principle of promotion by merit instead of by seniority—had not only advanced able men to important posts, but had brought out throughout the service powers previously latent. Mr. Scudamore, in a recent lecture, stated that the indirect results of Sir Rowland's postal reforms have been even greater than the direct. Among these indirect results, as due to the general spirit of activity and enterprise thus engendered, may, I believe, be reckoned the establishment of the Civil Service Supply Association and the kindred societies which this has called into life.

"Another main element of success is the corporate nature of the Post-Office and of the Civil Service generally. This provided a large business connection, already linked together and accessible without the aid of advertisements, so soon as the value of the Association was proved. Moreover, there was a special guarantee for integrity. Every one in the Post-Office either knows or can easily know something of every brother officer of whatever rank, and this holds good, though perhaps in a lesser degree, of every Government department. Every committee-man has felt that his reputation as a Civil servant was of far too great a value to be endangered by any unfair dealing in the affairs of the Association; the motive to rectitude being so strong, that to put men of even moderately good official standing on the committee was to render it certain that the work would be honestly and diligently done. While, however, the Association has thus far succeeded so admirably, it seems to me that its future course is not free from danger.

"The shareholding body, composed as it is of upward of 4000 Civil servants from all branches of the Service,

who have been admitted to membership without any reference to their fitness for the position, has sometimes proved very unruly. Latterly, however, the introduction of the plan of voting by proxy has greatly reduced the power of the comparatively small fraction of shareholders who are disposed to be troublesome.

"The pay of the committee, too, for duties involving much sacrifice of well-earned leisure, considerable labor, and great responsibility, is very low. So long as salaries are limited to £80 or £90 a year, the committee must remain a too changeable body, since capable men cannot be permanently retained on such terms. Hitherto the Association has been mainly served by men whose chief motives were pride in its success, and a desire to benefit their fellow-officers, but of course this will not last. The time must come when the chief inducement to such service will be the desire of adding to income; nor should it be expected that the Association will be maintained in full vigor unless the payment to the committee be made sufficient to induce well qualified men to serve mainly as a matter of business.

"A reduction in the shareholding body, with a limitation of it to suitable persons, is now out of the question. Many of us Post-Office men thought, and still think, that a great mistake was made in not resolutely retaining the control of the Association in the Post-Office service; though, of course, we quite approved of admitting the remainder of the Civil Service to all the other advantages of membership. I feel no doubt that should the present Association ever collapse, the Post-Office men would rapidly and successfully organize a new society on the plan of keeping the control in the

hands of a moderate number of trustworthy and reasonable men of their service.

"About two years ago, when our Association limited the number of subscribers to 15,000, a new society entitled, 'The New Supply Association,' was projected to take in those friends of Civil Servants and others who could not gain admission to the old. Several of the then members of our committee joined the direction of the new Association, which is conducted upon the same general principles as our own. I see by the first annual report that the Association, which has its stores in Long Acre, has during the past twelve months sold £20,000 worth of goods to its members, so that it has made a good commencement.

"I must mention, in conclusion, that I have never served, and certainly never intend to serve, on the Committee of Management myself, although I have had the opportunity of watching its work from the commencement to the present time."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FUTURE OF THE GRANGE.

Retrospective—Future of the Order—What it will accomplish for the Farmer and for the Country—The Grange pledged to a Just and Liberal Course of Action—The Grange not a Destructive Order—Its Stake in the Community—Elements of Opposition—Distrust of Politicians—Political Views of the Granges—Platforms of the Farmers of Illinois, Minnesota, and Iowa—Necessity for the Order to confine itself to its Proper Work.

We have now examined the organization, traced the history and growth, and discussed the prospects of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry. It is a remarkable order, and has a remarkble history. Its growth is unprecedented. Not even the old Know Nothing party spread with such rapidity. Although organized as far back as 1867, the growth of the Order has been confined almost exclusively to the past year, in which it has spread with a swiftness which has exceeded even the wildest hopes of its most sanguine friends. But a mere handful at the beginning of 1873, it is now a vast army, stretching over the entire Republic, with a well arranged and satisfactorily working system of government, with definite and honestly avowed aims, and ample means of attaining its ends; and it is increasing by many thousands every week.

No man can predict its future; but it seems safe to assert that at no very distant day it will embrace the entire farming community. Certainly those who have the farmers' interests at heart should strive for such an

end, for the Grange has shown itself the farmer's best friend. Its spread means protection to him, encouragement to him, a greater degree of prosperity and happiness to him, for its only object is to make him a better and more prosperous farmer and man. None but farmers are admitted to its membership, for it does not concern itself with outside issues; its work is with and for the farmers only. There is every reason why the farmers of the country should work for its success, and it will be a great mistake to hold aloof from it.

When it shall have accomplished its work, the results will be such as will affect the condition of the country for remote generations. It will have broken the power of the railroad monopolies and secured to the farmer a cheap means of reaching a market. It will have rendered the financial demoralization from which we are now suffering impossible, by securing the passage of laws meting out equal justice to all men. It will have given the whole country cheap coal, and cheap bread. It will have secured the farmer a fair return for his industry. It will have relieved him of the necessity of incurring debts, and have enabled him to make cash purchases at reasonable rates. The accomplishment of all this must exercise a powerful influence upon the country, and change the entire current of its progress and history.

That this will be accomplished, we firmly believe. We do not expect to see it done in a day, or a year. It is the work of time, and the Grange must be patient; but it will be accomplished. We have shown the power of the farmers to make their wishes respected, and it is the work of the Grange to guide this power in channels which shall benefit the entire country.

The Grange is a destructive institution only so far as abuses are concerned. It seeks to eradicate these; but it also seeks to build up a better system in their place. It is pledged to destroy railroad tyranny, but it is also pledged to secure the inauguration of a system which shall be just to the roads while destroying their power to do harm. It will do nothing hastily. Its very organization and mode of procedure are guarantees against indiscreet and dangerous action. It is composed of men who have the highest stake in the welfare of the community; of honest, temperate, and industrious men and women, a class of which the Republic is especially proud. Its measures will be the result of the combined wisdom of this class, and will be discussed and examined patiently and fairly before being decided upon. The Order has nothing to gain by haste, but everything to compel it to act calmly and judiciously.

That its work will be accomplished without opposition, we cannot venture to hope. Several elements of opposition naturally array themselves against it. The railroads, whose corrupt use of power it seeks to check; the friends of the land grab system; the coal monopolists; the men who dam up the avenues of approach to a free market—the "protected class;" the middlemen, whose vast gains are directly endangered by the coöperative feature of the Order—all these are its natural and bitter enemies, and they will seek by every means which their ingenuity can devise to weaken and distract the Order and prevent the achievement of its great work. A portion of the press of the country, in sympathy with them, will take up their cause and endeavor to discredit the Order in the eyes of the

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public. The opposition which the Grange must encounter has, as yet, scarcely begun. The rapid and astonishing growth of the Order has taken its enemies so entirely by surprise that they have not yet recovered sufficiently to organize their opposition; but it will come.

But let the farmers remain steadfast in their purpose, and above all, let them confine their Order to their own class. The very life, the very existence of the Order depends upon the oneness of the interests of its members. Such outside support as it needs it will quickly obtain when the people see, as they soon will when the fight is fairly opened, that the Grange is battling for the rights of the whole people as well as those of the farmer. The Grange has the good of the nation at heart, and its aim is to be just and generous in the exercise of its powers.

With political parties as such it has no affiliation, and yet it must act as a political party itself in one sense. Many of its ends can be attained only by exercising the political rights of its members. It desires to break down abuses and secure the adoption of just laws. To accomplish this it must put men in power who will faithfully carry out its wishes. It proposes to do this; to see that its individual members entitled to the right of suffrage cast their votes only for men who are pledged to the accomplishment of the objects which it is working for. Patrons under these circumstances will vote for no man as a Republican or as a Democrat, but as a man pledged to the adoption of a definite reform. Already the politicians, appreciating the power of the Order, have sought to use it for their own purposes; but the Order has declined, and will

continue to decline, all such overtures. What sympathy has it with the men who have aided in bringing about the very abuses it seeks to correct? What bond of union can there be between the Order and the men who have aided and encouraged wild cat railroad speculation; who have fastened the land grab system upon us; who have put it in the power of the monopolist to rob the people; and who are stained with the infamy of the "Crédit Mobilier," and the "back pay steal?" This is well understood by the farmers of the country, and the politicians have undertaken a hopeless task. The day is approaching when better men will be charged with the work of the State, and it is the task of the Grange to hasten the advent of this period.

The Order has not yet committed itself to any definite avowal of its views upon political questions. Various minor issues have been advocated by the various State organizations, but no general platform has yet been presented to the Order.

The Farmers' Convention, which met in Chicago towards the last of October of the present year, made the following declaration of principles:

Resolved, 1. That Congress be asked to pass a general law fixing a maximum rate for transportation between the States, and the Legislatures laws governing transportation within the States, and that no more subsidies to private corporations be given.

2. We demand the construction of railroads and the improvement of water communications between the interior and seaboard, the same to be owned and operated by the General Government, for the purpose of affording cheap and ample transportation, and to protect the people from the exactions of monopolies.

3. That people should create and patronize home manufactures in order to do away, in so far as is possible, with the necessity for transportation.

4. That the people should free themselves of debt in order to be better prepared for the struggle with monopoly whenever it comes.

5. That no industry can be protected save at the expense of all other industries, and that all special legislation is wrong.

6. That the farmers should organize throughout the country to secure reform of abuses and equal justice for all.

The Minnesota farmers, at their convention, at Owatonna, September 2d, 1873, adopted the following platform:

Whereas, The leading issues that have hitherto divided the people of this country in political parties have ceased to exist, and it is unwise to seek to continue the old party organization now that new and momentous questions have arisen; and

Whereas, The principal question now demanding consideration is that involving the privileges and powers of corporations as antagonizing with and operating in opposition to the well-being of the people; and

Whereas, We, the farmers, mechanics, and laborers of Minnesota, deem the triumph of the people in this contest with monopolies essential to the perpetuation of our free institutions and the promotion of our private and national prosperity; and

Whereas, In addition to this, and to the honest and economical administration of the Government, we recognize no party distinctions nor political issues now before the country as worthy of more than minor consideration; be it therefore

Resolved, First: That the purpose of all proper government is the promotion of the welfare of the entire people, and that therefore the conduct of any citizen, association, or copartnership, whether chartered or otherwise, which may operate to the prejudice of this general welfare, is antagonistic to the true objects of our Government, and violative of the fundamental principles upon which all correct law is based.

Second: That we recognize no political party nor individual aspirant for office as worthy of our support, unless it or he will unite with us in declaring that the Government cannot alienate its sovereignty either in whole or in part to any person, association, or corporation for any purpose whatever, but such are always and must forever remain subject to the sovereign authority and control of the Government.

Third: That we will not aid in elevating any man to any important public position whatever who will either deny or object to the exercise by the Legislature of the power to reverse or annul at any time any chartered privilege or so-called vested right or any privilege claimed to be involved in any charter to any corporation, railroad, or otherwise, which experience has shown is or may be exercised by such corporation or by other similar corporations to the detriment of the public welfare; and that we will demand from every candidate for a high executive, legislative, or judicial position to whom we accord our support that he shall pledge himself to recognize

the maintenance of this right by the Government as a sacred duty essential for the preservation of the liberties of the people and the stability and prosperity of the Commonwealth.

Fourth: That taxes can only be rightfully levied for the purpose of raising revenues to defray the expenses of the Government in the discharges of its legitimate duties, supporting public institutions, and promoting the public welfare; and that the levying of imposts as inure to the benefit of a class or classes in the community, while being detrimental to other classes, is unjust and oppressive; and that tariffs levied on imported articles may be and are often so arranged as to become thus discriminative and injurious; and that it is therefore essential that the utmost care should be taken in framing such tariff laws, in order that the objectionable features may be avoided and that they may operate for the well being of the entire community.

Fifth: That it is contrary to the spirit and purpose of a Republican Government that its servants should be compensated for their public services to an extent that will make office holding attractive to human cupidity, and that in the late act of Congress, increasing the official and Congressional salaries, notwithstanding the pleas and excuses urged in its palliation, we recognize only a corrupt and reprehensible avarice and reckless disregard of the public weal, which deserves the severest censure; and we demand the repeal of the law at the earliest practicable moment, and declare every man who supported and approved, or aided and abetted in procuring its passage, or received benefit through its enactment, whether in the shape of back or future pay, as unworthy the confidence of his fellow-citizens and unfit for the further occupancy of any position of public trust.

Sixth: That all participants in the Crédit Mobilier and the corrupt transactions exposed by its investigation of the late Congress and by the late Treasury investigation of the State, deserve to have been punished as criminals, and that those who aided in screening them from complete exposure and consequent punishment, should likewise become objects of public scorn and contumely.

Seventh: That every public officer is amenable to the people for his conduct, and that public sentiment should demand and compel the resignation of all those who are guilty of misrepresenting their constituents, of malfeasance in office, and of neglecting to execute faithfully the duties intrusted to them.

Eighth: That the fees and salaries at present allowed to county and other officials within this State are frequently excessive, and that these should never be greater than is paid by private individuals to their employés engaged in similar duties and bearing similar responsibilities, and that we demand that the State Legislature shall at its next session remedy this evil, and reduce such salaries and fees to what will be no more than a just and reasonable compensation, and thus, by removing the inducements for holding, lessen the desire for seeking office, and obviate to a considerable extent one of the most patent causes of local political corruption.

Ninth: That our experience proves that persons elected by parties are subservient to the leaders and wire-pullers of the parties electing them in the

performance of their public duties, to the neglect partially or wholly of the opinions and wishes of the mass of the people; and that therefore we, as farmers and laborers, despair of ever having our wishes complied with or our interests subserved in the administration of public affairs until we shall take upon ourselves the discharge of the duties we owe to ourselves and to each other of choosing and electing our own candidates independently of the action of all other political organizations, and we therefore earnestly recommend to the farmers and laborers of the State that we shall do all in our power to procure the nomination and election of full and complete county, district, and State tickets, embracing candidates elected in the interests of the masses of the people for all the positions in the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial branches of the Government to be elected this Fall, and that, to the end that this policy may generally obtain, we solicit the coöperation of the industrial masses of the other States in order that the influence of the movement may be extended to the administration of our national affairs.

Tenth: That we receive with satisfaction the decision of the Supreme Court of this State in the case of Blake agt. The Winona & St. Peter Railroad Company, in which the Court holds, in effect, that the railroads are simply improved highways, public roads, and that as such the right to prescribe a rate of tolls and charges is an attribute of the sovereignty of the people of which no legislation can divest them, and that the thanks of all the people of this State are due to W. P. Clough, the attorney for the plaintiff, whose skill, ability, and devotion to the cause of the people secured this judicial triumph.

Eleventh: That we have seen with alarm the startling revelations in reference to the condition of our State Treasury, the undoubted defalcation of our Treasurer of over $100,000, and the reported defalcation of his successor of nearly $40,000; the loan of the public funds to merchants and lumber dealers; the making of accounts with bogus certificates of deposit; the fact that nearly half a million of the school fund, the precious heritage of our children, was left unindorsed as required by law, and completely at the mercy of these dishonest officials; the perjuries of the State Treasurer before the Commission, and finally, the desperate efforts that were successfully made to hide the Ring of guilty parties who had used the State Treasurer as their tool.

Twelfth: That we claim that the law requiring these companies to fence the lines of their roads should be strictly enforced, and that the said companies should be compelled to pay for all loss and damage to stock caused by the absence of such fences.

Thirteenth: That we are opposed to the monopoly of wood and coal in our great cities by the Rings, as a shameful tax on the industry of the people.

Fourteenth: We are in favor of free water communication with the ocean by means of the improvement of the Mississippi and other great rivers of the State, and the improvement of the great lakes; that we are in favor of an examination by the National Government of the region between the St. Croix and Lake Superior, to ascertain whether canal communication can be made to connect the tributaries of the Mississippi with the waters of Lake Superior.

Fifteenth: We are in favor of such reasonable limitation of the hours of

labor in the shops and factories of the State as will give the laboring people opportunity for moral and mental improvement.

Sixteenth: That we demand a State law that will pay out of the public funds the costs and charges of all suits brought by individuals to enforce the laws of the State against railroad corporations.

Seventeenth: That we can sympathize with all attempts for the moral improvement of the people, and that we regard the temperance societies of the land which are working by moral suasion for the advancement of the cause as deserving of the consideration of good men everywhere.

Eighteenth: That the honor of our State demands that the delegation in Congress from this State call for a thorough investigation into the equitable settlement, so-called, of the transfer of the Fort Snelling property.

Nineteenth: That the subserving of the present candidate for Governor on the Republican State ticket to the interest of railroads, shows him to be an enemy to the rights of farmers and laborers, and a friend of monopoly.

The Farmers' Anti-Monopoly Convention, which met at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 13th of August, 1873, adopted the following platform:

Whereas, Both political parties have discharged the obligations assumed at their organization, and being no longer potent as instruments for the reform of abuses which have grown up in them, we deem it inconsistent to attempt to accomplish a political reform by acting with and in such organizations; therefore,

Resolved, That we, in free Convention, do declare as a basis of our future political action, that all corporations are subject to legislative control; that those created by Congress should be restricted and controlled by Congress, and that those under State laws should be subject to the control respectively of the States creating them; that such legislative control should be an express abrogation of the theory of the inalienable nature of chartered rights, and that it should be at all times so used as to prevent moneyed corporations from becoming engines of oppression.

Resolved, That the Legislature of Iowa should by law fix the maximum rates of freight to be charged by the railroads of the State, leaving them free to compete below the rates.

Resolved, That we demand a general revision of the present Tariff law that should give us free salt, iron, lumber, and cotton and woollen fabrics, and reduce the whole system to a revenue basis only.

Resolved, That we demand the repeal of the back salary act, and the return to the United States Treasury of all money drawn therefrom by members of the last Congress, and of the members of the present Congress we demand the repeal of the law increasing salaries and the passage of a law fixing a lower and more reasonable compensation for public officers, believing that until the

public debt is paid and the public burden lightened, the salaries of our public servants should be more in proportion to the rewards of labor in private life.

Resolved, That we are opposed to all future grants of land to railroad or other corporations, and believe that the public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers, and we are in favor of a law by which each honorably discharged soldier, or his heirs, may use such discharge in any Government land office in full payment for a quarter section of unappropriated public land.

Resolved, That in the corrupt Tammany steal, Crédit Mobilier frauds, Congress salary swindle, and official embezzlements, and the hundreds of other combination steals, frauds, and swindles by which Democratic and Republican legislators, Congressmen, and office-holders have enriched themselves, defrauded the country, and impoverished the people, we find the necessity of independent action and the importance of united efforts, and cordially invite all men, of whatever calling or trade, regardless of political views, to join us in removing the evils that so seriously affect us all.

From these resolutions, embracing three of the principal agricultural States of the Union, the reader can easily gain a clear conception of the views of the members of the Order upon the topics of the day.

By remaining true to itself, then; by resisting outside influences, and especially by avoiding political complications, the Grange can safely and successfully accomplish its great mission. It is a noble work that it has taken upon itself, and its success must result in benefit to the whole country. Its objects are pure and lofty, and its success can be attained only by high and ennobling means. An Order which seeks the individual elevation and material prosperity of nearly one-half of the whole nation, merits, and will receive the warm and hearty sympathy of our entire population.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEADING GRANGERS.

DUDLEY W. ADAMS,

Master of the National Grange.

THE Master of the National Grange is the presiding officer of the Order. His duties are thus defined by the By-laws of the Organization:

> It shall be the duty of the Master to preside at meetings of the National Grange; to see that all officers and members of committees properly perform their respective duties; to see that the Constitution, By-laws, and Resolutions of the National Grange and the usages of the Order are observed and obeyed; to sign all drafts drawn upon the treasury, and generally to perform all duties pertaining to such office.

He is chosen by the National Grange, by ballot, and his term of office is limited to three years. He exercises a general supervision over the Order, and his duties are by no means as light as some persons seem to think. The position is one of very great responsibility, and calls forth the exercise of executive abilities of a very high class. The Master must be a man of great firmness and force of character, fertile in resource, possessing great tact, and, above all, must be a practical farmer and thoroughly devoted to the interests of the class for whose benefit the Order is working.

These qualities are happily united in the present

Master of the National Grange, Dudley W. Adams, Esq., of Iowa.

Like most men of his calling, Mr. Adams' life has been quiet and uneventful. "My life," he says, in a letter which we have been permitted to use, "has been a rather uneventful one, and not such as will make a stirring narrative." "I was born," he continues, "in the pine woods of Massachusetts, in the town of Winchendon, in the year 1831." He is consequently forty-two years of age at present. His father was at this time "running a small saw-mill," by means of which he managed to make a modest provision for his family. When the subject of this sketch was four years of age the family moved to a small rocky farm, which the father had purchased, and on which the childhood and youth of Dudley Adams were spent. His was the life of the ordinary New England farm lad—working on the farm in the milder weather, and attending the district school in the winter. He was a bright, quick lad, and manifested a strong desire to excel in his studies, so that when but a mere youth, we find him in possession of all the erudition the district school could afford him. Then the pupil became the teacher, and for several years the young pedagogue presided over the school in which his own education had been gained.

At length the critical period in his life arrived. He was twenty-one years of age, and a free man. He was also the owner of a modest little sum that he had saved from his earnings as a teacher. He must now make a decision which would affect his whole future; he must choose the vocation of his life. New England offered few inducements to an energetic and ambitious young

man, but the great West was a field in which the opportunities for advancement were without limit. Westward his heart led him, and Westward he went. "At the age of twenty-one," he writes, "I turned my face West, and took up a piece of wild Government land at Waukon, Iowa, of which I made a farm, and on which I still reside."

The young New Englander proved no drone in the new community. He set to work with a will, and from the first was recognized as one of the most energetic and intelligent farmers of the county or State. His neighbors testified their appreciation of him by electing him President of the Allamakee County Agricultural Society within a year after his settlement in the county. He was only twenty-two years of age at the time, and it was no small compliment to be chosen over the heads of older and more experienced men. He still refers to his election with pride.

Under the intelligent and vigorous management of Mr. Adams the "piece of wild Government land" became one of the prettiest and most flourishing farms in the State. Its owner was a reading and a thinking man, and devoted his leisure to an intelligent and systematic course of reading and self-culture.

In his own pursuit his attention was directed particularly to Horticulture, and he did not confine his efforts to his own farm. Recognizing the needs of the country, his labors embraced the whole Northwest. "My principal energies," he says, in a letter to the writer, "have been directed to the development of Horticulture in the Northwest, and now I have perhaps the finest orchard in that section, numbering over 4000 trees." In 1868 he was elected Secretary of the Iowa

State Horticultural Society, and has been annually re-elected since then. He has during the present year relinquished the position in consequence of his time being occupied by other and more important duties. "The achievement of my life," he says, "in which I take most pride, is the little I have done to improve the horticulture of my adopted State." A very modest way of viewing a good and useful work, and one that will keep Mr. Adams' name in grateful remembrance in Iowa long after he has been gathered to his fathers.

A man of Mr. Adams' mental capacity and activity could not help recognizing and investigating the evils from which the farming class has suffered, and upon the organization of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, he at once identified himself with it as the best means of remedying the defects complained of. He took an active part in promoting its growth, and upon the organization of the Iowa State Grange, on the 12th of January, 1871, was elected Master of that body. In December, 1871, he was reëlected for a full term of two years. In January, 1872, he was chosen Master of the National Grange, and resigned his position in the Iowa State Grange. Upon the adoption of the Constitution of the Order, in January 1873, at the sixth annual session of the National Grange, Mr. Adams was reëlected Master for the full term of three years.

The following address, delivered by Mr. Adams before the Granges of Muscatine and Union counties, Iowa, in October, 1872, presents him in a favorable light as a speaker and thinker. We commend his vigorous and well-timed remarks to the careful consideration of the readers of these pages. He said:

"When physicians meet in convention, as they often

do, it is customary for members of the medical profession to read papers for the entertainment and instruction of the assembled M. D.'s.

"When railroad men have a convention, such persons as have had active experience in railroad business do the talking and have charge of the meeting.

"Editorial conventions are attended by editors, and they, as firmly as any other class of people, are of the opinion that they are capable of managing their own business, and they are not in the habit of imploring the members of other callings to furnish the brains to amuse or instruct them.

"Shoemakers have organized themselves into the order of St. Crispins, and consider themselves able to paddle their own canoe.

"Lawyers not only feel competent to address and properly edify conventions of their own profession, but their modesty does not forbid them from rendering valuable assistance to less favored classes by a free use of their surplus talent.

"But, when the tillers of the soil have met in an agricultural society of any kind, it has been usually customary to select a lawyer, doctor, editor, or politician to tell us what he knows about farming. The idea has very rarely occurred to the managers of such institutions that it might be possible for a farmer to have anything to say on such occasions which should be either appropriate, interesting, or instructive. When these professional oracles of our professional managers' selection open their mouths, we are edified with a rehash of such ideas as may be prevalent in the community, served up in a great variety of forms, and presented in a great many different and beautiful lights,

depending for its coloring upon the business of the orator, as this is the stand-point from which we are viewed, and, of course, this view determines the nature of the picture. Lawyers and doctors in beautiful colors paint the nobleness and independence of the farmer's life. They tell us we are the most intelligent, moral, healthy, and industrious class in all the land, and all our present is calm and our future happy. Merchants tell us that no business is so sure and free from care as farming, and that in no other calling do so few men end in bankruptcy. Politicians laud in stentorian tones the 'honest yeomanry,' 'the sinews of the land,' the 'bulwarks of our nation's liberties,' 'the coarse blouse of homespun which covers the true and honest heart,' and deluges more of equally fulsome and nauseating stuff.

"Soft-handed agricultural editors give long dissertations on the necessity of saving all the spare moments, and converting them into some useful purpose. They tell us how rainy days may be laboriously used in mending old rake-handles, and winter evenings utilized by pounding oak logs into basket stuff, while our wives and daughters can nobly assist in averting bankruptcy by weaving the baskets or ingeniously making one new lamp-wick out of the remains of three old ones.

"It has never occured to these very wise instructors that farmers and farmers' families are human beings, with human feelings, human hopes and ambitions, and human desires. It will doubtless be a matter of surprise for them to learn that farmers may possibly entertain some wish to enjoy life, and have some other object in life besides everlasting hard work and ac-

cumulating a few paltry dollars by coining them from their own life-blood, and stamping them with the sighs of weary children and worn wives.

"What we want in agriculture is a new Declaration of Independence. We must do something to dispel old prejudices, and break down these old notions. That the farmer is a mere animal, to labor from morn till eve, and into the night, is an ancient but abominable heresy. We have heard enough, ten times enough, about the 'hardened hand of honest toil.' The supreme 'glory of the sweating brow,' and how magnificent the suit of coarse homespun which covers a form bent with overwork, and which has incorporated in its every thread moments of painful labor which the over-worked wife had stolen from her needed rest.

"I tell you, my brother tillers of the soil, there is something in this world worth living for besides hard work. We have heard enough of this professional blarney. Toil is not in itself necessarily glorious. To toil like a slave, raise fat steers, cultivate broad acres, pile up treasures of bonds and lands and herds, and at the same time bow and starve the godlike form, harden the hands, dwarf the immortal mind, and alienate the children from the homestead, is a damning disgrace to any man, and should stamp him as worse than a brute.

"It is not honorable to sacrifice the mind and body to gain. It is not a trait of true nobility to bring up children to thankless, unrequited labor. It is not just or good or noble to wear out the wife of your bosom in the drudgery of the farm without a just return. You have no right to make agriculture so disagreeable as to

drive all young men of spirit and enterprise into other branches of business.

"I will be met right here with the thousand time repeated rejoinder, 'Oh, we farmers have to work hard. We can't get along as mechanics in town do with ten hours' work. We can't afford to hire help. We can't afford to have holidays. We can't get time to make a vegetable, flower, and fruit garden, and supply our wants with vegetables, flowers, and fruits. We can't get time to make a lawn and plant trees around the house.' You can't? You can't? Then what are you farming for? As men, as citizens, as fathers, as husbands, you have no right to engage in a business which will comdemn yourself and your dependents to a life of unrewarded toil. If the calling of agriculture will not enable you and yours to escape physical degradation, and mental and social starvation; if it does not enable you to enjoy the amenities, pleasures, comforts, and necessities of life as well as other branches of business, it is your duty to abandon it at once, and not drag down in misery your dependent family. But I do not believe we need be driven to this alternative. I *do* believe that agriculture, followed as a business, with a reasonable regard to business principles, can be made a business success. I believe that by keeping steadily in view the primary end of life—our happiness, our comfort, our bodily health, our mental improvement and growth—they can be as well attained or better than in any other calling. Right here is the great difficulty; right here with ourselves is the remedy: We *work* too much and *think* too little. We make our hands too hard, while our brains are too soft. The day is long past when muscle ruled the world. Brain is

the great motive power of this age, and muscle but a feeble instrument. The locomotive, tearing along, jarring the earth below, outstripping the wind above, and bearing in its train the beauty, honor, and treasure of a State, represents brains. The dusty, sweaty footman, wearily plodding along, carrying a pack on his back, symbolizes muscle. The self-raking reaper, driven with gloved and unsoiled hands, sweeping down like a fable the golden grain, represents brains. The bowed husbandman, painfully gathering handfuls of straw and cutting them with a sickle, represents muscle. The steamboat, plowing its way with ease against the strongest current of our swift and noble rivers, is brains. The dug-out, slowly creeping along the willow-margined shore, propelled by the Indian's paddle, is muscle. The sewing-machine, which stitches faster than the eye can follow and never eats or tires, is brains. The weary, pale, and worn wife, painfully toiling over the midnight task, is muscle. How futile the attempt, then, for muscle to compete against mind in the great battle of life! A wise man once wrote, 'The wisdom of a learned man cometh with opportunity of leisure;' and in that sentence is food for reflection and thought sufficient for an entire sermon. Unless farmers devote more time to the use of the brain and the improvement of the mind, and less to wearying and exhausting muscular labor, how can they hope to successfully compete against the vigorous minds of the present age? It is not the skilful hand, the strong arm, or the watchful eye alone that will in these days bring success to the farmer. These are needful, but a cultivated, intelligent, active brain to direct them is of ten times more importance.

"Again I say, we work too much and think too little. A farmer rises at four o'clock, goes out and does the chores among the stock, chops wood for the day, mends the harness, and is very industrious. By breakfast time, he has got all ready for the day's work. All hands then pitch into severe labor till noon. Dinner is called and dispatched in haste, and labor renewed till supper. This unavoidable but neccessary hindrance to labor is hurriedly performed, work resumed until darkness compels a cessation of labor in the field, and then the laborers return to the house. A lantern is procured, by the aid of which the milking and other chores are 'done up,' and by nine or ten o'clock at night the day's work is closed, and the family, tired and stupid, retire to bed, only on the following day to repeat the same routine of slavery. And yet such men are called good, thifty, industrious farmers. It is a lie! a base slander to call such stupid slavery of body, such starvation of mind, good or thifty, or in any wise commendable.

"Go into the country, and you will find numberless cases of men with poor health, crushed energies, ruined constitutions, and stunted souls, and women the slaves of habits of excessive labor, more fatal than the pernicious and much-comdemned customs of fashionable society. You will find children prematurely old, with the bright light of happy childhood extinguished, and everywhere a lack of that life and cheerfulness which gives to life its greatest charms. Most of these evils can be traced directly to overwork. Is such work necessary or even profitable for a famer? Most certainly not. Such work is a losing business, and farmers who adopt that course of labor will find at the

end of the season that themselves, their wives, and children are worn and discouraged, and have not accomplished as much as had been attempted or expected. Why? Because they have worked like oxen and not like men, and have depended on muscle alone instead of making it an auxiliary of the mind, and they treat themselves to the luxury of a good, long, hearty growl at members of all other industries for combining to oppress the poor farmer. They growl at the shoemaker; they growl at the merchant; they growl at the railroad; they growl at the commission men; they growl at everybody and everything that lives by using its wits in sponging, cheating, and oppressing the hard-working farmer. This horde of cormorants are growled at, whined at, and snarled at, because they filch from the farmer his hard-earned dollars and live in luxury and ease thereon. Speakers at agricultural and political meetings, and writers in agricultural papers repeat these complaints, and ring the same charges over and over again, in season and out of season, until themselves and most farmers really believe that the tillers of the soil are the most industrious, moral, intelligent, hardworking, abused, persecuted lambs in the world, and everybody else are wolves, seeking whom they may devour.

"Now, as one who was born on a farm, reared on a farm, has spent the flower of his days on a farm, and still earns his bread by tilling the soil, I know my brother farmers will forgive me if I do not follow in and repeat this strain, but tell plainly the naked, disagreeable truth. Many of these complaints are true, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves that such is the disgraceful fact. Here is a class of people exceeding any other in numbers and wealth, and claim-

ing superior industry, intelligence, and morality, complaining of being oppressed. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, and either cease our boasting or our whining.

"Let us take a candid look at the situation, and see if we cannot discover what is the matter. Let us try and see if there is any good reason why the great majority should be governed and oppressed by a small minority.

"In human affairs effects follow causes; results are accomplished by action, even when the actors are unseen. Look at our State and national Governments, and who are the men to whom we entrust this great responsibility? Look at our boards of trade, industrial expositions, and in fact any great project for the advancement of science, art, liberty, or industry, and you will find at its head and the moving spirit thereof a lawyer, doctor, preacher, student, merchant, or, in fact, almost anything but a farmer. These men rule the nation. They shape the laws; they make the channels of trade, and place trade in its channels. They build ships, harness steam to their wagons, make lightning carry their messages; they compel rivers to turn their saws, twirl their spindles, and throw their shuttles. They use their brains, and mind governs the world.

"Just think of competing against such men by stupidly hoeing corn fifteen hours a day and selling it at twenty cents a bushel, and then laying awake nights, growling at railroad men and merchants. The dog who barks at the moon comes nearer accomplishing his purpose than such a growler. Why have not farmers taken a position of influence and power in the councils

of the nation and otherwise, in proportion to their numbers and wealth? Simply because we have not used our brains.

"The world pays homage to intelligence, to intellect, and puts it in places of honor, of trust, of responsibility. The world is not partial to lawyers, ministers, and doctors, but the world wants to use brains, and accepts them wherever found, and uses them to promote its wishes; and if we farmers want to be placed in the foremost rank in the nation and in the world; if we wish to be put in positions where we can have power to aid our fellows; if we wish to have influence and make our mark on the institutions of the land; if we wish to stand where we can do something towards governing the price of our commodities; if we wish to weigh according to our size in the scale of public opinion; if we want to have farmers in demand for places of trust and honor and profit, and for husbands for beautiful, refined, and intelligent women; if we want to escape from our present vassalage, we must furnish some brains, sound in quality, liberal in quantity, polished with constant use, refined by study and thought. Show me such a farmer as that, and I will show you a man whom his fellowmen will want to use in places of trust.

"I speak it in sorrow; I admit it with deep and burning shame, that the farmers can furnish but comparatively few men whose minds are fitted to organize great enterprises. Look at the farmers in our Legislature. In numbers they are very small in proportion to the population of the State, and smaller yet in the influence they have upon the legislation. When they come in contact with men who are in the habit of close and logical reasoning, they, with a few exceptions, prove

wanting. It may, and probably will be said that head-work will not hoe corn or feed the pigs. Granted. But prove to me that an intelligent man is disqualified from performing the duties of a farmer and you will prove to me that farming is a business which it is disgraceful to follow, and that it is grossly unjust to say aught to induce any young man of common sense to become a farmer.

"It is seen that thought, intelligence, mind, brains, used in other branches of business, lead to success. It is found that men with clear heads, sharp wits, sound judgment, and business habits go straight along and compel success even under adverse circumstances. Now, is it any advantage to have and use brains? Can a man with brains get, in tilling the soil, a fair compensation for their use? Can brain work be employed on the farm and return to the owner as much of comfort, wealth, happiness, honor, and general prosperity as in other branches of business at the present time? This is a knotty question, but it is one we have got to meet, and meet it now. There is no use in attempting to evade or ignore this great alternative. If there is anything in agriculture that necessarily dwarfs the mind and makes it secondary to mere physical exertion, then it is a disgrace to be a farmer, and common honesty requires that we cease talking about the honorableness of the noble yeomanry. But, on the contrary, if agriculture will give scope to thought and research; if it will cause a man to think while he works and study while he has leisure; if his business is such that talent and tact will transform his soil to gold and his house into a beautiful and happy home; if the same amount of bodily and mental labor on the farm will produce as

much pleasure, wealth, and happiness as in the shops, counting-room, and mines, then we may conscientiously recommend agriculture as one of the desirable employments. Can this be done?

"Brother Patrons of Husbandry, our Order has been formed to assist in answering this great question in the affirmative. How shall we proceed?

"I do not underrate the importance of making an effort to buy our reapers a few dollars cheaper and sell our wheat a few cents higher and get our freights a little lower. What is gained in this way is certainly added to the profits of the farm, but I very much fear that many members of the Order place too high a value upon this matter of purchase and sale. This is not what ails us. It does not reach the root of the difficulty at all. It only prunes away a few slender twigs which grow again in a single night. We can never accomplish what we want, and make agriculture respectable, remunerative, and desirable; farmers intelligent, contented, and honored; farmers' wives envied and respected, and farmers' sons and daughters eagerly sought by the wise, good, learned, and beautiful of the land for husbands and wives; we cannot make beautiful homes, fertile farms, and improving flocks by saving five dollars on a plow and five cents a bushel on wheat. No! Never! When we build like that we must dig deeper, lay the foundations broader, and use *brains* as the chief stone of the corner. An ox excels us in strength, a horse in speed. The eagle has keener sight, the hare a quicker ear, the deer a finer sense of smell; but man excels them all in mind and rules above them all. So among men it is not the strong, the swift, the keen-sighted, the quick-eared or fine

scented who rules the world, but the clear-headed. Human beings are like pebbles on the sea shore; by rubbing against each other they become rounded, smooth, polished, symmetrical: alone, they are rough, uncouth, repulsive.

"Farmers are too much alone. We need to meet together to rub off the rough corners and polish down into symmetry. We want to exchange views, and above all we want to learn to think. A man who has performed fourteen hours of severe physical labor is in no condition to think, and we may as well decide at once that any class of men which starts out in life by working at severe labor fourteen hours of the twenty-four, and faithfully adheres to the practice, will fill forever the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water for men who use the God-given mind, and nourish the soul with liberal and abundant mental food.

"I have already tired your patience, and in closing will only say that in my opinion the coming farmer will not toil with his hands fourteen hours out of the twenty-four and compel wife and children to the same slavery. But he will give a liberal share of his time to thought, study, and recreation. He will know of what his soil is composed, in what it abounds, in what it is deficient. He will know what elements of earth and air are needed to plant growth, and under what conditions they can be most readily assimilated. He will understand the laws of plant and animal life, that he may more successfully treat them. His house will be abundantly supplied with books and papers on agricultural and matters of general interest. Pictures and abundant amusements will make his home attractive. A beautiful lawn and flower beds, a fruit and vegetable

garden, an orchard, groves, and evergreens and deciduous trees for ornament, shelter, and use, will make his home so lovely and homelike that his daughters will not be so disgusted with farm life as to marry a village dolt, or the son so worn, weary and dispirited as to leave the farm at the first opportunity and open a barber shop in some country village. Can this be done, and can the farms really be made the happy homes of refined, intelligent, honored men and women, instead of the abodes of overworked slaves? Yes! emphatically yes! But not by neglecting to rust the God-given mind, but by rousing it up and making it the compass, the sail, and the rudder in the voyage of life. The body is but the hulk. Then set your sails, stand by the rudder, steer by the compass, and start out boldly on the great journey, whose passage is pleasure and whose end is success."

Mr. Adams is married to an excellent lady, endeared to a wide circle of friends by her many virtues. She holds the post of Ceres in the National Grange.

T. A. THOMPSON,

Lecturer of the National Grange.

T. A. Thompson was born in Vernon, Trumbull county, Ohio, on the 19th of May, 1822. He was the youngest son of eight children, six of whom were boys. His father was a farmer, one of those clear-headed, independent and industrious workers who laid the foundations of the greatness which the West has since achieved; and, being devoted to his own calling, brought up his sons as farmers. He added to his agricultural pursuits, the business of a dairy farmer and stock raiser; and his sons had ample opportunities for

learning these important branches of their business under his training.

Young Thompson received as good a common-school education as could be obtained in Ohio, forty years ago. When old enough to be of use on the farm, his school-days were confined to the winter months, and the remainder of the year was given to farm work. Of a naturally intelligent mind, he learned rapidly, and soon exhausted the store of knowledge the schoolmaster had to furnish. He was an indefatigable reader, and eagerly devoured everything in the shape of a book or newspaper, that came within his reach. He has carried this habit of study through life with him; and even now, might shame many a younger student by his constant and untiring industry in this respect. He is also an excellent example to the farmer-boys of the land, of what may be accomplished in the way of self-culture by a young man determined to keep himself abreast of the age. Upon approaching manhood, Mr. Thompson attended an Acadamy for three terms, and distinguished himself by his close application and good scholarship.

At the age of twenty-one he commenced life as a teacher of the common school of his native town, giving such satisfaction to his fellow townsmen that he was continued in his position for seven terms.

He was very popular with the people of Vernon, who were proud of his intellectual promise; and as he took an active part in the political questions of the day, was elected, in succession, to all the various public offices within the gift of his fellow citizens. Had he chosen to continue in political life, there was a clear field before him; but such a life was not to his taste; and in

October, 1846, he made a final settlement in life, by marrying and embarking in farming on his own account, in the place of his birth.

He pursued the calling of a farmer in Vernon with success for about nine years, engaging, also, in the raising of cattle, sheep, and horses. His temporal affairs prospered steadily, and he was regarded as one of the most prominent and influential farmers of Trumbull county. But, to a man of his large views, Ohio soon became "too far East." He saw, at an early day, the great advantages offered by the country farther West; and, in the winter of 1855–56, he sold his farm in Ohio, and, in June, 1856, removed to Wabasha county, Minnesota, where he took up a quarter-section of fine land, and began farming on a larger scale than in his old home.

Minnesota was in its infancy then, and men of large ideas and well-stored minds were sure of prompt recognition. Mr. Thompson at once took the place in the community to which his abilities entitled him; and his neighbors, the next year, 1857, testified their appreciation of him, by sending him to represent Wabasha county in the Legislature; in which body he served two terms. His next step was characteristic of the man. There was no school in Plainview, the township in which his home lay, and one was badly needed. Above all, a schoolmaster was wanted. Mr. Thompson solved the difficult problem of finding a competent instructor, by at once assuming the duties of that position; and, for five years, conducted a capital school in Plainview, for the benefit of his own and his neighbors' children. He retained the charge of the school until he had firmly established it, and another teacher could

be procured competent to carry on his work. Upon relinquishing it his fellow citizens, grateful for what he had done for them, elected him Superintendent of Public Schools for the county; and he retained the position for six years, resigning it only to devote himself entirely to the interests of the Grange.

When the Order of Patrons of Husbandry was instituted and offered to the farmers of the country, Mr. Thompson was quick to recognize it as a great boon to the agricultural class, and as the best remedy for their grievances that could be suggested; and promptly identified himself with it. In February, 1870, he became a member of Greenwood Prairie Grange, No. 41, of Minnesota, and thus became one of the pioneers of the movement in that State. The Order was an experiment then, and a Granger's position was not altogether a pleasant one. The Order had to fight its way to popularity; and, thanks to its early adherents, it did so.

Soon after becoming a member of the Order, Mr. Thompson was elected W. Master of his own Grange, which was the first organization of its kind in this part of Minnesota; and in February, 1871, upon the organization of the State Grange of Minnesota—the first State Grange in the United States—he was unanimously chosen its W. Master. He held this position for two years, laboring actively in the interest of the Order; and, in 1873, was chosen Lecturer of the National Grange.

The choice was a wise one, and gave great satisfaction to the Order. The post of Lecturer is one of great importance and responsibility. He is charged with introducing it into communities where it is yet a stranger; and with the delicate task of popularizing it, and over-

coming the opposition of those who are unacquainted with its nature and principles. In this work, Mr. Thompson has been eminently successful. He has travelled through twenty-four States of the Union, in behalf of the Order, delivering lectures and public speeches nearly every day—sometimes as often as six times a week—and has successfully planted the organization in scores of communities where it is now thriving and growing rapidly. Soon after entering upon the duties of his office he organized the State Granges of Ohio and Michigan, and has performed a similar duty for several others since then. His personal popularity has done much to win friends for the Order wherever he has gone; and his eloquent and unanswerable appeals in its behalf have made its success assured wherever he has spoken.

But these labors do not constitute Mr. Thompson's only services to the Order. To him it owes its beautiful and impressive ritual or unwritten work. In January, 1871, Mr. O. H. Kelley, appreciating Mr. Thompson's peculiar fitness for the task, applied to him to devise an unwritten work for the Order. Mr. Thompson at once applied himself to the matter, and called to his aid an intimate friend, Dr. D. H. Roberts, who assisted him materially in perfecting the work. When completed, Mr. Thompson presented it to Greenwood Prairie Grange, No. 41, where it was tried and found successful. On the 20th of May, 1871, the work was exemplified to the North Star Grange, No. 1, at St. Paul, Minnesota, now the oldest Subordinate Grange in the country, and on the 13th of September, 1871, it was subjected to a still more searching test, by an exemplification to the Iowa State Grange. It was received with

delight by the Patrons; and, after the tests mentioned, was presented to the Executive Committee of the Order, by which it was formally adopted, on the 9th of August, 1871. Up to the time that Mr. Thompson took it in hand, the work had been crude and unsatisfactory to the Order; but since 1871, it has remained a perfect and harmonious system, which, by its beauty and impressive grandeur, has been one of the chief causes of the remarkable success of the Grange movement.

Mr. Thompson is now in his 53d year, but is hale and vigorous, and as enthusiastic as ever. He has won for himself, by his own unaided efforts, an enviable position in his State, and in the Order. He resides at Plainview, Wabasha county, Minnesota, where he possesses one of the most delightful and attractive homes in the West, and where he hopes to enjoy a peaceful and happy old age, surrounded by the love of his family and the admiring esteem of the people he has served so well.

O. H. KELLEY,

Secretary of the National Grange.

Mr. Kelley is a native of Boston, Massachusetts, and has been for some years a clerk in the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. He is about forty-six years of age. In appearance he is a man who would be singled out of a crowd as a thinker. His high bold forehead, large earnest eyes, long white beard, and generally scholarly appearance, would seem to stamp him as a philosopher rather than a man of action. He is eminently fitted for the position he holds in the Order, a position involving an infinite amount of detail,

and requiring ability of a marked and special character. His services in founding the Order have already been related in these pages, and it is useless to repeat them here.

COLONEL JOHN COCHRANE,

Master of the Wisconsin State Grange,

Is one of the most prominent members of the Order. His views upon the questions of the day have been given at length elsewhere. He is one of the old settlers of the State, resides at Waupun, and is known throughout Wisconsin as one of the best practical farmers in the West. He has never been a politician, though he has taken a deep interest in all the political questions of the day; "and he enters into the farmers' movement at a time of life when men of his habits and pursuits generally find retirement most attractive, from a strong conviction of duty, and a desire to raise the farmers of Wisconsin out of the slough of despond into which they have been fast sinking." Colonel Cochrane's farm comprises a tract of 1000 acres, which he has brought under the highest state of cultivation. He has had a crop of wheat of 6000 bushels in a single year on this land.

S. H. ELLIS,

Master of the Ohio State Grange,

Is a native of the State, is forty-three years of age, and has been a farmer all his life. His connection with the Order dates back to September, 1872, when, with fifty of his acquaintances, he succeeded in organizing the first Grange in the State. He was elected Master of this Grange, and was subsequently appointed by the National Grange a deputy for Ohio to organize new

Granges. By the 9th of April, 1873, there were in the State thirty Granges. In this month the State Grange was organized, and Mr. Ellis was chosen Master.

JOHN WEIR,

First Master of the Indiana State Grange,

Is a native of East Tennessee, but emigrated to the Wabash, in Indiana, in 1817, being then seventeen years of age. A large majority of the inhabitants were Indians. The settlers were destitute of churches, schools, mills and roads. Comparing that time with the present, he has witnessed perhaps a greater change brought about by civilization than any other man. The State Grange was organized at Terre Haute, February 28th, 1872. On the 15th of January last there were 49 organizations, since which time the number has increased nearly six-fold.

F. H. DUMBAULD,

First Master of the Kansas State Grange,

Was born in Pennsylvania, and is now 45 years of age. With his father's family he removed at an early age into Ohio, where he remained 18 years. In 1864 he settled in Kansas. He has "made" three large farms in his life. The State Grange was organized July 30th, 1872, and Mr. Dumbauld elected Master. With the assistance of George Spurgen, the Secretary, he has organized over 400 subordinates in the last nine months. The Patrons have effected quite a revolution in Kansas, having brought dealers to supply agricultural implements and other necessaries at prices varying from 30 to 40 per cent. lower than usually charged.

T. R. ALLEN,

Master of the Missouri State Grange,

Is a practical and prosperous farmer. He resides about thirty miles west of St. Louis on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. In the discharge of his official duties he has travelled through every county of the State during the past year, and under his management the Order has spread rapidly throughout that State.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION,

Is often confounded with the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, but is entirely distinct from it. It is composed of both Granges and Farmers' Clubs, and has taken a very prominent part in the politics of the State. The President of this Association is Mr. W. C. Flagg, of Mora, Madison county, and the Treasurer is Duncan M'Kay, of Mount Carroll, Carroll county. Stephen M. Smith, whose views and speeches we have given at length, is the Secretary of the Association. He is also an active member of the Grange.



DUNCAN M'KAY, TREASURER OF THE ILLINOIS STATE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.

DECLARATION OF PURPOSES

OF THE

ORDER OF PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Adopted at the Annual Session of the National Grange, at St. Louis, Mo., February 11th, 1874.

PROFOUNDLY impressed with the truth that the National Grange of the United States should definitely proclaim to the world its general objects, we hereby unanimously make this Declaration of Purposes of the Patrons of Husbandry:

1. United by the strong and faithful tie of Agriculture, we mutually resolve to labor for the good of our order, our country, and mankind.

2. We heartily indorse the motto, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects;

To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves. To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes, and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits. To foster mutual understanding and cooperation. To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other in labor. To hasten the good time coming. To reduce our expenses, both individual and corporate. To buy less, and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining. To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate. To

condense the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel, and more on hoof and in fleece. To systematize our work and calculate intelligently on probabilities. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and in general acting together for our mutual protection and advancement as occasion may require. We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the Grange. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, vital brotherhood among ourselves, and to make our order perpetual. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional, and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition. Faithful adherence to these principles will insure our mental, moral, social, and material advancement.

3. For our business interests we desire to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers, into the most direct and friendly relations possible. Hence we must dispense with a surplus of middlemen; not that we are unfriendly to them, but we do not need them. Their surplus and their exactions diminish our profits. We wage no aggressive warfare against any other interests whatever. On the contrary, all our acts and all our efforts, so far as business is concerned, are not only for the benefit of the producer and consumer, but also for all other interests, and tend to bring these two parties into speedy and economical contact. Hence we hold that transportation companies of every kind are necessary to our success; that their interests are intimately connected with our interests, and harmonious

action is mutually advantageous. Keeping in view the first sentence in our declaration of principles of action, that "individual happiness depends upon general prosperity," we shall therefore advocate for every State the increase in every practicable way of all facilities for transporting cheaply to the seaboard, or between home producers and consumers, all the productions of our country. We adopt it as our fixed purpose to open out the channels in Nature's great arteries, that the life-blood of commerce may flow freely. We are not enemies of railroads, navigation, and irrigating canals, nor of any corporation that will advance our industrial interests, nor of any laboring classes. In our noble order there is no communism, no agrarianism. We are opposed to such spirit and management of any corporation or enterprise as tends to oppress the people and rob them of their just profits. We are not enemies of capital, but we oppose the tyranny of monopolies. We long to see the antagonism between capital and labor removed by common consent and by enlightened statesmanship worthy of the nineteenth century. We are opposed to excessive salaries, high rates of interest, and exorbitant profits in trade. They greatly increase our burdens, and do not bear a proper proportion to the profits of producers. We desire only self-protection and the protection of every interest of our land by legitimate transactions, legitimate trade, and legitimate profits.

4. We shall advance the cause of education among ourselves and for our children by all just means within our power. We especially advocate for our agricultural and industrial colleges that practical agriculture, domestic science, and all the arts which adorn the home be taught in their courses of study.

5. We especially and sincerely assert the oft-repeated truth taught in our organic law, that the Grange, National, State, or subordinate, is not a political or party organization. No Grange, if true to its obligations, can discuss political or religious questions, nor call political conventions, nor nominate candidates, nor even discuss their merits in its meetings. Yet the principles we teach underlie all true politics, all true statesmanship, and if properly carried out will tend to purify the whole political atmosphere of our country. For we seek the greatest good to the greatest number, but we must always bear in mind that no one by becoming a Patron of Husbandry gives up that inalienable right and duty which belongs to every American citizen, to take a proper interest in the politics of his country. On the contrary, it is right for every member to do all in his power legitimately to influence for good the action of any political party to which he belongs. It is his duty to do all he can in his own party to put down bribery, corruption and trickery; to see that none but competent, faithful and honest men, who will unflinchingly stand by our industrial interests, are nominated for all positions. It should always characterize every Patron of Husbandry that the offices should seek the man and not the man the office. We acknowledge the broad principle that difference of opinion is no crime, and hold that progress towards truth is made by differences of opinion, while the fault lies in bitterness of controversy. We desire a proper equality, equity, and fairness, protection for the weak, restraint upon the strong; in short, justly distributed burdens and justly distributed power. These are American ideas, the very essence of American independence, and to advocate the contrary

is unworthy of the sons and daughters of an American republic. We cherish the belief that sectionalism is, and of right should be, dead and buried with the past. Our work is for the present and the future. In our agricultural brotherhood and its purposes, we shall recognize no North, no South, no East, no West. It is reserved by every Patron, as the right of a freeman, to affiliate with any party that will best carry out his principles.

6. Ours being peculiarly a farmers' institution, we cannot admit all to our ranks. Many are excluded by the nature of our organization, not because they are professional men, or artisans, or laborers, but because they have not a sufficient direct interest in tilling or pasturing the soil, or may have some interest in conflict with our purposes. But we appeal to all good citizens for their cordial cooperation to assist in our efforts toward reform, that we may eventually remove from our midst the last vestige of tyranny and corruption. We hail the general desire for fraternal harmony, equitable compromise, and earnest cooperation, as an omen of our future success.

7. It shall be an abiding principle with us to relieve any of our suffering brotherhood by any means at our command. Last, but not least, we proclaim it among our purposes to inculcate a proper appreciation of the abilities and sphere of woman, as is indicated by admitting her to membership and position in our Order. Imploring the continued assistance of our Divine Master to guide us in our work, we here pledge ourselves to faithful and harmonious labor for all future time to return by our united efforts to the wisdom, justice, fraternity, and political purity of our forefathers.

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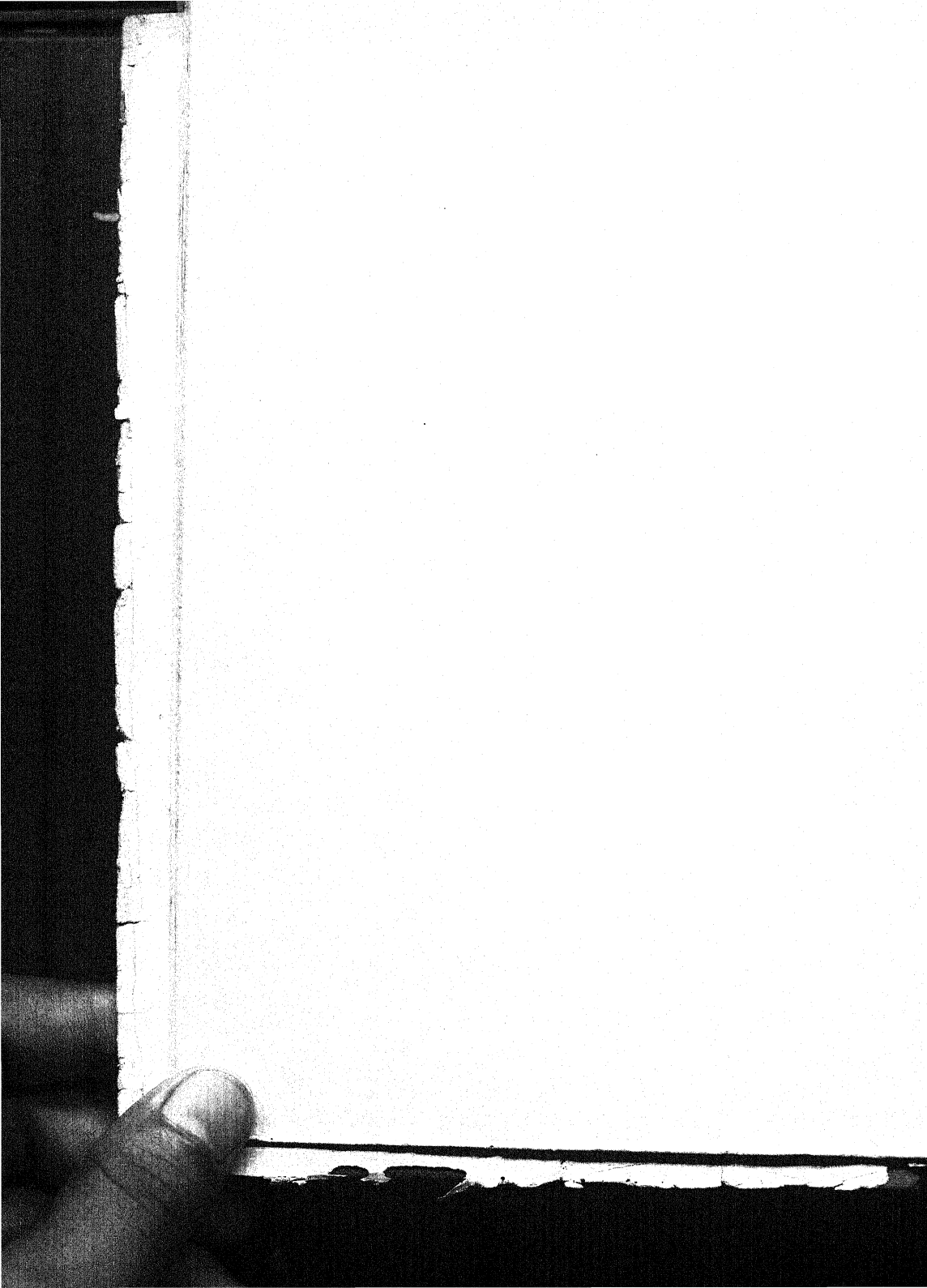
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THE CUBAN-SPANISH WAR



THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ*

ADOLFO RODRIGUEZ was the only son of a Cuban farmer, who lived nine miles outside of Santa Clara, beyond the hills that surround that city to the north.

When the revolution in Cuba broke out young Rodriguez joined the insurgents, leaving his father and mother and two sisters at the farm. He was taken, in December of 1896, by a force of the Guardia Civile, the corps d'élite of the Spanish army, and defended himself when they tried to capture him, wounding three of them with his machete.

He was tried by a military court for bearing arms against the government, and sentenced to be shot by a fusillade some morning before sunrise.

Previous to execution he was confined in the military prison of Santa Clara with thirty other insurgents, all of whom were sentenced to be shot, one after the other, on mornings following the execution of Rodriguez.

* From "A Year from a Reporter's Note Book," copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

The Death of Rodriguez

His execution took place the morning of the 19th of January, 1897, at a place a half-mile distant from the city, on the great plain that stretches from the forts out to the hills, beyond which Rodriguez had lived for nineteen years. At the time of his death he was twenty years old.

I witnessed his execution, and what follows is an account of the way he went to his death. The young man's friends could not be present, for it was impossible for them to show themselves in that crowd and that place with wisdom or without distress, and I like to think that, although Rodriguez could not know it, there was one person present when he died who felt keenly for him, and who was a sympathetic though unwilling spectator.

There had been a full moon the night preceding the execution, and when the squad of soldiers marched from town it was still shining brightly through the mists. It lighted a plain two miles in extent, broken by ridges and gullies and covered with thick, high grass, and with bunches of cactus and palmetto. In the hollow of the ridges the mist lay like broad lakes of water, and on one side of the plain stood the walls of the old town. On the other rose hills covered with royal palms that showed white in the moonlight, like hundreds

of marble columns. A line of tiny camp-fires that the sentries had built during the night stretched between the forts at regular intervals and burned clearly.

But as the light grew stronger and the moonlight faded these were stamped out, and when the soldiers came in force the moon was a white ball in the sky, without radiance, the fires had sunk to ashes, and the sun had not yet risen.

So even when the men were formed into three sides of a hollow square, they were scarcely able to distinguish one another in the uncertain light of the morning.

There were about three hundred soldiers in the formation. They belonged to the volunteers, and they deployed upon the plain with their band in front playing a jaunty quickstep, while their officers galloped from one side to the other through the grass, seeking a suitable place for the execution. Oustide the line the band still played merrily.

A few men and boys, who had been dragged out of their beds by the music, moved about the ridges behind the soldiers, half-clothed, unshaven, sleepy-eyed, yawning, stretching themselves nervously and shivering in the cool, damp air of the morning.

The Death of Rodriguez

Either owing to discipline or on account of the nature of their errand, or because the men were still but half awake, there was no talking in the ranks, and the soldiers stood motionless, leaning on their rifles, with their backs turned to the town, looking out across the plain to the hills.

The men in the crowd behind them were also grimly silent. They knew that whatever they might say would be twisted into a word of sympathy for the condemned man or a protest against the government. So no one spoke; even the officers gave their orders in gruff whispers, and the men in the crowd did not mix together, but looked suspiciously at one another and kept apart.

As the light increased a mass of people came hurrying from the town with two black figures leading them, and the soldiers drew up at attention, and part of the double line fell back and left an opening in the square.

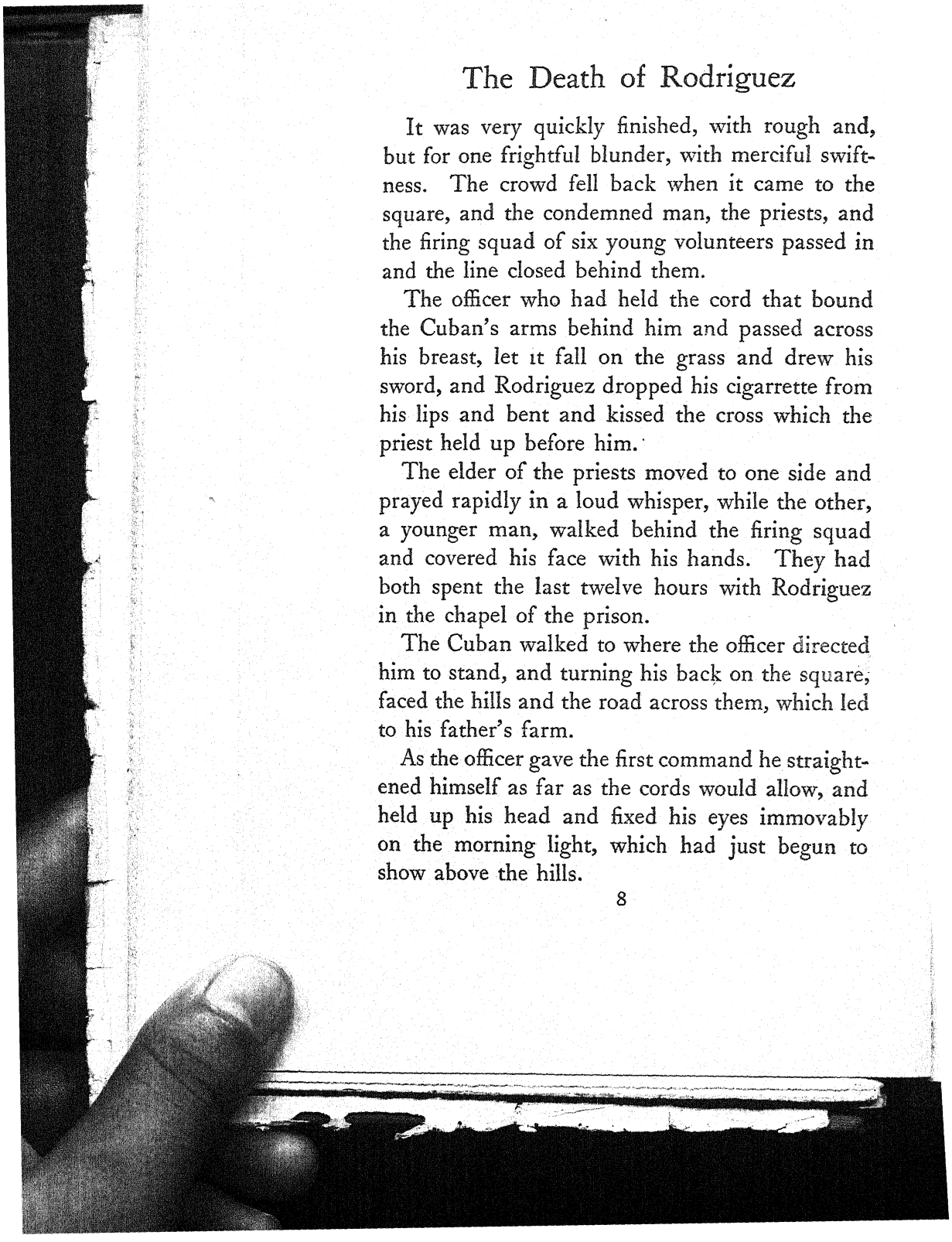
With us a condemned man walks only the short distance from his cell to the scaffold or the electric chair, shielded from sight by the prison walls, and it often occurs even then that the short journey is too much for his strength and courage.

But the Spaniards on this morning made the prisoner walk for over a half-mile across the broken surface of the fields. I expected to find the man,

no matter what his strength at other times might be, stumbling and faltering on this cruel journey; but as he came nearer I saw that he led all the others, that the priests on either side of him were taking two steps to his one, and that they were tripping on their gowns and stumbling over the hollows in their efforts to keep pace with him as he walked, erect and soldierly, at a quick step in advance of them.

He had a handsome, gentle face of the peasant type, a light, pointed beard, great wistful eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. He was shockingly young for such a sacrifice, and looked more like a Neapolitan than a Cuban. You could imagine him sitting on the quay at Naples or Genoa lolling in the sun and showing his white teeth when he laughed. Around his neck, hanging outside his linen blouse, he wore a new scapular.

It seems a petty thing to have been pleased with at such a time, but I confess to have felt a thrill of satisfaction when I saw, as the Cuban passed me, that he held a cigarette between his lips, not arrogantly nor with bravado, but with the nonchalance of a man who meets his punishment fearlessly, and who will let his enemies see that they can kill but cannot frighten him.



The Death of Rodriguez

It was very quickly finished, with rough and, but for one frightful blunder, with merciful swiftness. The crowd fell back when it came to the square, and the condemned man, the priests, and the firing squad of six young volunteers passed in and the line closed behind them.

The officer who had held the cord that bound the Cuban's arms behind him and passed across his breast, let it fall on the grass and drew his sword, and Rodriguez dropped his cigarrette from his lips and bent and kissed the cross which the priest held up before him.

The elder of the priests moved to one side and prayed rapidly in a loud whisper, while the other, a younger man, walked behind the firing squad and covered his face with his hands. They had both spent the last twelve hours with Rodriguez in the chapel of the prison.

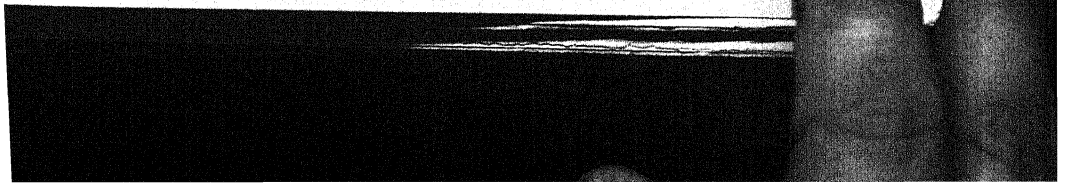
The Cuban walked to where the officer directed him to stand, and turning his back on the square, faced the hills and the road across them, which led to his father's farm.

As the officer gave the first command he straightened himself as far as the cords would allow, and held up his head and fixed his eyes immovably on the morning light, which had just begun to show above the hills.

The Death of Rodriguez

He made a picture of such pathetic helplessness, but of such courage and dignity, that he reminded me on the instant of that statue of Nathan Hale which stands in the City Hall Park, above the roar of Broadway. The Cuban's arms were bound, as are those of the statue, and he stood firmly, with his weight resting on his heels like a soldier on parade, and with his face held up fearlessly, as is that of the statue. But there was this difference, that Rodriguez, while probably as willing to give six lives for his country as was the American rebel, being only a peasant, did not think to say so, and he will not, in consequence, live in bronze during the lives of many men, but will be remembered only as one of thirty Cubans, one of whom was shot at Santa Clara on each succeeding day at sunrise.

The officer had given the order, the men had raised their pieces, and the condemned man had heard the clicks of the triggers as they were pulled back, and he had not moved. And then happened one of the most cruelly refined, though unintentional, acts of torture that one can very well imagine. As the officer slowly raised his sword, preparatory to giving the signal, one of the mounted officers rode up to him and pointed out silently that, as I had already observed with some satis-



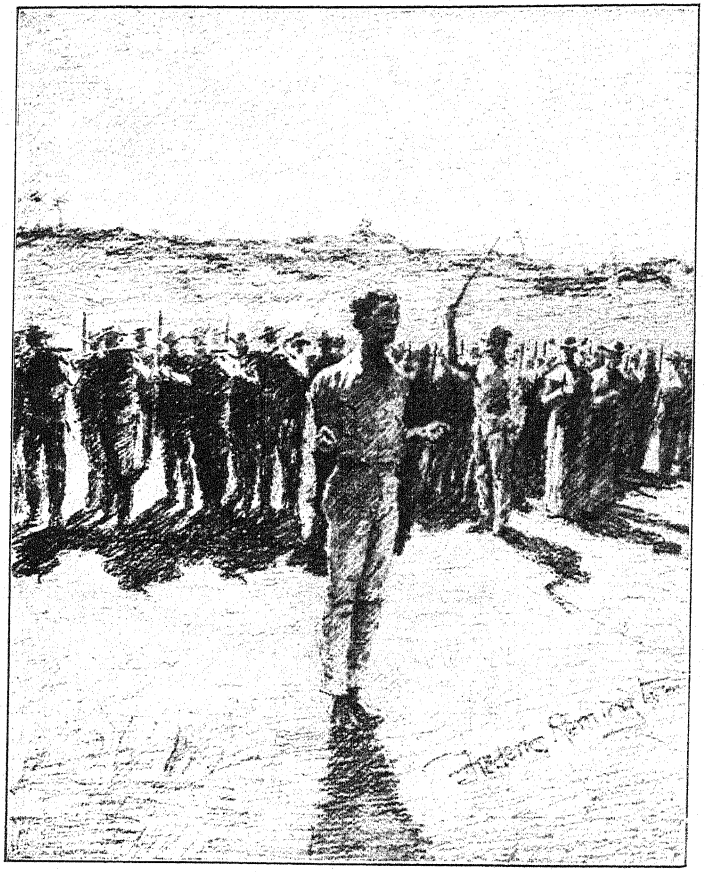
faction, the firing squad were so placed that when they fired they would shoot several of the soldiers stationed on the extreme end of the square.

Their captain motioned his men to lower their pieces, and then walked across the grass and laid his hand on the shoulder of the waiting prisoner.

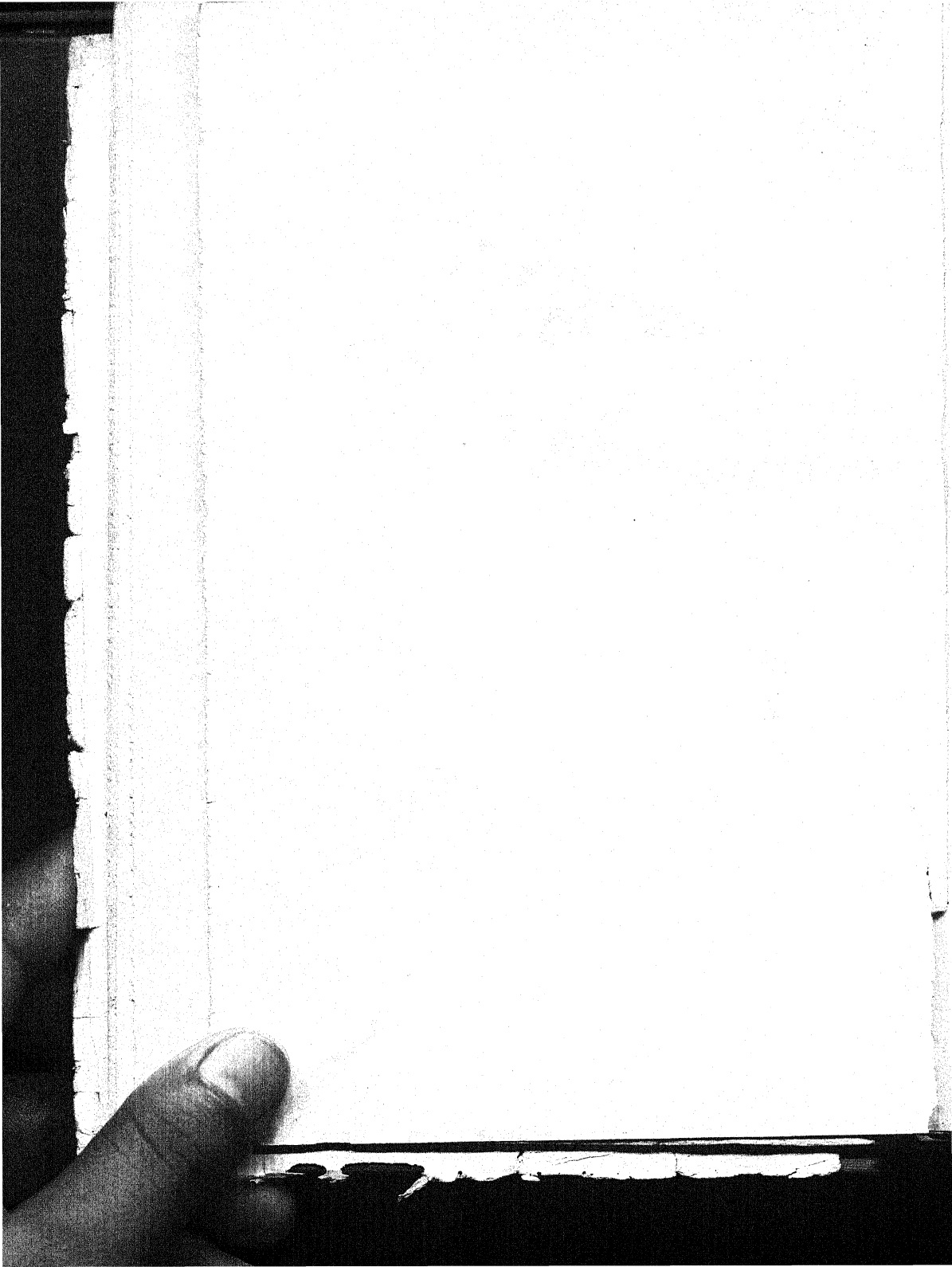
It is not pleasant to think what that shock must have been. The man had steeled himself to receive a volley of bullets. He believed that in the next instant he would be in another world; he had heard the command given, had heard the click of the Mausers as the locks caught—and then, at that supreme moment, a human hand had been laid upon his shoulder and a voice spoke in his ear.

You would expect that any man, snatched back to life in such a fashion would start and tremble at the reprieve, or would break down altogether, but this boy turned his head steadily, and followed with his eyes the direction of the officer's sword, then nodded gravely, and, with his shoulders squared, took up the new position, straightened his back, and once more held himself erect.

As an exhibition of self-control this should surely rank above feats of heroism performed in battle, where there are thousands of comrades to give inspiration. This man was alone, in sight of



The death of Rodriguez



the hills he knew, with only enemies about him, with no source to draw on for strength but that which lay within himself.

The officer of the firing squad, mortified by his blunder, hastily whipped up his sword, the men once more levelled their rifles, the sword rose, dropped, and the men fired. At the report the Cuban's head snapped back almost between his shoulders, but his body fell slowly, as though some one had pushed him gently forward from behind and he had stumbled.

He sank on his side in the wet grass without a struggle or sound, and did not move again.

It was difficult to believe that he meant to lie there, that it could be ended so without a word, that the man in the linen suit would not rise to his feet and continue to walk on over the hills, as he apparently had started to do, to his home; that there was not a mistake somewhere, or that at least some one would be sorry or say something or run to pick him up.

But, fortunately, he did not need help, and the priests returned—the younger one with the tears running down his face—and donned their vestments and read a brief requiem for his soul, while the squad stood uncovered, and the men in hollow square shook their accoutrements into place,

and shifted their pieces and got ready for the order to march, and the band began again with the same quickstep which the fusillade had interrupted.

The figure still lay on the grass untouched, and no one seemed to remember that it had walked there of itself, or noticed that the cigarette still burned, a tiny ring of living fire, at the place where the figure had first stood.

The figure was a thing of the past, and the squad shook itself like a great snake, and then broke into little pieces and started off jauntily, stumbling in the high grass and striving to keep step to the music.

The officers led it past the figure in the linen suit, and so close to it that the file closers had to part with the column to avoid treading on it. Each soldier as he passed turned and looked down on it, some craning their necks curiously, others giving a careless glance, and some without any interest at all, as they would have looked at a house by the roadside, or a hole in the road.

One young soldier caught his foot in a trailing vine, just opposite to it, and fell. He grew very red when his comrades giggled at him for his awkwardness. The crowd of sleepy spectators fell in on either side of the band. They, too, had

forgotten it, and the priests put their vestments back in the bag and wrapped their heavy cloaks about them, and hurried off after the others.

Every one seemed to have forgotten it except two men, who came slowly towards it from the town, driving a bullock-cart that bore an unplaned coffin, each with a cigarette between his lips, and with his throat wrapped in a shawl to keep out the morning mists.

At that moment the sun, which had shown some promise of its coming in the glow above the hills, shot up suddenly from behind them in all the splendor of the tropics, a fierce, red disk of heat, and filled the air with warmth and light.

The bayonets of the retreating column flashed in it, and at the sight a rooster in a farm-yard near by crowed vigorously, and a dozen bugles answered the challenge with the brisk, cheery notes of the reveille, and from all parts of the city the church bells jangled out the call for early mass, and the little world of Santa Clara seemed to stretch itself and to wake to welcome the day just begun.

But as I fell in at the rear of the procession and looked back, the figure of the young Cuban, who was no longer a part of the world of Santa Clara, was asleep in the wet grass, with his mo-

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tionless arms still tightly bound behind him, with the scapular twisted awry across his face, and the blood from his breast sinking into the soil he had tried to free.

THE GREEK-TURKISH WAR



THE BATTLE OF VELESTINOS*

THE Turks had made three attacks on Velestinos on three different days, and each time had been repulsed. A week later, on the 4th of May, they came back again, to the number of ten thousand, and brought four batteries with them, and the fighting continued for two more days. This was called the second battle of Velestinos. In the afternoon of the 5th the Crown Prince withdrew from Pharsala to take up a stronger position at Domokos, and the Greeks under General Smolenski, the military hero of the campaign, were forced to retreat, and the Turks came in, and, according to their quaint custom, burned the village and marched on to Volo. John Bass, the American correspondent, and myself were keeping house in the village, in the home of the mayor. He had fled from the town, as had nearly all the villagers; and as we liked the appearance of his house, I gave Bass a leg up over the wall around his garden, and Bass opened the gate, and we

* From "A Year from a Reporter's Note Book," copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

climbed in through his front window. It was like the invasion of the home of the Dusantes by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and, like them, we were constantly making discoveries of fresh treasure-trove. Sometimes it was in the form of a cake of soap or a tin of coffee, and once it was the mayor's fluted petticoats, which we tried on, and found very heavy. We could not discover what he did for pockets. All of these things, and the house itself, were burned to ashes, we were told, a few hours after we retreated, and we feel less troubled now at having made such free use of them.

On the morning of the 4th we were awakened by the firing of cannon from a hill just over our heads, and we met in the middle of the room and solemnly shook hands. There was to be a battle, and we were the only correspondents on the spot. As I represented the London *Times*, Bass was the only representative of an American newspaper who saw this fight from its beginning to its end.

We found all the hills to the left of the town topped with long lines of men crouching in little trenches. There were four rows of hills. If you had measured the distance from one hill-top to the next, they would have been from one hundred to three hundred yards distant from one another. In between the hills were gullies, or little valleys,

and the beds of streams that had dried up in the hot sun. These valleys were filled with high grass that waved about in the breeze and was occasionally torn up and tossed in the air by a shell. The position of the Greek forces was very simple. On the top of each hill was a trench two or three feet deep and some hundred yards long. The earth that had been scooped out to make the trench was packed on the edge facing the enemy, and on the top of that some of the men had piled stones, through which they poked their rifles. When a shell struck the ridge it would sometimes scatter these stones in among the men, and they did quite as much damage as the shells. Back of these trenches, and down that side of the hill which was farther from the enemy, were the reserves, who sprawled at length in the long grass, and smoked and talked and watched the shells dropping into the gully at their feet.

The battle, which lasted two days, opened in a sudden and terrific storm of hail. But the storm passed as quickly as it came, leaving the trenches running with water, like the gutters of a city street after a spring shower; and the men soon sopped them up with their overcoats and blankets, and in half an hour the sun had dried the wet uniforms, and the field-birds had begun to chirp again, and

the grass was warm and fragrant. The sun was terribly hot. There was no other day during that entire brief campaign when its glare was so intense or the heat so suffocating. The men curled up in the trenches, with their heads pressed against the damp earth, panting and breathing heavily, and the heat-waves danced and quivered about them, making the plain below flicker like a picture in a cinematograph.

From time to time an officer would rise and peer down into the great plain, shading his eyes with his hands, and shout something at them, and they would turn quickly in the trench and rise on one knee. And at the shout that followed they would fire four or five rounds rapidly and evenly, and then, at a sound from the officer's whistle, would drop back again and pick up the cigarettes they had placed in the grass and begin leisurely to swab out their rifles with a piece of dirty rag on a cleaning rod. Down in the plain below there was apparently nothing at which they could shoot except the great shadows of the clouds drifting across the vast checker-board of green and yellow fields, and disappearing finally between the mountain passes beyond. In some places there were square dark patches that might have been bushes, and nearer to us than these were long lines of fresh

earth, from which steam seemed to be escaping in little wisps. What impressed us most of what we could see of the battle then was the remarkable number of cartridges the Greek soldiers wasted in firing into space, and the fact that they had begun to fire at such long range that, in order to get the elevation, they had placed the rifle butt under the armpit instead of against the shoulder. Their sights were at the top notch. The cartridges reminded one of corn-cobs jumping out of a corn-sheller, and it was interesting when the bolts were shot back to see a hundred of them pop up into the air at the same time, flashing in the sun as though they were glad to have done their work and to get out again. They rolled by the dozens underfoot, and twinkled in the grass, and when one shifted his position in the narrow trench, or stretched his cramped legs, they tinkled musically. It was like wading in a gutter filled with thimbles.

Then there began a concert which came from just overhead—a concert of jarring sounds and little whispers. The "shrieking shrapnel," of which one reads in the description of every battle, did not seem so much like a shriek as it did like the jarring sound of telegraph wires when some one strikes the pole from which they hang, and

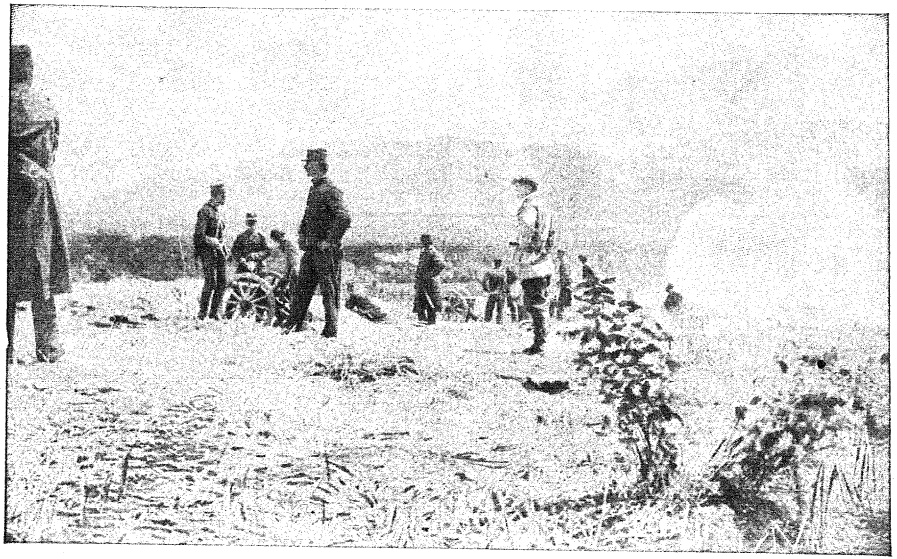
when they came very close the noise was like the rushing sound that rises between two railroad trains when they pass each other in opposite directions and at great speed. After a few hours we learned by observation that when a shell sang overhead it had already struck somewhere else, which was comforting, and which was explained, of course, by the fact that the speed of the shell is so much greater than the rate at which sound travels. The bullets were much more disturbing; they seemed to be less open in their warfare, and to steal up and sneak by, leaving no sign, and only to whisper as they passed. They moved under a cloak of invisibility, and made one feel as though he were the blind man in a game of blind-man's-buff, where every one tapped him in passing, leaving him puzzled and ignorant as to whither they had gone and from what point they would come next. The bullets sounded like rustling silk, or like humming-birds on a warm summer's day, or like the wind as it is imitated on the stage of a theatre. Any one who has stood behind the scenes when a storm is progressing on the stage, knows the little wheel wound with silk that brushes against another piece of silk, and which produces the whistling effect of the wind. At Velestinos, when the firing was very heavy, it was

exactly as though some one were turning one of these silk wheels, and so rapidly as to make the whistling continuous.

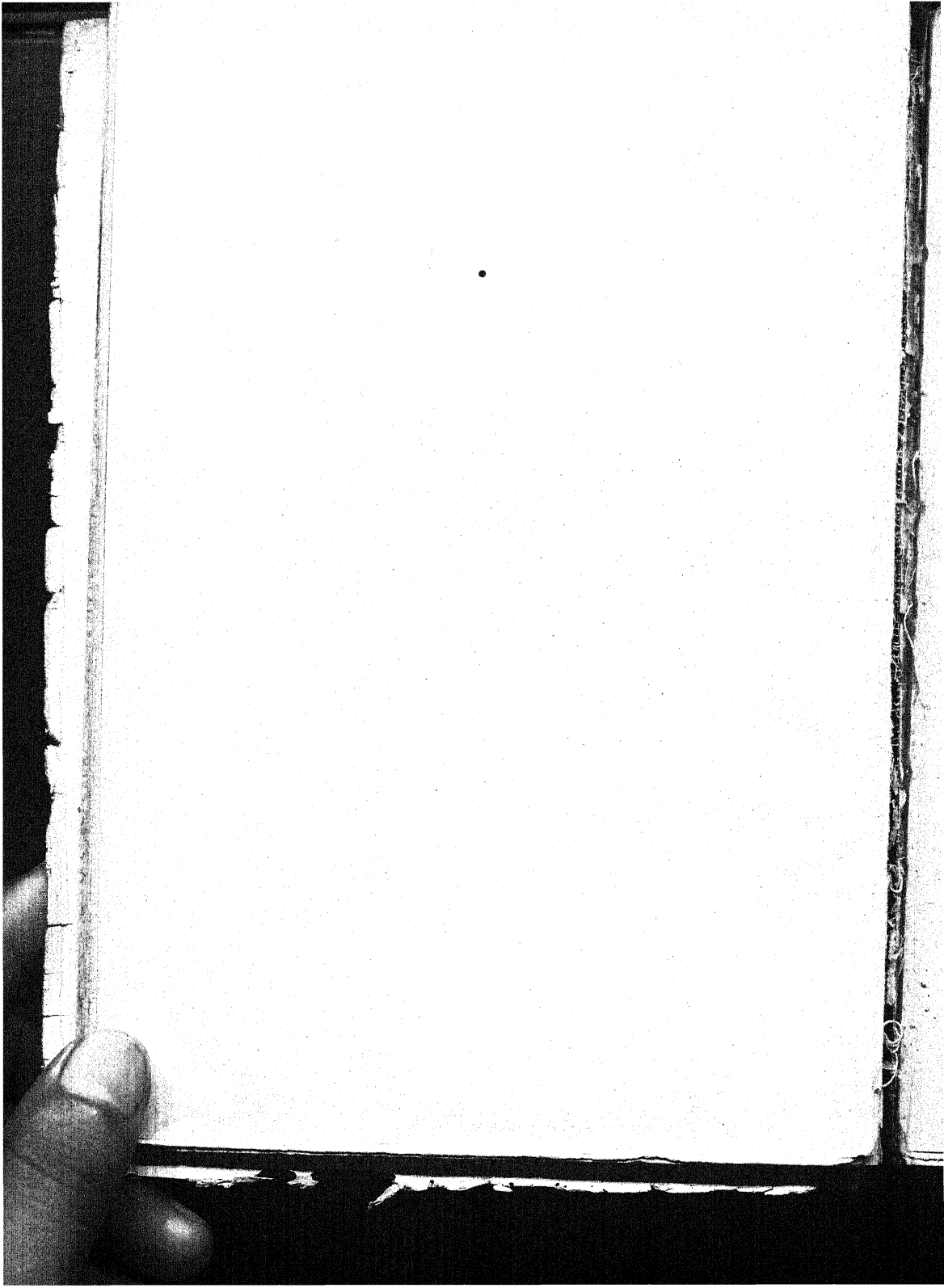
When this concert opened, the officers shouted out new orders, and each of the men shoved his sight nearer to the barrel, and when he fired again, rubbed the butt of his gun snugly against his shoulder. The huge green blotches on the plain had turned blue, and now we could distinguish that they moved, and that they were moving steadily forward. Then they would cease to move, and a little later would be hidden behind great puffs of white smoke, which were followed by a flash of flame; and still later there would come a dull report. At the same instant something would hurl itself jarring through the air above our heads, and by turning on one elbow we could see a sudden upheaval in the sunny landscape behind us, a spurt of earth and stones like a miniature geyser, which was filled with broken branches and tufts of grass and pieces of rock. As the Turkish aim grew better these volcanoes appeared higher up the hill, creeping nearer and nearer to the rampart of fresh earth on the second trench until the shells hammered it at last again and again, sweeping it away and cutting great gashes in it, through which we saw the figures of men

caught up and hurled to one side, and others flinging themselves face downward as though they were diving into water; and at the same instant in our own trench the men would gasp as though they had been struck too, and then becoming conscious of having done this would turn and smile sheepishly at each other, and crawl closer into the burrows they had made in the earth.

From where we sat on the edge of the trench, with our feet among the cartridges, we could, by leaning forward, look over the piled-up earth into the plain below, and soon, without any aid from field-glasses, we saw the blocks of blue break up into groups of men. These men came across the ploughed fields in long, widely opened lines, walking easily and leisurely, as though they were playing golf or sowing seed in the furrows. The Greek rifles crackled and flashed at the lines, but the men below came on quite steadily, picking their way over the furrows and appearing utterly unconscious of the seven thousand rifles that were calling on them to halt. They were advancing directly toward a little sugar-loaf hill, on the top of which was a mountain battery perched like a tiara on a woman's head. It was throwing one shell after another in the very path of the men below, but the Turks still continued



A mountain battery at Velestinos



to pick their way across the field, without showing any regard for the mountain battery. It was worse than threatening; it seemed almost as though they meant to insult us. If they had come up on a run they would not have appeared so contemptuous, for it would have looked then as though they were trying to escape the Greek fire, or that they were at least interested in what was going forward. But the steady advance of so many men, each plodding along by himself, with his head bowed and his gun on his shoulder, was aggravating.

There was a little village at the foot of the hill. It was so small that no one had considered it. It was more like a collection of stables gathered round a residence than a town, and there was a wall completely encircling it, with a gate in the wall that faced us. Suddenly the doors of this gate were burst open from the inside, and a man in a fez ran through them, followed by many more. The first man was waving a sword, and a peasant in petticoats ran at his side and pointed up with his hand at our trench. Until that moment the battle had lacked all human interest; we might have been watching a fight against the stars or the man in the moon, and, in spite of the noise and clatter of the Greek rifles, and the ghostlike

whispers and the rushing sounds in the air, there was nothing to remind us of any other battle of which we had heard or read. But we had seen pictures of officers waving swords, and we knew that the fez was the sign of the Turk—of the enemy—of the men who were invading Thessaly, who were at that moment planning to come up a steep hill on which we happened to be sitting and attack the people on top of it. And the spectacle at once became comprehensible, and took on the human interest it had lacked. The men seemed to feel this, for they sprang up and began cheering and shouting, and fired in an upright position, and by so doing exposed themselves at full length to the fire from the men below. The Turks in front of the village ran back into it again, and those in the fields beyond turned and began to move away, but in that same plodding, aggravating fashion. They moved so leisurely that there was a pause in the noise along the line, while the men watched them to make sure that they were really retreating. And then there was a long cheer, after which they all sat down, breathing deeply, and wiping the sweat and dust across their faces, and took long pulls at their canteens.

The different trenches were not all engaged at the same time. They acted according to the

individual judgment of their commanding officer, but always for the general good. Sometimes the fire of the enemy would be directed on one particular trench, and it would be impossible for the men in that trench to rise and reply without having their heads carried away; so they would lie hidden, and the men in the trenches flanking them would act in their behalf, and rake the enemy from the front and from every side, until the fire on that trench was silenced, or turned upon some other point. The trenches stretched for over half a mile in a semicircle, and the little hills over which they ran lay at so many different angles, and rose to such different heights, that sometimes the men in one trench fired directly over the heads of their own men. From many trenches in the first line it was impossible to see any of the Greek soldiers except those immediately beside you. If you looked back or beyond on either hand there was nothing to be seen but high hills topped with fresh earth, and the waving yellow grass, and the glaring blue sky.

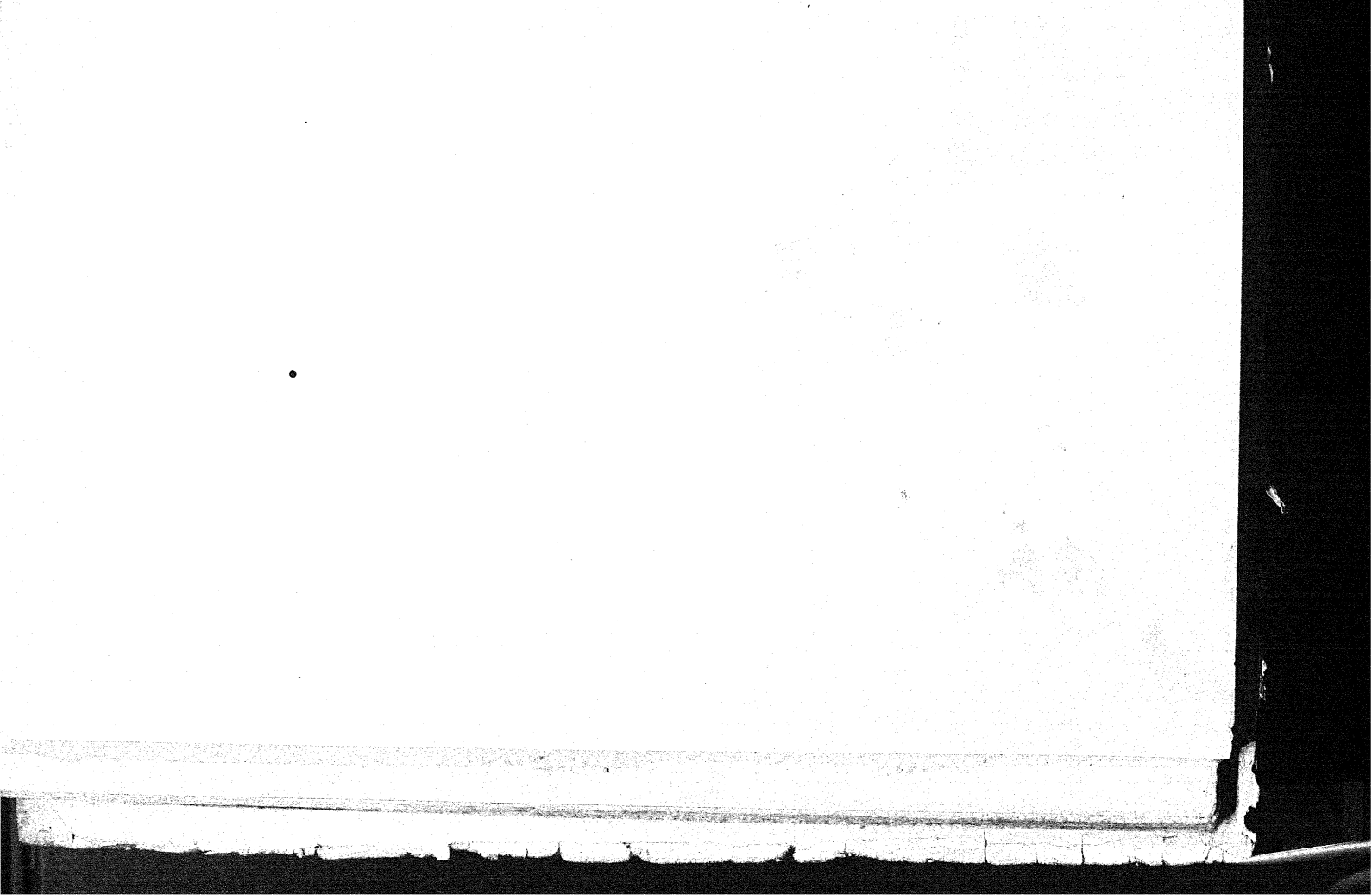
General Smolenski directed the Greeks from the plain to the far right of the town; and his presence there, although none of the men saw him nor heard of him directly throughout the entire day, was more potent for good than would

have been the presence of five thousand other men held in reserve. He was a mile or two miles away from the trenches, but the fact that he was there, and that it was Smolenski who was giving the orders, was enough. Few had ever seen Smolenski, but his name was sufficient; it was as effective as is Mr. Bowen's name on a Bank of England note. It gave one a pleasant feeling to know that he was somewhere within call; you felt there would be no "routs" nor stampedes while he was there. And so for two days those seven thousand men lay in the trenches, repulsing attack after attack of the Turkish troops, suffocated with the heat and chilled with sudden showers, and swept unceasingly by shells and bullets—partly because they happened to be good men and brave men, but largely because they knew that somewhere behind them a stout, bull-necked soldier was sitting on a camp-stool, watching them through a pair of field-glasses.

Toward mid-day you would see a man leave the trench with a comrade's arm around him, and start on the long walk to the town where the hospital corps were waiting for him. These men did not wear their wounds with either pride or braggadocio, but regarded the wet sleeves and shapeless arms in a sort of wondering surprise.



Firing from the trenches at Velestinos



There was much more of surprise than of pain in their faces, and they seemed to be puzzling as to what they had done in the past to deserve such a punishment.

Other men were carried out of the trench and laid on their backs on the high grass, staring up drunkenly at the glaring sun, and with their limbs fallen into unfamiliar poses. They lay so still, and they were so utterly oblivious of the roar and rattle and the anxious energy around them that one grew rather afraid of them and of their superiority to their surroundings. The sun beat on them, and the insects in the grass waving above them buzzed and hummed, or burrowed in the warm moist earth upon which they lay; over their heads the invisible carriers of death jarred the air with shrill crescendoes, and near them a comrade sat hacking with his bayonet at a lump of hard bread. He sprawled contentedly in the hot sun, with humped shoulders and legs far apart, and with his cap tipped far over his eyes. Every now and again he would pause, with a piece of cheese balanced on the end of his knife blade, and look at the twisted figures by him on the grass, or he would dodge involuntarily as a shell swung low above his head, and smile nervously at the still forms on either side of him that had not moved.

Then he brushed the crumbs from his jacket and took a drink out of his hot canteen, and looking again at the sleeping figures pressing down the long grass beside him, crawled back on his hands and knees to the trench and picked up his waiting rifle.

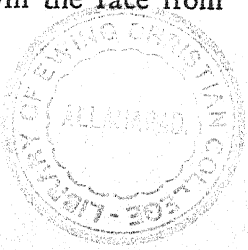
The dead gave dignity to what the other men were doing, and made it noble, and, from another point of view, quite senseless. For their dying had proved nothing. Men who could have been much better spared than they, were still alive in the trenches, and for no reason but through mere dumb chance. There was no selection of the unfittest; it seemed to be ruled by unreasoning luck. A certain number of shells and bullets passed through a certain area of space, and men of different bulks blocked that space in different places. If a man happened to be standing in the line of a bullet he was killed and passed into eternity, leaving a wife and children, perhaps, to mourn him. "Father died," these children will say, "doing his duty." As a matter of fact, father died because he happened to stand up at the wrong moment, or because he turned to ask the man on his right for a match, instead of leaning toward the left, and he projected his bulk of two hundred pounds where a bullet, fired by a man who did not know him and who had not aimed at him, hap-

pened to want the right of way. One of the two had to give it, and as the bullet would not, the soldier had his heart torn out. The man who sat next to me happened to stoop to fill his cartridge-box just as the bullet that wanted the space he had occupied passed over his bent shoulder; and so he was not killed, but will live for sixty years, perhaps, and will do much good or much evil. Another man in the same trench sat up to clean his rifle, and had his arm in the air driving the cleaning rod down the barrel, when a bullet passed through his lungs, and the gun fell across his face, with the rod sticking in it, and he pitched forward on his shoulder quite dead. If he had not cleaned his gun at that moment he would probably be alive in Athens now, sitting in front of a café and fighting the war over again. Viewed from that point, and leaving out the fact that God ordered it all, the fortunes of the game of war seemed as capricious as matching pennies, and as impersonal as the wheel at Monte Carlo. In it the brave man did not win because he was brave, but because he was lucky. A fool and a philosopher are equal at a game of dice. And these men who threw dice with death were interesting to watch, because, though they gambled for so great a stake, they did so unconcernedly and without

flinching, and without apparently appreciating the seriousness of the game.

There was a red-headed, freckled peasant boy, in dirty petticoats, who guided Bass and myself to the trenches. He was one of the few peasants who had not run away, and as he had driven sheep over every foot of the hills, he was able to guide the soldiers through those places where they were best protected from the bullets of the enemy. He did this all day, and was always, whether coming or going, under a heavy fire; but he enjoyed that fact, and he seemed to regard the battle only as a delightful change in the quiet routine of his life, as one of our own country boys at home would regard the coming of the spring circus or the burning of a neighbor's barn. He ran dancing ahead of us, pointing to where a ledge of rock offered a natural shelter, or showing us a steep gully where the bullets could not fall. When they came very near him he would jump high in the air, not because he was startled, but out of pure animal joy in the excitement of it, and he would frown importantly and shake his red curls at us, as though to say: "I told you to be careful. Now, you see. Don't let that happen again." We met him many times during the two days, escorting different companies of soldiers from one

point to another, as though they were visitors to his estate. When a shell broke, he would pick up a piece and present it to the officer in charge, as though it were a flower he had plucked from his own garden, and which he wanted his guest to carry away with him as a souvenir of his visit. Some one asked the boy if his father and mother knew where he was, and he replied, with amusement, that they had run away and deserted him, and that he had remained because he wished to see what a Turkish army looked like. He was a much more plucky boy than the overrated Casabianca, who may have stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled because he could not swim, and because it was with him a choice of being either burned or drowned. This boy stuck to the burning deck when it was possible for him at any time to have walked away and left it burning. But he stayed on because he was amused, and because he was able to help the soldiers from the city in safety across his native heath. He was much the best part of the show, and one of the bravest Greeks on the field. He will grow up to be something fine, no doubt, and his spirit will rebel against having to spend his life watching his father's sheep. He may even win the race from Marathon.



The Battle of Velestinos

Another Greek who was a most interesting figure to us was a Lieutenant Ambroise Frantzis. He was in command of the mountain battery on the flat, round top of the high hill. On account of its height the place seemed much nearer to the sun than any other part of the world, and the heat there was three times as fierce as in the trenches below. When you had climbed to the top of this hill it was like standing on a roof-garden, or as though you were watching a naval battle from a fighting top of one of the battleships. The top of the hill was not unlike an immense circus ring in appearance. The piled-up earth around its circular edge gave that impression, and the glaring yellow wheat that was tramped into glaring yellow soil, and the blue ammunition-boxes scattered about, helped out the illusion. It was an exceedingly busy place, and the smoke drifted across it continually, hiding us from one another in a curtain of flying yellow dust, while over our heads the Turkish shells raced after each other so rapidly that they beat out the air like the branches of a tree in a storm. On account of its height, and the glaring heat, and the shells passing, and the Greek guns going off and then turning somersaults, it was not a place suited for meditation; but Ambroise Frantzis

meditated there as though he were in his own study. He was a very young man and very shy, and he was too busy to consider his own safety, or to take time, as the others did, to show that he was not considering it. Some of the other officers stood up on the breastworks and called the attention of the men to what they were doing; but as they did not wish the men to follow their example in this, it was difficult to see what they expected to gain by their braggadocio. Frantzis was as unconcerned as an artist painting a big picture in his studio. The battle plain below him was his canvas, and his nine mountain guns were his paint brushes. And he painted out Turks and Turkish cannon with the same concentrated, serious expression of countenance that you see on the face of an artist when he bites one brush between his lips and with another wipes out a false line or a touch of the wrong color. You have seen an artist cock his head on one side, and shut one eye and frown at his canvas, and then select several brushes and mix different colors and hit the canvas a bold stroke, and then lean back to note the effect. Frantzis acted in just that way. He would stand with his legs apart and his head on one side, pulling meditatively at his pointed beard, and then taking a closer look through his field-

glasses, would select the three guns he had decided would give him the effect he wanted to produce, and he would produce that effect. When the shot struck plump in the Turkish lines, and we could see the earth leap up into the air like geysers of muddy water, and each gunner would wave his cap and cheer, Frantzis would only smile uncertainly, and begin again, with the aid of his field-glasses, to puzzle out fresh combinations.

The battle that had begun in a storm of hail ended on the first day in a storm of bullets that had been held in reserve by the Turks, and which were let off just after sundown. They came from a natural trench, formed by the dried-up bed of a stream which lay just below the hill on which the first Greek trench was situated. There were bushes growing on the bank of the stream nearest to the Greek lines, and these hid the men who occupied it. Throughout the day there had been an irritating fire from this trench from what appeared to be not more than a dozen rifles, but we could see that it was fed from time to time with many boxes of ammunition, which were carried to it on the backs of mules from the Turkish position a half mile farther to the rear. Bass and a corporal took a great aversion to this little group of Turks, not because there were too many of them

to be disregarded, but because they were so near; and Bass kept the corporal's services engaged in firing into it, and in discouraging the ammunition mules when they were being driven in that direction. Our corporal was a sharp-shooter, and, accordingly, felt his superiority to his comrades; and he had that cheerful contempt for his officers that all true Greek soldiers enjoy, and so he never joined in the volley-firing, but kept his ammunition exclusively for the dozen men behind the bushes and for the mules. He waged, as it were, a little battle on his own account. The other men rose as commanded and fired regular volleys, and sank back again, but he fixed his sights to suit his own idea of the range, and he rose when he was ready to do so, and fired whenever he thought best. When his officer, who kept curled up in the hollow of the trench, commanded him to lie down, he would frown and shake his head at the interruption, and paid no further attention to the order. He was as much alone as a hunter on a mountain peak stalking deer, and whenever he fired at the men in the bushes he would swear softly, and when he fired at the mules he would chuckle and laugh with delight and content. The mules had to cross a ploughed field in order to reach the bushes, and so we were able to mark where his

bullets struck, and we could see them skip across the field, kicking up the dirt as they advanced, until they stopped the mule altogether, or frightened the man who was leading it into a disorderly retreat.

It appeared later that instead of there being but twelve men in these bushes there were six hundred, and that they were hiding there until the sun set in order to make a final attack on the first trench. They had probably argued that at sunset the strain of the day's work would have told on the Greek *morale*, that the men's nerves would be jerking and their stomachs aching for food, and that they would be ready for darkness and sleep, and in no condition to repulse a fresh and vigorous attack. So, just as the sun sank, and the officers were counting the cost in dead and wounded, and the men were gathering up blankets and overcoats, and the firing from the Greek lines had almost ceased, there came a fierce rattle from the trench to the right of us, like a watch-dog barking the alarm, and the others took it up from all over the hill, and when we looked down into the plain below to learn what it meant, we saw it blue with men, who seemed to have sprung from the earth. They were clambering from the bed of the stream, breaking through the bushes,

and forming into a long line, which, as soon as formed, was at once hidden at regular intervals by flashes of flame that seemed to leap from one gun-barrel to the next, as you have seen a current of electricity run along a line of gas-jets. In the dim twilight these flashes were much more blinding than they had been in the glare of the sun, and the crash of the artillery coming on top of the silence was the more fierce and terrible by the contrast. The Turks were so close on us that the first trench could do little to help itself, and the men huddled against it while their comrades on the surrounding hills fought for them, their volleys passing close above our heads, and meeting the rush of the Turkish bullets on the way, so that there was now one continuous whistling shriek, like the roar of the wind through the rigging of a ship in a storm. If a man had raised his arm above his head his hand would have been torn off. It had come up so suddenly that it was like two dogs, each springing at the throat of the other, and in a greater degree it had something of the sound of two wild animals struggling for life. Volley answered volley as though with personal hate—one crashing in upon the roll of the other, or beating it out of recognition with the bursting roar of heavy cannon. At the same instant all of the

The Battle of Velestinos

Turkish batteries opened with great, ponderous, booming explosions, and the little mountain guns barked and snarled and shrieked back at them, and the rifle volleys crackled and shot out blistering flames, while the air was filled with invisible express trains that shook and jarred it and crashed into one another, bursting and shrieking and groaning. It seemed as though you were lying in a burning forest, with giant tree trunks that had withstood the storms of centuries crashing and falling around your ears, and sending up great showers of sparks and flame. This lasted for five minutes or less, and then the death-grip seemed to relax, the volleys came brokenly, like a man panting for breath, the bullets ceased to sound with the hiss of escaping steam, and rustled aimlessly by, and from hill-top to hill-top the officers' whistles sounded as though a sportsman were calling off his dogs. The Turks withdrew into the coming night, and the Greeks lay back, panting and sweating, and stared open-eyed at one another, like men who had looked for a moment into hell, and had come back to the world again.

The next day was like the first, except that by five o'clock in the afternoon the Turks appeared on our left flank, crawling across the hills like an invasion of great ants, and the Greek army that

at Velestinos had made the two best and most dignified stands of the war withdrew upon Halmyros, and the Turks poured into the village and burned it, leaving nothing standing save two tall Turkish minarets that many years before, when Thessaly belonged to the Sultan, the Turks themselves had placed there.

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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

I

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT GUASIMAS

ON the day the American troops landed on the coast of Cuba, the Cubans informed General Wheeler that the enemy were intrenched at Guasimas, blocking the way to Santiago. Guasimas is not a village, nor even a collection of houses; it is the meeting place of two trails which join at the apex of a V, three miles from the seaport town of Siboney, and continue merged in a single trail to Santiago. General Wheeler, guided by the Cubans, reconnoitred this trail on the 23rd of June, and with the position of the enemy fully explained to him, returned to Siboney and informed General Young and Colonel Wood that on the following morning he would attack the Spanish position at Guasimas. It has been stated that at Guasimas, the Rough Riders were trapped in an ambush, but, as the plan was discussed while I was present, I know that so far from any one's running into an ambush, every one of the officers concerned had a full knowledge of where he would find the enemy, and what he was to do when he found him.

That night no one slept, for until two o'clock in the morning, troops were still being disembarked in the surf, and two ships of war had their search-lights turned on the landing-place, and made Siboney as light as a ball-room. Back of the search-lights was an ocean white with moonlight, and on the shore red camp-fires, at which the half-drowned troops were drying their uniforms, and the Rough Riders, who had just marched in from Baiquiri, were cooking a late supper, or early breakfast of coffee and bacon. Below the former home of the Spanish comandante, which General Wheeler had made his head-quarters, lay the camp of the Rough Riders, and through it Cuban officers were riding their half-starved ponies, and scattering the ashes of the camp-fires. Below them was the beach and the roaring surf, in which a thousand or so naked men were assisting and impeding the progress shoreward of their comrades, in pontoons and shore boats, which were being hurled at the beach like sleds down a water chute.

It was one of the most weird and remarkable scenes of the war, probably of any war. An army was being landed on an enemy's coast at the dead of night, but with the same cheers and shrieks and laughter that rise from the bathers at

Coney Island on a hot Sunday. It was a pandemonium of noises. The men still to be landed from the "prison hulks," as they called the transports, were singing in chorus, the men already on shore were dancing naked around the camp-fires on the beach, or shouting with delight as they plunged into the first bath that had offered in seven days, and those in the launches as they were pitched head-first at the soil of Cuba, signalized their arrival by howls of triumph. On either side rose black overhanging ridges, in the lowland between were white tents and burning fires, and from the ocean came the blazing, dazzling eyes of the search-lights shaming the quiet moonlight.

After three hours' troubled sleep in this tumult the Rough Riders left camp at five in the morning. With the exception of half a dozen officers they were dismounted, and carried their blanket rolls, haversacks, ammunition, and carbines. General Young had already started toward Guasimas the First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry, and according to the agreement of the night before had taken the eastern trail to our right, while the Rough Riders climbed the steep ridge above Siboney and started toward the rendezvous along the trail to the west, which was on high ground

and a half mile to a mile distant from the trail along which General Young and his regulars were marching. There was a valley between us, and the bushes were so thick on both sides of our trail that it was not possible at any time, until we met at Guasimas, to distinguish the other column.

As soon as the Rough Riders had reached the top of the ridge, not twenty minutes after they had left camp, which was the first opportunity that presented itself, Colonel Wood ordered Captain Capron to proceed with his troop in front of the column as an advance guard, and to choose a "point" of five men skilled as scouts and trailers. Still in advance of these he placed two Cuban scouts. The column then continued along the trail in single file. The Cubans were at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards; the "point" of five picked men under Sergeant Byrne and duty-Sergeant Fish followed them at a distance of a hundred yards, and then came Capron's troop of sixty men strung out in single file. No flankers were placed for the reason that the dense undergrowth and the tangle of vines that stretched from the branches of the trees to the bushes below made it a physical impossibility for man or beast to move forward except along the single trail.

Colonel Wood rode at the head of the column, followed by two regular army officers who were members of General Wheeler's staff, a Cuban officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. They rode slowly in consideration of the troopers on foot, who under a cruelly hot sun carried heavy burdens. To those who did not have to walk, it was not unlike a hunting excursion in our West; the scenery was beautiful and the view down the valley one of luxuriant peace. Roosevelt had never been in the tropics and Captain McCormick and I were talking back at him over our shoulders and at each other, pointing out unfamiliar trees and birds. Roosevelt thought it looked like a good deer country, as it once was; it reminded McCormick of Southern California; it looked to me like the trails in Central America. We advanced, talking in that fashion and in high spirits, and congratulating ourselves in being shut of the transport and on breathing fine mountain air again, and on the fact that we were on horseback. We agreed it was impossible to appreciate that we were really at war—that we were in the enemy's country. We had been riding in this pleasant fashion for an hour and a half with brief halts for rest, when Wood stopped the head of the column, and rode down the trail to meet Capron, who was

coming back. Wood returned immediately, leading his horse, and said to Roosevelt:

"Pass the word back to keep silence in the ranks."

The place at which we had halted was where the trail narrowed, and proceeded sharply downward. There was on one side of it a stout barbed-wire fence of five strands. By some fortunate accident this fence had been cut just where the head of the column halted. On the left of the trail it shut off fields of high grass blocked at every fifty yards with great barricades of undergrowth and tangled trees and chapparal. On the other side of the trail there was not a foot of free ground; the bushes seemed absolutely impenetrable, as indeed they were later found to be.

When we halted, the men sat down beside the trail and chewed the long blades of grass, or fanned the air with their hats. They had no knowledge of the situation such as their leaders possessed, and their only emotion was one of satisfaction at the chance the halt gave them to rest and to shift their packs. Wood again walked down the trail with Capron and disappeared, and one of the officers informed us that the scouts had seen the outposts of the enemy. It did not seem reasonable that the Spaniards, who had

failed to attack us when we landed at Baiquiri, would oppose us until they could do so in force, so, personally, I doubted that there were any Spaniards nearer than Santiago. But we tied our horses to the wire fence, and Capron's troop knelt with carbines at the "Ready," peering into the bushes. We must have waited there, while Wood reconnoitred, for over ten minutes. Then he returned, and began deploying his troops out at either side of the trail. Capron he sent on down the trail itself. G Troop was ordered to beat into the bushes on the right, and K and A were sent over the ridge on which we stood down into the hollow to connect with General Young's column on the opposite side of the valley. F and E Troops were deployed in skirmish-line on the other side of the wire fence. Wood had discovered the enemy a few hundred yards from where he expected to find him, and so far from being "surprised," he had time, as I have just described, to get five of his troops into position before a shot was fired. The firing, when it came, started suddenly on our right. It sounded so close that—still believing we were acting on a false alarm, and that there were no Spaniards ahead of us—I guessed it was Capron's men firing at random to disclose the enemy's position. I

ran after G Troop under Captain Llewellyn, and found them breaking their way through the bushes in the direction from which the volleys came. It was like forcing the walls of a maze. If each trooper had not kept in touch with the man on either hand he would have been lost in the thicket. At one moment the underbrush seemed swarming with our men, and the next, except that you heard the twigs breaking, and heavy breathing or a crash as a vine pulled some one down, there was not a sign of a human being anywhere. In a few minutes we broke through into a little open place in front of a dark curtain of vines, and the men fell on one knee and began returning the fire that came from it.

The enemy's fire was exceedingly heavy, and his aim was excellent. We saw nothing of the Spaniards, except a few on the ridge across the valley. I happened to be the only one present with field glasses, and when I discovered this force on the ridge, and had made sure, by the cockades in their sombreros, that they were Spaniards and not Cubans, I showed them to Roosevelt. He calculated they were five hundred yards from us, and ordered the men to fire on them at that range. Through the two hours of fighting that followed, although men were falling all around us, the

Spaniards on the ridge were the only ones that many of us saw. But the fire against us was not more than eighty yards away, and so hot that our men could only lie flat in the grass and return it in that position. It was at this moment that our men believed they were being attacked by Capron's troop, which they imagined must have swung to the right, and having lost its bearings and hearing them advancing through the underbrush, had mistaken them for the enemy. They accordingly ceased firing and began shouting in order to warn Capron that he was shooting at his friends. This is the foundation for the statement that the Rough Riders had fired on each other, which they did not do then or at any other time. Later we examined the relative position of the trail which Capron held, and the position of G Troop, and they were at right angles to one another. Capron could not possibly have fired into us at any time, unless he had turned directly around in his tracks and aimed up the very trail he had just descended. Advancing, he could no more have hit us than he could have seen us out of the back of his head. When we found many hundred spent cartridges of the Spaniards a hundred yards in front of G Troop's position, the question as to who had fired on us was answered.

It was an exceedingly hot corner. The whole troop was gathered in the little open place blocked by the net-work of grape-vines and tangled bushes before it. They could not see twenty feet on three sides of them, but on the right hand lay the valley, and across it came the sound of Young's brigade, who were apparently heavily engaged. The enemy's fire was so close that the men could not hear the word of command, and Captain Llewellyn and Lieutenant Greenway, unable to get their attention, ran among them, batting them with their sombreros to make them cease firing. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt ran up just then, bringing with him Lieutenant Woodbury Kane and ten troopers from K Troop. Roosevelt lay down in the grass beside Llewellyn and consulted with him eagerly. Kane was smiling with the charming content of a perfectly happy man. When Captain Llewellyn told him his men were not needed, and to rejoin his troop, he led his detail over the edge of the hill on which we lay. As he disappeared below the crest he did not stoop to avoid the bullets, but walked erect, still smiling. Roosevelt pointed out that it was impossible to advance farther on account of the net-work of wild grape-vines that masked the Spaniards from us, and that we must cross the

trail and make to the left. The shouts the men had raised to warn Capron had established our position to the enemy, and the firing was now fearfully accurate. Sergeant Russell, who in his day had been a colonel on a governor's staff, was killed, and the other sergeant was shot through the wrist. In the space of three minutes nine men were lying on their backs helpless. Before we got away, every third man was killed, or wounded. We drew off slowly to the left, dragging the wounded with us. Owing to the low aim of the enemy, we were forced to move on our knees and crawl. Even then men were hit. One man near me was shot through the head. Returning later to locate the body and identify him, I found that the buzzards had torn off his lips and his eyes. This mutilation by these hideous birds was, without doubt, what Admiral Sampson mistook for the work of the Spaniards, when the bodies of the marines at Guantanamo were found disfigured. K Troop meantime had deployed into the valley under the fire from the enemy on the ridge. It had been ordered to establish communication with General Young's column, and while advancing and firing on the ridge, Captain Jenkins sent the guidon bearer back to climb the hill and wave his red and white banner where Young's men could

see it. The guidon bearer had once run for Congress on the gold ticket in Arizona, and, as some one said, was naturally the man who should have been selected for a forlorn hope. His flag brought him instantly under a heavy fire, but he continued waving it until the Tenth Cavalry on the other side of the valley answered, and the two columns were connected by a skirmish-line composed of K Troop and A, under Captain "Bucky" O'Neill.

G Troop meanwhile had hurried over to the left, and passing through the opening in the wire fence had spread out into open order. It followed down after Captain Luna's troop and D and E Troops, which were well already in advance. Roosevelt ran forward and took command of the extreme left of this line. Wood was walking up and down along it, leading his horse, which he thought might be of use in case he had to move quickly to alter his original formation. His plan, at present, was to spread out his men so that they would join Young on the right, and on the left swing around until they flanked the enemy. K and A Troops had already succeeded in joining hands with Young's column across the valley, and as they were capable of taking care of themselves, Wood was bending his efforts to keep his remaining four companies in a straight line and re-

volving them around the enemy's "end." It was in no way an easy thing to do. The men were at times wholly hidden from each other, and from him; probably at no one time did he see more than two of his troops together. It was only by the firing that he could tell where his men lay, and that they were always advancing.

The advances were made in quick, desperate rushes—sometimes the ground gained was no more than a man covers in sliding for a base. At other times half a troop would rise and race forward and then burrow deep in the hot grass and fire. On this side of the line there was an occasional glimpse of the enemy. But for a great part of the time the men shot at the places from where the enemy's fire seemed to come, aiming low and answering in steady volleys. The fire discipline was excellent. The prophets of evil of the Tampa Bay Hotel had foretold that the cowboys would shoot as they chose, and, in the field, would act independently of their officers. As it turned out, the cowboys were the very men who waited most patiently for the officers to give the word of command. At all times the movement was without rest, breathless and fierce, like a cane-rush, or a street fight. After the first three minutes every man had stripped as though for

a wrestling match, throwing off all his impedimenta but his cartridge-belt and canteen. Even then the sun handicapped their strength cruelly. The enemy was hidden in the shade of the jungle, while they, for every thicket they gained, had to fight in the open, crawling through grass which was as hot as a steam bath, and with their flesh and clothing torn by thorns and the sword-like blade of the Spanish "bayonet." The glare of the sun was full in their eyes and as fierce as a lime-light.

When G Troop passed on across the trail to the left I stopped at the place where the column had first halted—it had been converted into a dressing station and the wounded of G Troop were left there in the care of the hospital stewards. A tall, gaunt young man with a cross on his arm was just coming back up the trail. His head was bent, and by some surgeon's trick he was carrying a wounded man much heavier than himself across his shoulders. As I stepped out of the trail he raised his head, and smiled and nodded, and left me wondering where I had seen him before, smiling in the same cheery, confident way and moving in that same position. I knew it could not have been under the same conditions, and yet he was certainly associated with another time of

excitement and rush and heat. Then I remembered him. As now he had been covered with blood and dirt and perspiration, but then he wore a canvas jacket and the man he carried on his shoulders was trying to hold him back from a white-washed line. And I recognized the young doctor, with the blood bathing his breeches, as "Bob" Church, of Princeton. That was only one of four badly wounded men he carried that day on his shoulders over a half-mile of trail that stretched from the firing-line back to the dressing station and under an unceasing fire.* As the senior surgeon was absent he had chief responsibility that day for all the wounded, and that so few of them died is greatly due to this young man who went down into the firing-line and pulled them from it, and bore them out of danger. The comic paragraphers who wrote of the members of the Knickerbocker Club and the college swells of the Rough Riders and of their imaginary valets and golf clubs, should, in decency, since the fight at Guasimas apologize. For the same spirit that once sent these men down a white-washed field against their opponents' rush line was the spirit that sent Church, Channing, Devereux, Ronalds,

* For this "distinguished gallantry in action," James R. Church later received the medal of honor.

Wrenn, Cash, Bull, Larned, Goodrich, Greenway, Dudley Dean, and a dozen others through the high hot grass at Guasimas, not shouting, as their friends the cowboys did, but each with his mouth tightly shut, with his eyes on the ball, and moving in obedience to the captain's signals.

Judging from the sound, our firing-line now seemed to be half a mile in advance of the place where the head of the column had first halted. This showed that the Spaniards had been driven back at least three hundred yards from their original position. It was impossible to see any of our men in the field, so I ran down the trail with the idea that it would lead me back to the troop I had left when I had stopped at the dressing station. The walk down that trail presented one of the most grewsome pictures of the war. It narrowed as it descended; it was for that reason the enemy had selected that part of it for the attack, and the vines and bushes interlaced so closely above it that the sun could not come through.

The rocks on either side were spattered with blood and the rank grass was matted with it. Blanket rolls, haversacks, carbines, and canteens had been abandoned all along its length. It looked as though a retreating army had fled along it, rather than that one troop had fought its way

through it to the front. Except for the clatter of the land-crabs, those hideous orchid-colored monsters that haunt the places of the dead, and the whistling of the bullets in the trees, the place was as silent as a grave. For the wounded lying along its length were as still as the dead beside them. The noise of the loose stones rolling under my feet brought a hospital steward out of the brush, and he called after me:

"Lieutenant Thomas is badly wounded in here, and we can't move him. We want to carry him out of the sun some place, where there is shade and a breeze." Thomas was the first lieutenant of Capron's troop. He is a young man, large and powerfully built. He was shot through the leg just below the trunk, and I found him lying on a blanket half naked and covered with blood, and with his leg bound in tourniquets made of twigs and pocket-handkerchiefs. It gave one a thrill of awe and wonder to see how these cowboy surgeons, with a stick that one would use to light a pipe and with the gaudy 'kerchiefs they had taken from their necks, were holding death at bay. The young officer was in great pain and tossing and raving wildly. When we gathered up the corners of his blanket and lifted him, he tried to sit upright, and cried out, "You're tak-

ing me to the front, aren't you? You said you would. They've killed my captain—do you understand? They've killed Captain Capron. The ——— Mexicans! They've killed my captain."

The troopers assured him they were carrying him to the firing-line, but he was not satisfied. We stumbled over the stones and vines, bumping his wounded body against the ground and leaving a black streak in the grass behind us, but it seemed to hurt us more than it did him, for he sat up again clutching at us imploringly with his bloody hands.

"For God's sake, take me to the front," he begged. "Do you hear? I order you; damn you, I order— We must give them hell; do you hear? we must give them hell. They've killed Capron. They've killed my captain."

The loss of blood at last mercifully silenced him, and when we had reached the trail he had fainted and I left them kneeling around him, their grave boyish faces filled with symapthy and concern.

Only fifty feet from him and farther down the trail I passed his captain, with his body propped against Church's knee and with his head fallen on the surgeon's shoulder. Capron was always a handsome, soldierly looking man—some said that he was the most soldierly looking of any of the young officers in the army—and as I saw him then

death had given him a great dignity and nobleness. He was only twenty-eight years old, the age when life has just begun, but he rested his head on the surgeon's shoulder like a man who knew he was already through with it and that, though they might peck and mend at the body, he had received his final orders. His breast and shoulders were bare, and as the surgeon cut the tunic from him the sight of his great chest and the skin, as white as a girl's, and the black open wound against it made the yellow stripes and the brass insignia on the tunic, strangely mean and tawdry.

Fifty yards farther on, around a turn in the trail, behind a rock, a boy was lying with a bullet wound between his eyes. His chest was heaving with short, hoarse noises which I guessed were due to some muscular action entirely, and that he was virtually dead. I lifted him and gave him some water, but it would not pass through his fixed teeth. In the pocket of his blouse was a New Testament with the name *Fielder Dawson, Mo.*, scribbled in it in pencil. While I was writing it down for identification, a boy as young as himself came from behind me down the trail.

"It is no use," he said; "the surgeon has seen him; he says he is just the same as dead. He is

my bunkie; we only met two weeks ago at San Antonio; but he and me had got to be such good friends— But there's nothing I can do now." He threw himself down on the rock beside his bunkie, who was still breathing with that hoarse inhuman rattle, and I left them, the one who had been spared looking down helplessly with the tears creeping across his cheeks.

The firing was quite close now, and the trail was no longer filled with blanket rolls and haversacks, nor did pitiful, prostrate figures lie in wait behind each rock. I guessed this must mean that I now was well in advance of the farthest point to which Capron's troop had moved, and I was running forward feeling confident that I must be close on our men, when I saw the body of a sergeant blocking the trail and stretched at full length across it. Its position was a hundred yards in advance of that of any of the others—it was apparently the body of the first man killed. After death the bodies of some men seem to shrink almost instantly within themselves; they become limp and shapeless, and their uniforms hang upon them strangely. But this man, who was a giant in life, remained a giant in death—his very attitude was one of attack; his fists were clinched, his jaw set, and his eyes, which were still human,

seemed fixed with resolve. He was dead, but he was not defeated. And so Hamilton Fish died as he had lived—defiantly, running into the very face of the enemy, standing squarely upright on his legs instead of crouching, as the others called to him to do, until he fell like a column across the trail. "God gives," was the motto on the watch I took from his blouse, and God could not have given him a nobler end; to die, in the fore-front of the first fight of the war, quickly, painlessly, with a bullet through the heart, with his regiment behind him, and facing the enemies of his country.

The line at this time was divided by the trail into two wings. The right wing, composed of K and A Troops, was advancing through the valley, returning the fire from the ridge as it did so, and the left wing, which was much the longer of the two, was swinging around on the enemy's right flank, with its own right resting on the barbed-wire fence. I borrowed a carbine from a wounded man, and joined the remnant of L Troop which was close to the trail.

This troop was then commanded by Second Lieutenant Day, who on account of his conduct that morning and at the battle of San Juan later, when he was shot through the arm, was promoted

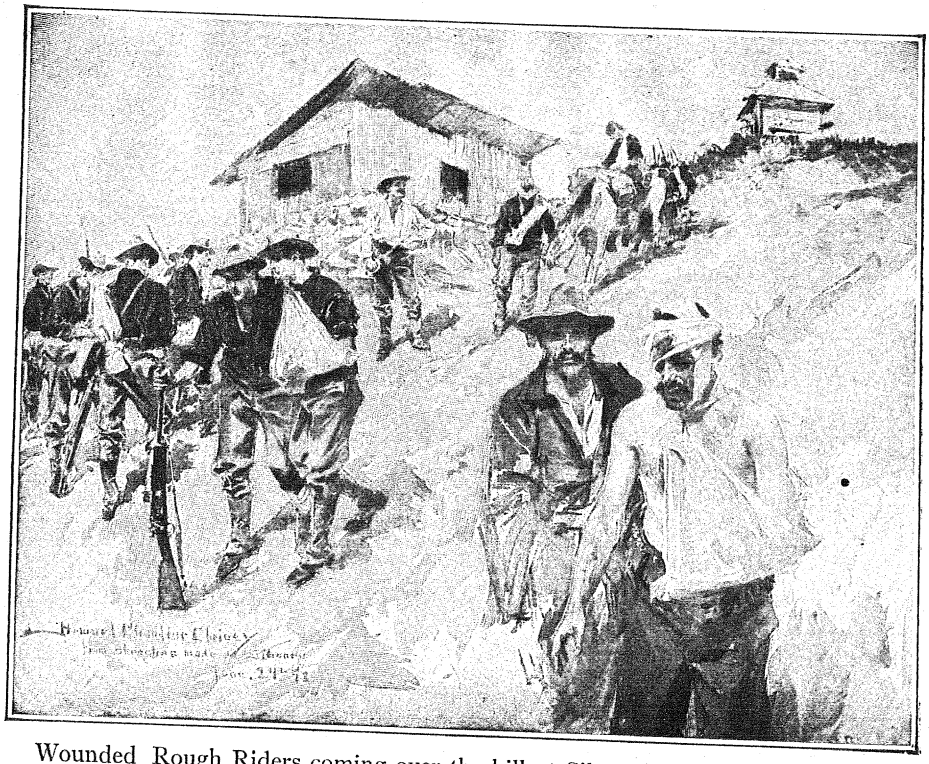
to be captain of L Troop, or, as it was later officially designated, Capron's troop. He was walking up and down the line as unconcernedly as though we were at target practice, and an Irish sergeant, Byrne, was assisting him by keeping up a continuous flow of comments and criticisms that showed the keenest enjoyment of the situation. Byrne was the only man I noticed who seemed to regard the fight as in any way humorous. For at Guasimas, no one had time to be flippant, or to exhibit any signs of braggadocio. It was for all of them, from the moment it started, through the hot, exhausting hour and a half that it lasted, a most serious proposition. The conditions were exceptional. The men had made a night march the evening before, had been given but three hours' troubled sleep on the wet sand, and had then been marched in full equipment uphill and under a cruelly hot sun, directly into action. And eighty per cent. of them had never before been under fire. Nor had one man in the regiment ever fired a Krag-Jorgensen carbine until he fired it at a Spaniard, for their arms had been issued to them so soon before sailing that they had only drilled with them without using cartridges. To this handicap was also added the nature of the ground and the fact that our men could not see

their opponents. Their own men fell or rolled over on every side, shot down by an invisible enemy, with no one upon whom they could retaliate, with no sign that the attack might not go on indefinitely. Yet they never once took a step backward, but advanced grimly, cleaning a bush or thicket of its occupants before charging it, and securing its cover for themselves, and answering each volley with one that sounded like an echo of the first. The men were panting for breath; the sweat ran so readily into their eyes that they could not see the sights of their guns; their limbs unused to such exertion after seven days of cramped idleness on the troop-ship, trembled with weakness and the sun blinded and dazzled them; but time after time they rose and staggered forward through the high grass, or beat their way with their carbines against the tangle of vines and creepers. A mile and a half of territory was gained foot by foot in this fashion, the three Spanish positions carried in that distance being marked by the thousands of Mauser cartridges that lay shining and glittering in the grass and behind the barricades of bushes. But this distance had not been gained without many losses, for every one in the regiment was engaged. Even those who, on account of the heat, had dropped

out along the trail, as soon as the sound of the fight reached them, came limping to the front—and plunged into the firing-line. It was the only place they could go—there was no other line. With the exception of Church's dressing station and its wounded there were no reserves.

Among the first to be wounded was the correspondent, Edward Marshall, of the New York *Journal*, who was on the firing-line to the left. He was shot through the body near the spine, and when I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies, and passing through a succession of convulsions. He nevertheless, in his brief moments of comparative peace, bore himself with the utmost calm, and was so much a soldier to duty that he continued writing his account of the fight until the fight itself was ended. His courage was the admiration of all the troopers, and he was highly commended by Colonel Wood in the official account of the engagement.

Nothing so well illustrated how desperately each man was needed, and how little was his desire to withdraw, as the fact that the wounded lay where they fell until the hospital stewards found them. Their comrades did not use them as an excuse to go to leave the firing-line. I have watched other fights, where the men engaged were



Wounded Rough Riders coming over the hill at Siboney. Head of column of Second Infantry going to support the Rough Riders, June 24th



quite willing to unselfishly bear the wounded from the zone of danger.

The fight had now lasted an hour, and the line had reached a more open country, with a slight incline upward toward a wood, on the edge of which was a ruined house. This house was a former distillery for *aguardiente*, and was now occupied in force by the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt on the far left was moving up his men with the intention of taking this house on the flank; Wood, who was all over the line, had the same objective point in his mind. The troop commanders had a general idea that the distillery was the key to the enemy's position, and were all working in that direction. It was extremely difficult for Wood and Roosevelt to communicate with the captains, and after the first general orders had been given them they relied upon the latter's intelligence to pull them through. I do not suppose Wood, out of the five hundred engaged, saw more than thirty of his men at any one time. When he had passed one troop, except for the noise of its volley firing, it was immediately lost to him in the brush, and it was so with the next. Still, so excellent was the intelligence of the officers, and so ready the spirit of the men, that they kept an almost perfect alignment, as was

shown when the final order came to charge in the open fields. The advance upon the ruined building was made in stubborn, short rushes, sometimes in silence, and sometimes firing as we ran. The order to fire at will was seldom given, the men waiting patiently for the officers' signal, and then answering in volleys. Some of the men who were twice Day's age begged him to let them take the enemy's impromptu fort on the run, but he answered them tolerantly like spoiled children, and held them down until there was a lull in the enemy's fire, when he would lead them forward, always taking the advance himself. By the way they made these rushes, it was easy to tell which men were used to hunting big game in the West and which were not. The Eastern men broke at the word, and ran for the cover they were directed to take like men trying to get out of the rain, and fell panting on their faces, while the Western trappers and hunters slipped and wriggled through the grass like Indians; dodging from tree trunk to tree trunk, and from one bush to another. They fell into line at the same time with the others, but while doing so they had not once exposed themselves. Some of the escapes were little short of miraculous. The man on my right, Champneys Marshall, of Washington, had

one bullet pass through his sleeve, and another pass through his shirt, where it was pulled close to his spine. The holes where the ball entered and went out again were clearly cut. Another man's skin was slightly burned by three bullets in three distinct lines, as though it had been touched for an instant by the lighted end of a cigar. Greenway was shot through this shirt across the breast, and Roosevelt was so close to one bullet, when it struck a tree, that it filled his eyes and ears with tiny splinters. Major Brodie and Lieutenant Thomas were both wounded within a few feet of Colonel Wood, and his color-sergeant, Wright, who followed close at his heels, was clipped three times in the head and neck, and four bullets passed through the folds of the flag he carried. One trooper, Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs; he was ordered by Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but there Church told him there was nothing he could do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney. Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked restlessly, "I don't seem to be doing much good here," and picking up his carbine, returned to the firing-line. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he demanded.

"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn't seem to be much doing back there."

After the fight he was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, but two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, and uphill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen, and cartridge-belt.

"I thought you were in hospital," Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered sheepishly, "but I didn't seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan hills with the hole still through his ribs. Another cowboy named Heffner, when shot through the body, asked to be propped up against a tree with his canteen and cartridge-belt beside him, and the last his troop saw of him he was seated alone grimly firing over their heads in the direction of the enemy.

Early in the fight I came upon Church attending to a young cowboy, who was shot through the chest. The entrance to his wound was so small that Church could not insert enough of the gauze packing to stop the flow of blood.

"I'm afraid I'll have to make this hole larger," he said to the boy, "or you'll bleed to death."

"All right," the trooper answered, "I guess you know your business." The boy stretched out on his back and lay perfectly quiet while Church, with a pair of curved scissors, cut away the edges of the wound. His patient neither whimpered nor swore, but stared up at the sun in silence. The bullets were falling on every side, and the operation was a hasty one, but the trooper made no comment until Church said, "We'd better get out of this; can you stand being carried?"

"Do you think you can carry me?" the trooper asked.

"Yes."

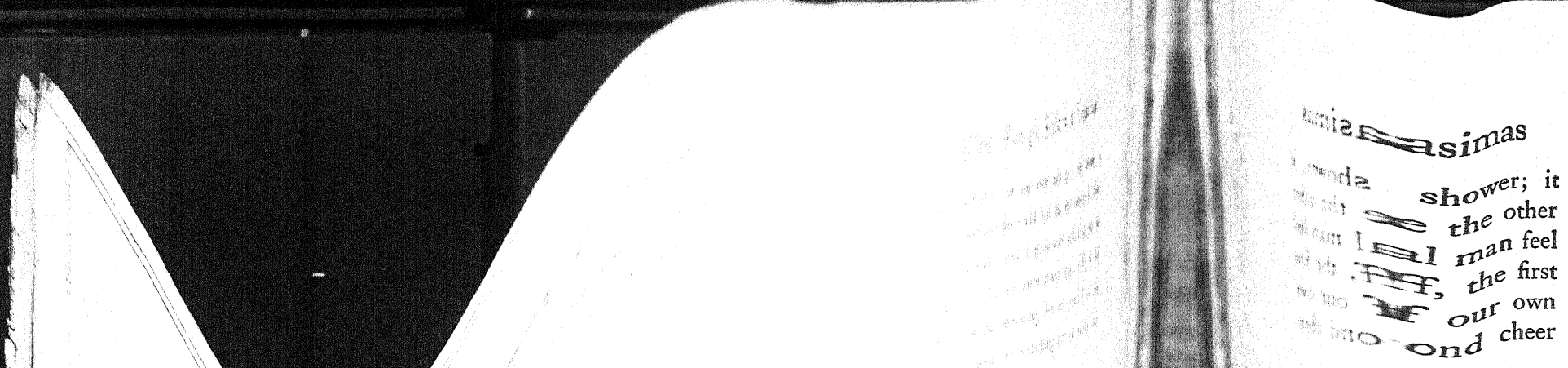
"Well," exclaimed the boy admiringly, "you certainly know your business!"

Another of the Rough Riders was brought to the dressing station with a shattered ankle, and Church, after bandaging it, gave him his choice of riding down to Siboney on a mule, or of being carried, a day later, on a litter.

"If you think you can manage to ride the mule with that broken foot," he said, "you can start at once, but if you wait until to-morrow, when I can spare the men, you can be carried all the way."

The cowboy preferred to start at once, so six hospital stewards lifted him and dropped him on the mule, and into a huge Mexican saddle.





He stuck his wounded ankle into one stirrup, and his untouched one into the other, and gathered up the reins.

"Does it pain you? Can you stand it?" Church asked anxiously. The cowboy turned and smiled down upon him with amused disdain.

"Stand *this?*" he cried. "Why, this is just like getting money from home."

Toward the last, the firing from the enemy sounded less near, and the bullets passed much higher. Roosevelt, who had picked up a carbine and was firing to give the direction to the others, determined upon a charge. Wood, at the other end of the line, decided at the same time upon the same manœuvre. It was called "Wood's bluff" afterward, for he had nothing to back it with; while to the enemy it looked as though his whole force was but the skirmish-line in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards naturally could not believe that this thin line which suddenly broke out of the bushes and from behind trees and came cheering out into the hot sunlight was the entire fighting force against it. They supposed the regiment was coming close on its heels, and as Spanish troops hate being rushed as a cat hates water, they fired a few parting volleys and broke and ran. The cheering had the same invigorat-

ing effect on our own side as a cold shower; it was what first told half the men where the other half were, and it made every individual man feel better. As we knew it was only a bluff, the first cheer was wavering, but the sound of our own voices was so comforting that the second cheer was a howl of triumph.

As it was, the Spaniards thought the Rough Riders had already disregarded all the rules of war.

"When we fired a volley," one of the prisoners said later, "instead of falling back they came forward. That is not the way to fight, to come closer at every volley." And so, when instead of retreating on each volley, the Rough Riders rushed at them, cheering and filling the hot air with wild cowboy yells, the dismayed enemy retreated upon Santiago, where he announced he had been attacked by the entire American army. One of the residents of Santiago asked one of the soldiers if those Americans fought well.

"*Well!*" he replied, "they tried to catch us with their hands!"

I have not attempted to give any account of General Young's fight on our right, which was equally desperate, and, owing to the courage of the colored troops of the Tenth in storming a ridge, equally worthy of praise. But it has

seemed better not to try and tell of anything I did not see, but to limit myself to the work of the Rough Riders, to whom, after all, the victory was due, as it was owing to Colonel Wood's charge, which took the Spaniards in flank, that General Wheeler and General Young were able to advance, their own stubborn attack in front having failed to dislodge the enemy from his rifle-pits.

According to the statement of the enemy, who had every reason not to exaggerate the size of his own force, 4,000 Spaniards were engaged in this action. The Rough Riders numbered 534, and General Young's force numbered 464. The American troops accordingly attacked a force over four times their own number intrenched behind rifle-pits and bushes in a mountain pass. In spite of the smokeless powder used by the Spaniards, which hid their position, the Rough Riders routed them out of it, and drove them back from three different barricades until they made their last stand in the ruined distillery, whence they finally drove them by assault. The eager spirit in which this was accomplished is best described in the Spanish soldier's answer to the inquiring civilian, "They tried to catch us with their hands." The Rough Riders should adopt it as their motto.

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II

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL

AFTER the Guasimas fight on June 24, the army was advanced along the single trail which leads from Siboney on the coast to Santiago. Two streams of excellent water run parallel with this trail for short distances, and some eight miles from the coast crossed it in two places. Our outposts were stationed at the first of these fords, the Cuban outposts a mile and a half farther on at the ford nearer Santiago, where the stream made a sharp turn at a place called El Poso. Another mile and a half of trail extended from El Poso to the trenches of San Juan. The reader should remember El Poso, as it marked an important starting-point against San Juan on the eventful first of July.

For six days the army was encamped on either side of the trail for three miles back from the outposts. The regimental camps touched each other, and all day long the pack-trains carrying the day's rations passed up and down between them. The trail was a sunken wagon road, where it was possible, in a few places, for two wagons

to pass at one time, but the greater distances were so narrow that there was but just room for a wagon, or a loaded mule-train, to make its way. The banks of the trail were three or four feet high, and when it rained it was converted into a huge gutter, with sides of mud, and with a liquid mud a foot deep between them. The camps were pitched along the trail as near the parallel stream as possible, and in the occasional places where there was rich, high grass. At night the men slept in dog tents, open at the front and back, and during the day spent their time under the shade of trees along the trail, or on the banks of the stream. Sentries were placed at every few feet along these streams to guard them from any possible pollution. For six days the army rested in this way, for as an army moves and acts only on its belly, and as the belly of this army was three miles long, it could advance but slowly.

This week of rest, after the cramped life of the troop-ship, was not ungrateful, although the rations were scarce and there was no tobacco, which was as necessary to the health of the men as their food.

During this week of waiting, the chief excitement was to walk out a mile and a half beyond the outposts to the hill of El Poso, and look

across the basin that lay in the great valley which leads to Santiago. The left of the valley was the hills which hide the sea. The right of the valley was the hills in which nestle the village of El Caney. Below El Poso, in the basin, the dense green forest stretched a mile and a half to the hills of San Juan. These hills looked so quiet and sunny and well kept that they reminded one of a New England orchard. There was a blue bungalow on a hill to the right, a red bungalow higher up on the right, and in the centre the block-house of San Juan, which looked like a Chinese pagoda. Three-quarters of a mile behind them, with a dip between, were the long white walls of the hospital and barracks of Santiago, wearing thirteen Red Cross flags, and, as was pointed out to the foreign *attachés* later, two six-inch guns a hundred yards in advance of the Red Cross flags.

It was so quiet, so fair, and so prosperous looking that it breathed of peace. It seemed as though one might, without accident, walk in and take dinner at the Venus Restaurant, or loll on the benches in the Plaza, or rock in one of the great bent-wood chairs around the patio of the Don Carlos Club.

But, on the 27th of June, a long, yellow pit opened in the hill-side of San Juan, and in it we

could see straw sombreros rising and bobbing up and down, and under the shade of the block-house, blue-coated Spaniards strolling leisurely about or riding forth on little white ponies to scamper over the hills. Officers of every regiment, *attachés* of foreign countries, correspondents, and staff officers daily reported the fact that the rifle-pits were growing in length and in number, and that in plain sight from the hill of El Poso the enemy was intrenching himself at San Juan, and at the little village of El Caney to the right, where he was marching through the streets. But no artillery was sent to El Poso hill to drop a shell among the busy men at work among the trenches, or to interrupt the street parades in El Caney. For four days before the American soldiers captured the same rifle-pits at El Caney and San Juan, with a loss of two thousand men, they watched these men diligently preparing for their coming, and wondered why there was no order to embarrass or to end these preparations.

On the afternoon of June 30, Captain Mills rode up to the tent of Colonel Wood, and told him that on account of illness, General Wheeler and General Young had relinquished their commands, and that General Sumner would take charge of the Cavalry Division; that he, Colonel Wood, would

take command of General Young's brigade, and Colonel Carroll, of General Sumner's brigade.

"You will break camp and move forward at four o'clock," he said. It was then three o'clock, and apparently the order to move forward at four had been given to each regiment at nearly the same time, for they all struck their tents and stepped down into the trail together. It was as though fifteen regiments were encamped along the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue and were all ordered at the same moment to move into it and march downtown. If Fifth Avenue were ten feet wide, one can imagine the confusion.

General Chaffee was at General Lawton's head-quarters, and they stood apart whispering together about the march they were to take to El Caney. Just over their heads the balloon was ascending for the first time and its great glistening bulk hung just above the tree tops, and the men in different regiments, picking their way along the trail, gazed up at it open-mouthed. The head-quarters camp was crowded. After a week of inaction the army, at a moment's notice, was moving forward, and every one had ridden in haste to learn why.

There were *attachés*, in strange uniforms, self-important Cuban generals, officers from the flag-

ship *New York*, and an army of photographers. At the side of the camp, double lines of soldiers passed slowly along the two paths of the muddy road, while, between them, aides dashed up and down, splashing them with dirty water, and shouting, "You will come up at once, sir." "You will not attempt to enter the trail yet, sir." "General Sumner's compliments, and why are you not in your place?"

Twelve thousand men, with their eyes fixed on a balloon, and treading on each other's heels in three inches of mud, move slowly, and after three hours, it seemed as though every man in the United States was under arms and stumbling and slipping down that trail. The lines passed until the moon rose. They seemed endless, interminable; there were cavalry mounted and dismounted, artillery with cracking whips and cursing drivers, Rough Riders in brown, and regulars, both black and white, in blue. Midnight came, and they were still stumbling and slipping forward.

General Sumner's head-quarters tent was pitched to the right of El Poso hill. Below us lay the basin a mile and a half in length, and a mile and a half wide, from which a white mist was rising. Near us, drowned under the mist, seven thousand men were sleeping, and, farther to the

right, General Chaffee's five thousand were lying under the bushes along the trails to El Caney, waiting to march on it and eat it up before breakfast.

The place hardly needs a 'map to explain it. The trails were like a pitchfork, with its prongs touching the hills of San Juan. The long handle of the pitchfork was the trail over which we had just come, the joining of the handle and the prongs were El Poso. El Caney lay half-way along the right prong, the left one was the trail down which, in the morning, the troops were to be hurled upon San Juan. It was as yet an utterly undiscovered country. Three miles away, across the basin of mist, we could see the street lamps of Santiago shining over the San Juan hills. Above us, the tropical moon hung white and clear in the dark purple sky, pierced with millions of white stars. As we turned in, there was just a little something in the air which made saying "good-night" a gentle farce, for no one went to sleep immediately, but lay looking up at the stars, and after a long silence, and much restless turning on the blanket which we shared together, the second lieutenant said: "So, if anything happens to me, to-morrow, you'll see she gets them, won't you?" Before the moon rose

again, every sixth man who had slept in the mist that night was either killed or wounded; but the second lieutenant was sitting on the edge of a Spanish rifle-pit, dirty, sweaty, and weak for food, but victorious, and the unknown she did not get them.

El Caney had not yet thrown off her blanket of mist before Capron's battery opened on it from a ridge two miles in the rear. The plan for the day was that El Caney should fall in an hour. The plan for the day is interesting chiefly because it is so different from what happened. According to the plan the army was to advance in two divisions along the two trails. Incidentally, General Lawton's division was to pick up El Caney, and when El Caney was eliminated, his division was to continue forward and join hands on the right with the divisions of General Sumner and General Kent. The army was then to rest for that night in the woods, half a mile from San Juan.

On the following morning it was to attack San Juan on the two flanks, under cover of artillery. The objection to this plan, which did not apparently suggest itself to General Shafter, was that an army of twelve thousand men, sleeping within five hundred yards of the enemy's rifle-pits, might

not unreasonably be expected to pass a bad night. As we discovered the next day, not only the five hundred yards, but the whole basin was covered by the fire from the rifle-pits. Even by daylight, when it was possible to seek some slight shelter, the army could not remain in the woods, but according to the plan it was expected to bivouac for the night in those woods, and in the morning to manœuvre and deploy and march through them to the two flanks of San Juan. How the enemy was to be hypnotized while this was going forward it is difficult to understand.

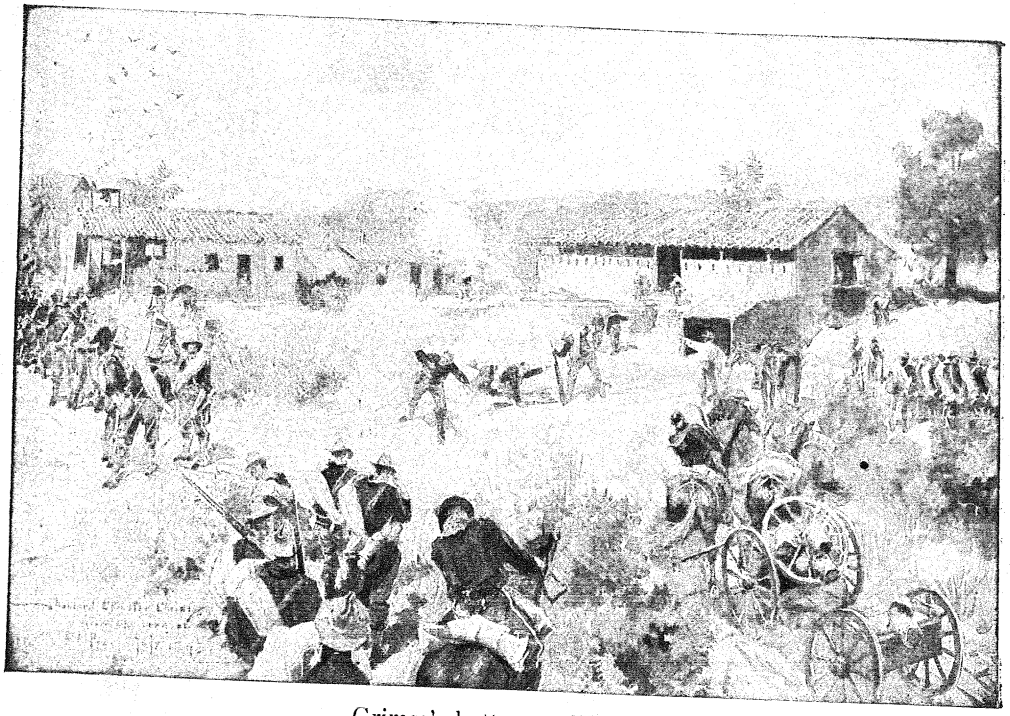
According to this programme, Capron's battery opened on El Caney and Grimes's battery opened on the pagoda-like block-house of San Juan. The range from El Poso was exactly 2,400 yards, and the firing, as was discovered later, was not very effective. The battery used black powder, and, as a result, after each explosion the curtain of smoke hung over the gun for fully a minute before the gunners could see the San Juan trenches, which was chiefly important because for a full minute it gave a mark to the enemy. The hill on which the battery stood was like a sugar-loaf. Behind it was the farm-house of El Poso, the only building in sight within a radius of a mile, and in it were Cuban soldiers and other non-combat-

ants. The Rough Riders had been ordered to halt in the yard of the farm-house and the artillery horses were drawn up in it, under the lee of the hill. The First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry were encamped a hundred yards from the battery along the ridge. They might as sensibly have been ordered to paint the rings in a target while a company was firing at the bull's-eye. To our first twenty shots the enemy made no reply; when they did it was impossible, owing to their using smokeless powder, to locate their guns. Their third shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders and the men of the First and Tenth Cavalry, killing some and wounding many. These casualties were utterly unnecessary and were due to the stupidity of whoever placed the men within fifty yards of guns in action.

A quarter of an hour after the firing began from El Poso one of General Shafter's aides directed General Sumner to advance with his division down the Santiago trail, and to halt at the edge of the woods.

"What am I to do then?" asked General Sumner.

"You are to await further orders," the aide answered.



Grimes's battery at El Poso

The third Spanish shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders

The Battle of San Juan Hill

As a matter of fact and history this was probably the last order General Sumner received from General Shafter, until the troops of his division had taken the San Juan hills, as it became impossible to get word to General Shafter, the trail leading to his head-quarters tent, three miles in the rear, being blocked by the soldiers of the First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry, and later, by Lawton's division. General Sumner led the Sixth, Third, and Ninth Cavalry and the Rough Riders down the trail, with instructions for the First and Tenth to follow. The trail, virgin as yet from the foot of an American soldier, was as wide as its narrowest part, which was some ten feet across. At places it was as wide as Broadway, but only for such short distances that it was necessary for the men to advance in column, in double file. A maze of underbrush and trees on either side was all but impenetrable, and when the officers and men had once assembled into the basin, they could only guess as to what lay before them, or on either flank. At the end of a mile the country became more open, and General Sumner saw the Spaniards intrenched a half-mile away on the sloping hills. A stream, called the San Juan River, ran across the trail at this point, and another stream crossed it again two hundred

yards farther on. The troops were halted at this first stream, some crossing it, and others deploying in single file to the right. Some were on the banks of the stream, others at the edge of the woods in the bushes. Others lay in the high grass which was so high that it stopped the wind, and so hot that it almost choked and suffocated those who lay in it.

The enemy saw the advance and began firing with pitiless accuracy into the jammed and crowded trail and along the whole border of the woods. There was not a single yard of ground for a mile to the rear which was not inside the zone of fire. Our men were ordered not to return the fire but to lie still and wait for further orders. Some of them could see the rifle-pits of the enemy quite clearly and the men in them, but many saw nothing but the bushes under which they lay, and the high grass which seemed to burn when they pressed against it. It was during this period of waiting that the greater number of our men were killed. For one hour they lay on their rifles staring at the waving green stuff around them, while the bullets drove past incessantly, with savage insistence, cutting the grass again and again in hundreds of fresh places. Men in line sprang from the ground and sank back again with a

groan, or rolled to one side clinging silently to an arm or shoulder. Behind the lines hospital stewards passed continually, drawing the wounded back to the streams, where they laid them in long rows, their feet touching the water's edge and their bodies supported by the muddy bank. Up and down the lines, and through the fords of the streams, mounted aides drove their horses at a gallop, as conspicuous a target as the steeple on a church, and one after another paid the price of his position and fell from his horse wounded or dead. Captain Mills fell as he was giving an order, shot through the forehead behind both eyes; Captain O'Neill, of the Rough Riders, as he said, "There is no Spanish bullet made that can kill me." Steel, Swift, Henry, each of them was shot out of his saddle.

Hidden in the trees above the streams, and above the trail, sharp-shooters and guerillas added a fresh terror to the wounded. There was no hiding from them. Their bullets came from every side. Their invisible smoke helped to keep their hiding-places secret, and in the incessant shriek of shrapnel and the spit of the Mausers, it was difficult to locate the reports of their rifles. They spared neither the wounded nor recognized the Red Cross; they killed the surgeons and the

stewards carrying the litters, and killed the wounded men on the litters. A guerilla in a tree above us shot one of the Rough Riders in the breast while I was helping him carry Captain Morton Henry to the dressing-station, the ball passing down through him, and a second shot, from the same tree, barely missed Henry as he lay on the ground where we had dropped him. He was already twice wounded and so covered with blood that no one could have mistaken his condition. The surgeons at work along the stream dressed the wounds with one eye cast aloft at the trees. It was not the Mauser bullets they feared, though they passed continuously, but too high to do their patients further harm, but the bullets of the sharp-shooters which struck fairly in among them, splashing in the water and scattering the pebbles. The sounds of the two bullets were as different as is the sharp pop of a soda-water bottle from the buzzing of an angry wasp.

For a time it seemed as though every second man was either killed or wounded; one came upon them lying behind the bush, under which they had crawled with some strange idea that it would protect them, or crouched under the bank of the stream, or lying on their stomachs and lapping up the water with the eagerness of thirsty

dogs. As to their suffering, the wounded were magnificently silent, they neither complained nor groaned nor cursed.

"I've got a punctured tire," was their grim answer to inquiries. White men and colored men, veterans and recruits and volunteers, each lay waiting for the battle to begin or to end so that he might be carried away to safety, for the wounded were in as great danger after they were hit as though they were in the firing line, but none questioned nor complained.

I came across Lieutenant Roberts, of the Tenth Cavalry, lying under the roots of a tree beside the stream with three of his colored troopers stretched around him. He was shot through the intestines, and each of the three men with him was shot in the arm or leg. They had been overlooked or forgotten, and we stumbled upon them only by the accident of losing our way. They had no knowledge as to how the battle was going or where their comrades were or where the enemy was. At any moment, for all they knew, the Spaniards might break through the bushes about them. It was a most lonely picture, the young lieutenant, half naked, and wet with his own blood, sitting upright beside the empty stream, and his three followers crouching at his feet like

three faithful watch-dogs, each wearing his red badge of courage, with his black skin tanned to a haggard gray, and with his eyes fixed patiently on the white lips of his officer. When the white soldiers with me offered to carry him back to the dressing-station, the negroes resented it stiffly. "If the Lieutenant had been able to move, we would have carried him away long ago," said the sergeant, quite overlooking the fact that his arm was shattered.

"Oh, don't bother the surgeons about me," Roberts added, cheerfully. "They must be very busy. I can wait."

As yet, with all these killed and wounded, we had accomplished nothing—except to obey orders—which was to await further orders. The observation balloon hastened the end. It came blundering down the trail, and stopped the advance of the First and Tenth Cavalry, and was sent up directly over the heads of our men to observe what should have been observed a week before by scouts and reconnoitring parties. A balloon, two miles to the rear, and high enough in the air to be out of range of the enemy's fire may some day prove itself to be of use and value. But a balloon on the advance line, and only fifty feet above the tops of the trees, was merely an

invitation to the enemy to kill everything beneath it. And the enemy responded to the invitation. A Spaniard might question if he could hit a man, or a number of men, hidden in the bushes, but had no doubt at all as to his ability to hit a mammoth glistening ball only six hundred yards distant, and so all the trenches fired at it at once, and the men of the First and Tenth, packed together directly behind it, received the full force of the bullets. The men lying directly below it received the shrapnel which was timed to hit it, and which at last, fortunately, did hit it. This was endured for an hour, an hour of such hell of fire and heat, that the heat in itself, had there been no bullets, would have been remembered for its cruelty. Men gasped on their backs, like fishes in the bottom of a boat, their heads burning inside and out, their limbs too heavy to move. They had been rushed here and rushed there wet with sweat and wet with fording the streams, under a sun that would have made moving a fan an effort, and they lay prostrate, gasping at the hot air, with faces aflame, and their tongues sticking out, and their eyes rolling. All through this the volleys from the rifle-pits sputtered and rattled, and the bullets sang continuously like the wind through the rig-

ging in a gale, shrapnel whined and broke, and still no order came from General Shafter.

Captain Howse, of General Sumner's staff, rode down the trail to learn what had delayed the First and Tenth, and was hailed by Colonel Derby, who was just descending from the shattered balloon.

"I saw men up there on those hills," Colonel Derby shouted; "they are firing at our troops." That was part of the information contributed by the balloon. Captain Howse's reply is lost to history.

General Kent's division, which, according to the plan, was to have been held in reserve, had been rushed up in the rear of the First and Tenth, and the Tenth had deployed in skirmish order to the right. The trail was now completely blocked by Kent's division. Lawton's division, which was to have re-enforced on the right, had not appeared, but incessant firing from the direction of El Caney showed that he and Chaffee were fighting mightily. The situation was desperate. Our troops could not retreat, as the trail for two miles behind them was wedged with men. They could not remain where they were, for they were being shot to pieces. There was only one thing they could do—go forward and

take the San Juan hills by assault. It was as desperate as the situation itself. To charge earthworks held by men with modern rifles, and using modern artillery, until after the earthworks have been shaken by artillery, and to attack them in advance and not in the flanks, are both impossible military propositions. But this campaign had not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of military blunders had brought seven thousand American soldiers into a chute of death from which there was no escape except by taking the enemy who held it by the throat and driving him out and beating him down. So the generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and relinquished their command to the regimental officers and the enlisted men.

"We can do nothing more," they virtually said. "There is the enemy."

Colonel Roosevelt, on horseback, broke from the woods behind the line of the Ninth, and finding its men lying in his way, shouted: "If you don't wish to go forward, let my men pass." The junior officers of the Ninth, with their negroes, instantly sprang into line with the Rough Riders, and charged at the blue block-house on the right.

I speak of Roosevelt first because, with Gen-

eral Hawkins, who led Kent's division, notably the Sixth and Sixteenth Regulars, he was, without doubt, the most conspicuous figure in the charge. General Hawkins, with hair as white as snow, and yet far in advance of men thirty years his junior, was so noble a sight that you felt inclined to pray for his safety; on the other hand, Roosevelt, mounted high on horseback, and charging the rifle-pits at a gallop and quite alone, made you feel that you would like to cheer. He wore on his sombrero a blue polka-dot handkerchief, *à la* Havelock, which, as he advanced, floated out straight behind his head, like a guidon. Afterward, the men of his regiment who followed this flag, adopted a polka-dot handkerchief as the badge of the Rough Riders. These two officers were notably conspicuous in the charge, but no one can claim that any two men, or any one man, was more brave or more daring, or showed greater courage in that slow, stubborn advance, than did any of the others. Some one asked one of the officers if he had any difficulty in making his men follow him. "No," he answered, "I had some difficulty in keeping up with them." As one of the brigade generals said: "San Juan was won by the regimental officers and men. We had as little to do as the referee at a prize-fight

who calls 'time.' We called 'time' and they did the fighting."

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seem to show it just as I remember it. In the picture-papers the men are running uphill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame, and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed, in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which I think the thing which impressed one the most, when our men started from cover, was that they were so few. It seemed as if some one had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that some one had blundered and that these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then, it seemed merely absurdly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice was what held you.

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the tops of which roared and flashed with flame. The men held their guns pressed across their chests and stepped heavily

as they climbed. Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step, many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass, but the others waded on, stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bull-dog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder. The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and rippled with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily up and on, and then, near the top, the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed, the Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and poised for instant flight, fired a last volley, and fled before the swift-moving wave that leaped and sprang after them.

The Battle of San Juan Hill

The men of the Ninth and the Rough Riders rushed to the block-house together, the men of the Sixth, of the Third, of the Tenth Cavalry, of the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, fell on their faces along the crest of the hills beyond, and opened upon the vanishing enemy. They drove the yellow silk flags of the cavalry and the flag of their country into the soft earth of the trenches, and then sank down and looked back at the road they had climbed and swung their hats in the air. And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle-pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the walls of Santiago, came, faintly, the sound of a tired, broken cheer.



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III

THE TAKING OF COAMO

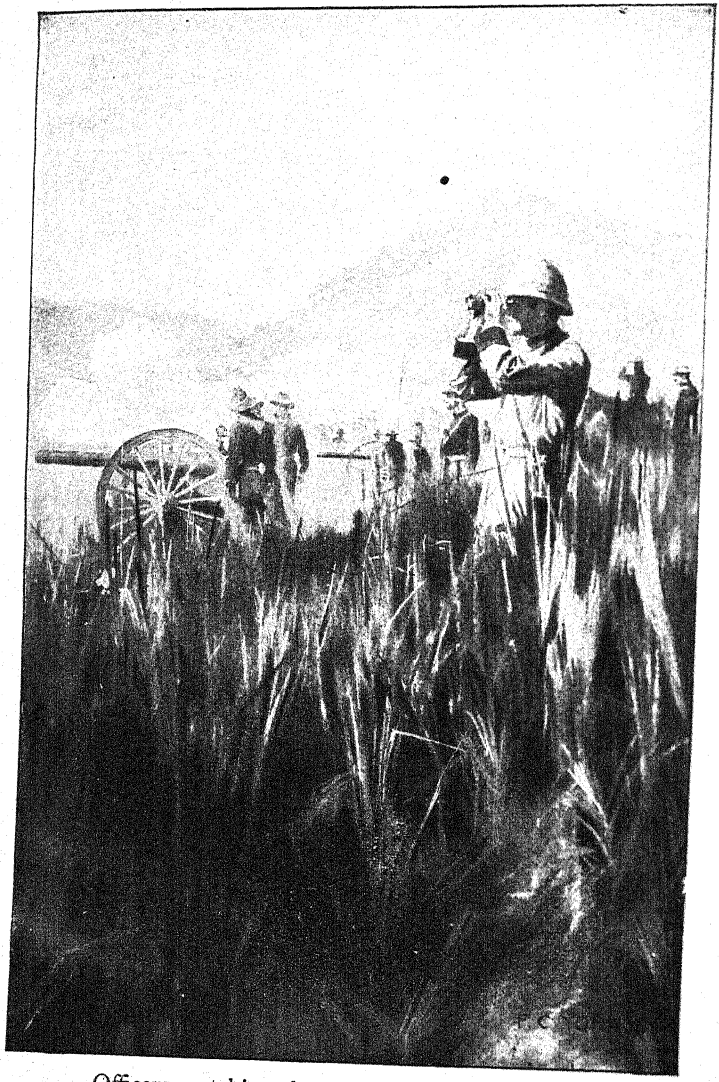
THIS is the inside story of the surrender, during the Spanish War, of the town of Coamo. It is written by the man to whom the town surrendered. Immediately after the surrender this same man became Military Governor of Coamo. He held office for fully twenty minutes.

Before beginning this story the reader must forget all he may happen to know of this particular triumph of the Porto Rican Expedition. He must forget that the taking of Coamo has always been credited to Major-General James H. Wilson, who on that occasion commanded Captain Anderson's Battery, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, Troop C of Brooklyn, and under General Ernst, the Second and Third Wisconsin Volunteers. He must forget that in the records of the War Department all the praise, and it is of the highest, for this victory is bestowed upon General Wilson and his four thousand soldiers. Even the writer of this, when he cabled an account of the event to his paper, gave, with every one else, the entire credit to General Wison. And ever since his conscience

has upbraided him. His only claim for tolerance as a war correspondent has been that he always has stuck to the facts, and now he feels that in the sacred cause of history his friendship and admiration for General Wilson, that veteran of the Civil, Philippine, and Chinese Wars, must no longer stand in the way of his duty as an accurate reporter. He no longer can tell a lie. He must at last own up that he himself captured Coamo.

On the morning of the 9th of August, 1898, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers arrived on the outskirts of that town. In order to get there they had spent the night in crawling over mountain trails and scrambling through streams and ravines. It was General Wilson's plan that by this flanking night march the Sixteenth Pennsylvania would reach the road leading from Coamo to San Juan in time to cut off the retreat of the Spanish garrison, when General Wilson, with the main body, attacked it from the opposite side.

At seven o'clock in the morning General Wilson began the frontal attack by turning loose the artillery on a block-house, which threatened his approach, and by advancing the Wisconsin Volunteers. The cavalry he sent to the right to capture Los Baños. At eight o'clock, from where the main body rested, two miles from Coamo, we



Officers watching the artillery play on Coamo

Drawn by F. C. Yohn from a photograph by the Author

could hear the Sixteenth Pennsylvania open its attack and instantly become hotly engaged. The enemy returned the fire fiercely, and the firing from both sides at once became so severe that it was evident the Pennsylvania Volunteers either would take the town without the main body, or that they would greatly need its assistance. The artillery was accordingly advanced one thousand yards and the infantry was hurried forward. The Second Wisconsin approached Coamo along the main road from Ponce, the Third Wisconsin through fields of grass to the right of the road, until the two regiments met at the ford by which the Baños road crosses the Coamo River. But before they met, from a position near the artillery, I had watched through my glasses the Second Wisconsin with General Ernst at its head advancing along the main road, and as, when I saw them, they were near the river, I guessed they would continue across the bridge and that they soon would be in the town.

As the firing from the Sixteenth still continued, it seemed obvious that General Ernst would be the first general officer to enter Coamo, and to receive its surrender. I had never seen five thousand people surrender to one man, and it seemed that, if I were to witness that ceremony, my best

plan was to abandon the artillery and, as quickly as possible, pursue the Second Wisconsin. I did not want to share the spectacle of the surrender with my brother correspondents, so I tried to steal away from the three who were present. They were Thomas F. Millard, Walstein Root of the *Sun*, and Horace Thompson. By dodging through a coffee *central* I came out a half mile from them and in advance of the Third Wisconsin. There I encountered two "boy officers," Captain John C. Breckenridge and Lieutenant Fred. S. Titus, who had temporarily abandoned their thankless duties in the Commissariat Department in order to seek death or glory in the skirmish-line. They wanted to know where I was going, and when I explained, they declared that when Coamo surrendered they also were going to be among those present.

So we slipped away from the main body and rode off as an independent organization. But from the bald ridge, where the artillery was still hammering the town, the three correspondents and Captain Alfred Paget, Her Majesty's naval attaché, observed our attempt to steal a march on General Wilson's forces, and pursued us and soon overtook us.

We now were seven, or to be exact, eight, for with Mr. Millard was "Jimmy," who in times of

peace sells papers in Herald Square, and in times of war carries Mr. Millard's copy to the press post. We were much nearer the ford than the bridge, so we waded the "drift" and started on a gallop along the mile of military road that lay between us and Coamo. The firing from the Sixteenth Pennsylvania had slackened, but as we advanced it became sharper, more insistent, and seemed to urge us to greater speed. Across the road were dug rough rifle-pits which had the look of having been but that moment abandoned. What had been intended for the breakfast of the enemy was burning in pots over tiny fires, little heaps of cartridges lay in readiness upon the edges of each pit, and an arm-chair, in which a sentry had kept a comfortable lookout, lay sprawling in the middle of the road. The huts that faced it were empty. The only living things we saw were the chickens and pigs in the kitchen-gardens. On either hand was every evidence of hasty and panic-stricken flight. We rejoiced at these evidences of the fact that the Wisconsin Volunteers had swept all before them. Our rejoicings were not entirely unselfish. It was so quiet ahead that some one suggested the town had already surrendered. But that would have been too bitter a disappointment, and as the firing from the fur-

ther side of Coamo still continued, we refused to believe it, and whipped the ponies into greater haste. We were now only a quarter of a mile distant from the built-up portion of Coamo, where the road turned sharply into the main street of the town.

Captain Paget, who in the absence of the British military attaché on account of sickness, accompanied the army as a guest of General Wilson, gave way to thoughts of etiquette.

"Will General Wilson think I should have waited for him?" he shouted. The words were jolted out of him as he rose in the saddle. The noise of the ponies' hoofs made conversation difficult. I shouted back that the presence of General Ernst in the town made it quite proper for a foreign attaché to enter it.

"It must have surrendered by now," I shouted. "It's been half an hour since Ernst crossed the bridge."

At these innocent words, all my companions tugged violently at their bridles and shouted "Whoa!"

"Crossed the bridge?" they yelled. "There is no bridge! The bridge is blown up! If he hasn't crossed by the ford, he isn't in the town!"

Then, in my turn, I shouted "Whoa!"

But by now the Porto Rican ponies had decided that this was the race of their lives, and each had made up his mind that, Mexican bit or no Mexican bit, until he had carried his rider first into the town of Coamo, he would not be halted. As I tugged helplessly at my Mexican bit, I saw how I had made my mistake. The volunteers, on finding the bridge destroyed, instead of marching upon Coamo had turned to the ford, the same ford which we had crossed half an hour before they reached it. They now were behind us. Instead of a town which had surrendered to a thousand American soldiers, we, seven unarmed men and Jimmy, were being swept into a hostile city as fast as the enemy's ponies could take us there.

Breckenridge and Titus hastily put the blame upon me.

"If we get into trouble with the General for this," they shouted, "it will be your fault. You told us Ernst was in the town with a thousand men."

I shouted back that no one regretted the fact that he was not more keenly than I did myself.

Titus and Breckenridge each glanced at a new, full-dress sword.

"We might as well go in," they shouted, "and take it anyway!" I decided that Titus and Breck-

enridge were wasted in the Commissariat Department.

The three correspondents looked more comfortable.

"If you officers go in," they cried, "the General can't blame us," and they dug their spurs into the ponies.

"Wait!" shouted Her Majesty's representative. "That's all very well for you chaps, but what protects me if the Admiralty finds out I have led a charge on a Spanish garrison?"

But Paget's pony refused to consider the feelings of the Lords of the Admiralty. As successfully Paget might have tried to pull back a rowboat from the edge of Niagara. And, moreover, Millard, in order that Jimmy might be the first to reach Ponce with despatches, had mounted him on the fastest pony in the bunch, and he already was far in the lead. His sporting instincts, nursed in the pool-rooms of the Tenderloin and at Guttenburg, had sent him three lengths to the good. It never would do to have a newsboy tell in New York that he had beaten the correspondents of the papers he sold in the streets; nor to permit commissioned officers to take the dust of one who never before had ridden on anything but a cable car. So we all raced forward and, bunched to-

gether, swept into the main street of Coamo. It was gratefully empty. There were no American soldiers, but, then, neither were there any Spanish soldiers. Across the street stretched more rifle-pits and barricades of iron pipes, but in sight there was neither friend nor foe. On the stones of the deserted street the galloping hoofs sounded like the advance of a whole regiment of cavalry. Their clatter gave us a most comfortable feeling. We almost could imagine the towns-people believing us to be the Rough Riders themselves and fleeing before us.

And then, the empty street seemed to threaten an ambush. We thought hastily of sunken mines, of soldiers crouching behind the barriers, behind the houses at the next corner, of Mausers covering us from the latticed balconies overhead. Until at last, when the silence had become alert and menacing, a lonely man dashed into the middle of the street, hurled a white flag in front of us, and then dived headlong under the porch of a house. The next instant, as though at a signal, a hundred citizens, each with a white flag in both hands, ran from cover, waving their banners, and gasping in weak and terror-shaken tones, "Vivan los Americanos."

We tried to pull up, but the ponies had not yet settled among themselves which of us had

won, and carried us to the extreme edge of the town, where a precipice seemed to invite them to stop, and we fell off into the arms of the Porto Ricans. They brought us wine in tin cans, cigars, borne in the aprons and mantillas of their womenfolk, and demijohns of native rum. They were abject, trembling, tearful. They made one instantly forget that the moment before he had been extremely frightened.

One of them spoke to me the few words of Spanish with which I had an acquaintance. He told me he was the Alcalde, and that he begged to surrender into my hands the town of Coamo. I led him instantly to one side. I was afraid that if I did not take him up he would surrender to Paget or to Jimmy. I bade him conduct me to his official residence. He did so, and gave me the key to the *cartel*, a staff of office of gold and ebony, and the flag of the town, which he had hidden behind his writing-desk. It was a fine Spanish flag with the coat of arms embroidered in gold. I decided that, with whatever else I might part, that flag would always be mine, that the chance of my again receiving the surrender of a town of five thousand people was slender, and that this token would be wrapped around me in my coffin. I accordingly hid it in my poncho and strapped it to

my saddle. Then I appointed a hotel-keeper, who spoke a little English, as my official interpreter, and told the Alcalde that I was now Military Governor, Mayor, and Chief of Police, and that I wanted the seals of the town. • He gave me a rubber stamp with a coat of arms cut in it, and I wrote myself three letters, which, to insure their safe arrival, I addressed to three different places, and stamped them with the rubber seals. In time all three reached me, and I now have them as documentary proof of the fact that for twenty minutes I was Military Governor and Mayor of Coamo.

During that brief administration I detailed Titus and Breckenridge to wigwag the Sixteenth Pennsylvania that we had taken the town, and that it was now safe for them to enter. In order to compromise Paget they used his red silk handkerchief. Root I detailed to conciliate the inhabitants by drinking with every one of them. He tells me he carried out my instructions to the letter. I also settled one assault and battery case, and put the chief offender under arrest. At least, I told the official interpreter to inform him that he was under arrest, but as I had no one to guard him he grew tired of being under arrest and went off to celebrate his emancipation from the rule of Spain.

The Taking of Coamo

My administration came to an end in twenty minutes, when General Wilson rode into Coamo at the head of his staff and three thousand men. He wore a white helmet, and he looked the part of the conquering hero so satisfactorily that I forgot I was Mayor and ran out into the street to snap a picture of him. He looked greatly surprised and asked me what I was doing in his town. The tone in which he spoke caused me to decide that, after all, I would not keep the flag of Coamo. I pulled it off my saddle and said: "General, it's too long a story to tell you now, but here is the flag of the town. It's the first Spanish flag"—and it was—"that has been captured in Porto Rico."

General Wilson smiled again and accepted the flag. He and about four thousand other soldiers think it belongs to them. But the truth will out. Some day the bestowal on the proper persons of a vote of thanks from Congress, a pension, or any other trifle, like prize-money, will show the American people to whom that flag really belongs.

I know that in time the glorious deed of the seven heroes of Coamo, or eight, if you include "Jimmy," will be told in song and story. Some one else will write the song. This is the story.

IV

THE PASSING OF SAN JUAN HILL

WHEN I was a boy I thought battles were fought in waste places selected for the purpose. I argued from the fact that when our school nine wished to play ball it was forced into the suburbs to search for a vacant lot. I thought opposing armies also marched out of town until they reached some desolate spot where there were no window panes, and where their cannon-balls would hurt no one but themselves. Even later, when I saw battles fought among villages, artillery galloping through a cornfield, garden walls breached for rifle fire, and farm-houses in flames, it always seemed as though the generals had elected to fight in such surroundings through an inexcusable striving after theatrical effect—as though they wished to furnish the war correspondents with a chance for descriptive writing. With the horrors of war as horrible as they are without any aid from these contrasts, their presence always seemed not only sinful but bad art; as unnecessary as turning a red light on the dying gladiator.

There are so many places which are scenes set

apart for battles—places that look as though Nature had condemned them for just such sacrifices. Colenso, with its bare kopjes and great stretch of veldt, is one of these, and so, also, is Spion Kop, and, in Manchuria, Nan Shan Hill. The photographs have made all of us familiar with the vast, desolate approaches to Port Arthur. These are among the waste places of the earth—barren, deserted, fit meeting grounds only for men whose object in life for the moment is to kill men. Were you shown over one of these places, and told, "A battle was fought here," you would answer, "Why, of course!"

But down in Cuba, outside of Santiago, where the United States army fought its solitary and modest battle with Spain, you might many times pass by San Juan Hill and think of it, if you thought of it at all, as only a pretty site for a bungalow, as a place obviously intended for orchards and gardens.

On July 1st, twelve years ago, when the American army came upon it out of the jungle the place wore a partial disguise. It still was an irregular ridge of smiling, sunny hills with fat, comfortable curves, and in some places a steep, straight front. But above the steepest, highest front frowned an aggressive block-house, and on all the slopes and

along the sky-line were rows of yellow trenches, and at the base a cruel cat's cradle of barbed wire. It was like the face of a pretty woman behind the bars of a visor. I find that on the day of the fight twelve years ago I cabled my paper that San Juan Hill reminded the Americans of "a sunny orchard in New England." That was how it may have looked when the regulars were climbing up the steep front to capture the block-house, and when the cavalry and Rough Riders, having taken Kettle Hill, were running down its opposite slope, past the lake, to take that crest of San Juan Hill which lies to the right of the block-house. It may then have looked like a sunny New England orchard, but before night fell the intrenching tools had lent those sunny slopes "a fierce and terrible aspect." And after that, hour after hour, and day after day, we saw the hill eaten up by our trenches, hidden by a vast laundry of shelter tents, and torn apart by bomb-proofs, their jutting roofs of logs and broken branches weighed down by earth and stones and looking like the pit mouths to many mines. That probably is how most of the American army last saw San Juan Hill, and that probably is how it best remembers it—as a fortified camp. That was twelve years ago. When I revisited it, San Juan Hill was again a sunny,

smiling farm land, the trenches planted with vegetables, the roofs of the bomb-proofs fallen in and buried beneath creeping vines, and the barbed-wire entanglements holding in check only the browsing cattle.

San Juan Hill is not a solitary hill, but the most prominent of a ridge of hills, with Kettle Hill a quarter of a mile away on the edge of the jungle and separated from the ridge by a tiny lake. In the local nomenclature Kettle Hill, which is the name given to it by the Rough Riders, has always been known as San Juan Hill, with an added name to distinguish it from the other San Juan Hill of greater renown.

The days we spent on those hills were so rich in incident and interest and were filled with moments of such excitement, of such pride in one's fellow-countrymen, of pity for the hurt and dying, of laughter and good-fellowship, that one supposed he might return after even twenty years and recognize every detail of the ground. But a shorter time has made startling and confusing changes. Now a visitor will find that not until after several different visits, and by walking and riding foot by foot over the hills, can he make them fall into line as he thinks he once knew them. Immediately around San Juan Hill itself there has been

some attempt made to preserve the ground as a public park. A barbed-wire fence, with a gateway, encircles the block-house, which has been converted into a home for the caretaker of the park, and then, skirting the road to Santiago to include the tree under which the surrender was arranged, stretches to the left of the block-house to protect a monument. This monument was erected by Americans to commemorate the battle. It is now rapidly falling to pieces, but there still is enough of it intact to show the pencilled scribblings and autographs of tourists who did not take part in the battle, but who in this public manner show that they approve of its results. The public park is less than a quarter of a mile square. Except for it no other effort has been made either by Cubans or Americans to designate the lines that once encircled and menaced Santiago, and Nature, always at her best under a tropical sun, has done all in her power to disguise and forever obliterate the scene of the army's one battle. Those features which still remain unchanged are very few. The Treaty Tree, now surrounded by a tall fence, is one, the block-house is another. The little lake in which, even when the bullets were dropping, the men used to bathe and wash their clothes, the big

iron sugar kettle that gave a new name to Kettle Hill, and here and there a trench hardly deeper than a ploughed furrow, and nearly hidden by growing plants, are the few landmarks that remain.

Of the camps of Generals Chaffee, Lawton, Bates, Sumner, and Wheeler, of Colonels Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt, there are but the slightest traces. The Bloody Bend, as some call it, in the San Juan River, as some call that stream, seems to have entirely disappeared. At least, it certainly was not where it should have been, and the place the hotel guides point out to unsuspecting tourists bears not the slightest physical resemblance to that ford. In twelve years, during one of which there has been in Santiago the most severe rainfall in sixty years, the San Juan stream has carried away its banks and the trees that lined them, and the trails that should mark where the ford once crossed have so altered and so many new ones have been added, that the exact location of the once famous dressing station is now most difficult, if not impossible, to determine. To establish the sites of the old camping grounds is but little less difficult. The head-quarters of General Wheeler are easy to recognize, for the reason that the place selected was in a hollow, and the most unhealthy spot along the five miles of in-

trenchments. It is about thirty yards from where the road turns to rise over the ridge to Santiago, and all the water from the hill pours into it as into a rain barrel. It was here that Troop G, Third Cavalry, under Major Hardee, as it was Wheeler's escort, was forced to bivouac, and where one-third of its number came down with fever. The camp of General Sam Sumner was some sixty yards to the right of the head-quarters of General Wheeler, on the high shoulder of the hill just above the camp of the engineers, who were on the side of the road opposite. The camps of Generals Chaffee, Lawton, Hawkins, Ludlow, and the positions and trenches taken and held by the different regiments under them one can place only relatively. One reason for this is that before our army attacked the hills all the underbrush and small trees that might conceal the advance of our men had been cleared away by the Spaniards, leaving the hill, except for the high crest, comparatively bare. To-day the hills are thick with young trees and enormous bushes. The alteration in the landscape is as marked as is the difference between ground cleared for golf and the same spot planted with corn and fruit-trees.

Of all the camps, the one that to-day bears the strongest evidences of its occupation is that of the

Rough Riders. A part of the camp of that regiment, which was situated on the ridge some hundred feet from the Santiago road, was pitched under a clump of shade trees, and to-day, even after seven years, the trunks of these trees bear the names and initials of the men who camped beneath them.* These men will remember that when they took this hill they found that the fortifications beneath the trees were partly made from the foundations of an adobe house. The red tiles from its roof still litter the ground. These tiles and the names cut in the bark of the trees determine absolutely the site of one-half of the camp, but the other half, where stood Tiffany's quick-firing gun and Parker's Gatling, has been almost obliterated. The tree under which Colonel Roosevelt pitched his tent I could not discover, and the trenches in which he used to sit with his officers and with the officers from the regiments of the regular army are now levelled to make a kitchen-garden. Sometimes the ex-President is said to have too generously given office and promotion to the friends he made in Cuba. These men

* Some of the names and initials on the trees are as follows: J. P. Allen; Lynch; Luke Steed; Happy Mack, Rough Riders; Russell; Ward; E. M. Lewis, C, 9th Cav.; Alex; E. K. T.; J. P. E.; W. N. D.; R. D. R.; I. W. S., 5th U. S.; J. M. B.; J. M. T., C, 9th.

he met in the trenches were then not necessarily his friends. To-day they are not necessarily his friends. They are the men the free life of the rifle-pits enabled him to know and to understand as the settled relations of home life and peace would never have permitted. At that time none of them guessed that the "amateur colonel," to whom they talked freely as to a comrade, would be their Commander-in-Chief. They did not suspect that he would become even the next Governor of New York, certainly not that in a few years he would be the President of the United States. So they showed themselves to him frankly, unconsciously. They criticised, argued, disagreed, and he became familiar with the views, character, and worth of each, and remembered. The seeds planted in those half-obliterated trenches have borne greater results than ever will the kitchen-garden.

The kitchen-garden is immediately on the crest of the hill, and near it a Cuban farmer has built a shack of mud and twigs and cultivated several acres of land. On Kettle Hill there are three more such shacks, and over all the hills the new tenants have strung stout barbed-wire fences and made new trails and reared wooden gateways. It was curious to find how greatly these modern improvements confused one's recollection of the

landscape, and it was interesting, also, to find how the presence on the hills of 12,000 men and the excitement of the time magnified distances and disarranged the landscape.

During the fight I walked along a portion of the Santiago road, and for many years I always have thought of that walk as extending over immense distances. It started from the top of San Juan Hill beside the block-house, where I had climbed to watch our artillery in action. By a mistake, the artillery had been sent there, and it remained exposed on the crest only about three minutes. During that brief moment the black powder it burned drew upon it the fire of every rifle in the Spanish line. To load his piece, each of our men was forced to crawl to it on his stomach, rise on one elbow in order to shove in the shell and lock the breech, and then, still flat on the ground, wriggle below the crest. In the three minutes three men were wounded and two killed; and the guns were withdrawn. I also withdrew. I withdrew first. Indeed, all that happened after the first three seconds of those three minutes is hearsay, for I was in the Santiago road at the foot of the hill and retreating briskly. This road also was under a cross-fire, which made it stretch in either direction to an interminable

distance. I remember a government teamster driving a Studebaker wagon filled with ammunition coming up at a gallop out of this interminable distance and seeking shelter against the base of the hill. Seated beside him was a small boy, freckled and sunburned, a stowaway from one of the transports. He was grandly happy and excited, and his only fear was that he was not "under fire." From our coign of safety, with our backs to the hill, the teamster and I assured him that, on that point, he need feel no morbid doubt. But until a bullet embedded itself in the blue board of the wagon he was not convinced. Then with his jack-knife he dug it out and shouted with pleasure. "I guess the folks will have to believe I was in a battle now," he said. That coign of safety ceasing to be a coign of safety caused us to move on in search of another, and I came upon Sergeant Borrowe blocking the road with his dynamite gun. He and his brother and three regulars were busily correcting a hitch in its mechanism. An officer carrying an order along the line halted his sweating horse and gazed at the strange gun with professional knowledge.

"That must be the dynamite gun I have heard so much about," he shouted. Borrowe saluted

and shouted assent. The officer, greatly interested, forgot his errand.

"I'd like to see you fire it once," he said eagerly. Borrowe, delighted at the chance to exhibit his toy to a professional soldier, beamed with equal eagerness.

"In just a moment, sir," he said; "this shell seems to have jammed a bit." The officer, for the first time seeing the shell stuck in the breech, hurriedly gathered up his reins. He seemed to be losing interest. With elaborate carelessness I began to edge off down the road.

"Wait," Borrowe begged; "we'll have it out in a minute."

Suddenly I heard the officer's voice raised wildly.

"What—what," he gasped, "is that man doing with that axe?"

"He's helping me to get out this shell," said Borrowe.

"Good God!" said the officer. Then he remembered his errand.

Until last year, when I again met young Borrowe gayly disporting himself at a lawn-tennis tournament at Mattapoisett, I did not know whether his brother's method of removing dynamite with an axe had been entirely successful. He said it worked all right.

The Passing of San Juan Hill

At the turn of the road I found Colonel Leonard Wood and a group of Rough Riders, who were busily intrenching. At the same moment Stephen Crane came up with "Jimmy" Hare, the man who has made the Russian-Japanese War famous. Crane walked to the crest and stood there as sharply outlined as a semaphore, observing the enemy's lines, and instantly bringing upon himself and us the fire of many Mausers. With every one else, Wood was crouched below the crest and shouted to Crane to lie down. Crane, still standing, as though to get out of ear-shot, moved away, and Wood again ordered him to lie down. "You're drawing the fire on these men," Wood commanded. Although the heat—it was the 1st of July in the tropics—was terrific, Crane wore a long India rubber rain-coat and was smoking a pipe. He appeared as cool as though he were looking down from a box at a theatre. I knew that to Crane, anything that savored of a pose was hateful, so, as I did not want to see him killed, I called, "You're not impressing any one by doing that, Crane." As I hoped he would, he instantly dropped to his knees. When he crawled over to where we lay, I explained, "I knew that would fetch you," and he grinned, and said, "Oh, was that it?"

A captain of the cavalry came up to Wood and asked permission to withdraw his troop from the top of the hill to a trench forty feet below the one they were in. "They can't possibly live where they are now," he explained, "and they're doing no good there, for they can't raise their heads to fire. In that lower trench they would be out of range themselves and would be able to fire back."

"Yes," said Wood, "but all the other men in the first trench would see them withdraw, and the moral effect would be bad. They needn't attempt to return the enemy's fire, but they must not retreat."

The officer looked as though he would like to argue. He was a West Point graduate and a full-fledged captain in the regular army. To him, Wood, in spite of his volunteer rank of colonel, which that day, owing to the illness of General Young, had placed him in command of a brigade, was still a doctor. But discipline was strong in him, and though he looked many things, he rose from his knees and grimly saluted. But at that moment, without waiting for the permission of any one, the men leaped out of the trench and ran. It looked as though they were going to run all the way to the sea, and the sight was sickening. But they had no intention of running to the sea. They

ran only to the trench forty feet farther down and jumped into it, and instantly turning, began pumping lead at the enemy. Since five that morning Wood had been running about on his feet, his clothes stuck to him with sweat and the mud and water of forded streams, and as he rose he limped slightly. "My, but I'm tired!" he said, in a tone of the most acute surprise, and as though that fact was the only one that was weighing on his mind. He limped over to the trench in which the men were now busily firing off their rifles and waved a riding-crop he carried at the trench they had abandoned. He was standing as Crane had been standing, in silhouette against the sky-line. "Come back, boys," we heard him shouting. "The other men can't withdraw, and so you mustn't. It looks bad. Come on, get out of that!" What made it more amusing was that, although Wood had, like every one else, discarded his coat and wore a strange uniform of gray shirt, white riding-breeches, and a cowboy Stetson, with no insignia of rank, not even straps pinned to his shirt, still the men instantly accepted his authority. They looked at him on the crest of the hill, waving his stick persuasively at the grave-like trench at his feet, and then with a shout scampered back to it.

After that, as I had a bad attack of sciatica and no place to sleep and nothing to eat, I accepted Crane's offer of a blanket and coffee at his bivouac near El Poso. On account of the sciatica I was not able to walk fast, and, although for over a mile of the way the trail was under fire, Crane and Hare each insisted on giving me an arm, and kept step with my stumblings. Whenever I protested and refused their sacrifice and pointed out the risk they were taking they smiled as at the ravings of a naughty child, and when I lay down in the road and refused to budge unless they left me, Crane called the attention of Hare to the effect of the setting sun behind the palm-trees. To the reader all these little things that one remembers seem very little indeed, but they were vivid at the moment, and I have always thought of them as stretching over a long extent of time and territory Before I revisited San Juan I would have said that the distance along the road from the point where I left the artillery to where I joined Wood was three-quarters of a mile. When I paced it later I found the distance was about seventy-five yards. I do not urge my stupidity or my extreme terror as a proof that others would be as greatly confused, but, if only for the sake of the stupid ones, it seems a pity that the



Rough Riders in the trenches



The same spot as it appears to-day

The figure in the picture is standing in what remains of the trench

landmarks of San Juan should not be rescued from the jungle, and a few sign-posts placed upon the hills. It is true that the great battles of the Civil War and those of the one in Manchuria, where the men killed and wounded in a day outnumber all those who fought on both sides at San Juan, make that battle read like a skirmish. But the Spanish War had its results. At least it made Cuba into a republic, and so enriched or burdened us with colonies that our republic changed into something like an empire. But I do not urge that. It will never be because San Juan changed our foreign policy that people will visit the spot, and will send from it picture postal cards. The human interest alone will keep San Juan alive. The men who fought there came from every State in our country and from every class of our social life. We sent there the best of our regular army, and with them, cowboys, clerks, bricklayers, foot-ball players, three future commanders of the greater army that followed that war, the future Governor of Cuba, future commanders of the Philippines, the commander of our forces in China, a future President of the United States. And, whether these men, when they returned to their homes again, became clerks and millionaires and dentists, or rose to be presi-

dents and mounted policemen, they all remember very kindly the days they lay huddled together in the trenches on that hot and glaring sky-line. And there must be many more besides who hold the place in memory. There are few in the United States so poor in relatives and friends who did not in his or her heart send a substitute to Cuba. For these it seems as though San Juan might be better preserved, not as it is, for already its aspect is too far changed to wish for that, but as it was. The efforts already made to keep the place in memory and to honor the Americans who died there are the public park which I have mentioned, the monument on San Juan, and one other monument at Guasimas to the regulars and Rough Riders who were killed there. To these monuments the Society of Santiago will add four more, which will mark the landing place of the army at Daiquairi and the fights at Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan Hill.

But I believe even more than this might be done to preserve to the place its proper values. These values are sentimental, historical, and possibly to the military student, educational. If to-day there were erected at Daiquairi, Siboney, Guasimas, El Poso, El Caney, and on and about San Juan a dozen iron or bronze tablets that would tell from

where certain regiments advanced, what posts they held, how many or how few were the men who held those positions, how near they were to the trenches of the enemy, and by whom these men were commanded, I am sure the place would reconstruct itself and would breathe with interest, not only for the returning volunteer, but for any casual tourist. As it is, the history of the fight and the reputation of the men who fought is now at the mercy of the caretaker of the park and the Cuban "guides" from the hotel. The caretaker speaks only Spanish, and, considering the amount of misinformation the guides disseminate, it is a pity when they are talking to Americans, they are not forced to use the same language. When last I visited it, Carlos Portuondo was the official guardian of San Juan Hill. He is an aged Cuban, and he fought through the Ten Years' War, but during the last insurrection and the Spanish-American War he not only was not near San Juan, but was not even on the Island of Cuba. He is a charming old person, and so is his aged wife. Their chief concern in life, when I saw them, was to sell me a pair of breeches made of palm-fibre which Carlos had worn throughout the entire ten years of battle. The vicissitudes of those trousers he recited to me

in great detail, and he very properly regarded them as of historic value. But of what happened at San Juan he knew nothing, and when I asked him why he held his present post and occupied the Block-House, he said, "To keep the cows out of the park." When I asked him where the Americans had camped, he pointed carefully from the back door of the Block-House to the foot of his kitchen-garden. I assured him that under no stress of terror could the entire American army have been driven into his back yard, and pointed out where it had stretched along the ridge of hills for five miles. He politely but unmistakably showed that he thought I was a liar. From the Venus Hotel there were two guides, old Casanova and Jean Casanova, his languid and good-natured son, a youth of sixteen years. Old Casanova, like most Cubans, is not inclined to give much credit for what they did in Cuba to the Americans. After all, he says, they came only just as the Cubans themselves were about to conquer the Spaniards, and by a lucky chance received the surrender and then claimed all the credit. As other Cubans told me, "Had the Americans left us alone a few weeks longer, we would have ended the war." How they were to have taken Havana, and sunk Cervera's fleet,

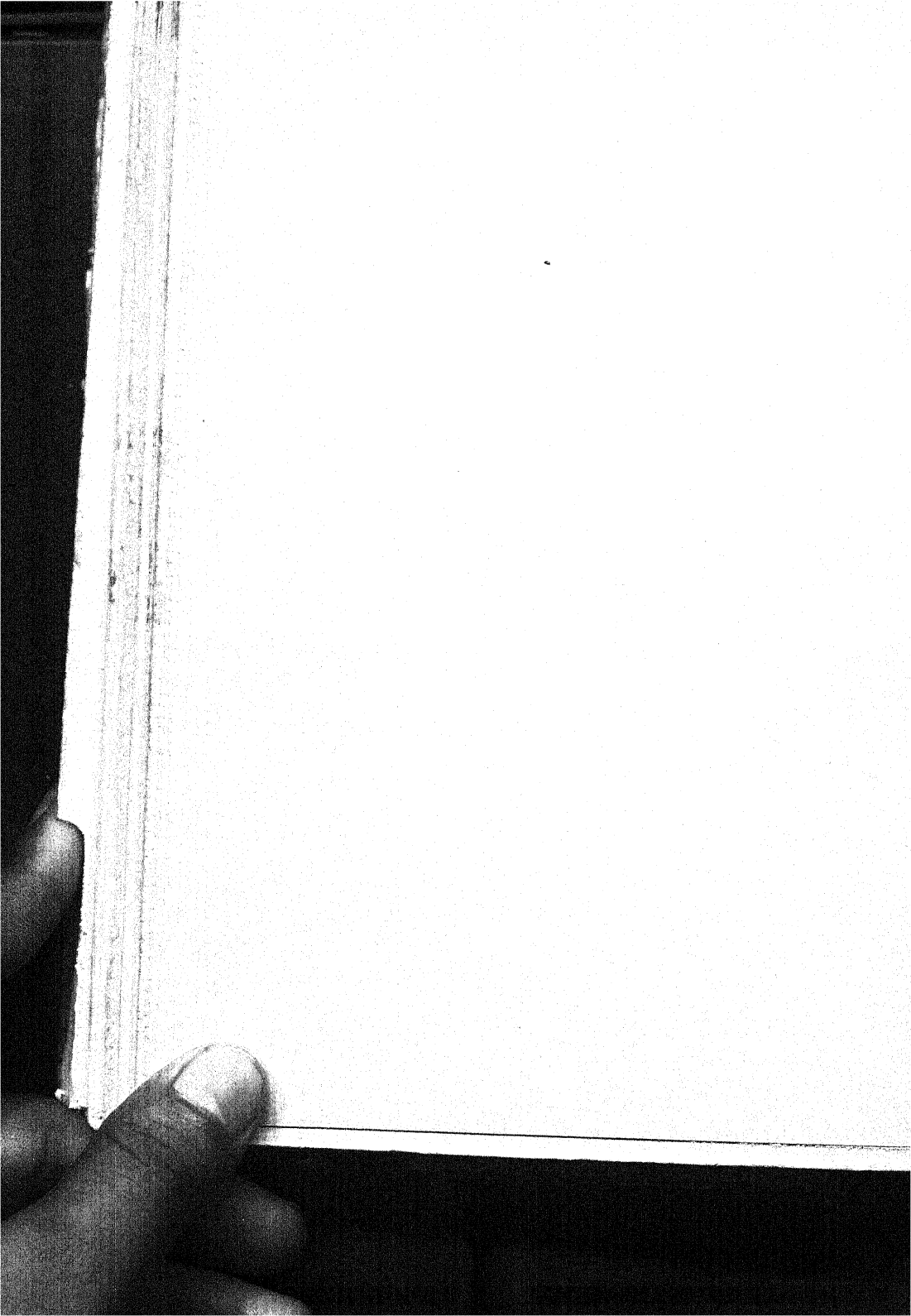
and why they were not among those present when our men charged San Juan, I did not inquire. Old Casanova, again like other Cubans, ranks the fighting qualities of the Spaniard much higher than those of the American. This is only human. It must be annoying to a Cuban to remember that after he had for three years fought the Spaniard, the Yankee in eight weeks received his surrender and began to ship him home. The way Casanova describes the fight at El Caney is as follows:

"The Americans thought they could capture El Caney in one day, but the brave General Toral fought so good that it was six days before the Americans could make the Spaniards surrender." The statement is correct except as regards the length of time during which the fight lasted. The Americans did make the mistake of thinking they could eat up El Caney in an hour and then march through it to San Juan. Owing to the splendid courage of Toral and his few troops our soldiers, under two of our best generals, were held in check from seven in the morning until two in the afternoon. But the difference between seven hours of one day and six days is considerable. Still, at present at San Juan that is the sort of information upon which the patriotic and puzzled American tourist is fed.

Young Casanova, the only other authority in Santiago, is not so sure of his facts as is his father, and is willing to learn. He went with me to hold my pony while I took the photographs that accompany this article, and I listened with great interest to his accounts of the battle. Finally he made a statement that was correct. "How did you happen to get that right?" I asked.

"Yesterday," he said, "I guided Colonel Hayes here, and while I guided him he explained it to me."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR



I

WITH BULLER'S COLUMN

"WERE you the station-master here before this?" I asked the man in the straw hat, at Colenso. "I mean before this war?"

"No fear!" snorted the station-master, scornfully. "Why, we didn't know Colenso was on the line until Buller fought a battle here. That's how it is with all these way-stations now. Everybody's talking about them. We never took no notice to them."

And yet the arriving stranger might have been forgiven his point of view and his start of surprise when he found Chieveley a place of only a half dozen corrugated zinc huts, and Colenso a scattered gathering of a dozen shattered houses of battered brick.

Chieveley seemed so insignificant in contrast with its fame to those who had followed the war on maps and in the newspapers, that one was not sure he was on the right road until he saw from the car-window the armored train still lying on the embankment, the graves beside it, and the donga into which Winston Churchill pulled and carried the wounded.

And as the train bumped and halted before the blue and white enamel sign that marks Colenso station, the places which have made that spot familiar and momentous fell into line like the buoys which mark the entrance to a harbor.

We knew that the high bare ridge to the right must be Fort Wylie, that the plain on the left was where Colonel Long had lost his artillery, and three officers gained the Victoria Cross, and that the swift, muddy stream, in which the iron railroad bridge lay humped and sprawling, was the Tugela River.

Six hours before, at Frere Station, the station-master had awakened us to say that Ladysmith would be relieved at any moment. This had but just come over the wire. It was "official." Indeed, he added, with local pride, that the village band was still awake and in readiness to celebrate the imminent event. He found, I fear, an unsympathetic audience. The train was carrying philanthropic gentlemen in charge of stores of champagne and marmalade for the besieged city. They did not want it to be relieved until they were there to substitute *pâté de foie gras* for horseflesh. And there were officers, too, who wanted a "look in," and who had been kept waiting at Cape Town for commissions, glad-

dening the guests of the Mount Nelson Hotel the while with their new khaki and gaiters, and there were Tommies who wanted "Relief of Ladysmith" on the claps of their medals, as they had seen "Relief of Lucknow" on the medals of the Chelsea pensioners. And there was a correspondent who had journeyed 15,000 miles to see Ladysmith relieved, and who was apparently going to miss that sight, after five weeks of travel, by a margin of five hours.

We all growled "That's good," as we had done for the last two weeks every time we had heard it was relieved, but our tone was not enthusiastic. And when the captain of the Natal Carbineers said, "I am afraid the good news is too premature," we all said, hopefully, we were afraid it was.

We had seen nothing yet that was like real war. That night at Pietermaritzburg the officers at the hotel were in mess-jackets, the officers' wives in dinner-gowns. It was like Shepheard's Hotel, at the top of the season. But only six hours after that dinner, as we looked out of the car-windows, we saw galloping across the high grass, like men who had lost their way, and silhouetted black against the red sunrise, countless horsemen scouting ahead of our train,

and guarding it against the fate of the armored one lying wrecked at Chieveley. The darkness was still heavy on the land and the only lights were the red eyes of the armored train creeping in advance of ours, and the red sun, which showed our silent escort appearing suddenly against the sky-line on a ridge, or galloping toward us through the dew to order us, with a wave of the hand, to greater speed. One hour after sunrise the train drew up at Colenso, and from only a mile away we heard the heavy thud of the naval guns, the hammering of the Boer "pom-poms," and the Maxims and Colt automatics spanking the air. We smiled at each other guiltily. We were on time. It was most evident that Ladysmith had *not* been relieved.

This was the twelfth day of a battle that Buller's column was waging against the Boers and their mountain ranges, or "disarranges," as some one described them, without having gained more than three miles of hostile territory. He had tried to force his way through them six times, and had been repulsed six times. And now he was to try it again.

No map, nor photograph, nor written description can give an idea of the country which lay between Buller and his goal. It was an

eruption of high hills, linked together at every point without order or sequence. In most countries mountains and hills follow some natural law. The Cordilleras can be traced from the Amazon River to Guatemala City; they make the water-shed of two continents; the Great Divide forms the backbone of the States, but these Natal hills have no lineal descent. They are illegitimate children of no line, abandoned broadcast over the country, with no family likeness and no home. They stand alone, or shoulder to shoulder, or at right angles, or at a tangent, or join hands across a valley. They never appear the same; some run to a sharp point, some stretch out, forming a table-land, others are gigantic ant-hills, others perfect and accurately modelled ramparts. In a ride of half a mile, every hill completely loses its original aspect and character.

They hide each other, or disguise each other. Each can be enfiladed by the other, and not one gives up the secret of its strategic value until its crest has been carried by the bayonet. To add to this confusion, the river Tugela has selected the hills around Ladysmith as occupying the country through which it will endeavor to throw off its pursuers. It darts through them as though striving to escape, it doubles on its tracks, it sinks out

of sight between them, and in the open plain rises to the dignity of water-falls. It runs uphill, and remains motionless on an incline, and on the level ground twists and turns so frequently that when one says he has crossed the Tugela, he means he has crossed it once at a drift, once at the wrecked railroad bridge, and once over a pontoon. And then he is not sure that he is not still on the same side from which he started.

Some of these hills are green, but the greater part are a yellow or dark red, against which at two hundred yards a man in khaki is indistinguishable from the rocks around him. Indeed, the khaki is the English soldier's sole protection. It saves him in spite of himself, for he apparently cannot learn to advance under cover, and a sky-line is the one place where he selects to stand erect and stretch his weary limbs. I have come to within a hundred yards of a hill before I saw that scattered among its red and yellow bowlders was the better part of a regiment as closely packed together as the crowd on the bleaching boards at a base-ball match.

Into this maze and confusion of nature's fortifications Buller's column has been twisting and turning, marching and countermarching, capturing one position after another, to find

it was enfiladed from many hills, and abandoning it, only to retake it a week later. The greater part of the column has abandoned its tents and is bivouacking in the open. It is a wonderful and impressive sight. At the first view, an army in being, when it is spread out as it is in the Tugela basin back of the hills, seems a hopelessly and irrevocably entangled mob.

An army in the field is not regiments of armed men, marching with a gun on shoulder, or crouching behind trenches. That is the least, even if it seems the most, important part of it. Before one reaches the firing-line he must pass villages of men, camps of men, bivouacs of men, who are feeding, mending, repairing, and burying the men at the "front." It is these latter that make the mob of gypsies, which is apparently without head or order or organization. They stretched across the great basin of the Tugela, like the children of Israel, their camp-fires rising to the sky at night like the reflection of great search-lights; by day they swarmed across the plain, like hundreds of moving circus-vans in every direction, with as little obvious intention as herds of buffalo. But each had his appointed work, and each was utterly indifferent to the battle going forward a mile away. Hundreds of teams,

of sixteen oxen each, crawled like great black water-snakes across the drifts, the Kaffir drivers, naked and black, lashing them with whips as long as lariats, shrieking, beseeching, and howling, and falling upon the oxen's horns to drag them into place.

Mules from Spain and Texas, loaded with ammunition, kicked and plunged, more oxen drew more soberly the great naval guns, which lurched as though in a heavy sea, throwing the blue-jackets who hung upon the drag-ropes from one high side of the trail to the other. Across the plain, and making toward the trail, wagons loaded with fodder, with rations, with camp equipment, with tents and cooking-stoves, crowded each other as closely as cable-cars on Broadway. Scattered among them were fixed lines of tethered horses, rows of dog-tents, camps of Kaffirs, hospital stations with the Red Cross waving from the nearest and highest tree. Dripping water-carts with as many spigots as the regiment had companies, howitzer guns guided by as many ropes as a May-pole, crowded past these to the trail, or gave way to the ambulances filled with men half dressed and bound in the zinc-blue bandages that made the color detestable forever after. Troops of the irregular horse gallop

through this multitude, with a jangling of spurs and sling-belts; and Tommies, in close order, fight their way among the oxen, or help pull them to one side as the stretchers pass, each with its burden, each with its blue bandage stained a dark brownish crimson. It is only when the figure on the stretcher lies under a blanket that the tumult and push and sweltering mass comes to a quick pause, while the dead man's comrade stands at attention, and the officer raises his fingers to his helmet. Then the mass surges on again, with cracking of whips and shouts and imprecations, while the yellow dust rises in thick clouds and buries the picture in a glaring fog. This moving, struggling mass, that fights for the right of way along the road, is within easy distance of the shells. Those from their own guns pass over them with a shrill crescendo, those from the enemy burst among them at rare intervals, or sink impotently in the soft soil. And a dozen Tommies rush to dig them out as keepsakes. Up at the front, brown and yellow regiments are lying crouched behind brown and yellow rocks and stones. As far as you can see, the hills are sown with them. With a glass you can distinguish them against the sky-line of every hill, for over three miles away. Sometimes the

men rise and fire, and there is a feverish flutter of musketry; sometimes they lie motionless for hours while the guns make the ways straight.

Any one who has seen Epsom Downs on a Derby day, with its thousands of vans and tents and lines of horses and moving mobs, can form some idea of what it is like. But while at the Derby all is interest and excitement, and every one is pushing and struggling, and the air palpitates with the intoxication of a great event, the winning of a horse-race—here, where men are killed every hour and no one of them knows when his turn may come, the fact that most impresses you is their indifference to it all. What strikes you most is the bored air of the Tommies, the undivided interest of the engineers in the construction of a pontoon bridge, the solicitude of the medical staff over the long lines of wounded, the rage of the naked Kaffirs at their lumbering steers; the fact that every one is intent on something—anything—but the battle.

They are wearied with battles. The Tommies stretch themselves in the sun to dry the wet khaki in which they have lain out in the cold night for weeks, and yawn at battles. Or, if you climb to the hill where the officers are seated, you will find men steeped even deeper in boredom. They are

burned a dark red; their brown mustaches look white by contrast; theirs are the same faces you have met with in Piccadilly, which you see across the tables of the Savoy restaurant, which gaze depressedly from the windows of White's and the Bachelors' Club. If they were bored then, they are unbearably bored now. Below them the men of their regiment lie crouched amid the bowlders, hardly distinguishable from the brown and yellow rock. They are sleeping, or dozing, or yawning. A shell passes over them like the shaking of many telegraph wires, and neither officer nor Tommy raises his head to watch it strike. They are tired in body and in mind, with cramped limbs and aching eyes. They have had twelve nights and twelve days of battle, and it has lost its power to amuse.

When the sergeants call the companies together, they are eager enough. Anything is better than lying still looking up at the sunny, inscrutable hills, or down into the plain crawling with black oxen.

Among the group of staff officers some one has lost a cigar-holder. It has slipped from between his fingers, and, with the vindictiveness of inanimate things, has slid and jumped under a pile of rocks. The interest of all around is

instantly centred on the lost cigar-holder. The Tommies begin to roll the rocks away, endangering the limbs of the men below them, and half the kopje is obliterated. They are as keen as terriers after a rat. The officers sit above and give advice and disagree as to where that cigar-holder hid itself. Over their heads, not twenty feet above, the shells chase each other fiercely. But the officers have become accustomed to shells; a search for a lost cigar-holder, which is going on under their very eyes, is of greater interest. And when at last a Tommy pounces upon it with a laugh of triumph, the officers look their disappointment, and, with a sigh of resignation, pick up their field-glasses.

It is all a question of familiarity. On Broadway, if a building is going up where there is a chance of a loose brick falling on some one's head, the contractor puts up red signs marked "Danger!" and you dodge over to the other side. But if you had been in battle for twelve days, as have the soldiers of Buller's column, passing shells would interest you no more than do passing cable-cars. After twelve days you would forget that shells are dangerous even as you forget when crossing Broadway that cable-cars can kill and mangle.

Up on the highest hill, seated among the highest rocks, are General Buller and his staff. The hill is all of rocks, sharp, brown rocks, as clearly cut as foundation-stones. They are thrown about at irregular angles, and are shaded only by stiff bayonet-like cacti. Above is a blue glaring sky, into which the top of the kopje seems to reach, and to draw and concentrate upon itself all of the sun's heat. This little jagged point of blistering rocks holds the forces that press the button which sets the struggling mass below, and the thousands of men upon the surrounding hills, in motion. It is the conning tower of the relief column, only, unlike a conning tower, it offers no protection, no seclusion, no peace. To-day, commanding generals, under the new conditions which this war has developed, do not charge up hills waving flashing swords. They sit on rocks, and wink out their orders by a flashing hand-mirror. The swords have been left at the base, or coated deep with mud, so that they shall not flash, and with this column every one, under the rank of general, carries a rifle on purpose to disguise the fact that he is entitled to carry a sword. The kopje is the central station of the system. From its uncomfortable eminence the commanding general watches the developments

of his attack, and directs it by heliograph and ragged bits of bunting. A sweating, dirty Tommy turns his back on a hill a mile away and slaps the air with his signal flag; another Tommy, with the front visor of his helmet cocked over the back of his neck, watches an answering bit of bunting through a glass. The bit of bunting, a mile away, flashes impatiently, once to the right and once to the left, and the Tommy with the glass says, "They understand, sir," and the other Tommy, who has not as yet cast even an interested glance at the regiment he has ordered into action, folds his flag and curls up against a hot rock and instantly sleeps.

Stuck on the crest, twenty feet from where General Buller is seated, are two iron rods, like those in the putting-green of a golf course. They mark the line of direction which a shell must take, in order to seek out the enemy. Back of the kopje, where they cannot see the enemy, where they cannot even see the hill upon which he is intrenched, are the howitzers. Their duty is to aim at the iron rods, and vary their aim to either side of them as they are directed to do by an officer on the crest. Their shells pass a few yards over the heads of the staff, but the staff has confidence. Those three yards are as safe a

margin as a hundred. Their confidence is that of the lady in spangles at a music-hall, who permits her husband in buckskin to shoot apples from the top of her head. From the other direction come the shells of the Boers, seeking out the hidden howitzers. They pass somewhat higher, crashing into the base of the kopje, sometimes killing, sometimes digging their own ignominious graves. The staff regard them with the same indifference. One of them tears the overcoat upon which Colonel Stuart-Wortley is seated, another destroys his diary. His men, lying at his feet among the red rocks, observe this with wide eyes. But he does not shift his position. His answer is, that his men cannot shift theirs.

On Friday, February 23d, the Inniskillings, Dublins, and Connaughts were sent out to take a trench, half-way up Railway Hill. The attack was one of those frontal attacks, which in this war, against the new weapons, have added so much to the lists of killed and wounded and to the prestige of the men, while it has, in an inverse ratio, hurt the prestige of the men by whom the attack was ordered. The result of this attack was peculiarly disastrous. It was made at night, and as soon as it developed, the Boers retreated to the trenches on the crest of the

hill, and threw men around the sides to bring a cross-fire to bear on the Englishmen. In the morning the Inniskillings found they had lost four hundred men, and ten out of their fifteen officers. The other regiments lost as heavily. The following Tuesday, which was the anniversary of Majuba Hill, three brigades, instead of a regiment, were told off to take this same Railway Hill, or Pieter's, as it was later called, on the flank, and with it to capture two others. On the same day, nineteen years before, the English had lost Majuba Hill, and their hope was to take these three from the Boers for the one they had lost, and open the way to Bulwana Mountain, which was the last bar that held them back from Ladysmith.

The first two of the three hills they wanted were shoulder to shoulder, the third was separated from them by a deep ravine. This last was the highest, and in order that the attack should be successful, it was necessary to seize it first. The hills stretched for three miles; they were about one thousand two hundred yards high.

For three hours a single line of men slipped and stumbled forward along the muddy bank of the river, and for three hours the artillery

crashed, spluttered, and stabbed at the three hills above them, scattering the rocks and bursting over and behind the Boer trenches on the crest.

As is their custom, the Boers remained invisible and made no reply. And though we knew they were there, it seemed inconceivable that anything human could live under such a bombardment of shot, bullets, and shrapnel. A hundred yards distant, on our right, the navy guns were firing lyddite that burst with a thick yellow smoke; on the other side Colt automatics were put-put-put-ing a stream of bullets; the field-guns and the howitzers were playing from a hill half a mile behind us, and scattered among the rocks about us, and for two miles on either hand, the infantry in reserve were firing off ammunition at any part of the three hills they happened to dislike!

The roar of the navy's Four-Point-Sevens, their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers, and the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick-firing Maxims, which sounded like the clicking of many mowing-machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concus-

sion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering, was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath, and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared like a wild hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete, that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air, and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below, not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish, and in peace.

The long procession of yellow figures was still advancing along the bottom of the valley, toward the right, when on the crest of the farthermost hill fourteen of them appeared suddenly, and ran forward and sprang into the trenches.

Perched against the blue sky on the highest and most distant of the three hills, they looked terribly lonely and insufficient, and they ran about, this way and that, as though they were very much surprised to find themselves where they were. Then they settled down into the Boer trench, from our side of it, and began firing, their officer, as his habit is, standing up

behind them. The hill they had taken had evidently been abandoned to them by the enemy, and the fourteen men in khaki had taken it by "default." But they disappeared so suddenly into the trench, that we knew they were not enjoying their new position in peace, and every one looked below them, to see the arriving reinforcements. They came at last, to the number of ten, and scampered about just as the others had done, looking for cover. It seemed as if we could almost hear the singing of the bullet when one of them dodged, and it was with a distinct sense of relief, and of freedom from further responsibility, that we saw the ten disappear also, and become part of the yellow stones about them. Then a very wonderful movement began to agitate the men upon the two remaining hills They began to creep up them as you have seen seaweed rise with the tide and envelop a rock. They moved in regiments, but each man was as distinct as is a letter of the alphabet in each word on this page, black with letters. We began to follow the fortunes of individual letters. It was a most selfish and cowardly occupation, for you knew you were in no greater danger than you would be in looking through the glasses of a mutoscope. The battle unrolled before you like

a panorama. The guns on our side of the valley had ceased, the hurricane in the depths below had instantly spent itself, and the birds and insects had again begun to fill our hill with drowsy twitter and song. But on the other, half the men were wrapping the base of the hill in khaki, which rose higher and higher, growing looser and less tightly wrapt as it spun upward. Halfway to the crest there was a broad open space of green grass, and above that a yellow bank of earth, which supported the track of the railroad. This green space spurted with tiny geysers of yellow dust. Where the bullets came from or who sent them we could not see. But the loose ends of the bandage of khaki were stretching across this green space and the yellow spurts of dust rose all around them. The men crossed this fire zone warily, looking to one side or the other, as the bullets struck the earth heavily, like drops of rain before a shower.

The men had their heads and shoulders bent as though they thought a roof was about to fall on them; some ran from rock to rock, seeking cover properly; others scampered toward the safe vantage-ground behind the railroad embankment; others advanced leisurely, like men playing golf. The silence, after the hurricane of

sounds, was painful; we could not hear even the Boer rifles. The men moved like figures in a dream, without firing a shot. They seemed each to be acting on his own account, without unison or organization. As I have said, you ceased considering the scattered whole, and became intent on the adventures of individuals. These fell so suddenly, that you waited with great anxiety to learn whether they had dropped to dodge a bullet or whether one had found them. The men came at last from every side, and from out of every ridge and dried-up waterway. Open spaces which had been green a moment before were suddenly dyed yellow with them. Where a company had been clinging to the railroad embankment, there stood one regiment holding it, and another sweeping over it. Heights that had seemed the goal, became the resting-place of the stretcher-bearers, until at last no part of the hill remained unpopulated, save a high bulging rampart of unprotected and open ground. And then, suddenly, coming from the earth itself, apparently, one man ran across this open space and leaped on top of the trench which crowned the hill. He was fully fifteen yards in advance of all the rest, entirely unsupported, and alone. And he had evidently planned it so, for he took off his

helmet and waved it, and stuck it on his rifle and waved it again, and then suddenly clapped it on his head and threw his gun to his shoulder. He stood so, pointing down into the trench, and it seemed as though we could hear him calling upon the Boers behind it to surrender.

A few minutes later the last of the three hills was mounted by the West Yorks, who were mistaken by their own artillery for Boers, and fired upon both by the Boers and by their own shrapnel and lyddite. Four men were wounded, and, to save themselves, a line of them stood up at full length on the trench and cheered and waved at the artillery until it had ceased to play upon them. The Boers continued to fire upon them with rifles for over two hours. But it was only a demonstration to cover the retreat of the greater number, and at daybreak the hills were in complete and peaceful possession of the English. These hills were a part of the same Railway Hill which four nights before the Inniskillings and a composite regiment had attempted to take by a frontal attack, with the loss of six hundred men, among whom were three colonels. By this flank attack, and by using nine regiments instead of one, the same hills and two others were taken with two hundred casualties. The fact

that this battle, which was called the Battle of Pieter's Hill, and the surrender of General Cronje and his forces to Lord Roberts, both took place on the anniversary of the battle of Majuba Hill, made the whole of Buller's column feel that the ill memory of that disaster had been effaced.

II

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

AFTER the defeat of the Boers at the battle of Pieter's Hill there were two things left for them to do. They could fall back across a great plain which stretched from Pieter's Hill to Bulwana Mountain, and there make their last stand against Buller and the Ladysmith relief column, or they could abandon the siege of Ladysmith and slip away after having held Buller at bay for three months.

Bulwana Mountain is shaped like a brick and blocks the valley in which Ladysmith lies. The railroad track slips around one end of the brick, and the Dundee trail around the other. It was on this mountain that the Boers had placed their famous gun, Long Tom, with which they began the bombardment of Ladysmith, and with which up to the day before Ladysmith was relieved they had thrown three thousand shells into that miserable town.

If the Boers on retreating from Pieter's Hill had fortified this mountain with the purpose of holding off Buller for a still longer time, they

would have been under a fire from General White's artillery in the town behind them and from Buller's naval guns in front. Their position would not have been unlike that of Humpty Dumpty on the wall, so they wisely adopted the only alternative and slipped away. This was on Tuesday night, while the British were hurrying up artillery to hold the hills they had taken that afternoon.

By ten o'clock the following morning from the top of Pieter's Hill you could still see the Boers moving off along the Dundee road. It was an easy matter to follow them, for the dust hung above the trail in a yellow cloud, like mist over a swamp. There were two opinions as to whether they were halting at Bulwana or passing it, on their way to Laing's Neck. If they were going only to Bulwana there was the probability of two weeks' more fighting before they could be dislodged. If they had avoided Bulwana, the way to Ladysmith was open.

Lord Dundonald, who is in command of a brigade of irregular cavalry, was scouting to the left of Bulwana, far in advance of our forces. At sunset he arrived, without having encountered the Boers, at the base of Bulwana. He could either return and report the disappearance of the

enemy or he could make a dash for it and enter Ladysmith. His orders were "to go, look, see," and avoid an action, and the fact that none of his brigade was in the triumphant procession which took place three days later has led many to think that in entering the besieged town without orders he offended the commanding general. In any event, it is a family row and of no interest to the outsider. The main fact is that he did make a dash for it, and just at sunset found himself with two hundred men only a mile from the "Doomed City." His force was composed of Natal Carbiniers and Imperial Light Horse. He halted them, and in order that honors might be even, formed them in sections with the half sections made up from each of the two organizations. All the officers were placed in front, and with a cheer they started to race across the plain.

The wig-waggers on Convent Hill had already seen them, and the townspeople and the garrison were rushing through the streets to meet them, cheering and shouting, and some of them weeping. Others, so officers tell me, who were in the different camps, looked down upon the figures galloping across the plain in the twilight, and continued making tea.

Just as they had reached the centre of the town, General Sir George White and his staff rode down from head-quarters and met the men whose coming meant for him life and peace and success. They were advancing at a walk, with the cheering people hanging to their stirrups, clutching at their hands and hanging to the bridles of their horses.

General White's first greeting was characteristically unselfish and loyal, and typical of the British officer. He gave no sign of his own incalculable relief, nor did he give to Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's. He did not cheer Dundonald, nor Buller, nor the column which had rescued him and his garrison from present starvation and probable imprisonment at Pretoria. He raised his helmet and cried, "We will give three cheers for the Queen!" And then the general and the healthy, ragged, and sunburned troopers from the outside world, the starved, fever-ridden garrison, and the starved, fever-ridden civilians stood with hats off and sang their national anthem.

The column outside had been fighting steadily for six weeks to get Dundonald or any one of its force into Ladysmith; for fourteen days it had been living in the open, fighting by night

as well as by day, without halt or respite; the garrison inside had been for four months holding the enemy at bay with the point of the bayonet; it was famished for food, it was rotten with fever, and yet when the relief came and all turned out well, the first thought of every one was for the Queen!

It may be credulous in them or old-fashioned, but it is certainly very unselfish, and when you take their point of view it is certainly very fine.

After the Queen every one else had his share of the cheering, and General White could not complain of the heartiness with which they greeted him. He tried to make a speech in reply, but it was a brief one. He spoke of how much they owed to General Buller and his column, and he congratulated his own soldiers on the defence they had made.

"I am very sorry, men," he said, "that I had to cut down your rations. I—I promise you I won't do it again."

Then he stopped very suddenly and whirled his horse's head around and rode away. Judging from the number of times they told me of this, the fact that they had all but seen an English general give way to his feelings seemed to have impressed the civilian mind of Ladysmith

more than the entrance of the relief force. The men having come in and demonstrated that the way was open, rode forth again, and the relief of Ladysmith had taken place. But it is not the people cheering in the dark streets, nor General White breaking down in his speech of welcome, which gives the note to the way the men of Ladysmith received their freedom. It is rather the fact that as the two hundred battle-stained and earth-stained troopers galloped forward, racing to be the first, and rising in their stirrups to cheer, the men in the hospital camps said, "Well, they're come at last, have they?" and continued fussing over their fourth of a ration of tea. That gives the real picture of how Ladysmith came into her inheritance, and of how she received her rescuers.

On the morning after Dundonald had ridden in and out of Ladysmith, two other correspondents and myself started to relieve it on our own account. We did not know the way to Ladysmith, and we did not then know whether or not the Boers still occupied Bulwana Mountain. But we argued that the chances of the Boers having raised the siege were so good that it was worth risking their not having done so, and being taken prisoner.

We carried all the tobacco we could pack in our saddle-bags, and enough food for one day. My chief regret was that my government, with true republican simplicity, had given me a passport, type-written on a modest sheet of note-paper and wofully lacking in impressive seals and coats of arms. I fancied it would look to Boer eyes like one I might have forged for myself in the writing-room of the hotel at Cape Town.

We had ridden up Pieter's Hill and scrambled down on its other side before we learned that the night before Dundonald had raised the siege. We learned this from long trains of artillery and regiments of infantry which already were moving forward over the great plain which lies between Pieter's and Bulwana. We learned it also from the silence of conscientious, dutiful correspondents, who came galloping back as we galloped forward, and who made wide détours at sight of us, or who, when we hailed them, lashed their ponies over the red rocks and pretended not to hear, each unselfishly turning his back on Ladysmith in the hope that he might be the first to send word that the "Doomed City" was relieved. This would enable one paper to say that it had the news "on the street" five min-

utes earlier than its hated rivals. We found that the rivalry of our respective papers bored us. We condemned it as being childish and weak. London, New York, Chicago were names, they were spots thousands of leagues away: Ladysmith was just across that mountain. If our horses held out at the pace, we would be—after Dundonald—the first men in. We imagined that we would see hysterical women and starving men. They would wring our hands, and say, "God bless you," and we would halt our steaming horses in the market-place, and distribute the news of the outside world, and tobacco. There would be shattered houses, roofless homes, deep pits in the roadways where the shells had burst and buried themselves. We would see the entombed miner at the moment of his deliverance, we would be among the first from the outer world to break the spell of his silence; the first to receive the brunt of the imprisoned people's gratitude and rejoicings.

Indeed, it was clearly our duty to the papers that employed us that we should not send them news, but that we should be the first to enter Ladysmith. We were surely the best judges of what was best to do. How like them to try to dictate to us from London and New York,

when we were on the spot! It was absurd. We shouted this to each other as we raced in and out of the long confused column, lashing viciously with our whips. We stumbled around pieces of artillery, slid in between dripping water-carts, dodged the horns of weary oxen, scattered companies of straggling Tommies, and ducked under protruding tent-poles on the baggage-wagons, and at last came out together again in advance of the dusty column.

"Besides, we don't know where the press-censor is, do we?" No, of course we had no idea where the press-censor was, and unless *he* said that Ladysmith was relieved, the fact that twenty-five thousand other soldiers said so counted for idle gossip. Our papers could not expect us to go riding over mountains the day Ladysmith was relieved, hunting for a press-censor. "That press-censor," gasped Hartland, "never—is—where he—ought to be." The words were bumped out of him as he was shot up and down in the saddle. That was it. It was the press-censor's fault. Our consciences were clear now. If our papers worried themselves or us because they did not receive the great news until every one else knew of it, it was all because of that press-censor. We smiled again and spurred the horses

forward. We abused the press-censor roundly—we were extremely indignant with him. It was so like him to lose himself the day Ladysmith was relieved. "Confound him," we muttered, and grinned guiltily. We felt as we used to feel when we were playing truant from school.

We were nearing Pieter's Station now, and were half-way to Ladysmith. But the van of the army was still about us. Was it possible that it stretched already into the beleaguered city? Were we, after all, to be cheated of the first and freshest impressions? The tall lancers turned at the sound of the horses' hoofs and stared, infantry officers on foot smiled up at us sadly, they were dirty and dusty and sweating, they carried rifles and cross belts like the Tommies, and they knew that we outsiders who were not under orders would see the chosen city before them. Some of them shouted to us, but we only nodded and galloped on. We wanted to get rid of them all, but they were interminable. When we thought we had shaken them off, and that we were at last in advance, we would come upon a group of them resting on the same ground their shells had torn up during the battle the day before.

We passed Boer laagers marked by empty cans and broken saddles and black, cold camp-

fires. At Pieter's Station the blood was still fresh on the grass where two hours before some of the South African Light Horse had been wounded.

The Boers were still on Bulwana then? Perhaps, after all, we had better turn back and try to find that press-censor. But we rode on and saw Pieter's Station, as we passed it, as an absurd relic of by-gone days when bridges were intact and trains ran on schedule time. One door seen over the shoulder as we galloped past read, "Station Master's Office—Private," and in contempt of that stern injunction, which would make even the first-class passenger hesitate, one of our shells had knocked away the half of the door and made its privacy a mockery. We had only to follow the track now and we would arrive in time—unless the Boers were still on Bulwana. We had shaken off the army, and we were two miles in front of it, when six men came galloping toward us in an unfamiliar uniform. They passed us far to the right, regardless of the trail, and galloping through the high grass. We pulled up when we saw them, for they had green facings to their gray uniforms, and no one with Buller's column wore green facings.

We gave a yell in chorus. "Are you from Ladysmith?" we shouted. The men, before they

answered, wheeled and cheered, and came toward us laughing jubliant. "We're the first men out," cried the officer and we rode in among them, shaking hands and offering, our good wishes. "We're glad to see you," we said. "We're glad to see *you*," they said. It was not an original greeting, but it seemed sufficient to all of us. "Are the Boers on Bulwana?" we asked. "No, they've trekked up Dundee way. You can go right in."

We parted at the word and started to go right in. We found the culverts along the railroad cut away and the bridges down, and that galloping ponies over the roadbed of a railroad is a difficult feat at the best, even when the road is in working order.

Some men, cleanly dressed and rather pale-looking, met us and said: "Good-morning." "Are you from Ladysmith?" we called. "No, we're from the neutral camp," they answered. We were the first men from outside they had seen in four months, and that was the extent of their interest or information. They had put on their best clothes, and were walking along the track to Colenso to catch a train south to Durban or to Maritzburg, to any place out of the neutral camp. They might have been som-

nambulists for all they saw of us, or of the Boer trenches and the battle-field before them. But we found them of greatest interest, especially their clean clothes. Our column had not seen clean linen in six weeks, and the sight of these civilians in white duck and straw hats, and carrying walking-sticks, coming toward us over the railroad ties, made one think it was Sunday at home and these were excursionists to the suburbs.

We had been riding through a roofless tunnel, with the mountain and the great dam on one side, and the high wall of the railway cutting on the other, but now just ahead of us lay the open country, and the exit of the tunnel barricaded by twisted rails and heaped-up ties and bags of earth. Bulwana was behind us. For eight miles it had shut out the sight of our goal, but now, directly in front of us, was spread a great city of dirty tents and grass huts and Red Cross flags—the neutral camp—and beyond that, four miles away, shimmering and twinkling sleepily in the sun, the white walls and zinc roofs of Ladysmith.

We gave a gasp of recognition and galloped into and through the neutral camp. Natives of India in great turbans, Indian women in gay shawls and nose-rings, and black Kaffirs in

discarded khaki looked up at us dully from the earth floors of their huts, and when we shouted "Which way?" and "Where is the bridge?" only stared, or pointed vaguely, still staring.

After all, we thought, they are poor creatures, incapable of emotion. Perhaps they do not know how glad we are that they have been rescued. They do not understand that we want to shake hands with everybody and offer our congratulations. Wait until we meet our own people, we said, they will understand! It was such a pleasant prospect that we whipped the unhappy ponies into greater bursts of speed, not because they needed it, but because we were too excited and impatient to sit motionless.

In our haste we lost our way among innumerable little trees; we disagreed as to which one of the many cross-trails led home to the bridge. We slipped out of our stirrups to drag the ponies over one steep place, and to haul them up another, and at last the right road lay before us, and a hundred yards ahead a short iron bridge and a Gordon Highlander waited to welcome us, to receive our first greetings and an assorted collection of cigarettes. Hartland was riding a thoroughbred polo pony and passed the gallant defender of Ladysmith without a kind look or word, but

Blackwood and I galloped up more decorously, smiling at him with good-will. The soldier, who had not seen a friend from the outside world in four months, leaped in front of us and presented a heavy gun and a burnished bayonet.

"Halt, there," he cried. "Where's your pass?"

Of course it showed excellent discipline—we admired it immensely. We even overlooked the fact that he should think Boer spies would enter the town by way of the main bridge and at a gallop. We liked his vigilance, we admired his discipline, but in spite of that his reception chilled us. We had brought several things with us that we thought they might possibly want in Ladysmith, but we had entirely forgotten to bring a pass. Indeed I do not believe one of the twenty-five thousand men who had been fighting for six weeks to relieve Ladysmith had supplied himself with one. The night before, when the Ladysmith sentries had tried to halt Dundonald's troopers in the same way, and demanded a pass from them, there was not one in the squadron.

We crossed the bridge soberly and entered Ladysmith at a walk. Even the ponies looked disconcerted and crestfallen. After the high grass and the mountains of red rock, where there was not even a tent to remind one of a

roof-tree, the stone cottages and shop-windows and chapels and well-ordered hedges of the main street of Ladysmith made it seem a wealthy and attractive suburb. When we entered, a Sabbath-like calm hung upon the town; officers in the smartest khaki and glistening Stowassers observed us askance, little girls in white pinafores passed us with eyes cast down, a man on a bicycle looked up, and then, in terror lest we might speak to him, glued his eyes to the wheel and "scorched" rapidly. We trotted forward and halted at each street crossing, looking to the right and left in the hope that some one might nod to us. From the opposite end of the town General Buller and his staff came toward us slowly—the house-tops did not seem to sway—it was not "roses, roses all the way." The German army marching into Paris received as hearty a welcome. "Why didn't you people cheer General Buller when he came in?" we asked later. "Oh, was that General Buller?" they inquired. "We didn't recognize him." "But you knew he was a general officer, you knew he was the first of the relieving column?" "Ye-es, but we didn't know who he was."

I decided that the bare fact of the relief of Ladysmith was all I would be able to wire to

my neglected paper, and with remorses started to find the Ladysmith censor. Two officers, with whom I ventured to break the hush that hung upon the town by asking my way, said they were going in the direction of the censor. We rode for some distance in guarded silence. Finally, one of them, with an inward struggle, brought himself to ask, "Are you from the outside?"

I was forced to admit that I was. I felt that I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in intruding on a besieged garrison. I wanted to say that I had lost my way and had ridden into the town by mistake, and that I begged to be allowed to withdraw with apologies. The other officer woke up suddenly and handed me a printed list of the prices which had been paid during the siege for food and tobacco. He seemed to offer it as being in some way an official apology for his starved appearance. The price of cigars struck me as especially pathetic, and I commented on it. The first officer gazed mournfully at the blazing sunshine before him. "I have not smoked a cigar in two months," he said. My surging sympathy, and my terror at again offending the haughty garrison, combated so fiercely that it was only with a great effort that I produced a handful.

"Will you have these?" The other officer started in his saddle so violently that I thought his horse had stumbled, but he also kept his eyes straight in front. "Thank you, I will take one if I may—just one," said the first officer. "Are you sure I am not robbing you?" They each took one, but they refused to put the rest of the cigars in their pockets. As the printed list stated that a dozen matches sold for $1.75, I handed them a box of matches. Then a beautiful thing happened. They lit the cigars and at the first taste of the smoke—and they were not good cigars—an almost human expression of peace and good-will and utter abandonment to joy spread over their yellow skins and cracked lips and fever-lit eyes. The first man dropped his reins and put his hands on his hips and threw back his head and shoulders and closed his eyelids. I felt that I had intruded at a moment which should have been left sacred.

Another boy officer in stainless khaki and beautifully turned out, polished and burnished and varnished, but with the same yellow skin and sharpened cheek-bones and protruding teeth, a skeleton on horse-back, rode slowly toward us down the hill. As he reached us he glanced up and then swayed in his saddle, gazing at my com-

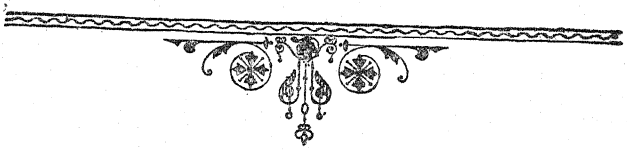
[*Price List During the Siege*]

SIEGE

OF

LADYSMITH,

1899—1900.



I certify that the following are the correct and highest prices realised at my sales by Public Auction during the above Siege.

JOE DYSON,

Auctioneer.

LADYSMITH,
FEBRUARY 21*st*, 1900.

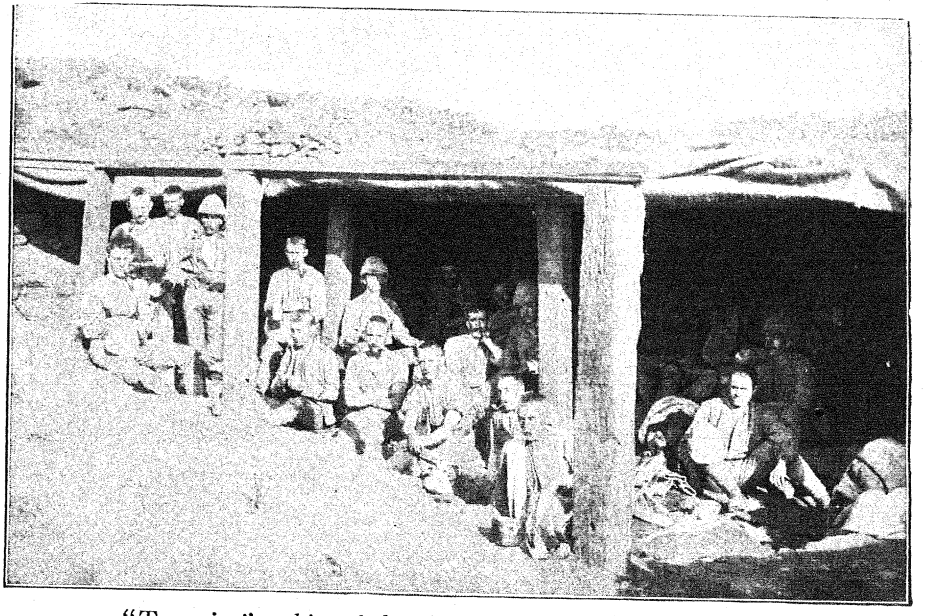
	£	s.	d.
14 lbs. Oatmeal	2	19	6
Condensed Milk, per tin	0	10	0
1 lb. Beef Fat	0	11	0
1 lb. Tin Coffee	0	17	0
2 lb. Tin Tongue	1	6	0
1 Sucking Pig	1	17	0
Eggs, per dozen	2	8	0
Fowls, each	0	18	6
4 Small Cucumbers	0	15	6
Green Mealies, each	0	3	8
Small plate Grapes	1	5	0
1 Small plate Apples	0	12	6
1 Plate Tomatoes	0	18	0
1 Vegetable Marrow	1	8	0
1 Plate Eschalots	0	11	0
1 Plate Potatoes	0	19	0
3 Small bunches Carrots	0	9	0
1 Glass Jelly	0	18	0
1 lb. Bottle Jam	1	11	0
1 lb. Tin Marmalade	1	1	0
1 dozen Matches	0	13	6
1 pkt. Cigarettes	1	5	0
50 Cigars	9	5	0
½-lb. Cake "Fair Maid" Tobacco ...	2	5	0
¼-lb. Cake "Fair Maid"	3	5	0
1 lb. Sailors Tobacco	2	3	0
½-lb. tin "Capstan" Navy Cut Tobacco	3	0	0

panions fearfully. "Good God," he cried. His brother officers seemed to understand, but made no answer, except to jerk their heads toward me. They were too occupied to speak. I handed the skeleton a cigar, and he took it in great embarrassment, laughing and stammering and blushing. Then I began to understand; I began to appreciate the heroic self-sacrifice of the first two, who, when they had been given the chance, had refused to fill their pockets. I knew then that it was an effort worthy of the V. C.

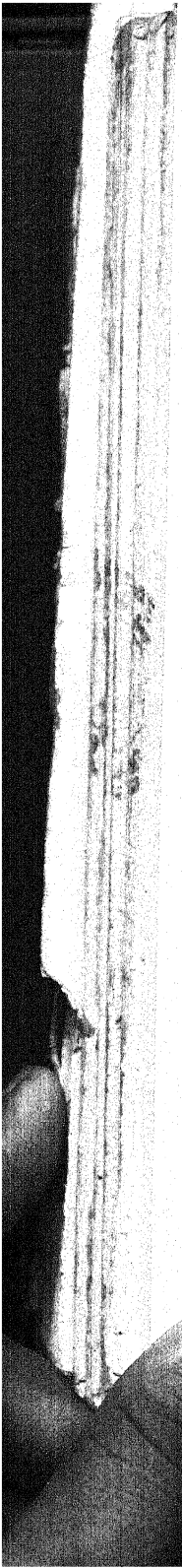
The censor was at his post, and a few minutes later a signal officer on Convent Hill heliographed my cable to Bulwana, where, six hours after the Boers had abandoned it, Buller's own helios had begun to dance, and they speeded the cable on its long journey to the newspaper office on the Thames Embankment.

When one descended to the streets again—there are only two streets which run the full length of the town—and looked for signs of the siege, one found them not in the shattered houses, of which there seemed surprisingly few, but in the starved and fever-shaken look of the people.

The cloak of indifference which every Englishman wears, and his instinctive dislike to make



"Tommies" seeking shelter from "Long Tom" at Ladysmith



much of his feelings, and, in this case, his pluck, at first concealed from us how terribly those who had been inside of Ladysmith had suffered, and how near to the breaking point they were. Their faces were the real index to what they had passed through.

Any one who had seen our men at Montauk Point or in the fever camp at Siboney needed no hospital list to tell him of the pitiful condition of the garrison. The skin on their faces was yellow, and drawn sharply over the brow and cheek-bones; their teeth protruded, and they shambled along like old men, their voices ranging from a feeble pipe to a deep whisper. In this pitiable condition they had been forced to keep night-watch on the hill-crests, in the rain, to lie in the trenches, and to work on fortifications and bomb-proofs. And they were expected to do all of these things on what strength they could get from horse-meat, biscuits of the toughness and composition of those that are fed to dogs, and on "mealies," which is what we call corn.

That first day in Ladysmith gave us a faint experience as to what the siege meant. The correspondents had disposed of all their tobacco, and within an hour saw starvation staring them in the face, and raced through the town to rob

fellow-correspondents who had just arrived. The new-comers in their turn had soon distributed all they owned, and came tearing back to beg one of their own cigarettes. We tried to buy grass for our ponies, and were met with pitying contempt; we tried to buy food for ourselves, and were met with open scorn. I went to the only hotel which was open in the place, and offered large sums for a cup of tea.

"Put up your money," said the Scotchman in charge, sharply. "What's the good of your money? Can your horse eat money? Can you eat money? Very well, then, put it away."

The great dramatic moment after the raising of the siege was the entrance into Ladysmith of the relieving column. It was a magnificent, manly, and moving spectacle. You must imagine the dry, burning heat, the fine, yellow dust, the white glare of the sunshine, and in the heat and glare and dust the great interminable column of men in ragged khaki crowding down the main street, twenty-two thousand strong, cheering and shouting, with the sweat running off their red faces and cutting little rivulets in the dust that caked their cheeks. Some of them were so glad that, though in the heaviest marching order, they leaped up and down and stepped out of line to

dance to the music of the bagpipes. For hours they crowded past, laughing, joking, and cheering, or staring ahead of them, with lips wide apart, panting in the heat and choking with the dust, but always ready to turn again and wave their helmets at Sir George White.

It was a pitiful contrast which the two forces presented. The men of the garrison were in clean khaki, pipe-clayed and brushed and polished, but their tunics hung on them as loosely as the flag around its pole, the skin on their cheek-bones was as tight and as yellow as the belly of a drum, their teeth protruded through parched, cracked lips, and hunger, fever, and suffering stared from out their eyes. They were so ill and so feeble that the mere exercise of standing was too severe for their endurance, and many of them collapsed, falling back to the sidewalk, rising to salute only the first troop of each succeeding regiment. This done, they would again sink back and each would sit leaning his head against his musket, or with his forehead resting heavily on his folded arms. In comparison the relieving column looked like giants as they came in with a swinging swagger, their uniforms blackened with mud and sweat and blood-stains, their faces brilliantly crimsoned and blis-

tered and tanned by the dust and sun. They made a picture of strength and health and aggressiveness. Perhaps the contrast was strongest when the battalion of the Devons that had been on foreign service passed the "reserve" battalion which had come from England. The men of the two battalions had parted five years before in India, and they met again in Ladysmith, with the men of one battalion lining the streets, sick, hungry, and yellow, and the others, who had been fighting six weeks to reach it, marching toward them, robust, red-faced, and cheering mightily. As they met they gave a shout of recognition, and the men broke ranks and ran forward, calling each other by name, embracing, shaking hands, and punching each other in the back and shoulders. It was a sight that very few men watched unmoved. Indeed, the whole three hours was one of the most "brutal assaults upon the feelings" that it has been my lot to endure. One felt he had been entirely lifted out of the politics of the war, and the question of the wrongs of the Boers disappeared before a simple propostiton of brave men saluting brave men.

Early in the campaign, when his officers had blundered, General White had dared to write: "I alone am to blame." But in this triumphal pro-

cession twenty-two thousand gentlemen in khaki wiped that line off the slate, and wrote, "Well done, sir," in its place, as they passed before him through the town he had defended and saved.

III

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE

THE Boer "front" was at Brandfort, and, as Lord Roberts was advancing upon that place, one already saw in the head-lines, "The Battle of Brandfort." But before our train drew out of Pretoria Station we learned that the English had just occupied Brandfort, and that the Boer front had been pushed back to Winburg.

We decided that Brandfort was an impossible position to hold anyway, and that we had better leave the train at Winburg. We found some selfish consolation for the Boer repulse, in the fact that it shortened our railroad journey by one day. The next morning when we awoke at the Vaal River Station the train despatcher informed us that during the night the "Rooineks" had taken Winburg, and that the burghers were gathered at Smaaldel.

We agreed not to go to Winburg, but to stop off at Smaaldel. We also agreed that Winburg was an impossible position to hold. When at eleven o'clock the train reached Kroonstad, we learned that Lord Roberts was in Smaaldel. It was

then evident that if our train kept on and the British army kept on there would be a collision. So we stopped at Kroonstad. In talking it over we decided that, owing to its situation, Smaaldel was an impossible position to hold.

The Sand River, which runs about forty miles south of Kroonstad, was the last place in the Free State at which the burghers could hope to make a stand, and at the bridge where the railroad spans the river, and at a drift ten miles lower down, the Boers and Free Staters had collected to the number of four thousand. Lord Roberts and his advancing column, which was known to contain thirty-five thousand men, were a few miles distant from the opposite bank of the Sand River. There was an equal chance that the English would attempt to cross at the drift or at the bridge. We thought they would cross at the drift, and stopped for the night at Ventersburg, a town ten miles from the river.

Ventersburg, in comparison with Kroonstad, where we had left them rounding up stray burghers and hurrying them to the firing-line, and burning official documents in the streets, was calm.

Ventersburg was not destroying incriminating documents nor driving weary burghers from its

solitary street. It was making them welcome at Jones's Hotel. The sun had sunk an angry crimson, the sure sign of a bloody battle on the morrow, and a full moon had turned the dusty street and the veldt into which it disappeared into a field of snow.

The American scouts had halted at Jones's Hotel, and the American proprietor was giving them drinks free. Their cowboy spurs jingled on the floor of the bar-room, on the boards of the verandas, on the stone floor of the kitchen, and in the billiard-room, where they were playing pool as joyously as though the English were not ten miles away. Grave, awkward burghers rode up, each in a cloud of dust, and leaving his pony to wander in the street and his rifle in a corner, shook hands with every one solemnly, and asked for coffee. Italians of Garibaldi's red-shirted army, Swedes and Danes in semi-uniform, Frenchman in high boots and great sombreros, Germans with the sabre cuts on their cheeks that had been given them at the university, and Russian officers smoking tiny cigarettes crowded the little dining-room, and by the light of a smoky lamp talked in many tongues of Spion Kop, Sannahspost, Fourteen Streams, and the battle on the morrow.

The Night Before the Battle

They were sun-tanned, dusty, stained, and many of them with wounds in bandages. They came from every capital of Europe, and as each took his turn around the crowded table, they drank to the health of every nation, save one. When they had eaten they picked up the pony's bridle from the dust and melted into the moonlight with a wave of the hand and a "good luck to you." There were no bugles to sound "boots and saddles" for them, no sergeants to keep them in hand, no officers to pay for their rations and issue orders.

Each was his own officer, his conscience was his bugle-call, he gave himself orders. They were all equal, all friends; the cowboy and the Russian Prince, the French socialist from La Villette or Montmartre, with a red sash around his velveteen breeches, and the little French nobleman from the Cercle Royal who had never before felt the sun, except when he had played lawn tennis on the Isle de Puteaux. Each had his bandolier and rifle; each was minding his own business, which was the business of all—to try and save the independence of a free people.

The presence of these foreigners, with rifle in hand, showed the sentiment and sympathies of the countries from which they came. These

men were Europe's real ambassadors to the Republic of the Transvaal. The hundreds of thousands of their countrymen who had remained at home held toward the Boer the same feelings, but they were not so strongly moved; not so strongly as to feel that they must go abroad to fight.

These foreigners were not the exception in opinion, they were only exceptionally adventurous, exceptionally liberty-loving. They were not soldiers of fortune, for the soldier of fortune fights for gain. These men receive no pay, no emolument, no reward. They were the few who dared do what the majority of their countrymen in Europe thought.

At Jones's Hotel that night, at Ventersburg, it was as though a jury composed of men from all of Europe and the United States had gathered in judgment on the British nation.

Outside in the moonlight in the dusty road two bearded burghers had halted me to ask the way to the house of the commandant. Between them on a Boer pony sat a man, erect, slim-waisted, with well-set shoulders and chin in air, one hand holding the reins high, the other with knuckles down resting on his hip. The Boer pony he rode, nor the moonlight, nor the veldt

behind him, could disguise his seat and pose. It was as though I had been suddenly thrown back into London and was passing the cuirassed, gauntleted guardsman, motionless on his black charger in the sentry gate in Whitehall. Only now, instead of a steel breastplate, he shivered through his thin khaki, and instead of the high boots, his legs were wrapped in twisted putties.

"When did they take you?" I asked.

"Early this morning. I was out scouting," he said. He spoke in a voice so well trained and modulated that I tried to see his shoulder-straps.

"Oh, you are an officer?" I said.

"No, sir, a trooper. First Life Guards."

But in the moonlight I could see him smile, whether at my mistake or because it was not a mistake I could not guess. There are many gentlemen rankers in this war.

He made a lonely figure in the night, his helmet marking him as conspicuously as a man wearing a high hat in a church. From the billiard-room, where the American scouts were playing pool, came the click of the ivory and loud, light-hearted laughter; from the veranda the sputtering of many strange tongues and the deep, lazy voices of the Boers. There were Boers to the left of him, Boers to the right of him, pulling at their long,

drooping pipes and sending up big rings of white smoke in the white moonlight.

He dismounted, and stood watching the crowd about him under half-lowered eyelids, but as unmoved as though he saw no one. He threw his arm over the pony's neck and pulled its head down against his chest and began talking to it.

It was as though he wished to emphasize his loneliness.

"You are not tired, are you? No, you're not," he said. His voice was as kindly as though he were speaking to a child.

"Oh, but you can't be tired. What?" he whispered. "A little hungry, perhaps. Yes?" He seemed to draw much comfort from his friend the pony, and the pony rubbed his head against the Englishman's shoulder.

"The commandant says he will question you in the morning. You will come with us to the jail now," his captor directed. "You will find three of your people there to talk to. I will go bring a blanket for you, it is getting cold." And they rode off together into the night.

Two days later he would have heard through the windows of Jones's Hotel the billiard balls still clicking joyously, but the men who held the cues then would have worn helmets like his own.

The original Jones, the proprietor of Jones's Hotel, had fled. The man who succeeded him was also a refugee, and the present manager was an American from Cincinnati. He had never before kept a hotel, but he confided to me that it was not a bad business, as he found that on each drink sold he made a profit of a hundred per cent. The proprietress was a lady from Brooklyn; her husband, another American, was a prisoner with Cronje at St. Helena. She was in considerable doubt as to whether she ought to run before the British arrived, or wait and chance being made a prisoner. She said she would prefer to escape, but what with standing on her feet all day in the kitchen preparing meals for hungry burghers and foreign volunteers, she was too tired to get away.

War close at hand consists so largely of commonplaces and trivial details that I hope I may be pardoned for recording the anxieties and cares of this lady from Brooklyn. Her point of view so admirably illustrates one side of war. It is only when you are ten years away from it, or ten thousand miles away from it, that you forget the dull places, and only the moments loom up which are terrible, picturesque, and momentous. We have read, in "Vanity Fair," of the terror and the

mad haste to escape of the people of Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. That is the obvious and dramatic side.

That is the picture of war you remember and which appeals. As a rule, people like to read of the rumble of cannon through the streets of Ventersburg, the silent, dusty columns of the re-enforcements passing in the moonlight, the galloping hoofs of the aides suddenly beating upon the night air and growing fainter and dying away, the bugle-calls from the camps along the river, the stamp of spurred boots as the general himself enters the hotel and spreads the blue-print maps upon the table, the clanking sabres of his staff, standing behind him in the candle-light, whispering and tugging at their gauntlets while the great man plans his attack. You must stop with the British army if you want bugle-calls and clanking sabres and gauntlets. They are a part of the panoply of war and of warriors. But we saw no warriors at Ventersburg that night, only a few cattle-breeders and farmers who were fighting for the land they had won from the lion and the bushman, and with them a mixed company of gentleman adventurers—gathered around a table discussing other days in other lands. The picture of war which is most familiar is the one of

the people of Brussels fleeing from the city with the French guns booming in the distance, or as one sees it in "Shenandoah," where aides gallop on and off the stage and the night signals flash from both sides of the valley. That is the obvious and dramatic side; the other side of war is the night before the battle, at Jones's Hotel; the landlady in the dining-room with her elbows on the table, fretfully deciding that after a day in front of the cooking-stove she is too tired to escape an invading army, declaring that the one place at which she would rather be at that moment was Green's restaurant in Philadelphia, the heated argument that immediately follows between the foreign legion and the Americans as to whether Rector's is not better than the Café de Paris, and the general agreement that Ritz cannot hope to run two hotels in London without being robbed. That is how the men talked and acted on the eve of a battle. We heard no galloping aides, no clanking spurs, only the click of the clipped billiard balls as the American scouts (who were killed thirty-six hours later) knocked them about the torn billiard-cloth, the drip, drip of the kerosene from a blazing, sweating lamp, which struck the dirty table-cloth, with the regular ticking of a hall clock, and the complaint of the piano

from the hotel parlor, where the correspondent of a Boston paper was picking out "Hello, My Baby," laboriously with one finger. War is not so terribly dramatic or exciting—at the time; and the real trials of war—at the time, and not as one later remembers them—consist largely in looting fodder for your ponies and in bribing the station-master to put on an open truck in which to carry them.

We were wakened about two o'clock in the morning by a loud knocking on a door and the distracted voice of the local justice of the peace calling upon the landlord to rouse himself and fly. The English, so the voice informed the various guests, as door after door was thrown open upon the court-yard, were at Ventersburg Station, only two hours away. The justice of the peace wanted to buy or to borrow a horse, and wanted it very badly, but a sleepy-eyed and sceptical audience told him unfeelingly that he was either drunk or dreaming, and only the landlady, now apparently refreshed after her labors, was keenly, even hysterically, intent on instant flight. She sat up in her bed with her hair in curl papers and a revolver beside her, and through her open door shouted advice to her lodgers. But they were unsympathetic, and reassured her only by bang-

ing their doors and retiring with profane grumbling, and in a few moments the silence was broken only by the voice of the justice as he fled down the main street of Ventersburg offering his kingdom for a horse.

The next morning we rode out to the Sand River to see the Boer positions near the drift, and met President Steyn in his Cape cart coming from them on his way to the bridge. Ever since the occupation of Bloemfontein, the London papers had been speaking of him as "the Late President," as though he were dead. He impressed me, on the contrary, as being very much alive and very much the President, although his executive chamber was the dancing-hall of a hotel and his roof-tree the hood of a Cape cart. He stood in the middle of the road, and talked hopefully of the morrow. He had been waiting, he said, to see the development of the enemy's attack, but the British had not appeared, and, as he believed they would not advance that day, he was going on to the bridge to talk to his burghers and to consult with General Botha. He was much more a man of the world and more the professional politician than President Kruger. I use the words "professional politician" in no unpleasant sense, but meaning rather that he was

ready, tactful, and diplomatic. For instance, he gave to whatever he said the air of a confidence reserved especially for the ear of the person to whom he spoke. He showed none of the bitterness which President Kruger exhibits toward the British, but took the tone toward the English Government of the most critical and amused tolerance. Had he heard it, it would have been intensely annoying to any Englishman.

"I see that the London *Chronicle*," he said, "asks if, since I have become a rebel, I do not lose my rights as a Barrister of the Temple? Of course, we are no more rebels than the Spaniards were rebels against the United States. By a great stretch of the truth, under the suzerainty clause, the burghers of the Transvaal might be called rebels, but a Free Stater—never! It is not the animosity of the English which I mind," he added, thoughtfully, "but their depressing ignorance of their own history."

His cheerfulness and hopefulness, even though one guessed they were assumed, commanded one's admiration. He was being hunted out of one village after another, the miles of territory still free to him were hourly shrinking—in a few days he would be a refugee in the Transvaal:



President Steyn on his way to Sand River battle

but he stood in the open veldt with all his possessions in the cart behind him, a president without a republic, a man without a home, but still full of pluck, cheerful and unbeaten.

The farm-house of General Andrew Cronje stood just above the drift and was the only conspicuous mark for the English guns on our side of the river, so in order to protect it the general had turned it over to the ambulance corps to be used as a hospital. They had lashed a great Red Cross flag to the chimney and filled the clean shelves of the generously built kitchen with bottles of antiseptics and bitter-smelling drugs and surgeons' cutlery. President Steyn gave me a letter to Dr. Rodgers Reid, who was in charge, and he offered us our choice of the deserted bedrooms. It was a most welcome shelter, and in comparison to the cold veldt the hospital was a haven of comfort. Hundreds of cooing doves, stumbling over the roof of the barn, helped to fill the air with their peaceful murmur. It was a strange overture to a battle, but in time I learned to not listen for any more martial prelude. The Boer does not make a business of war, and when he is not actually fighting he pretends that he is camping out for pleasure. In his laager there are no warlike sounds, no sentries challenge, no

bugles call. He has no duties to perform, for his Kaffir boys care for his pony, gather his wood, and build his fire. He has nothing to do but to wait for the next fight, and to make the time pass as best he can. In camp the burghers are like a party of children. They play games with each other, and play tricks upon each other, and engage in numerous wrestling bouts, a form of contest of which they seem particularly fond. They are like children also in that they are direct and simple, and as courteous as the ideal child should be. Indeed, if I were asked what struck me as the chief characteristics of the Boer I should say they were the two qualities which the English have always disallowed him, his simplicity rather than his "cuteness," and his courtesy rather than his boorishness.

The force that waited at the drift by Cronje's farm as it lay spread out on both sides of the river looked like a gathering of Wisconsin lumbermen, of Adirondack guides and hunters halted at Paul Smith's, like a Methodist camp-meeting limited entirely to men.

The eye sought in vain for rows of tents, for the horses at the picket line, for the flags that marked the head-quarters, the commissariat, the field telegraph, the field post-office, the A. S. C.,

the R. M. A. C., the C. O., and all the other combinations of letters of the military alphabet.

I remembered that great army of General Buller's as I saw it stretching out over the basin of the Tugela, like the children of Israel in number, like Tammany Hall in organization and discipline, with not a tent-pin missing; with hospitals as complete as those established for a hundred years in the heart of London; with search-lights, heliographs, war balloons, Roentgen rays, pontoon bridges, telegraph wagons, and trenching tools, farriers with anvils, major-generals, map-makers, "gallopers," intelligence departments, even biographs and press-censors; every kind of thing and every kind of man that goes to make up a British army corps. I knew that seven miles from us just such another completely equipped and disciplined column was advancing to the opposite bank of the Sand River.

And opposed to it was this merry company of Boer farmers lying on the grass, toasting pieces of freshly killed ox on the end of a stick, their hobbled ponies foraging for themselves a half-mile away, a thousand men without a tent among them, without a field-glass.

It was a picnic, a pastoral scene, not a scene of war. On the hills overlooking the drift were

the guns, but down along the banks the burghers were sitting in circles singing the evening hymns, many of them sung to the tunes familiar in the service of the Episcopal Church, so that it sounded like a Sunday evening in the country at home. At the drift other burghers were watering the oxen, bathing and washing in the cold river; around the camp-fires others were smoking luxuriously, with their saddles for pillows. The evening breeze brought the sweet smell of burning wood, a haze of smoke from many fires, the lazy hum of hundreds of voices rising in the open air, the neighing of many horses, and the swift soothing rush of the river.

When morning came to Cronje's farm it brought with it no warning nor sign of battle. We began to believe that the British army was an invention of the enemy's. So we cooked bacon and fed the doves, and smoked on the veranda, moving our chairs around it with the sun, and argued as to whether we should stay where we were or go on to the bridge. At noon it was evident there would be no fight at the drift that day, so we started along the bank of the river, with the idea of reaching the bridge before nightfall. The trail lay on the English side of the river, so that we were in constant concern lest our white-hooded

Cape cart would be seen by some of their scouts and we would be taken prisoners and forced to travel all the way back to Cape Town. We saw many herds of deer, but no scouts or lancers, and, such being the effect of many kopjes, lost all ideas as to where we were. We knew we were bearing steadily south toward Lord Roberts, who as we later learned, was then some three miles distant.

About two o'clock his guns opened on our left, so we at least knew that we were still on the wrong side of the river and that we must be between the Boer and the English artillery. Except for that, our knowledge of our geographical position was a blank, and we accordingly "outspanned" and cooked more bacon. "Outspanning" is unharnessing the ponies and mules and turning them out to graze, and takes three minutes—"inspanning" is trying to catch them again, and takes from three to five hours.

We started back over the trail over which we had come, and just at sunset saw a man appear from behind a rock and disappear again. Whether he was Boer or Briton I could not tell, but while I was examining the rock with my glasses two Boers came galloping forward and ordered me to "hands up." To sit with both arms in the air is

an extremely ignominious position, and especially annoying if the pony is restless, so I compromised by waving my whip as high as I could reach with one hand, and still held in the horse with the other. The third man from behind the rock rode up at the same time. They said they had watched us coming from the English lines, and that we were prisoners. We assured them that for us nothing could be more satisfactory, because we now knew where we were, and because they had probably saved us a week's trip to Cape Town. They examined and approved of our credentials, and showed us the proper trail which we managed to follow until they had disappeared, when the trail disappeared also, and we were again lost in what seemed an interminable valley. But just before nightfall the fires of the commando showed in front of us and we rode into the camp of General Christian De Wet. He told us we could not reach the bridge that night, and showed us a farm-house on a distant kopje where we could find a place to spread our blankets. I was extremely glad to meet him, as he and General Botha are the most able and brave of the Boer generals. He was big, manly, and of impressive size, and, although he speaks English, he dictated to his adjutant many long and Old-World com-

pliments to the Greater Republic across the seas.

We found the people in the farm-house on the distant kopje quite hysterical over the near presence of the British, and the entire place in such an uproar that we slept out in the veldt. In the morning we were awakened by the sound of the Vickar-Maxim or the "pom-pom" as the English call it, or "bomb-Maxim" as the Boers call it. By any name it was a remarkable gun and the most demoralizing of any of the smaller pieces which have been used in this campaign. One of its values is that its projectiles throw up sufficient dust to enable the gunner to tell exactly where they strike, and within a few seconds he is able to alter the range accordingly. In this way it is its own range-finder. Its bark is almost as dangerous as its bite, for its reports have a brisk, insolent sound like a postman's knock, or a cooper hammering rapidly on an empty keg, and there is an unexplainable mocking sound to the reports, as though the gun were laughing at you. The English Tommies used to call it very aptly the "hyena gun." I found it much less offensive from the rear than when I was with the British, and in front of it.

From the top of a kopje we saw that the battle

had at last begun and that the bridge was the objective point. The English came up in great lines and blocks and from so far away and in such close order that at first in spite of the khaki they looked as though they wore uniforms of blue. They advanced steadily, and two hours later when we had ridden to a kopje still nearer the bridge, they were apparently in the same formation as when we had first seen them, only now farms that had lain far in their rear were overrun by them and they encompassed the whole basin. An army of twenty-five thousand men advancing in full view across a great plain appeals to you as something entirely lacking in the human element. You do not think of it as a collection of very tired, dusty, and perspiring men with aching legs and parched lips, but as an unnatural phenomenon, or a gigantic monster which wipes out a railway station, a cornfield, and a village with a single clutch of one of its tentacles. You would as soon attribute human qualities to a plague, a tidal wave, or a slowly slipping landslide. One of the tentacles composed of six thousand horse had detached itself and crossed the river below the bridge, where it was creeping up on Botha's right. We could see the burghers galloping before it toward Ventersburg. At the bridge

The Night Before the Battle

General Botha and President Steyn stood in the open road and with uplifted arms waved the Boers back, calling upon them to stand. But the burghers only shook their heads and with averted eyes grimly and silently, rode by them on the other side. They knew they were flanked, they knew the men in the moving mass in front of them were in the proportion of nine to one.

When you looked down upon the lines of the English army advancing for three miles across the plain, one could hardly blame them. The burghers did not even raise their Mausers. One bullet, the size of a broken slate-pencil, falling into a block three miles across and a mile deep, seems so inadequate. It was like trying to turn back the waves of the sea with a blow-pipe.

It is true they had held back as many at Colenso, but the defensive positions there were magnificent, and since then six months had passed, during which time the same thirty thousand men who had been fighting then were fighting still, while the enemy was always new, with fresh recruits and re-enforcements arriving daily.

As the English officers at Durban, who had so lately arrived from home that they wore swords,

used to say with the proud consciousness of two hundred thousand men back of them: "It won't last much longer now. The Boers have had their belly full of fighting. They're fed up on it; that's what it is; they're fed up."

They forgot that the Boers, who for three months had held Buller back at the Tugela, were the same Boers who were rushed across the Free State to rescue Cronje from Roberts, and who were then sent to meet the relief column at Fourteen Streams, and were then ordered back again to harass Roberts at Sannahspost, and who, at last, worn out, stale, heartsick, and hopeless at the unequal odds and endless fighting, fell back at Sand River.

For three months thirty thousand men had been attempting the impossible task of endeavoring to meet an equal number of the enemy in three different places at the same time.

I have seen a retreat in Greece when the men, before they left the trenches, stood up in them and raged and cursed at the advancing Turk, cursed at their government, at their king, at each other, and retreated with shame in their faces because they did so.

But the retreat of the burghers of the Free State was not like that. They rose one by one

and saddled their ponies, with the look in their faces of men who had been attending the funeral of a friend and who were leaving just before the coffin was swallowed in the grave. Some of them, for a long time after the greater number of the commando had ridden away, sat upon the rocks staring down into the sunny valley below them, talking together gravely, rising to take a last look at the territory which was their own. The shells of the victorious British sang triumphantly over the heads of their own artillery, bursting impotently in white smoke or tearing up the veldt in fountains of dust.

But they did not heed them. They did not even send a revengeful bullet into the approaching masses. The sweetness of revenge could not pay for what they had lost. They looked down upon the farm-houses of men they knew; upon their own farm-houses rising in smoke; they saw the Englishmen like a pest of locusts settling down around gardens and farm-houses still nearer, and swallowing them up.

Their companions, already far on the way to safety, waved to them from the veldt to follow; an excited doctor carrying a wounded man warned us that the English were just below, storming the hill. "Our artillery is aiming at

five hundred yards," he shouted, but still the remaining burghers stood immovable, leaning on their rifles, silent, homeless, looking down without rage or show of feeling at the great waves of khaki sweeping steadily toward them, and possessing their land.

THE JAPANESE-RUSSIAN WAR



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BATTLES I DID NOT SEE

WE knew it was a battle because the Japanese officers told us it was. In other wars I had seen other battles, many sorts of battles, but I had never seen a battle like that one. Most battles are noisy, hurried, and violent, giving rise to an unnatural thirst and to the delusion that, by some unhappy coincidence, every man on the other side is shooting only at you. This delusion is not peculiar to myself. Many men have told me that in the confusion of battle they always get this exaggerated idea of their own importance. Down in Cuba I heard a colonel inform a group of brother officers that a Spanish field-piece had marked him for its own, and for an hour had been pumping shrapnel at him and at no one else. The interesting part of the story was that he believed it.

But the battle of Anshantien was in no way disquieting. It was a noiseless, odorless, rubber-tired battle. So far as we were concerned it consisted of rings of shrapnel smoke floating over a mountain pass many miles distant. So many

miles distant that when, with a glass, you could see a speck of fire twinkle in the sun like a heliograph, you could not tell whether it was the flash from the gun or the flame from the shell. Neither could you tell whether the cigarette rings issued from the lips of the Japanese guns or from those of the Russians. The only thing about that battle of which you were certain was that it was a perfectly safe battle to watch. It was the first one I ever witnessed that did not require you to calmly smoke a pipe in order to conceal the fact that you were scared. But soothing as it was, the battle lacked what is called the human interest. There may have been men behind the guns, but as they were also behind Camel Hill and Saddle Mountain, eight miles away, our eyes, like those of Mr. Samuel Weller, "being only eyes," were not able to discover them.

Our teachers, the three Japanese officers who were detailed to tell us about things we were not allowed to see, gazed at the scene of carnage with well-simulated horror. Their expressions of countenance showed that should any one move the battle eight miles nearer, they were prepared to sell their lives dearly. When they found that none of us were looking at them or their battle, they were hurt. The reason no one was looking

at them was because most of us had gone to sleep. The rest, with a bitter experience of Japanese promises, had doubted there would be a battle, and had prepared themselves with newspapers. And so, while eight miles away the preliminary battle to Liao-Yang was making history, we were lying on the grass reading two months' old news of the St. Louis Convention.

The sight greatly disturbed our teachers.

"You complain," they said, "because you are not allowed to see anything, and now, when we show you a battle, you will not look."

Lewis, of the *Herald*, eagerly seized his glasses and followed the track of the Siberian railway as it disappeared into the pass.

"I beg your pardon, but I didn't know it was a battle," he apologized politely. "I thought it was a locomotive at Anshantien Station blowing off steam."

And, so, teacher gave him a bad mark for disrespect.

It really was trying.

In order to see this battle we had travelled half around the world, had then waited four wasted months at Tokio, then had taken a sea voyage of ten days, then for twelve days had ridden through mud and dust in pursuit of the army, then for

twelve more days, while battles raged ten miles away, had been kept prisoners in a compound where five out of the eighteen correspondents were sick with dysentery or fever, and finally as a reward we were released from captivity and taken to see smoke rings eight miles away! That night a round-robin, which was signed by all, was sent to General Oku, pointing out to him that unless we were allowed nearer to his army than eight miles, our usefulness to the people who paid us our salaries was at an end.

While waiting for an answer to this we were led out to see another battle. Either that we might not miss one minute of it, or that we should be too sleepy to see anything of it, we were started in black darkness, at three o'clock in the morning, the hour, as we are told, when one's vitality is at its lowest, and one which should be reserved for the exclusive use of burglars and robbers of hen roosts. Concerning that hour I learned this, that whatever its effects may be upon human beings, it finds a horse at his most strenuous moment. At that hour by the light of three paper lanterns we tried to saddle eighteen horses, donkeys, and ponies, and the sole object of each was to kick the light out of the lantern nearest him. We finally rode off through a darkness that was light-

ened only by a gray, dripping fog, and in a silence broken only by the patter of rain upon the corn that towered high above our heads and for many miles hemmed us in. After an hour, Sataki, the teacher who acted as our guide, lost the trail and Captain Lionel James, of the *Times*, who wrote "On the Heels of De Wet," found it for him. Sataki, so our two other keepers told us, is an authority on international law, and he may be all of that and know all there is to know of three-mile limits and paper blockades, but when it came to picking up a trail, even in the bright sunlight when it lay weltering beneath his horse's nostrils, we always found that any correspondent with an experience of a few campaigns was of more general use. The trail ended at a muddy hill, a bare sugar-loaf of a hill, as high as the main tent of a circus and as abruptly sloping away. It was swept by a damp, chilling wind; a mean, peevish rain washed its sides, and they were so steep that if we sat upon them we tobogganed slowly downward, ploughing up the mud with our boot heels. Hungry, sleepy, in utter darkness, we clung to this slippery mound in its ocean of whispering millet like sailors wrecked in mid-sea upon a rock, and waited for the day. After two hours a gray mist came grudgingly, trees and rocks grew out of it, trenches

appeared at our feet, and what had before looked like a lake of water became a mud village.

Then, like shadows, the foreign attachés, whom we fondly hoped might turn out to be Russian Cossacks coming to take us prisoners and carry us off to breakfast, rode up in silence and were halted at the base of the hill. It seemed now, the audience being assembled, the orchestra might begin. But no hot-throated cannon broke the chilling, dripping, silence, no upheaval of the air spoke of Canet guns, no whirling shrapnel screamed and burst. Instead, the fog rolled back showing us miles of waving corn, the wet rails of the Siberian Railroad glistening in the rain, and, masking the horizon, the same mountains from which the day before the smoke rings had ascended. They now were dark, brooding, their tops hooded in clouds. Somewhere in front of us hidden in the Kiao liang, hidden in the tiny villages, crouching on the banks of streams, concealed in trenches that were themselves concealed, Oku's army, the army to which we were supposed to belong, was buried from our sight. And in the mountains on our right lay the Fourth Army, and twenty miles still farther to the right, Kuroki was closing in upon Liao-Yang. All of this we guessed, what we were told was very different, what we saw was

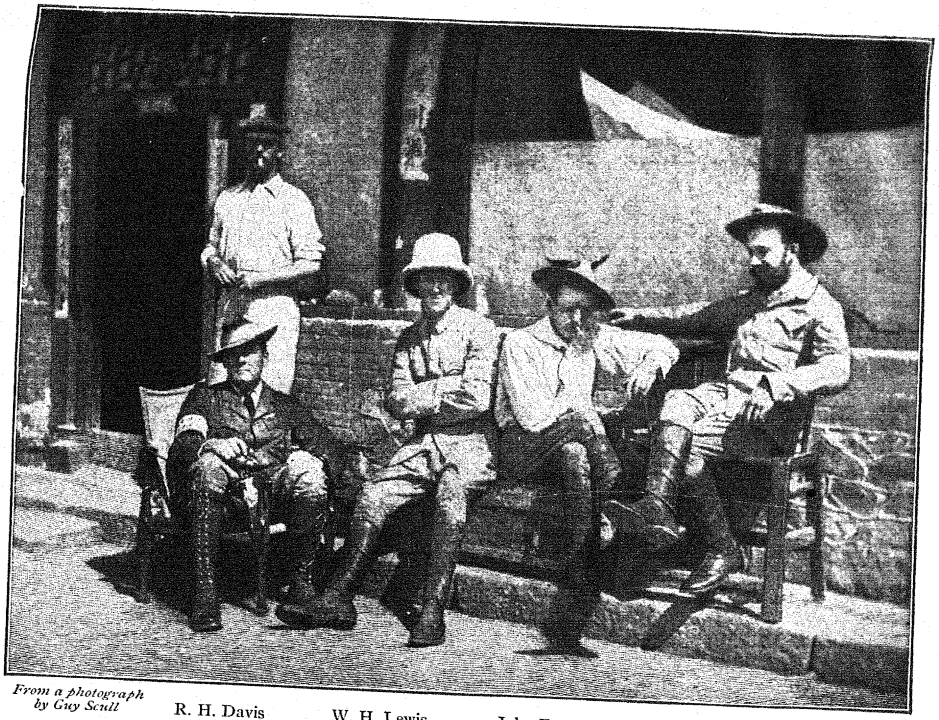
nothing. In all, four hundred thousand men were not farther from us than four to thirty miles—and we saw nothing. We watched as the commissariat wagons carrying food to these men passed us by, the hospital stores passed us by, the transport carts passed us by, the coolies with reserve mounts, the last wounded soldier, straggler, and camp-follower passed us by. Like a big tidal wave Oku's army had swept forward leaving its unwelcome guests, the attachés and correspondents, forty lonely foreigners among seventy thousand Japanese, stranded upon a hill miles in the rear. Perhaps, as war, it was necessary, but it was not magnificent.

That night Major Okabe, our head teacher, gave us the official interpretation of what had occurred. The Russians, he said, had retreated from Liao-Yang and were in open flight. Unless General Kuroki, who, he said, was fifty miles north of us, could cut them off they would reach Mukden in ten days, and until then there would be no more fighting. The Japanese troops, he said, were in Liao-Yang, it had been abandoned without a fight. This he told us on the evening of the 27th of August.

The next morning Major Okabe delivered the answer of General Oku to our round-robin. He

informed us that we had been as near to the fighting as we ever would be allowed to go. The nearest we had been to any fighting was four miles. Our experience had taught us that when the Japanese promised us we would be allowed to do something we wanted to do, they did not keep their promise; but that when they said we would not be allowed to do something we wanted to do, they spoke the truth. Consequently, when General Oku declared the correspondents would be held four miles in the rear, we believed he would keep his word. And, as we now know, he did, the only men who saw the fighting that later ensued being those who disobeyed his orders and escaped from their keepers. Those who had been ordered by their papers to strictly obey the regulations of the Japanese, and the military attachés, were kept by Oku nearly six miles in the rear.

On the receipt of Oku's answer to the correspondents, Mr. John Fox, Jr., of *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. Milton Prior, of the London *Illustrated News*, Mr. George Lynch, of the London *Morning Chronicle*, and myself left the army. We were very sorry to go. Apart from the fact that we had not been allowed to see anything of the military operations, we were enjoying ourselves im-



From a photograph by Guy Scull

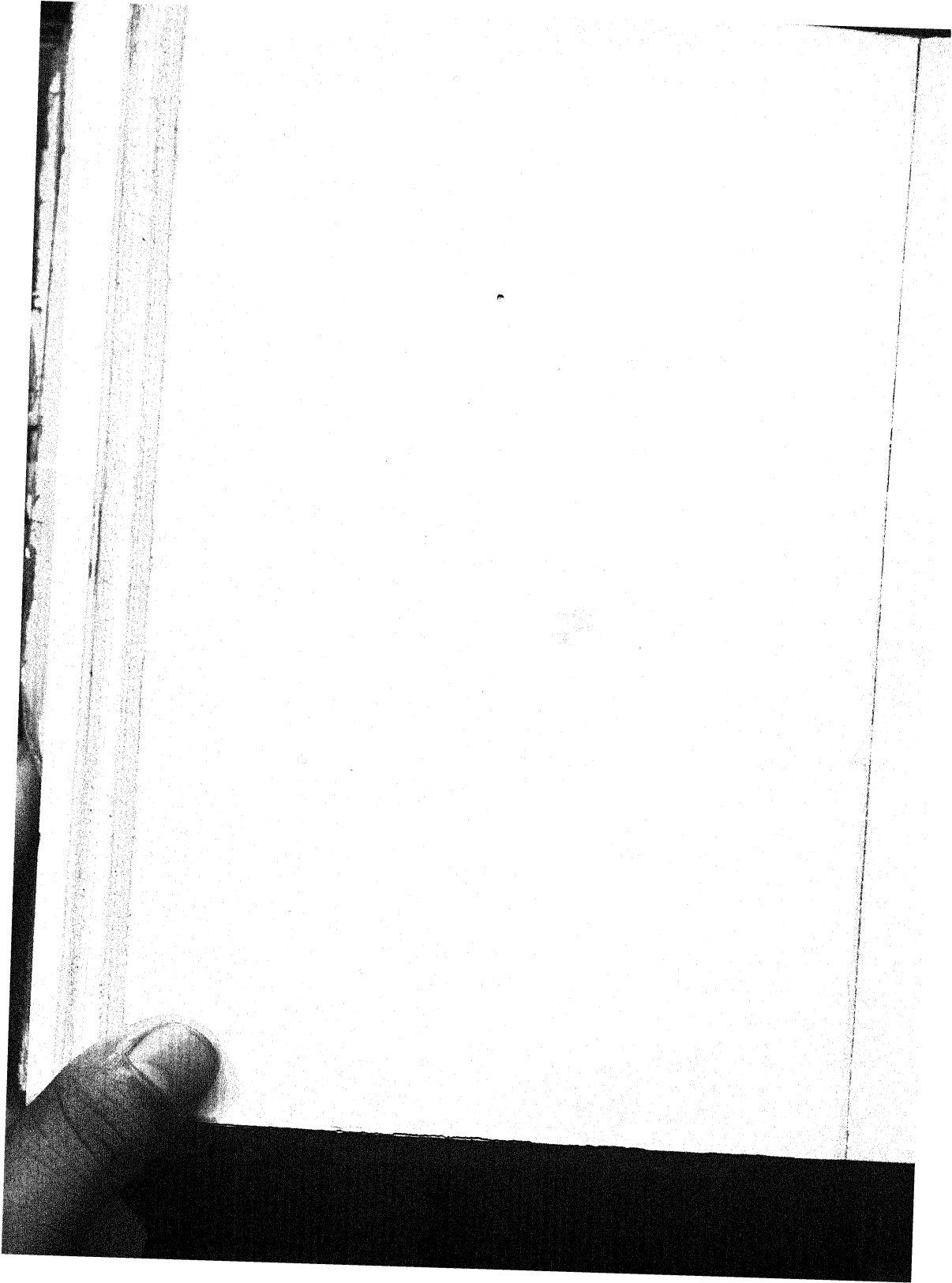
R. H. Davis (*Collier's*)

W. H. Lewis (*New York Herald*)

John Fox, Jr. (*Scribner's*)

W. H. Brill (*Associated Press*)

War correspondents in Manchuria



mensely. Personally, I never went on a campaign in a more delightful country nor with better companions than the men acting as correspondents with the Second Army. For the sake of such good company, and to see more of Manchuria, I personally wanted to keep on. But I was not being paid to go camping with a set of good fellows. Already the Japanese had wasted six months of my time and six months of Mr. Collier's money, Mr. Fox had been bottled up for a period of equal length, while Mr. Prior and Mr. Lynch had been prisoners in Tokio for even four months longer. And now that Okabe assured us that Liao-Yang was already taken, and Oku told us if there were any fighting we would not be allowed to witness it, it seemed a good time to quit.

Other correspondents would have quit then, as most of them did ten days later, but that their work and ours in a slight degree differed. As we were not working for daily papers, we used the cable but seldom, while they used it every day. Each evening Okabe brought them the official account of battles and of the movements of the troops, which news of events which they had not witnessed they sent to their separate papers. But for our purposes it was necessary we should see things for ourselves. For, contrary to the

popular accusation, no matter how flattering it may be, we could not describe events at which we were not present.

But what mainly moved us to decide, was the statements of Okabe, the officer especially detailed by the War Office to aid and instruct us, to act as our guide, philosopher, and friend, our only official source of information, who told us that Liao-Yang was occupied by the Japanese and that the Russians were in retreat. He even begged me personally to come with him into Liao-Yang on the 29th and see how it was progressing under the control of the Japanese authorities.

Okabe's news meant that the great battle Kuropatkin had promised at Liao-Yang, and which we had come to see, would never take place.

Why Okabe lied I do not know. Whether Oku had lied to him, or whether it was Baron-General Kodama or Major-General Fukushima who had instructed him to so grossly misinform us, it is impossible to say. While in Tokio no one ever more frequently, nor more unblushingly, made statements that they knew were untrue than did Kodama and Fukushima, but none of their deceptions had ever harmed us so greatly as did the lie they put into the mouth of Okabe. Not only had the Japanese *not* occupied Liao-Yang

on the evening of the 27th of August, but later, as everybody knows, they had *to fight six days* to get into it. And Kuroki, so far from being fifty miles north toward Mukden as Okabe said he was, was twenty miles to the east on our right preparing for the closing in movement which was just about to begin. Three days after we had left the army, the greatest battle since Sedan was waged for six days.

So our half year of time and money, of dreary waiting, of daily humiliations at the hands of officers with minds diseased by suspicion, all of which would have been made up to us by the sight of this one great spectacle, was to the end absolutely lost to us. Perhaps we made a mistake in judgment. As the cards fell, we certainly did. But after the event it is easy to be wise. For the last fifteen years, had I known as much the night before the Grand Prix was run as I did the next afternoon, I would be passing rich.

The only proposition before us was this: There was small chance of any immediate fighting. If there were fighting we could not see it. Confronted with the same conditions again, I would decide in exactly the same manner. Our misfortune lay in the fact that our experience with other armies had led us to believe that officers and

gentlemen speak the truth, that men with titles of nobility, and with the higher titles of general and major-general, do not lie. In that we were mistaken.

The parting from the other correspondents was a brutal attack upon the feelings which, had we known they were to follow us two weeks later to Tokio, would have been spared us. It is worth recording why, after waiting many months to get to the front, they in their turn so soon left it. After each of the big battles before Liao-Yang they handed the despatches they had written for their papers to Major Okabe. Each day he told them these despatches had been censored and forwarded. After three days he brought back all the despatches and calmly informed the correspondents that not one of their cables had been sent. It was the final affront of Japanese duplicity. In recording the greatest battle of modern times three days had been lost, and by a lie. The object of their coming to the Far East had been frustrated. It was fatuous to longer expect from Kodama and his pupils fair play or honest treatment, and in the interest of their employers and to save their own self-respect, the representatives of all the most important papers in the world, the *Times*, of London, the New York *Herald*, the

Paris *Figaro*, the London *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, and *Morning Post*, quit the Japanese army.

Meanwhile, unconscious of what we had missed, the four of us were congratulating ourselves upon our escape, and had started for New-Chwang. Our first halt was at Hai-Cheng, in the same compound in which for many days with the others we had been imprisoned. But our halt was a brief one. We found the compound glaring in the sun, empty, silent, filled only with memories of the men who, with their laughter, their stories, and their songs had made it live.

But now all were gone, the old familiar faces and the familiar voices, and we threw our things back on the carts and hurried away. The trails between Hai-Cheng and the sea made the worst going we had encountered in Manchuria. You soon are convinced that the time has not been long since this tract of land lay entirely under the waters of the Gulf of Liaotung. You soon scent the salt air, and as you flounder in the alluvial deposits of ages, you expect to find the salt-water at the very roots of the millet. Water lies in every furrow of the miles of cornfields, water flows in streams in the roads, water spreads in lakes over the compounds, it oozes from beneath the very walls of the go-downs. You would not be

surprised at any moment to see the tide returning to envelop you. In this liquid mud a cart can make a trail by the simple process of continuing forward. The havoc is created in the millet and the ditches its iron-studded wheels dig in the mud leave to the eyes of the next comer as perfectly good a trail as the one that has been in use for many centuries. Consequently the opportunities for choosing the wrong trail are excellent, and we embraced every opportunity. But friendly Chinamen, and certainly they are a friendly, human people, again and again cheerfully went far out of their way to guide us back to ours, and so, after two days, we found ourselves five miles from New-Chwang.

Here we agreed to separate. We had heard a marvellous tale that at New-Chwang there was ice, champagne, and a hotel with enamelled bath-tubs. We had unceasingly discussed the probability of this being true, and what we would do with these luxuries if we got them, and when we came so near to where they were supposed to be, it was agreed that one of us would ride on ahead and command them, while the others followed with the carts. The lucky number fell to John Fox, and he left us at a gallop. He was to engage rooms for the four, and to arrange for the care of

seven Japanese interpreters and servants, nine Chinese coolies, and nineteen horses and mules. We expected that by eight o'clock we would be eating the best dinner John Fox could order. We were mistaken. Not that John Fox had not ordered the dinner, but no one ate it but John Fox. The very minute he left us Prior's cart turned turtle in the mud, and the largest of his four mules lay down in it and knocked off work. The mule was hot and very tired, and the mud was soft, cool, and wet, so he burrowed under its protecting surface until all we could see of him was his ears. The coolies shrieked at him, Prior issued ultimatums at him, the Japanese servants stood on dry land fifteen feet away and talked about him, but he only snuggled deeper into his mud bath. When there is no more of a mule to hit than his ears, he has you at a great disadvantage, and when the coolies waded in and tugged at his head, we found that the harder they tugged, the deeper they sank. When they were so far out of sight that we were in danger of losing them too, we ordered them to give up the struggle and unload the cart. Before we got it out of dry-dock, reloaded, and again in line with the other carts it was nine o'clock, and dark.

In the meantime, Lynch, his sense of duty

weakened by visions of enamelled bathtubs filled with champagne and floating lumps of ice, had secretly abandoned us, stealing away in the night and leaving us to follow. This, not ten minutes after we had started, Mr. Prior decided that he would not do, so he camped out with the carts in a village, while, dinnerless, supperless, and thirsty, I rode on alone. I reached New-Chwang at midnight, and after being refused admittance by the Japanese soldiers, was finally rescued by the Number One man from the Manchuria Hotel, who had been sent out by Fox with two sikhs and a lantern to find me. For some minutes I dared not ask him the fateful questions. It was better still to hope than to put one's fortunes to the test. But I finally summoned my courage.

"Ice, have got?" I begged.

"Have got," he answered.

There was a long, grateful pause, and then in a voice that trembled, I again asked, "Champagne, have got?"

Number One man nodded.

"Have got," he said.

I totally forgot until the next morning to ask about the enamelled bathtubs.

When I arrived John Fox had gone to bed, and as it was six weeks since any of us had seen a real

bed, I did not wake him. Hence, he did not know I was in the hotel, and throughout the troubles that followed I slept soundly.

Meanwhile, Lynch, as a punishment for running away from us, lost his own way, and, after stumbling into an old sow and her litter of pigs, which on a dark night is enough to startle any one, stumbled into a Japanese outpost, was hailed as a Russian spy, and made prisoner. This had one advantage, as he now was able to find New-Chwang, to which place he was marched, closely guarded, arriving there at half-past two in the morning. Since he ran away from us he had been wandering about on foot for ten hours. He sent a note to Mr. Little, the British Consul, and to Bush Brothers, the kings of New-Chwang, and, still tormented by visions of ice and champagne, demanded that his captors take him to the Manchuria Hotel. There he swore they would find a pass from Fukushima allowing him to enter New-Chwang, three friends who could identify him, four carts, seven servants, nine coolies, and nineteen animals. The commandant took him to the Manchuria Hotel, where instead of this wealth of corroborative detail they found John Fox in bed. As Prior, the only one of us not in New-Chwang, had the pass from Fukushima, permitting

us to enter it, there was no one to prove what either Lynch or Fox said, and the officer flew into a passion and told Fox he would send both of them out of town on the first train. Mr. Fox was annoyed at being pulled from his bed at three in the morning to be told he was a Russian spy, so he said that there was not a train fast enough to get him out of New-Chwang as quickly as he wanted to go, or, for that matter, out of Japan and away from the Japanese people. At this the officer, being a Yale graduate, and speaking very pure English, told Mr. Fox to "shut up," and Mr. Fox being a Harvard graduate, with an equally perfect command of English, pure and undefiled, shook his fist in the face of the Japanese officer and told him to "shut up yourself." Lynch, seeing the witness he had summoned for the defence about to plunge into conflict with his captor, leaped unhappily from foot to foot, and was heard diplomatically suggesting that all hands should adjourn for ice and champagne.

"If I were a spy," demanded Fox, "do you suppose I would have ridden into your town on a white horse and registered at your head-quarters and then ordered four rooms at the principal hotel and accommodations for seven servants, nine coolies, and nineteen animals? Is that the way a Rus-

sian spy works? Does he go around with a brass band?"

The officer, unable to answer in kind this excellent reasoning, took a mean advantage of his position by placing both John and Lynch under arrest, and at the head of each bed a Japanese policeman to guard their slumbers. The next morning Prior arrived with the pass, and from the decks of the first out-bound English steamer Fox hurled through the captain's brass speaking-trumpet our farewells to the Japanese, as represented by the gun-boats in the harbor. Their officers, probably thinking his remarks referred to floating mines, ran eagerly to the side. But our ship's captain tumbled from the bridge, rescued his trumpet, and begged Fox, until we were under the guns of a British man-of-war, to issue no more farewell addresses. The next evening we passed into the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and saw above Port Arthur the great guns flashing in the night, and the next day we anchored in the snug harbor of Chefoo.

I went at once to the cable station to cable *Collier's* I was returning, and asked the Chinaman in charge if my name was on his list of those correspondents who could send copy collect. He said it was; and as I started to write, he added with grave politeness, "I congratulate you."

For a moment I did not lift my eyes. I felt a chill creeping down my spine. I knew what sort of a blow was coming, and I was afraid of it.

"Why?" I asked.

The Chinaman bowed and smiled.

"Because you are the first," he said. "You are the only correspondent to arrive who has seen the battle of Liao-Yang."

The chill turned to a sort of nausea. I knew then what disaster had fallen, but I cheated myself by pretending the man was misinformed. "There was no battle," I protested. "The Japanese told me themselves they had entered Liao-Yang without firing a shot." The cable operator was a gentleman. He saw my distress, saw what it meant and delivered the blow with the distaste of a physician who must tell a patient he cannot recover. Gently, reluctantly, with real sympathy he said, "They have been fighting for six days."

I went over to a bench, and sat down; and when Lynch and Fox came in and took one look at me, they guessed what had happened. When the Chinaman told them of what we had been cheated, they, in their turn, came to the bench, and collapsed. No one said anything. No one even swore. Six months we had waited

only to miss by three days the greatest battle since Gettysburg and Sedan. And by a lie.

For six months we had tasted all the indignities of the suspected spy, we had been prisoners of war, we had been ticket-of-leave men, and it is not difficult to imagine our glad surprise that same day when we saw in the harbor the white hull of the cruiser *Cincinnati* with our flag lifting at her stern. We did not know a soul on board, but that did not halt us. As refugees, as fleeing political prisoners, as American slaves escaping from their Japanese jailers, we climbed over the side and demanded protection and dinner. We got both. Perhaps it was not good to rest on that bit of drift-wood, that atom of our country that had floated far from the main-land and now formed an island of American territory in the harbor of Chefoo. Perhaps we were not content to sit at the mahogany table in the glistening white and brass bound wardroom surrounded by those eager, sunburned faces, to hear sea slang and home slang in the accents of Maine, Virginia, and New York City. We forgot our dark-skinned keepers with the slanting, suspicious, unfriendly eyes, with tongues that spoke the one thing and meant the other. All the memories of those six months of deceit, of broken pledges, of

unnecessary humiliations, of petty unpoliteness from a half-educated, half-bred, conceited, and arrogant people fell from us like a heavy knapsack. We were again at home. Again with our own people. Out of the happy confusion of that great occasion I recall two toasts. One was offered by John Fox. "Japan for the Japanese, *and the Japanese for Japan.*" Even the Japanese ward-room boy did not catch its significance. The other was a paraphrase of a couplet in reference to our brown brothers of the Philippines first spoken in Manila. "To the Japanese: 'They may be brothers to Commodore Perry, but they ain't no brothers of mine.'"

It was a joyous night. Lieutenant Gilmore, who had been an historic prisoner in the Philippines, so far sympathized with our escape from the Yellow Peril as to intercede with the captain to extend the rules of the ship. And those rules that were incapable of extending broke. Indeed, I believe we broke everything but the eight-inch gun. And finally we were conducted to our steamer in a launch crowded with slim-waisted, broad-chested youths in white mess jackets, clasping each other's shoulders and singing, "Way down in my heart, I have a feeling for you, a sort of feeling for you"; while the officer of the

deck turned his back, and discreetly fixed his night glass upon a suspicious star.

It was an American cruiser that rescued this war correspondent from the bondage of Japan. It will require all the battle-ships in the Japanese navy to force him back to it.



A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S KIT

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S KIT

I AM going to try to describe some kits and outfits I have seen used in different parts of the world by travellers and explorers, and in different campaigns by army officers and war correspondents. Among the articles, the reader may learn of some new thing which, when next he goes hunting, fishing, or exploring, he can adapt to his own uses. That is my hope, but I am sceptical. I have seldom met the man who would allow any one else to select his kit, or who would admit that any other kit was better than the one he himself had packed. It is a very delicate question. The same article that one declares is the most essential to his comfort, is the very first thing that another will throw into the trail. A man's outfit is a matter which seems to touch his private honor. I have heard veterans sitting around a camp-fire proclaim the superiority of their kits with a jealousy, loyalty, and enthusiasm they would not exhibit for the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone. On a campaign, you may attack a man's courage, the flag he serves, the

newspaper for which he works, his intelligence, or his camp manners, and he will ignore you; but if you criticise his patent water-bottle he will fall upon you with both fists. So, in recommending any article for an outfit, one needs to be careful. An outfit lends itself to dispute, because the selection of its component parts is not an exact science. It should be, but it is not. A doctor on his daily rounds can carry in a compact little satchel almost everything he is liable to need; a carpenter can stow away in one box all the tools of his trade. But an outfit is not selected on any recognized principles. It seems to be a question entirely of temperament. As the man said when his friends asked him how he made his famous cocktail, "It depends on my mood." The truth is that each man in selecting his outfit generally follows the lines of least resistance. With one, the pleasure he derives from his morning bath outweighs the fact that for the rest of the day he must carry a rubber bathtub. Another man is hearty, tough, and inured to an out-of-door life. He can sleep on a pile of coal or standing on his head, and he naturally scorns to carry a bed. But another man, should he sleep all night on the ground, the next day would be of no use to himself, his regiment, or his newspaper. So he car-

ries a folding cot and the more fortunate one of tougher fibre laughs at him. Another man says that the only way to campaign is to travel "light," and sets forth with rain-coat and field-glass. He honestly thinks that he travels light because his intelligence tells him it is the better way; but, as a matter of fact, he does so because he is lazy. Throughout the entire campaign he borrows from his friends, and with that *camaraderie* and unselfishness that never comes to the surface so strongly as when men are thrown together in camp, they lend him whatever he needs. When the war is over, he is the man who goes about saying: "Some of those fellows carried enough stuff to fill a moving van. Now, look what I did. I made the entire campaign on a tooth-brush."

As a matter of fact, I have a sneaking admiration for the man who dares to borrow. His really is the part of wisdom. But at times he may lose himself in places where he can neither a borrower nor a lender be, and there are men so tenderly constituted that they cannot keep another man hungry while they use his coffee-pot. So it is well to take a few things with you—if only to lend them to the men who travel "light."

On hunting and campaigning trips the climate, the means of transport, and the chance along the

road of obtaining food and fodder vary so greatly that it is not possible to map out an outfit which would serve equally well for each of them. What on one journey was your most precious possession on the next is a useless nuisance. On two trips I have packed a tent weighing, with the stakes, fifty pounds, which, as we slept in huts, I never once had occasion to open; while on other trips in countries that promised to be more or less settled, I had to always live under canvas, and sometimes broke camp twice a day.

In one war, in which I worked for an English paper, we travelled like major-generals. When that war started few thought it would last over six weeks, and many of the officers regarded it in the light of a picnic. In consequence, they mobilized as they never would have done had they foreseen what was to come, and the mess contractor grew rich furnishing, not only champagne, which in campaigns in fever countries has saved the life of many a good man, but cases of even port and burgundy, which never greatly helped any one. Later these mess supplies were turned over to the field-hospitals, but at the start every one travelled with more than he needed and more than the regulations allowed, and each correspondent was advised that if he represented

a first-class paper and wished to "save his face" he had better travel in state. Those who did not, found the staff and censor less easy of access, and the means of obtaining information more difficult. But it was a nuisance. If, when a man halted at your tent, you could not stand him whiskey and sparklet soda, Egyptian cigarettes, compressed soup, canned meats, and marmalade, your paper was suspected of trying to do it "on the cheap," and not only of being mean, but, as this was a popular war, unpatriotic. When the army stripped down to work all this was discontinued, but at the start I believe there were carried with that column as many tins of tan-leather dressing as there were rifles. On that march my own outfit was as unwieldy as a gypsy's caravan. It consisted of an enormous cart, two oxen, three Basuto ponies, one Australian horse, three servants, and four hundred pounds of supplies and baggage. When it moved across the plain it looked as large as a Fall River boat. Later, when I joined the opposing army, and was not expected to maintain the dignity of a great London daily, I carried all my belongings strapped to my back, or to the back of my one pony, and I was quite as comfortable, clean, and content as I had been with the private car and the circus tent.

A War Correspondent's Kit

Throughout the Greek war, as there were no horses to be had for love or money, we walked, and I learned then that when one has to carry his own kit the number of things he can do without is extraordinary. While I marched with the army, offering my kingdom for a horse, I carried my outfit in saddle-bags thrown over my shoulder. And I think it must have been a good outfit, for I never bought anything to add to it or threw anything away. I submit that as a fair test of a kit.

Further on, should any reader care to know how for several months one may keep going with an outfit he can pack in two saddle-bags, I will give a list of the articles which in three campaigns I carried in mine.

Personally, I am for travelling "light," but at the very start one is confronted with the fact that what one man calls light to another savors of luxury. I call fifty pounds light; in Japan we each were allowed the officer's allowance of sixty-six pounds. Lord Wolseley, in his "Pocketbook," cuts down the officer's kit to forty pounds, while "Nessmut," of the *Forest and Stream*, claims that for a hunting trip, all one wants does not weigh over twenty-six pounds. It is very largely a question of compromise. You cannot eat your cake and have it. You cannot, under a tropical sun,

throw away your blanket and when the night dew falls wrap it around you. And if, after a day of hard climbing or riding, you want to drop into a folding chair, to make room for it in your carry-all you must give up many other lesser things.

By travelling light I do not mean any lighter than the necessity demands. If there is transport at hand, a man is foolish not to avail himself of it. He is always foolish if he does not make things as easy for himself as possible. The tenderfoot will not agree with this. With him there is no idea so fixed, and no idea so absurd, as that to be comfortable is to be effeminate. He believes that "roughing it" is synonymous with hardship, and in season and out of season he plays the Spartan. Any man who suffers discomforts he can avoid because he fears his comrades will think he cannot suffer hardships is an idiot. You often hear it said of a man that "he can rough it with the best of them." Any one can do that. The man I want for a "bunkie" is the one who can be comfortable while the best of them are roughing it. The old soldier knows that it is his duty to keep himself fit, so that he can perform his work, whether his work is scouting for forage or scouting for men, but you will often hear the volunteer captain say: "Now, boys, don't for-

get we're roughing it; and don't expect to be comfortable." As a rule, the only reason his men are uncomfortable is because he does not know how to make them otherwise; or because he thinks, on a campaign, to endure unnecessary hardship is the mark of a soldier.

In the Cuban campaign the day the American forces landed at Siboney a major-general of volunteers took up his head-quarters in the house from which the Spanish commandant had just fled, and on the veranda of which Caspar Whitney and myself had found two hammocks and made ourselves at home. The Spaniard who had been left to guard the house courteously offered the major-general his choice of three bed-rooms. They all were on the first floor and opened upon the veranda, and to the general's staff a tent could have been no easier of access. Obviously, it was the duty of the general to keep himself in good physical condition, to obtain as much sleep as possible, and to rest his great brain and his limbs cramped with ten days on shipboard. But in a tone of stern reproof he said, "No; I am campaigning now, and I have given up all luxuries." And with that he stretched a poncho on the hard boards of the veranda, where, while just a few feet from him the three beds and white

mosquito nets gleamed invitingly, he tossed and turned. Besides being a silly spectacle, the sight of an old gentleman lying wide awake on his shoulder-blades was disturbing, and as the hours dragged on we repeatedly offered him our hammocks. But he fretfully persisted in his determination to be uncomfortable. And he was. The feelings of his unhappy staff, several of whom were officers of the regular army, who had to follow the example of their chief, were toward morning hardly loyal. Later, at the very moment the army moved up to the battle of San Juan this same major-general was relieved of his command on account of illness. Had he sensibly taken care of himself, when the moment came when he was needed, he would have been able to better serve his brigade and his country. In contrast to this pose is the conduct of the veteran hunter, or old soldier. When he gets into camp his first thought, after he has cared for his horse, is for his own comfort. He does not wolf down a cold supper and then spread his blanket wherever he happens to be standing. He knows that, especially at night, it is unfair to ask his stomach to digest cold rations. He knows that the warmth of his body is needed to help him to sleep soundly, not to fight chunks of canned

meat. So, no matter how sleepy he may be, he takes the time to build a fire and boil a cup of tea or coffee. Its warmth aids digestion and saves his stomach from working overtime. Nor will he act on the theory that he is "so tired he can sleep anywhere." For a few hours the man who does that may sleep the sleep of exhaustion. But before day breaks he will feel under him the roots and stones, and when he awakes he is stiff, sore, and unrefreshed. Ten minutes spent in digging holes for hips and shoulder-blades, in collecting grass and branches to spread beneath his blanket, and leaves to stuff in his boots for a pillow, will give him a whole night of comfort and start him well and fit on the next day's tramp. If you have watched an old sergeant, one of the Indian fighters, of which there are now too few left in the army, when he goes into camp, you will see him build a bunk and possibly a shelter of boughs just as though for the rest of his life he intended to dwell in that particular spot. Down in the Garcia campaign along the Rio Grande I said to one of them: "Why do you go to all that trouble? We break camp at daybreak." He said: "Do we? Well, maybe you know that, and maybe the captain knows that, but *I* don't know it. And so long as I don't know it, I am going to be just as snug

as though I was halted here for a month." In camping, that was one of my first and best lessons—to make your surroundings healthy and comfortable. The temptation always is to say, "Oh, it is for only one night, and I am too tired." The next day you say the same thing, "We'll move to-morrow. What's the use?" But the fishing or shooting around the camp proves good, or it comes on to storm, and for maybe a week you do not move, and for a week you suffer discomforts. An hour of work put in at the beginning would have turned it into a week of ease.

When there is transport of even one pack-horse, one of the best helps toward making camp quickly is a combination of panniers and bed used for many years by E. F. Knight, the *Times* war correspondent, who lost an arm at Gras Pan. It consists of two leather trunks, which by day carry your belongings slung on either side of the pack-animal, and by night act as uprights for your bed. The bed is made of canvas stretched on two poles which rest on the two trunks. For travelling in upper India this arrangement is used almost universally. Mr. Knight obtained his during the Chitral campaign, and since then has used it in every war. He had it with Ku-

roki's army during this last campaign in Manchuria.[1]

A more compact form of valise and bed combined is the "carry-all," or any of the many makes of sleeping-bags, which during the day carry the kit and at night when spread upon the ground serve for a bed. The one once most used by Englishmen was Lord Wolseley's "valise and sleeping-bag." It was complicated by a number of strings, and required as much lacing as a dozen pairs of boots. It has been greatly improved by a new sleeping-bag with straps, and flaps that tuck in at the ends. But the obvious disadvantage of all sleeping-bags is that in rain and mud

[1] The top of the trunk is made of a single piece of leather with a rim that falls over the mouth of the trunk and protects the contents from rain. The two iron rings by which each box is slung across the padded back of the pack-horse are fastened by rivetted straps to the rear top line of each trunk. On both *ends* of each trunk near the top and back are two iron sockets. In these fit the staples that hold the poles for the bed. The staples are made of iron in the shape of the numeral 9, the poles passing through the circle of the 9. The bed should be four feet long three feet wide, of heavy canvas, strengthened by leather straps. At both ends are two buckles which connect with straps on the top of each trunk. Along one side of the canvas is a pocket running its length and open at both ends. Through this one of the poles passes and the other through a series of straps that extend on the opposite side. These straps can be shortened or tightened to allow a certain "give" to the canvas, which the ordinary stretcher-bed does not permit. The advantage of this arrangement is in the fact that it can be quickly put together and that it keeps the sleeper clear of the ground and safeguards him from colds and malaria.

you are virtually lying on the hard ground, at the mercy of tarantula and fever.

The carry-all is, nevertheless, to my mind, the most nearly perfect way in which to pack a kit. I have tried the trunk, valise, and sleeping-bag, and vastly prefer it to them all. My carry-all differs only from the sleeping-bag in that, instead of lining it so that it may be used as a bed, I carry in its pocket a folding cot. By omitting the extra lining for the bed, I save almost the weight of the cot. The folding cot I pack is the Gold Medal Bed, made in this country, but which you can purchase almost anywhere. I once carried one from Chicago to Cape Town to find on arriving I could buy the bed there at exactly the same price I had paid for it in America. I also found them in Tokio, where imitations of them were being made by the ingenious and disingenuous Japanese. They are light in weight, strong, and comfortable, and are undoubtedly the best camp-bed made. When at your elevation of six inches above the ground you look down from one of them upon a comrade in a sleeping-bag with rivulets of rain and a tide of muddy water rising above him, your satisfaction, as you fall asleep, is worth the weight of the bed in gold.

My carry-all is of canvas with a back of water-

proof. It is made up of three strips six and a half feet long. The two outer strips are each two feet three inches wide, the middle strip four feet. At one end of the middle strip is a deep pocket of heavy canvas with a flap that can be fastened by two straps. When the kit has been packed in this pocket, the two side strips are folded over it and the middle strip and the whole is rolled up and buckled by two heavy straps on the waterproof side. It is impossible for any article to fall out or for the rain to soak in. I have a smaller carry-all made on the same plan, but on a tiny scale, in which to carry small articles and a change of clothing. It goes into the pocket after the bed, chair, and the heavier articles are packed away. When the bag is rolled up they are on the outside of and form a protection to the articles of lighter weight.

The only objection to the carry-all is that it is an awkward bundle to pack. It is difficult to balance it on the back of an animal, but when you are taking a tent with you or carrying your provisions, it can be slung on one side of the pack saddle to offset their weight on the other.

I use the carry-all when I am travelling "heavy." By that I mean when it is possible to obtain a pack-animal or cart. When travelling light and

bivouacking by night without a pack-horse, bed, or tent, I use the saddle-bags, already described. These can be slung over the back of the horse you ride, or if you walk, carried over your shoulder. I carried them in this latter way in Greece, in the Transvaal, and Cuba during the rebellion, and later with our own army.

The list of articles I find most useful when travelling where it is possible to obtain transport, or, as we may call it, travelling heavy, are the following:

A tent, seven by ten feet, with fly, jointed poles, tent-pins, a heavy mallet. I recommend a tent open at both ends with a window cut in one end. The window, when that end is laced and the other open, furnishes a draught of air. The window should be covered with a flap which, in case of rain, can be tied down over it with tapes. A great convenience in a tent is a pocket sewn inside of each wall, for boots, books, and such small articles. The pocket should not be filled with anything so heavy as to cause the walls to sag. Another convenience with a tent is a leather strap stretched from pole to pole, upon which to hang clothes, and another is a strap to be buckled around the front tent-pole, and which is studded with projecting hooks for your lantern, water-bot-

tle, and field-glasses. This latter can be bought ready-made at any military outfitter's.

Many men object to the wooden tent-pin on account of its tendency to split, and carry pins made of iron. With these, an inch below the head of the pin is a projecting barb which holds the tent rope. When the pin is being driven in, the barb is out of reach of the mallet. Any blacksmith can beat out such pins, and if you can afford the extra weight, they are better than those of ash. Also, if you can afford the weight, it is well to carry a strip of water-proof or oilcloth for the floor of the tent to keep out dampness. All these things appertaining to the tent should be rolled up in it, and the tent itself carried in a light-weight receptacle, with a running noose like a sailor's kit-bag.

The carry-all has already been described. Of its contents, I consider first in importance the folding bed.

And second in importance I would place a folding chair. Many men scoff at a chair as a cumbersome luxury. But after a hard day on foot or in the saddle, when you sit on the ground with your back to a rock and your hands locked across your knees to keep yourself from sliding, or on a box with no rest for your spinal column, you

begin to think a chair is not a luxury, but a necessity. During the Cuban campaign, for a time I was a member of General Sumner's mess. The general owned a folding chair, and whenever his back was turned every one would make a rush to get into it. One time we were discussing what, in the light of our experience of that campaign, we would take with us on our next, and all agreed, Colonel Howze, Captain Andrews, and Major Harmon, that if one could only take one article it would be a chair. I carried one in Manchuria, but it was of no use to me, as the other correspondents occupied it, relieving each other like sentries on guard duty. I had to pin a sign on it, reading, "Don't sit on me," but no one ever saw the sign. Once, in order to rest in my own chair, I weakly established a precedent by giving George Lynch a cigar to allow me to sit down (on that march there was a mess contractor who supplied us even with cigars, and occasionally with food), and after that, whenever a man wanted to smoke, he would commandeer my chair, and unless bribed refuse to budge. This seems to argue the popularity of the contractor's cigars rather than that of the chair, but, nevertheless, I submit that on a campaign the article second in importance for rest, comfort, and content is a chair. The best I know

is one invented by Major Elliott of the British army. I have an Elliott chair that I have used four years, not only when camping out, but in my writing-room at home. It is an arm-chair, and is as comfortable as any made. The objections to it are its weight, that it packs bulkily, and takes down into too many pieces. Even with these disadvantages it is the best chair. It can be purchased at the Army and Navy and Anglo-Indian stores in London. A chair of lighter weight and one-fourth the bulk is the Willisden chair, of green canvas and thin iron supports. It breaks in only two pieces, and is very comfortable.

Sir Harry Johnson, in his advice to explorers, makes a great point of their packing a chair. But he recommends one known as the "Wellington," which is a cane-bottomed affair, heavy and cumbersome. Dr. Harford, the instructor in outfit for the Royal Geographical Society, recommends a steamer-chair, because it can be used on shipboard and "can be easily carried afterward." If there be anything less easy to carry than a deck-chair I have not met it. One might as soon think of packing a folding step-ladder. But if he has the transport, the man who packs any reasonably light folding chair will not regret it.

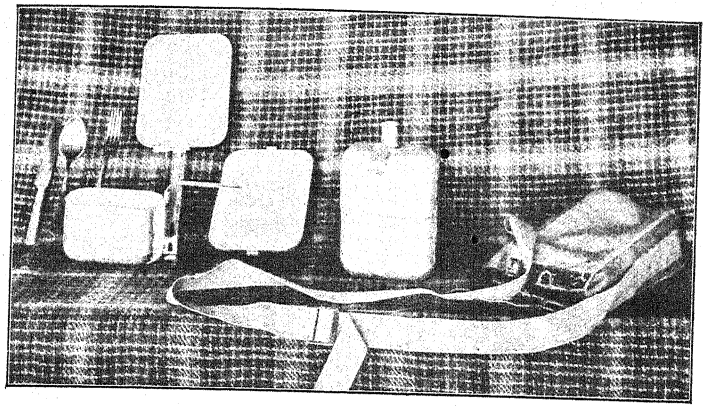
A War Correspondent's Kit

As a rule, a cooking kit is built like every other cooking kit in that the utensils for cooking are carried in the same pot that is used for boiling the water, and the top of the pot turns itself into a frying-pan. For eight years I always have used the same kind of cooking kit, so I cannot speak of others with knowledge; but I have always looked with envious eyes at the Preston cooking kit and water-bottle. Why it has not already been adopted by every army I do not understand, for in no army have I seen a kit as compact or as light, or one that combines as many useful articles and takes up as little room. It is the invention of Captain Guy H. Preston, Thirteenth Cavalry, and can be purchased at any military outfitter's.

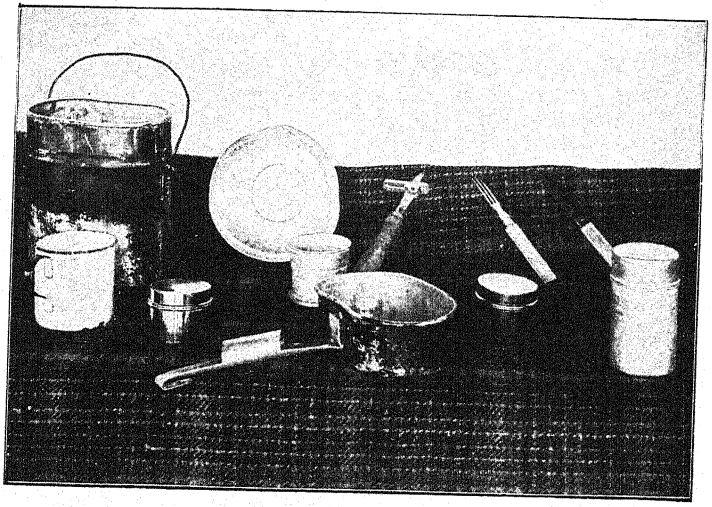
The cooking kit I carry is, or was, in use in the German army. It is made of aluminum, weighs about as much as a cigarette-case, and takes up as little room as would a high hat. It is a frying-pan and coffee-pot combined. From the Germans it has been borrowed by the Japanese, and one smaller than mine, but of the same pattern, is part of the equipment of each Japanese soldier. On a day's march there are three things a man must carry: his water-bottle, his food, which, with the soldier, is generally carried in a haversack, and his cooking kit. Preston has

succeeded most ingeniously in combining the water-bottle and the cooking kit, and I believe by cutting his water-bottle in half, he can make room in his coffee-pot for the food. If he will do this, he will solve the problem of carrying water, food, and the utensils for cooking the food and for boiling the water in one receptacle, which can be carried from the shoulder by a single strap. The alteration I have made for my own use in Captain Preston's water-bottle enables me to carry in the coffee-pot one day's rations of bacon, coffee, and biscuit.

In Tokio, before leaving for Manchuria, General Fukushima asked me to bring my entire outfit to the office of the General Staff. I spread it out on the floor, and with unerring accuracy he selected from it the three articles of greatest value. They were the Gold Medal cot, the Elliott chair, and Preston's water-bottle. He asked if he could borrow these, and, understanding that he wanted to copy them for his own use, and supposing that if he used them, he would, of course, make some restitution to the officers who had invented them, I foolishly loaned them to him. Later, he issued them in numbers to the General Staff. As I felt, in a manner, responsible, I wrote to the Secretary of War, saying I was sure the Japanese army



The component parts of the Preston cooking kit



German Army cooking kit after use in five campaigns

All of these articles pack inside the kettle

did not wish to benefit by these inventions without making some acknowledgment or return to the inventors. But the Japanese War Office could not see the point I tried to make, and the General Staff wrote a letter in reply asking why I had not directed my communication to General Fukushima, as it was not the Secretary of War, but he, who had taken the articles. The fact that they were being issued without any return being made, did not interest them. They passed cheerfully over the fact that the articles had been stolen, and were indignant, not because I had accused a Japanese general of pilfering, but because I had accused the wrong general. The letter was so insolent that I went to the General Staff Office and explained that the officer who wrote it, must withdraw it, and apologize for it. Both of which things he did. In case the gentlemen whose inventions were "borrowed" might, if they wished, take further steps in the matter, I sent the documents in the case, with the exception of the letter which was withdrawn, to the chief of the General Staff in the United States and in England.

In importance after the bed, cooking kit, and chair. I would place these articles:

Two collapsible water-buckets of rubber or canvas.
Two collapsible brass lanterns, with extra isinglass sides.

A War Correspondent's Kit

Two boxes of sick-room candles.

One dozen boxes of safety matches.

One axe. The best I have seen is the Marble Safety Axe, made at Gladstone, Mich. You can carry it in your hip-pocket, and you can cut down a tree with it.

One medicine case containing quinine, calomel, and Sun Cholera Mixture in tablets.

Toilet-case for razors, tooth-powder, brushes, and paper.

Folding bath-tub of rubber in rubber case. These are manufactured to fold into a space little larger than a cigar-box.

Two towels old, and soft.

Three cakes of soap.

One Jaeger blanket.

One mosquito head-bag.

One extra pair of shoes, old and comfortable.

One extra pair of riding-breeches.

One extra pair of gaiters. The former regulation army gaiter of canvas, laced, rolls up in a small compass and weighs but little.

One flannel shirt. Gray least shows the dust.

Two pairs of drawers. For riding, the best are those of silk.

Two undershirts, balbriggan or woollen.

Three pairs of woollen socks.

Two linen handkerchiefs, large enough, if needed, to tie around the throat and protect the back of the neck.

One pair of pajamas, woollen, not linen.

One housewife.

Two briarwood pipes.

Six bags of smoking tobacco; Durham or Seal of North Carolina pack easily.

One pad of writing paper.

A War Correspondent's Kit

One fountain pen, *self-filling*.

One bottle of ink, with screw top, held tight by a spring.

One dozen linen envelopes.

Stamps, wrapped in oil-silk with mucilage side next to the silk.

One stick sealing-wax. In tropical countries mucilage on the flap of envelopes sticks to everything except the envelope.

One dozen elastic bands of the largest size. In packing they help to compress articles like clothing into the smallest possible compass and in many other ways will be found very useful.

One pack of playing-cards.

Books.

One revolver and six cartridges.

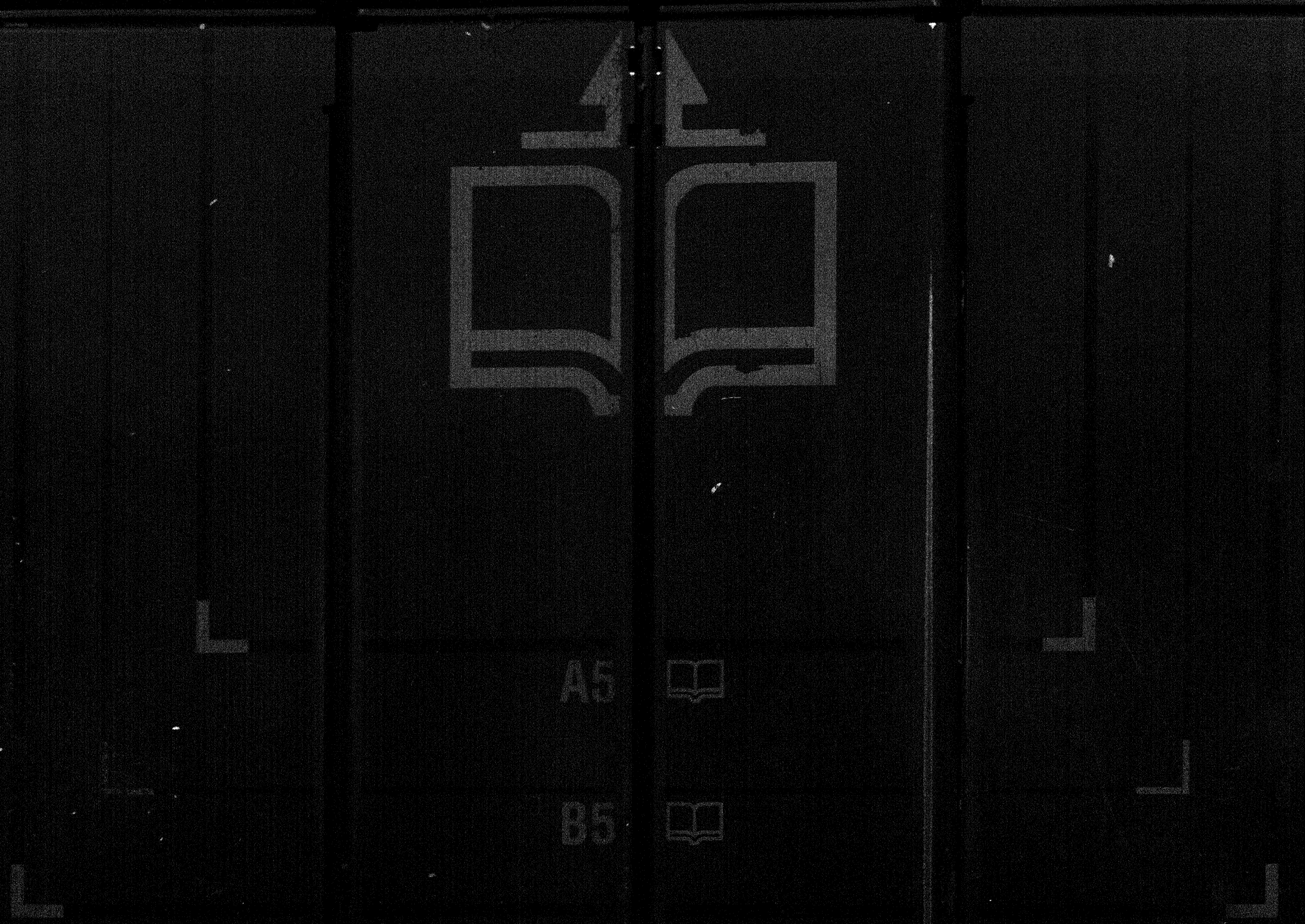
The reason for most of these articles is obvious. Some of them may need a word of recommendation. I place the water-buckets first in the list for the reason that I have found them one of my most valuable assets. With one, as soon as you halt, instead of waiting for your turn at the well or water-hole, you can carry water to your horse, and one of them once filled and set in the shelter of the tent, later saves you many steps. It also can be used as a nose-bag, and to carry fodder. I recommend the brass folding lantern, because those I have tried of tin or aluminum have invariably broken. A lantern is an absolute necessity. When before daylight you break camp, or

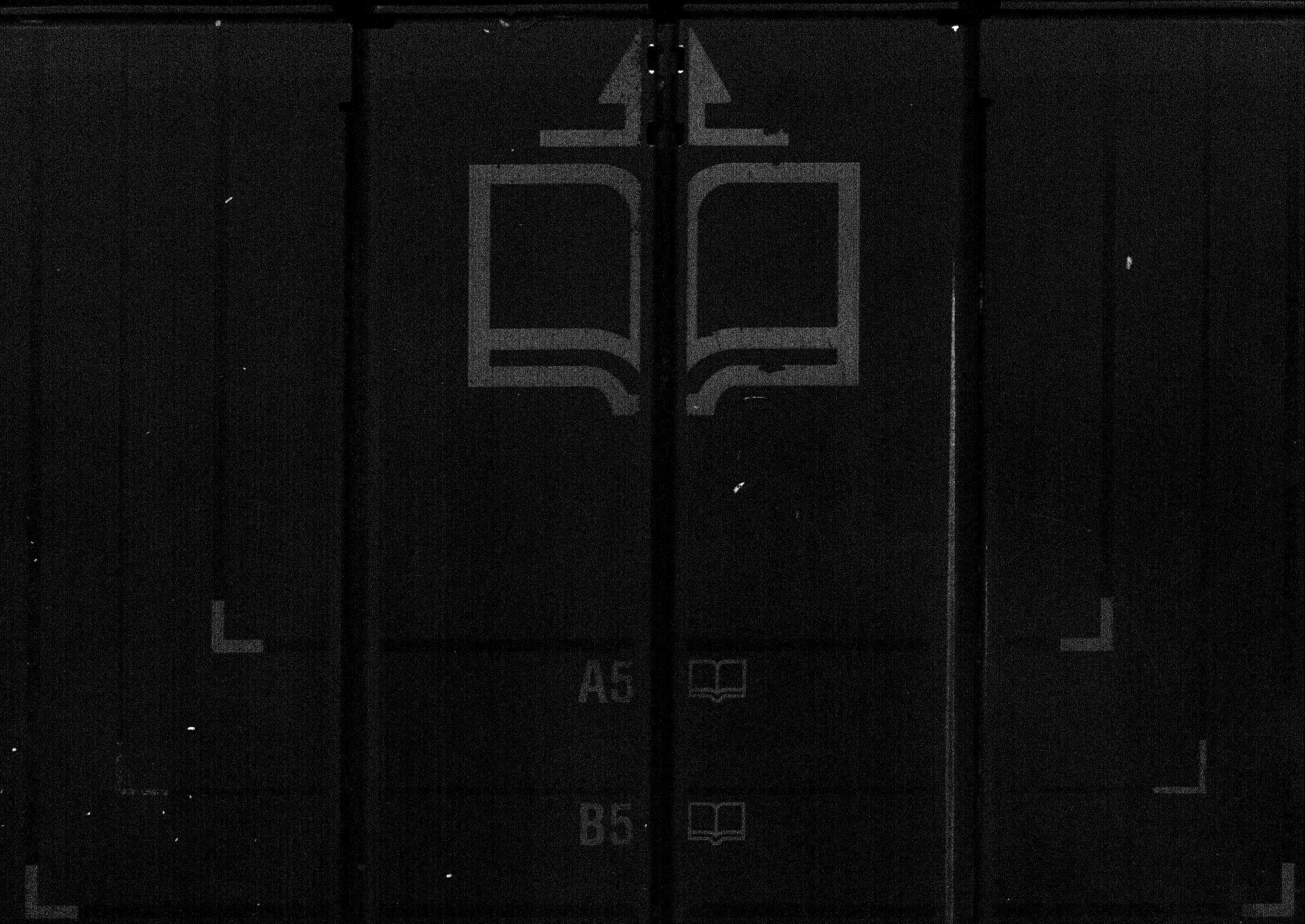
hurry out in a wind storm to struggle with flying tent-pegs, or when at night you wish to read or play cards, a lantern with a stout frame and steady light is indispensable. The original cost of the sick-room candles is more than that of ordinary candles, but they burn longer, are brighter, and take up much less room. To protect them and the matches from dampness, or the sun, it is well to carry them in a rubber sponge-bag. Any one who has forgotten to pack a towel will not need to be advised to take two. An old sergeant of Troop G, Third Cavalry, once told me that if he had to throw away everything he carried in his roll but one article, he would save his towel. And he was not a particularly fastidious sergeant either, but he preferred a damp towel in his roll to damp clothes on his back. Every man knows the dreary halts in camp when the rain pours outside, or the regiment is held in reserve. For times like these a pack of cards or a book is worth carrying, even if it weighs as much as the plates from which it was printed. At present it is easy to obtain all of the modern classics in volumes small enough to go into the coat-pocket. In Japan, before starting for China, we divided up among the correspondents Thomas Nelson & Sons' and Doubleday, Page & Co.'s pocket editions of

Dickens, Thackeray, and Lever, and as most of our time in Manchuria was spent locked up in compounds, they proved a great blessing.

In the list I have included a revolver, following out the old saying that "You may not need it for a long time, but when you do need it, you want it damned quick." Except to impress guides and mule-drivers, it is not an essential article. In six campaigns I have carried one, and never used it, nor needed it but once, and then while I was dodging behind the foremast it lay under tons of luggage in the hold. The number of cartridges I have limited to six, on the theory that if in six shots you haven't hit the other fellow, he will have hit you, and you will not require another six.

This, I think, completes the list of articles that on different expeditions I either have found of use, or have seen render good service to some one else. But the really wise man will pack none of the things enumerated in this article. For the larger his kit, the less benefit he will have of it. It will all be taken from him. And accordingly my final advice is to go forth empty-handed, naked and unashamed, and borrow from your friends. I have never tried that method of collecting an outfit, but I have seen never it fail, and of all travellers the man who borrows is the wisest.


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B5


A5
B5



THE LITTLE MINISTER

BY

J. M. BARRIE

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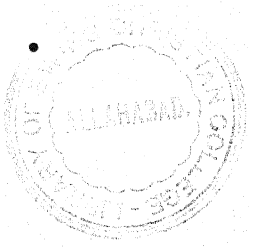
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INTRODUCTION

THE editor of *Good Words*, in which "The Little Minister" appeared, was dissatisfied with the size of the heroine's mouth and implored me to make it a little larger. Otherwise the book would always be a pain to him. So with charming good-nature I enlarged Babbie's mouth, and he was again the most genial man in Glasgow.

But no one could persuade me to add half an inch to the stature of the little minister. In real life small men have their affairs of the heart equally with their big brothers, they even bring them to a successful issue — wait at the church door and you will presently see a little bridegroom emerge with a tall bride — but in fiction these things are not so, you know when the short man is introduced that he is to be a mere foil to a six-footer, that he must love in vain, that at the most the lady will offer to be a sister to him. Gavin is not only the shortest hero in fiction: so far as my researches go, he is the only short hero; were all the heroes of the novels to meet on some vast plain you could pick him out at once, not because

he was preaching to the others (though that is what he would be doing), but solely because of his lack of inches. "Who is the little man?" you would ask inquisitively, and if Mr. Dishart heard you, perhaps he would not wince, but I cannot guarantee this.

I am afraid I have already mentioned his only claim to distinction. He begins pretty well, I think, but there comes a time — I see it now, though I did not see it then — when Rob Dow might with advantage have left Babbie alone and turned his attention to the author.

THE LITTLE MINISTER

PART I



THE LITTLE MINISTER

CHAPTER I

THE LOVE-LIGHT

LONG ago in the days when our caged blackbirds never saw a king's soldier without whistling impudently, "Come ower the water to Charlie," a minister of Thrums was to be married, but something happened, and he remained a bachelor. Then, when he was old, he passed in our square the lady who was to have been his wife, and her hair was white, but she, too, was still unmarried. The meeting had only one witness, a weaver, and he said solemnly afterwards, "They didna speak, but they just gave one another a look, and I saw the love-light in their een." No more is remembered of these two, no being now living ever saw them, but the poetry that was in the soul of a battered weaver makes them human to us for ever.

It is of another minister I am to tell, but only

to those who know that light when they see it. I am not bidding good-bye to many readers, for though it is true that some men, of whom Lord Rintoul was one, live to an old age without knowing love, few of us can have met them, and of women so incomplete I never heard.

Gavin Dishart was barely twenty-one when he and his mother came to Thrums, light-hearted like the traveller who knows not what awaits him at the bend of the road. It was the time of year when the ground is carpeted beneath the firs with brown needles, when splitnuts patter all day from the beech, and children lay yellow corn on the dominie's desk to remind him that now they are needed in the fields. The day was so silent that carts could be heard rumbling a mile away. All Thrums was out in its wynds and closes — a few of the weavers still in knee-breeches — to look at the new Auld Licht minister. I was there too, the dominie of Glen Quharity, which is four miles from Thrums; and heavy was my heart as I stood afar off so that Gavin's mother might not have the pain of seeing me. I was the only one in the crowd who looked at her more than at her son.

Eighteen years had passed since we parted. Already her hair had lost the brightness of its youth, and she seemed to me smaller and more fragile; and the face that I loved when I was a hobbledehoy, and loved when I looked once more upon it

in Thrums, and always shall love till I die, was soft and worn. Margaret was an old woman, and she was only forty-three: and I am the man who made her old. As Gavin put his eager boyish face out at the carriage window, many saw that he was holding her hand, but none could be glad at the sight as the dominie was glad, looking on at a happiness in which he dared not mingle. Margaret was crying because she was so proud of her boy. Women do that. Poor sons to be proud of, good mothers, but I would not have you dry those tears.

When the little minister looked out at the carriage window, many of the people drew back humbly, but a little boy in a red frock with black spots pressed forward and offered him a sticky parly, which Gavin accepted, though not without a tremor, for children were more terrible to him then than bearded men. The boy's mother, trying not to look elated, bore him away, but her face said that he was made for life. With this little incident Gavin's career in Thrums began. I remembered it suddenly the other day when wading across the wynd where it took place. Many scenes in the little minister's life come back to me in this way. The first time I ever thought of writing his love story as an old man's gift to a little maid since grown tall, was one night while I sat alone in the school-house; on my knees a fiddle that

has been my only living companion since I sold my hens. My mind had drifted back to the first time I saw Gavin and the Egyptian together, and what set it wandering to that midnight meeting was my garden gate shaking in the wind. At a gate on the hill I had first encountered these two. It rattled in his hand, and I looked up and saw them, and neither knew why I had such cause to start at the sight. Then the gate swung to. It had just such a click as mine.

These two figures on the hill are more real to me than things that happened yesterday, but I do not know that I can make them live to others. A ghost-show used to come yearly to Thrums on the merry Muckle Friday, in which the illusion was contrived by hanging a glass between the onlookers and the stage. I cannot deny that the comings and goings of the ghost were highly diverting, yet the farmer of T'nowhead only laughed because he had paid his money at the hole in the door like the rest of us. T'nowhead sat at the end of a form where he saw round the glass and so saw no ghost. I fear my public may be in the same predicament. I see the little minister as he was at one-and-twenty, and the little girl to whom this story is to belong sees him, though the things I have to tell happened before she came into the world. But there are reasons why she should see; and I do not know that I can provide the glass for others.

If they see round it, they will neither laugh nor cry with Gavin and Babbie.

When Gavin came to Thrums he was as I am now, for the pages lay before him on which he was to write his life. Yet he was not quite as I am. The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it. But the biographer sees the last chapter while he is still at the first, and I have only to write over with ink what Gavin has written in pencil.

How often is it a phantom woman who draws the man from the way he meant to go? So was man created, to hunger for the ideal that is above himself, until one day there is magic in the air, and the eyes of a girl rest upon him. He does not know that it is he himself who crowned her, and if the girl is as pure as he, their love is the one form of idolatry that is not quite ignoble. It is the joining of two souls on their way to God. But if the woman be bad, the test of the man is when he wakens from his dream. The nobler his ideal, the further will he have been hurried down the wrong way, for those who only run after little things will not go far. His love may now sink into passion, perhaps only to stain its wings and rise again, perhaps to drown.

Babbie, what shall I say of you who make me

write these things? I am not your judge. Shall we not laugh at the student who chafes when between him and his book comes the song of the thrushes, with whom, on the mad night you danced into Gavin's life, you had more in common than with Auld Licht ministers? The gladness of living was in your step, your voice was melody, and he was wondering what love might be. You were the daughter of a summer night, born where all the birds are free, and the moon christened you with her soft light to dazzle the eyes of man. Not our little minister alone was stricken by you into his second childhood. To look upon you was to rejoice that so fair a thing could be; to think of you is still to be young. Even those who called you a little devil, of whom I have been one, admitted that in the end you had a soul, though not that you had been born with one. They said you stole it, and so made a woman of yourself. But again I say I am not your judge, and when I picture you as Gavin saw you first, a bare-legged witch dancing up Windyghoul, rowan berries in your black hair, and on your finger a jewel the little minister could not have bought with five years of toil, the shadows on my pages lift, and I cannot wonder that Gavin loved you.

Often I say to myself that this is to be Gavin's story, not mine. Yet must it be mine too, in a

manner, and of myself I shall sometimes have to speak; not willingly, for it is time my little tragedy had died of old age. I have kept it to myself so long that now I would stand at its grave alone. It is true that when I heard who was to be the new minister I hoped for a day that the life broken in Harvie might be mended in Thrums, but two minutes' talk with Gavin showed me that Margaret had kept from him the secret which was hers and mine, and so knocked the bottom out of my vain hopes. I did not blame her then, nor do I blame her now, nor shall anyone who blames her ever be called friend by me; but it was bitter to look at the white manse among the trees and know that I must never enter it. For Margaret's sake I had to keep aloof, yet this new trial came upon me like our parting at Harvie. I thought that in those eighteen years my passions had burned like a ship till they sank, but I suffered again as on that awful night when Adam Dishart came back, nearly killing Margaret and tearing up all my ambitions by the root in a single hour. I waited in Thrums until I had looked again on Margaret, who thought me dead, and Gavin who had never heard of me, and then I trudged back to the school-house. Something I heard of them from time to time during the winter — for in the gossip of Thrums I was well

posted — but much of what is to be told here I only learned afterwards from those who knew it best. Gavin heard of me at times as the dominie in the glen who had ceased to attend the Auld Licht kirk, and Margaret did not even hear of me. It was all I could do for them.

CHAPTER II

RUNS ALONGSIDE THE MAKING OF A MINISTER

On the east coast of Scotland, hidden, as if in a quarry, at the foot of cliffs that may one day fall forward, is a village called Harvie. So has it shrunk since the day when I skulked from it that I hear of a traveller's asking lately at one of its doors how far he was from a village; yet Harvie throve once and was celebrated even in distant Thrums for its fish. Most of our weavers would have thought it as unnatural not to buy harvies in the square on the Muckle Friday, as to let Saturday night pass without laying in a sufficient stock of halfpennies to go round the family twice.

Gavin was born in Harvie, but left it at such an early age that he could only recall thatched houses with nets drying on the roofs, and a sandy shore in which coarse grass grew. In the picture he could not pick out the house of his birth, though he might have been able to go to it had he ever returned to the village. Soon he learned that his mother did not care to speak of Harvie, and perhaps he thought that she had forgotten it too, all

save one scene to which his memory still guided him. When his mind wandered to Harvie, Gavin saw the door of his home open and a fisherman enter, who scratched his head and then said, "Your man's drowned, missis." Gavin seemed to see many women crying, and his mother staring at them with a face suddenly painted white, and next to hear a voice that was his own saying, "Never mind, mother; I'll be a man to you now, and I'll need breeks for the burial." But Adam required no funeral, for his body lay deep in the sea.

Gavin thought that this was the tragedy of his mother's life, and the most memorable event of his own childhood. But it was neither. When Margaret, even after she came to Thrums, thought of Harvie, it was not at Adam's death she shuddered, but at the recollection of me.

It would ill become me to take a late revenge on Adam Dishart now by saying what is not true of him. Though he died a fisherman he was a sailor for a great part of his life, and doubtless his recklessness was washed into him on the high seas, where in his time men made a crony of death, and drank merrily over dodging it for another night. To me his roars of laughter without cause were as repellent as a boy's drum; yet many faces that were long in my company brightened at his coming, and women, with whom, despite my learn-

ing, I was in no wise a favourite, ran to their doors to listen to him as readily as to the bell-man. Children scurried from him if his mood was savage, but to him at all other times, while me they merely disregarded. There was always a smell of the sea about him. He had a rolling gait, unless he was drunk, when he walked very straight, and before both sexes he boasted that any woman would take him for his beard alone. Of this beard he took prodigious care, though otherwise thinking little of his appearance, and I now see that he understood women better than I did, who had nevertheless reflected much about them. It cannot be said that he was vain, for though he thought he attracted women strangely, that, I maintain, is a weakness common to all men, and so no more to be marvelled at than a stake in a fence. Foreign oaths were the nails with which he held his talk together, yet I doubt not they were a curiosity gathered at sea, like his chains of shells, more for his own pleasure than for others' pain. His friends gave them no weight, and when he wanted to talk emphatically he kept them back, though they were then as troublesome to him as eggs to the bird-nesting boy who has to speak with his spoil in his mouth.

Adam was drowned on Gavin's fourth birthday, a year after I had to leave Harvie. He was blown off his smack in a storm, and could not

reach the rope his partner flung him. "It's no go, lad," he shouted; "so long, Jim," and sank.

A month afterwards Margaret sold her share in the smack, which was all Adam left her, and the furniture of the house was rouped. She took Gavin to Glasgow, where her only brother needed a housekeeper, and there mother and son remained until Gavin got his call to Thrums. During those seventeen years I lost knowledge of them as completely as Margaret had lost knowledge of me. On hearing of Adam's death I went back to Harvie to try to trace her, but she had feared this, and so told no one where she was going.

According to Margaret, Gavin's genius showed itself while he was still a child. He was born with a brow whose nobility impressed her from the first. It was a minister's brow, and though Margaret herself was no scholar, being as slow to read as she was quick at turning bannocks on the girdle, she decided, when his age was still counted by months, that the ministry had need of him. In those days the first question asked of a child was not "Tell me your name," but "What are you to be?" and one child in every family replied "A minister." He was set apart for the Church as doggedly as the shilling a week for the rent, and the rule held good though the family consisted of only one boy. From his earliest days Gavin thought he had been fashioned for the ministry as

certainly as a spade for digging, and Margaret rejoiced and marvelled thereat, though she had made her own puzzle. An enthusiastic mother may bend her son's mind as she chooses if she begins at once; nay, she may do stranger things. I know a mother in Thrums who loves "features," and had a child born with no chin to speak of. The neighbours expected this to bring her to the dust, but it only showed what a mother can do. In a few months that child had a chin with the best of them.

Margaret's brother died, but she remained in his single room, and, ever with a picture of her son in a pulpit to repay her, contrived to keep Gavin at school. Everything a woman's fingers can do Margaret's did better than most, and among the wealthy people who employed her — would that I could have the teaching of the sons of such as were good to her in those hard days! — her gentle manner was spoken of. For though Margaret had no schooling, she was a lady at heart, moving and almost speaking as one even in Harvie, where they did not perhaps like her the better for it.

At six Gavin hit another boy hard for belonging to the Established Church, and at seven he could not lose himself in the Shorter Catechism. His mother expounded the Scriptures to him till he was eight, when he began to expound them to her. By this time he was studying the practical

work of the pulpit as enthusiastically as ever medical student cut off a leg. From a front pew in the gallery Gavin watched the minister's every movement, noting that the first thing to do on ascending the pulpit is to cover your face with your hands, as if the exalted position affected you like a strong light, and the second to move the big Bible slightly, to show that the kirk officer, not having had a university education, could not be expected to know the very spot on which it ought to lie. Gavin saw that the minister joined in the singing more like one countenancing a seemly thing than because he needed it himself, and that he only sang a mouthful now and again after the congregation was in full pursuit of the precentor. It was noteworthy that the first prayer lasted longer than all the others, and that to read the intimations about the Bible-class and the collection elsewhere than immediately before the last Psalm would have been as sacrilegious as to insert the dedication to King James at the end of Revelation. Sitting under a minister justly honoured in his day, the boy was often some words in advance of him, not vainglorious of his memory, but fervent, eager, and regarding the preacher as hardly less sacred than the Book. Gavin was encouraged by his frightened yet admiring mother to saw the air from their pew as the minister sawed it in the pulpit, and two benedictions were

pronounced twice a Sabbath in that church, in the same words, the same manner, and simultaneously.

There was a black year when the things of this world, especially its pastimes, took such a grip of Gavin that he said to Margaret he would rather be good at the high jump than the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." That year passed, and Gavin came to his right mind. One afternoon Margaret was at home making a glengarry for him out of a piece of carpet, and giving it a tartan edging, when the boy bounded in from school, crying, "Come quick, mother, and you'll see him." Margaret reached the door in time to see a street musician flying from Gavin and his friends. "Did you take stock of him, mother?" the boy asked when he reappeared with the mark of a muddy stick on his back. "He's a Papist! —a sore sight, mother, a sore sight. We stoned him for persecuting the noble Martyrs."

When Gavin was twelve he went to the university, and also got a place in a shop as errand boy. He used to run through the streets between his work and his classes. Potatoes and salt fish, which could then be got at twopence the pound if bought by the half-hundredweight, were his food. There was not always a good meal for two, yet when Gavin reached home at night there was generally something ready for him, and Margaret had supped "hours ago." Gavin's hunger

urged him to fall to, but his love for his mother made him watchful.

"What did you have yourself, mother?" he would demand suspiciously.

"Oh, I had a fine supper, I assure you."

"What had you?"

"I had potatoes, for one thing."

"And dripping?"

"You may be sure."

"Mother, you're cheating me. The dripping hasn't been touched since yesterday."

"I dinna — don't — care for dripping — no much."

Then would Gavin stride the room fiercely, a queer little figure.

"Do you think I'll stand this, mother? Will I let myself be pampered with dripping and every delicacy while you starve?"

"Gavin, I really dinna care for dripping."

"Then I'll give up my classes, and we can have butter."

"I assure you I'm no hungry. It's different wi' a growing laddie."

"I'm not a growing laddie," Gavin would say, bitterly; "but, mother, I warn you that not another bite passes my throat till I see you eating too."

So Margaret had to take her seat at the table, and when she said "I can eat no more," Gavin

retorted sternly, "Nor will I, for fine I see through you."

These two were as one far more than most married people, and, just as Gavin in his childhood reflected his mother, she now reflected him. The people for whom she sewed thought it was contact with them that had rubbed the broad Scotch from her tongue, but she was only keeping pace with Gavin. When she was excited the Harvie words came back to her, as they come back to me. I have taught the English language all my life, and I try to write it, but everything I say in this book I first think to myself in the Doric. This, too, I notice, that in talking to myself I am broader than when gossiping with the farmers of the glen, who send their children to me to learn English, and then jeer at them if they say "old lights" instead of "auld lichts."

To Margaret it was happiness to sit through the long evenings sewing, and look over her work at Gavin as he read or wrote or recited to himself the learning of the schools. But she coughed every time the weather changed, and then Gavin would start.

"You must go to your bed, mother," he would say, tearing himself from his books; or he would sit beside her and talk of the dream that was common to both — a dream of a manse where Margaret was mistress and Gavin was called the minister.

Every night Gavin was at his mother's bedside to wind her shawl round her feet, and while he did it Margaret smiled.

"Mother, this is the chaff pillow you've taken out of my bed, and given me your feather one."

"Gavin, you needna change them. I winna have the feather pillow."

"Do you dare to think I'll let you sleep on chaff? Put up your head. Now, is that soft?"

"It's fine. I dinna deny but what I sleep better on feathers. Do you mind, Gavin, you bought this pillow for me the moment you got your bursary money?"

The reserve that is a wall between many of the Scottish poor had been broken down by these two. When he saw his mother sleeping happily, Gavin went back to his work. To save the expense of a lamp, he would put his book almost beneath the dying fire, and, taking the place of the fender, read till he was shivering with cold.

"Gavin, it is near morning, and you not in your bed yet! What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Oh, mother, I was wondering if the time would ever come when I would be a minister, and you would have an egg for your breakfast every morning."

So the years passed, and soon Gavin would be a minister. He had now sermons to prepare, and

every one of them was first preached to Margaret. How solemn was his voice, how his eyes flashed, how stern were his admonitions.

"Gavin, such a sermon I never heard. The spirit of God is on you. I'm ashamed you should have me for a mother."

"God grant, mother," Gavin said, little thinking what was soon to happen, or he would have made this prayer on his knees, "that you may never be ashamed to have me for a son."

"Ah, mother," he would say wistfully, "it is not a great sermon, but do you think I'm preaching Christ? That is what I try, but I'm carried away and forget to watch myself."

"The Lord has you by the hand, Gavin; and mind, I dinna say that because you're my laddie."

"Yes you do, mother, and well I know it, and yet it does me good to hear you."

That it did him good, I who would fain have shared those days with them, am very sure. The praise that comes of love does not make us vain, but humble rather. Knowing what we are, the pride that shines in our mother's eyes as she looks at us, is about the most pathetic thing a man has to face, but he would be a devil altogether if it did not burn some of the sin out of him.

Not long before Gavin preached for our kirk and got his call, a great event took place in the little room at Glasgow. The student appeared

for the first time before his mother in his ministerial clothes. He wore the black silk hat, that was destined to become a terror to evil-doers in Thrums, and I dare say he was rather puffed up about himself that day. You would probably have smiled at him.

"It's a pity I'm so little, mother," he said with a sigh.

"You're no what I would call a particularly long man," Margaret said, "but you're just the height I like."

Then Gavin went out in his grandeur, and Margaret cried for an hour. She was thinking of me as well as of Gavin, and as it happens, I know that I was thinking at the same time of her. Gavin kept a diary in those days, which I have seen, and by comparing it with mine, I discovered that while he was showing himself to his mother in his black clothes, I was on my way back from Tilliedrum, where I had gone to buy a sand-glass for the school. The one I bought was so like another Margaret had used at Harvie that it set me thinking of her again all the way home. This is a matter hardly worth mentioning, and yet it interests me.

Busy days followed the call to Thrums, and Gavin had difficulty in forcing himself to his sermons when there was always something more to tell his mother about the weaving town they were

going to, or about the manse or the furniture that had been transferred to him by the retiring minister. The little room which had become so familiar that it seemed one of a family party of three had to be stripped, and many of its contents were sold. Among what were brought to Thrums was a little exercise book, in which Margaret had tried, unknown to Gavin, to teach herself writing and grammar, that she might be less unfit for a manse. He found it accidentally one day. It was full of "I am, thou art, he is," and the like, written many times in a shaking hand. Gavin put his arms round his mother when he saw what she had been doing. The exercise book is in my desk now, and will be my little maid's when I die.

"Gavin, Gavin," Margaret said many times in those last days at Glasgow, "to think it has all come true!"

"Let the last word you say in the house be a prayer of thankfulness," she whispered to him when they were taking a final glance at the old home.

In the bare room they called the house, the little minister and his mother went on their knees, but, as it chanced, their last word there was not addressed to God.

"Gavin," Margaret whispered as he took her arm, "do you think this bonnet sets me?"

CHAPTER III

THE NIGHT-WATCHERS

WHAT first struck Margaret in Thrums was the smell of the caddis. The town smells of caddis no longer, but whiffs of it may be got even now as one passes the houses of the old, where the lay still swings at little windows like a great ghost pendulum. To me it is a homely smell, which I draw in with a great breath, but it was as strange to Margaret as the weavers themselves, who, in their coloured nightcaps and corduroys streaked with threads, gazed at her and Gavin. The little minister was trying to look severe and old, but twenty-one was in his eye.

"Look, mother, at that white house with the green roof. That is the manse."

The manse stands high, with a sharp eye on all the town. Every back window in the Tenements has a glint of it, and so the back of the Tenements is always better behaved than the front. It was in the front that Jamie Don, a pitiful bachelor all his life because he thought the women proposed, kept his ferrets, and here, too,

Beattie hanged himself, going straight to the clothes-posts for another rope when the first one broke, such was his determination. In the front Sanders Gilruth openly boasted (on Don's potato-pit) that by having a seat in two churches he could lie in bed on Sabbath and get the credit of being at one or other. (Gavin made short work of him.) To the right-minded the Auld Licht manse was as a family Bible, ever lying open before them, but Beattie spoke for more than himself when he said, "Dagone that manse! I never gie a swear but there it is glowering at me."

The manse looks down on the town from the north-east, and is reached from the road that leaves Thrums behind it in another moment by a wide, straight path, so rough that to carry a fraught of water to the manse without spilling was to be superlatively good at one thing. Packages in a cart it set leaping like trout in a fishing-creel. Opposite the opening in the garden wall of the manse, where for many years there had been an intention of putting up a gate, were two big stones a yard apart, standing ready for the winter, when the path was often a rush of yellow water, and this the only bridge to the glebe dyke, down which the minister walked to church.

When Margaret entered the manse on Gavin's arm, it was a whitewashed house of five rooms,

with a garret in which the minister could sleep if he had guests, as during the Fast week. It stood with its garden within high walls, and the roof facing southward was carpeted with moss that shone in the sun in a dozen shades of green and yellow. Three firs guarded the house from west winds, but blasts from the north often tore down the steep fields and skirled through the manse, banging all its doors at once. A beech, growing on the east side, leant over the roof as if to gossip with the well in the courtyard. The garden was to the south, and was over full of gooseberry and currant bushes. It contained a summer seat, where strange things were soon to happen.

Margaret would not even take off her bonnet until she had seen through the manse and opened all the presses. The parlour and kitchen were downstairs, and of the three rooms above, the study was so small that Gavin's predecessor could touch each of its walls without shifting his position. Every room save Margaret's had long-lidded beds, which close as if with shutters, but hers was coff-fronted, or comparatively open, with carving on the wood like the ornamentation of coffins. Where there were children in the house they liked to slope the boards of the closed-in bed against the dresser, and play at sliding down mountains on them.

But for many years there had been no children

in the manse. He in whose ways Gavin was to attempt the heavy task of walking had been a widower three months after his marriage, a man narrow when he came to Thrums, but so large-hearted when he left it that I, who know there is good in all the world because of the lovable souls I have met in this corner of it, yet cannot hope that many are as near to God as he. The most gladsome thing in the world is that few of us fall very low; the saddest that, with such capabilities, we seldom rise high. Of those who stand perceptibly above their fellows I have known very few; only Mr. Carfrae and two or three women.

Gavin only saw a very frail old minister who shook as he walked, as if his feet were striking against stones. He was to depart on the morrow to the place of his birth, but he came to the manse to wish his successor God-speed. Strangers were so formidable to Margaret that she only saw him from her window.

"May you never lose sight of God, Mr. Dishart," the old man said in the parlour. Then he added, as if he had asked too much, "May you never turn from Him as I often did when I was a lad like you."

As this aged minister, with the beautiful face that God gives to all who love Him and follow His commandments, spoke of his youth, he looked wistfully around the faded parlour.

"It is like a dream," he said. "The first time I entered this room the thought passed through me that I would cut down that cherry-tree, because it kept out the light, but, you see, it outlives me. I grew old while looking for the axe. Only yesterday I was the young minister, Mr. Dishart, and to-morrow you will be the old one, bidding good-bye to your successor."

His eyes came back to Gavin's eager face.

"You are very young, Mr. Dishart?"

"Nearly twenty-one."

"Twenty-one! Ah, my dear sir, you do not know how pathetic that sounds to me. Twenty-one! We are children for the second time at twenty-one, and again when we are grey and put all our burden on the Lord. The young talk generously of relieving the old of their burdens, but the anxious heart is to the old when they see a load on the back of the young. Let me tell you, Mr. Dishart, that I would condone many things in one-and-twenty now that I dealt hardly with at middle age. God Himself, I think, is very willing to give one-and-twenty a second chance."

"I am afraid," Gavin said anxiously, "that I look even younger."

"I think," Mr. Carfrae answered smiling, "that your heart is as fresh as your face; and that is well. The useless men are those who never change with the years. Many views that I held to in my youth

and long afterwards are a pain to me now, and I am carrying away from Thrums memories of errors into which I fell at every stage of my ministry. When you are older you will know that life is a long lesson in humility."

He paused.

"I hope," he said nervously, "that you don't sing the Paraphrases?"

Mr. Carfrae had not grown out of all his prejudices, you see; indeed, if Gavin had been less bigoted than he on this question they might have parted stiffly. The old minister would rather have remained to die in his pulpit than to surrender it to one who read his sermons. Others may blame him for this, but I must say here plainly that I never hear a minister reading without wishing to send him back to college.

"I cannot deny," Mr. Carfrae said, "that I broke down more than once to-day. This forenoon I was in Tillyloss, for the last time, and it so happens that there is scarcely a house in it in which I have not had a marriage or prayed over a coffin. Ah, sir, these are the scenes that make the minister more than all his sermons. You must join the family, Mr. Dishart, or you are only a minister once a week. And remember this, if your call is from above it is a call to stay. Many such partings in a lifetime as I have had to-day would be too heartrending."

"And yet," Gavin said, hesitatingly, "they told me in Glasgow that I had received a call from the mouth of hell."

"Those were cruel words, but they only mean that people who are seldom more than a day's work in advance of want sometimes rise in arms for food. Our weavers are passionately religious, and so independent that they dare any one to help them, but if their wages were lessened they could not live. And so at talk of reduction they catch fire. Change of any kind alarms them, and though they call themselves Whigs, they rose a few years ago over the paving of the streets and stoned the workmen, who were strangers, out of the town.

"And though you may have thought the place quiet to-day, Mr. Dishart, there was an ugly outbreak only two months ago, when the weavers turned on the manufacturers for reducing the price of the web, made a bonfire of some of their doors, and terrified one of them into leaving Thrums. Under the command of some Chartists, the people next paraded the streets to the music of fife and drum, and six policemen who drove up from Tilliedrum in a light cart were sent back tied to the seats."

"No one has been punished?"

"Not yet, but nearly two years ago there was a similar riot, and the sheriff took no action for months. Then one night the square suddenly filled with soldiers, and the ringleaders were seized

in their beds. Mr. Dishart, the people are determined not to be caught in that way again, and ever since the rising a watch has been kept by night on every road that leads to Thrums. The signal that the soldiers are coming is to be the blowing of a horn. If you ever hear that horn, I implore you to hasten to the square."

"The weavers would not fight?"

"You do not know how the Chartists have fired this part of the country. One misty day, a week ago, I was on the hill; I thought I had it to myself, when suddenly I heard a voice cry sharply, 'Shoulder arms.' I could see no one, and after a moment I put it down to a freak of the wind. Then all at once the mist before me blackened, and a body of men seemed to grow out of it. They were not shadows; they were Thrums weavers drilling, with pikes in their hands.

"They broke up," Mr. Carfrae continued, after a pause, "at my entreaty, but they have met again since then."

"And there were Auld Lichts among them?" Gavin asked. "I should have thought they would be frightened at our precentor, Lang Tammas, who seems to watch for backsliding in the congregation as if he had pleasure in discovering it."

Gavin spoke with feeling, for the precentor had already put him through his catechism, and it was a stiff ordeal.

"The precentor!" said Mr. Carfrae. "Why, he was one of them."

The old minister, once so brave a figure, tottered as he rose to go, and reeled in a dizziness until he had walked a few paces. Gavin went with him to the foot of the manse road; without his hat, as all Thrums knew before bedtime.

"I begin," Gavin said, as they were parting, "where you leave off, and my prayer is that I may walk in your ways."

"Ah, Mr. Dishart," the white-haired minister said, with a sigh, "the world does not progress so quickly as a man grows old. You only begin where I began."

He left Gavin, and then, as if the little minister's last words had hurt him, turned and solemnly pointed his staff upward. Such men are the strong nails that keep the world together.

The twenty-one-years-old minister returned to the manse somewhat sadly, but when he saw his mother at the window of her bed-room, his heart leapt at the thought that she was with him and he had eighty pounds a year. Gaily he waved both his hands to her, and she answered with a smile, and then, in his boyishness, he jumped over a gooseberry bush. Immediately afterwards he reddened and tried to look venerable, for while in the air he had caught sight of two women and a man watching him from the dyke. He walked severely to

the door, and, again forgetting himself, was bounding upstairs to Margaret, when Jean, the servant, stood scandalized in his way.

"I don't think she caught me," was Gavin's reflection, and "The Lord preserve's!" was Jean's.

Gavin found his mother wondering how one should set about getting a cup of tea in a house that had a servant in it. He boldly rang the bell, and the willing Jean answered it so promptly (in a rush and jump) that Margaret was as much startled as Aladdin the first time he rubbed his lamp.

Manse servants of the most admired kind move softly, as if constant contact with a minister were goloshes to them; but Jean was new and raw, only having got her place because her father might be an elder any day. She had already conceived a romantic affection for her master; but to say "sir" to him—as she thirsted to do—would have been as difficult to her as to swallow oysters. So anxious was she to please that when Gavin rang she fired herself at the bed-room, but bells were novelties to her as well as to Margaret, and she cried, excitedly, "What is't?" thinking the house must be on fire.

"There's a curran folk at the back door," Jean announced later, "and their respects to you, and would you gie them some water out o' the well? It has been a drouth this aucht days, and the

pumps is locked. Na," she said, as Gavin made a too liberal offer, "that would toom the well, and there's jimply enough for oursels. I should tell you, too, that three o' them is no Auld Lichts."

"Let that make no difference," Gavin said grandly, but Jean changed his message to: "A bowlful apiece to Auld Lichts; all other denominations one cupful."

"Ay, ay," said Snecky Hobart, letting down the bucket, "and we'll include atheists among other denominations." The conversation came to Gavin and Margaret through the kitchen doorway.

"Dinna class Jo Cruickshanks wi' me," said Sam'l Langlands the U.P.

"Na, na," said Cruickshanks the atheist, "I'm ower independent to be religious. I dinna gang to the kirk to cry, 'Oh, Lord, gie, gie, gie.'"

"Take tent o' yoursel', my man," said Lang Tammas sternly, "or you'll soon be whaur you would neifer the warld for a cup o' that cauld water."

"Maybe you've ower keen an interest in the devil, Tammas," retorted the atheist, "but, ony way, if it's heaven for climate, it's hell for company."

"Lads," said Snecky, sitting down on the bucket, "we'll send Mr. Dishart to Jo. He'll make another Rob Dow o' him."

"Speak mair reverently o' your minister," said the precentor. "He has the gift."

"I hinna naturally your solemn rasping word, Tammas, but in the heart I speak in all reverence. Lads, the minister has a word! I tell you he prays near like one giving orders."

"At first," Snecky continued, "I thocht yon lang candidate was the earnestest o' them a', and I dinna deny but when I saw him wi' his head bowed-like in prayer during the singing I says to mysel', 'Thou art the man.' Ay, but Betsy wraxed up her head, and he wasna praying. He was combing his hair wi' his fingers on the sly."

"You ken fine, Sneck," said Cruickshanks, "that you said, 'Thou art the man' to ilka ane o' them, and just voted for Mr. Dishart because he preached hinmost."

"I didna say it to Mr. Urquhart, the ane that preached second," Sneck said. "That was the lad that gaed through ither."

"Ay," said Susy Tibbits, nicknamed by Haggart "the Timidest Woman" because she once said she was too young to marry, "but I was fell sorry for him, him just being over anxious. He began bonny, flinging himself, like ane inspired, at the pulpit door, but after Hendry Munn pointed at it and cried out, 'Be cautious, the sneck's loose,' he a' gaed to bits. What a coolness Hendry has, though I suppose it was his duty, him being kirk-officer."

"We didna want a man," Lang Tammas said, "that could be put out by sic a sma' thing as that. Mr. Urquhart was in sic a ravel after it that when he gies out the first line o' the hunder and nineteenth psalm for singing, says he, 'And so on to the end.' Ay, that finished his chance."

"The noblest o' them to look at," said Tibbie Birse, "was that ane frae Aberdeen, him that had sic a saft side to Jacob."

"Ay," said Snecky, "and I speired at Dr. McQueen if I should vote for him. 'Looks like a genius, does he?' says the Doctor. 'Weel, then,' says he, 'dinna vote for him, for my experience is that there's no folk sic idiots as them that looks like geniuses.'"

"Sal," Susy said, "it's a guid thing we've settled, for I enjoyed sitting like a judge upon them so muckle that I sair doubt it was a kind o' sport to me."

"It was no sport to them, Susy, I'se uphaud, but it is a blessing we've settled, and ondoubtedly we've got the pick o' them. The only thing Mr. Dishart did that made me oneasy was his saying the word Cæsar as if it began wi' a *k*."

"He'll startle you mair afore you're done wi' him," the atheist said maliciously. "I ken the ways o' thae ministers preaching for kirks. Oh, they're cunning. You was a' pleased that Mr. Dishart spoke about looms and webs, but, lathies,

it was a trick. Ilka ane o' thae young ministers has a sermon about looms for weaving congregations, and a second about beating swords into ploughshares for country places, and another on the great catch of fishes for fishing villages. That's their stock-in-trade; and just you wait and see if you dinna get the ploughshares and the fishes afore the month's out. A minister preaching for a kirk is one thing, but a minister placed in't may be a very different berry."

"Joseph Cruickshanks," cried the precentor, passionately, "none o' your d——d blasphemy!"

They all looked at Whamond, and he dug his teeth into his lips in shame.

"Wha's swearing now?" said the atheist.

But Whamond was quick.

"Matthew, twelve and thirty-one," he said.

"Dagont, Tammas," exclaimed the baffled Cruickshanks, "you're aye quoting Scripture. How do you no quote Feargus O'Connor?"

"Lads," said Snecky, "Jo hasna heard Mr. Dishart's sermons. Ay, we get it scalding when he comes to the sermon. I canna thole a minister that preaches as if heaven was round the corner."

"If you're hitting at our minister, Snecky," said James Cochrane, "let me tell you he's a better man than yours."

"A better curler, I dare say."

"A better prayer."

"Ay, he can pray for a black frost as if it was ane o' the Royal Family. I ken his prayers, 'O Lord, let it haud for anither day, and keep the snaw awa'.' Will you pretend, Jeames, that Mr. Duthie could make onything o' Rob Dow?"

"I admit that Rob's awakening was an extraordinary thing, and sufficient to gie Mr. Dishart a name. But Mr. Carfrae was baffled wi' Rob, too."

"Jeames, if you had been in our kirk that day Mr. Dishart preached for't you would be wearying the now for Sabbath, to be back in't again. As you ken, that wicked man there, Jo Cruickshanks, got Rob Dow, drucken, cursing, poaching Rob Dow, to come to the kirk to annoy the minister. Ay, he hadna been at that work for ten minutes when Mr. Dishart stopped in his first prayer and ga'e Rob a look. I couldna see the look, being in the precentor's box, but as sure as death I felt it boring through me. Rob is hard wood, though, and soon he was at his tricks again. Weel, the minister stopped a second time in the sermon, and so awful was the silence that a heap o' the congregation couldna keep their seats. I heard Rob breathing quick and strong. Mr. Dishart had his arm pointed at him a' this time, and at last he says sternly, 'Come forward.' Listen, Joseph Cruickshanks, and tremble. Rob gripped the board to keep himsel' frae obeying, and again Mr. Dishart says, 'Come forward,' and syne Rob rose

shaking, and tottered to the pulpit stair like a man suddenly shot into the Day of Judgment. 'You hulking man of sin,' cries Mr. Dishart, not a tick fleid, though Rob's as big as three o' him, 'sit down on the stair and attend to me, or I'll step doun frae the pulpit and run you out of the house of God.'"

"And since that day," said Hobart, "Rob has worshipped Mr. Dishart as a man that has stepped out o' the Bible. When the carriage passed this day we was discussing the minister, and Sam'l Dickie wasna sure but what Mr. Dishart wore his hat rather far back on his head. You should hae seen Rob. 'My certie,' he roars, 'there's the shine frae Heaven on that little minister's face, and them as says there's no has me to fecht.'"

"Ay, weel," said the U.P., rising, "we'll see how Rob wears — and how your minister wears too. I wouldna like to sit in a kirk whaur they daurna sing a paraphrase."

"The Psalms of David," retorted Whamond, "mount straight to heaven, but your paraphrases sticks to the ceiling o' the kirk."

"You're a bigoted set, Tammas Whamond, but I tell you this, and it's my last words to you the nicht, the day'll come when you'll hae Mr. Duthie, ay, and even the U.P. minister, preaching in the Auld Licht kirk."

"And let this be my last words to you," re-

plied the precentor, furiously; "that rather than see a U.P. preaching in the Auld Licht kirk I would burn in hell fire for ever!"

This gossip increased Gavin's knowledge of the grim men with whom he had now to deal. But as he sat beside Margaret after she had gone to bed, their talk was pleasant.

"You remember, mother," Gavin said, "how I almost prayed for the manse that was to give you an egg every morning. I have been telling Jean never to forget the egg."

"Ah, Gavin, things have come about so much as we wanted that I'm a kind o' troubled. It's hardly natural, and I hope nothing terrible is to happen now."

Gavin arranged her pillows as she liked them, and when he next stole into the room in his stocking soles to look at her, he thought she was asleep. But she was not. I dare say she saw at that moment Gavin in his first frock, and Gavin in knickerbockers, and Gavin as he used to walk into the Glasgow room from college, all still as real to her as the Gavin who had a kirk.

The little minister took away the lamp to his own room, shaking his fist at himself for allowing his mother's door to creak. He pulled up his blind. The town lay as still as salt. But a steady light showed in the south, and on pressing his

face against the window he saw another in the west. Mr. Carfrae's words about the night-watch came back to him. Perhaps it had been on such a silent night as this that the soldiers marched into Thrums. Would they come again?

CHAPTER IV

FIRST COMING OF THE EGYPTIAN WOMAN

A LEARNED man says in a book, otherwise beautiful with truth, that villages are family groups. To him Thrums would only be a village, though town is the word we have ever used, and this is not true of it. Doubtless we have interests in common, from which a place so near (but the road is heavy) as Tilliedrum is shut out, and we have an individuality of our own too, as if, like our red houses, we came from a quarry that supplies no other place. But we are not one family. In the old days, those of us who were of the Tenements seldom wandered to the Croft head, and if we did go there we saw men to whom we could not always give a name. To flit from the Tanage brae to Haggart's roady was to change one's friends. A kirk-wynd weaver might kill his swine and Tillyloss not know of it until boys ran westward hitting each other with the bladders. Only the voice of the dulsemen could be heard all over Thrums at once. Thus even in a small

place but a few outstanding persons are known to everybody.

In eight days Gavin's figure was more familiar in Thrums than many that had grown bent in it. He had already been twice to the cemetery, for a minister only reaches his new charge in time to attend a funeral. Though short of stature he cast a great shadow. He was so full of his duties, Jean said, that though he pulled to the door as he left the manse, he had passed the currant bushes before it snecked. He darted through courts, and invented ways into awkward houses. If you did not look up quickly he was round the corner. His visiting exhausted him only less than his zeal in the pulpit, from which, according to report, he staggered damp with perspiration to the vestry, where Hendry Munn wrung him like a wet clout. A deaf lady, celebrated for giving out her washing, compelled him to hold her trumpet until she had peered into all his crannies, with the Shorter Catechism for a lantern. Janet Dundas told him, in answer to his knock, that she could not abide him, but she changed her mind when he said her garden was quite a show. The wives who expected a visit scrubbed their floors for him, cleaned out their presses for him, put diamond socks on their bairns for him, rubbed their hearthstones blue for him, even tidied up the garret for him, and triumphed over the neighbours whose houses

he passed by. For Gavin blundered occasionally by inadvertence, as when he gave dear old Betty Davie occasion to say bitterly:—

"Ou ay, you can sail by my door and gang to Easie's, but I'm thinking you would stop at mine too if I had a brass handle on't."

So passed the first four weeks, and then came the fateful night of the seventeenth of October, and with it the strange woman. Family worship at the manse was over, and Gavin was talking to his mother, who never crossed the threshold save to go to church (though her activity at home was among the marvels Jean sometimes slipped down to the Tenements to announce), when Weary-world the policeman came to the door "with Rob Dow's compliments, and if you're no wi' me by ten o'clock I'm to break out again." Gavin knew what this meant, and at once set off for Rob's.

"You'll let me gang a bit wi' you," the policeman entreated, "for till Rob sent me on this errand not a soul has spoken to me the day; ay, mony a ane hae I spoken to, but not a man, woman, nor bairn would fling me a word."

"I often meant to ask you," Gavin said as they went along the Tenements, which smelled at that hour of roasted potatoes, "why you are so unpopular."

"It's because I'm police. I'm the first ane that has ever been in Thrums, and the very folk that

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appointed me at a crown a week looks upon me as a disgraced man for accepting. It's Gospel that my ain wife is short wi' me when I've on my uniform, though weel she kens that I would rather hae stuck to the loom if I hadna ha'en sic a queer richt leg. Nobody feels the shame o' my position as I do mysel', but this is a town without pity."

"It should be a consolation to you that you are discharging useful duties."

"But I'm no. I'm doing harm. There's Charles Dickson says that the very sicht o' my uniform rouses his dander so muckle that it makes him break windows, though a peaceably-disposed man till I was appointed. And what's the use o' their haeing a policeman when they winna come to the lock-up after I lay hands on them?"

"Do they say they won't come?"

"Say? Catch them saying onything! They just gie me a wap into the gutters. If they would speak I wouldna complain, for I'm nat'rally the sociablest man in Thrums."

"Rob, however, had spoken to you."

"Because he had need o' me. That was ay Rob's way, converted or no converted. When he was blind drunk he would order me to see him safe hame, but would he crack wi' me? Na, na."

Wearyworld, who was so called because of his forlorn way of muttering, "It's a weary warld, and nobody bides in't" as he went his melancholy

rounds, sighed like one about to cry, and Gavin changed the subject.

"Is the watch for the soldiers still kept up?" he asked.

"It is, but the watchers winna let me in aside them. I'll let you see that for yoursel' at the head o' the Roods, for they watch there in the auld windmill."

Most of the Thrums lights were already out, and that in the windmill disappeared as footsteps were heard.

"You're desperate characters," the policeman cried, but got no answer. He changed his tactics.

"A fine nicht for the time o' year," he cried. No answer.

"But I wouldna wonder," he shouted, "though we had rain afore morning." No answer.

"Surely you could gie me a word frae ahint the door. You're doing an onlawful thing, but I dinna ken wha you are."

"You'll swear to that?" some one asked gruffly.

"I swear to it, Peter."

Wearyworld tried another six remarks in vain.

"Ay," he said to the minister, "that's what it is to be an onpopular man. And now I'll hae to turn back, for the very anes that winna let me join them would be the first to complain if I gaed out o' bounds."

Gavin found Dow at New Zealand, a hamlet of mud houses, whose tenants could be seen on any Sabbath morning washing themselves in the burn that trickled hard by. Rob's son, Micah, was asleep at the door, but he brightened when he saw who was shaking him.

"My father put me out," he explained, "because he's daft for the drink, and was fleid he would curse me. He hasna cursed me," Micah added, proudly, "for an aught days come Sabbath. Hearken to him at his loom. He daurna take his feet off the treadles for fear o' running straucht to the drink."

Gavin went in. The loom, and two stools, the one four-footed and the other a buffet, were Rob's most conspicuous furniture. A shaving-strap hung on the wall. The fire was out, but the trunk of a tree, charred at one end, showed how he heated his house. He made a fire of peat, and on it placed one end of a tree trunk that might be six feet long. As the tree burned away it was pushed further into the fireplace, and a roaring fire could always be got by kicking pieces of the smouldering wood and blowing them into flame with the bellows. When Rob saw the minister he groaned relief and left his loom. He had been weaving, his teeth clenched, his eyes on fire, for seven hours.

"I wasna fleid," little Micah said to the neigh-

bours afterwards, "to gang in wi' the minister. He's a fine man that. He didna ca' my father names. Na, he said, 'You're a brave fellow, Rob,' and he took my father's hand, he did. My father was shaking after his fecht wi' the drink, and, says he, 'Mr. Dishart,' he says, 'if you'll let me break out nows and nans, I could bide straucht atween times, but I canna keep sober if I hinna a drink to look forrit to.' Ay, my father prigged sair to git one fou day in a month, and he said, 'Syne if I die sudden, there's thirty chances to one that I gang to heaven, so it's worth risking.' But Mr. Dishart wouldna hear o't, and he cries, 'No, by God,' he cries, 'we'll wrestle wi' the devil till we throttle him,' and down him and my father gaed on their knees.

"The minister prayed a lang time till my father said his hunger for the drink was gone, 'but,' he says, 'it swells up in me o' a sudden aye, and it may be back afore you're hame.' 'Then come to me at once,' says Mr. Dishart; but my father says, 'Na, for it would haul me into the public-house as if it had me at the end o' a rope, but I'll send the laddie.'

"You saw my father crying the minister back? It was to gie him twa pound, and, says my father, 'God helping me,' he says, 'I'll droon mysel' in the dam rather than let the drink master me, but in case it should get haud o' me and I should die

drunk, it would be a michty gratification to me to ken that you had the siller to bury me respectable without ony help frae the poor's rates.' The minister wasna for taking it at first, but he took it when he saw how earnest my father was. Ay, he's a noble man. After he gaed awa my father made me learn the names o' the apostles frae Luke sixth, and he says to me, 'Miss out Bartholomew,' he says, 'for he did little, and put Gavin Dishart in his place.' "

Feeling as old as he sometimes tried to look, Gavin turned homeward. Margaret was already listening for him. You may be sure she knew his step. I think our steps vary as much as the human face. My bookshelves were made by a blind man who could identify by their steps nearly all who passed his window. Yet he has admitted to me that he could not tell wherein my steps differed from others; and this I believe, though rejecting his boast that he could distinguish a minister's step from a doctor's, and even tell to which denomination the minister belonged.

I have sometimes asked myself what would have been Gavin's future had he gone straight home that night from Dow's. He would doubtless have seen the Egyptian before morning broke, but she would not have come upon him like a witch. There are, I dare say, many lovers who would never have been drawn to each other had

they met for the first time, as, say, they met the second time. But such dreaming is to no purpose. Gavin met Sanders Webster, the mole-catcher, and was persuaded by him to go home by Caddam Wood.

Gavin took the path to Caddam, because Sanders told him the Wild Lindsays were there, a gypsy family that threatened the farmers by day and danced devilishly, it was said, at night. The little minister knew them by repute as a race of giants, and that not many persons would have cared to face them alone at midnight, but he was feeling as one wound up to heavy duties, and meant to admonish them severely.

Sanders, an old man who lived with his sister Nanny on the edge of the wood, went with him, and for a time both were silent. But Sanders had something to say.

"Was you ever at the Spittal, Mr. Dishart?" he asked.

"Lord Rintoul's house at the top of Glen Quharity? No."

"Hae you ever looked on a lord?"

"No."

"Or on an auld lord's young leddyship? I have."

"What is she?"

"You surely ken that Rintoul's auld, and is to be married on a young leddyship. She's no a

leddyship yet, but they're to be married soon, so I may say I've seen a leddyship. Ay, an impressive sicht. It was yestreen."

"Is there a great difference in their ages?"

"As muckle as atween auld Peter Spens and his wife, wha was saxteen when he was saxty, and she was playing at dumps in the street when her man was waiting for her to make his porridge. Ay, sic a differ doesna suit wi' common folk, but of course earls can please themsels. Rintoul's so fond o' the leddyship 'at is to be, that when she was at the school in Edinbury he wrote to her ilka day. Kaytherine Crummie telled me that, and she says aince you're used to it, writing letters is as easy as skinning moles. I dinna ken what they can write sic a heap about, but I daur say he gies her his views on the Chartist agitation and the potato disease, and she'll write back about the romantic sichts o' Edinbury and the sermons o' the grand preachers she hears. Sal, though, thae grand folk has no religion to speak o', for they're a' English kirk. You're no' speiring what her leddyship said to me?"

"What did she say?"

"Weel, you see, there was a dancing ball on, and Kaytherine Crummie took me to a window whaur I could stand on a flower-pot and watch the critturs whirling round in the ball like teetotums. What's mair, she pointed out the leddy-

ship that's to be to me, and I just glowered at her, for thinks I, 'Take your fill, Sanders, and whaur there's lords and leddyships, dinna waste a minute on colonels and honourable misses and sic like dirt.' Ay, but what wi' my een blinking at the blaze o' candles, I lost sicht o' her till all at aince somebody says at my lug, 'Well, my man, and who is the prettiest lady in the room?' Mr. Dishart, it was her leddyship. She looked like a star."

"And what did you do?"

"The first thing I did was to fall aff the flower-pot, but syne I came to, and says I, wi' a polite smirk, 'I'm thinking your leddyship,' says I, 'as you're the bonniest yoursel'."

"I see you are a cute man, Sanders."

"Ay, but that's no' a'. She lauched in a pleased way and tapped me wi' her fan, and says she, 'Why do you think me the prettiest?' I dinna deny but what that staggered me, but I thocht a minute, and took a look at the other dancers again, and syne I says, michty sly like, 'The other leddies,' I says, 'has sic sma' feet.'"

Sanders stopped here and looked doubtingly at Gavin.

"I canna make up my mind," he said, "whether she liked that, for she rapped my knuckles wi' her fan fell sair, and aff she gaed. Ay, I consulted Tammas Haggart about it, and he says, 'The

flirty crittur,' he says. What would you say, Mr. Dishart?"

Gavin managed to escape without giving an answer, for here their roads separated. He did not find the Wild Lindsays, however. Children of whim, of prodigious strength while in the open, but destined to wither quickly in the hot air of towns, they had gone from Caddam, leaving nothing of themselves behind but a black mark burned by their fires into the ground. Thus they branded the earth through many counties until some hour when the spirit of wandering again fell on them, and they forsook their hearths with as little compunction as the bird leaves its nest.

Gavin had walked quickly, and he now stood silently in the wood, his hat in his hand. In the moonlight the grass seemed tipped with hoar frost. Most of the beeches were already bare, but the shoots, clustering round them, like children at their mothers' skirts, still retained their leaves red and brown. Among the pines these leaves were as incongruous as a wedding-dress at a funeral. Gavin was standing on grass, but there were patches of heather within sight, and broom, and the leaf of the blaeberry. Where the beeches had drawn up the earth with them as they grew, the roots ran this way and that, slippery to the feet and looking like disinterred bones. A squirrel appeared suddenly on the charred ground.

looked doubtfully at Gavin to see if he was growing there, and then glided up a tree, where it sat eyeing him, and forgetting to conceal its shadow. Caddam was very still. At long intervals came from far away the whack of an axe on wood. Gavin was in a world by himself, and this might be someone breaking into it.

The mystery of woods by moonlight thrilled the little minister. His eyes rested on the shining roots, and he remembered what had been told him of the legend of Caddam, how once on a time it was a mighty wood, and a maiden most beautiful stood on its confines, panting and afraid, for a wicked man pursued her; how he drew near, and she ran a little way into the wood, and he followed her, and she still ran, and still he followed, until both were for ever lost, and the bones of her pursuer lie beneath a beech, but the lady may still be heard singing in the woods, if the night be fine, for then she is a glad spirit, but weeping when there is wild wind, for then she is but a mortal seeking a way out of the wood.

The squirrel slid down the fir and was gone. The axe's blows ceased. Nothing that moved was in sight. The wind that has its nest in trees was circling around with many voices, that never rose above a whisper, and were often but the echo of a sigh.

Gavin was in the Caddam of past days, where

the beautiful maiden wanders ever, waiting for him who is so pure that he may find her. He will wander over the tree-tops looking for her, with the moon for his lamp, and some night he will hear her singing. The little minister drew a deep breath, and his foot snapped a brittle twig. Then he remembered who and where he was, and stooped to pick up his staff. But he did not pick it up, for as his fingers were closing on it the lady began to sing.

For perhaps a minute Gavin stood stock still, like an intruder. Then he ran towards the singing, which seemed to come from Windyghoul, a straight road through Caddam that farmers use in summer, but leave in the back end of the year to leaves and pools. In Windyghoul there is either no wind or so much that it rushes down the sieve like an army, entering with a shriek of terror, and escaping with a derisive howl. The moon was crossing the avenue. But Gavin only saw the singer.

She was still fifty yards away, sometimes singing gleefully, and again letting her body sway lightly as she came dancing up Windyghoul. Soon she was within a few feet of the little minister, to whom singing, except when out of tune, was a suspicious thing, and dancing a device of the devil. His arm went out wrathfully, and his intention was to pronounce sentence on this woman.

But she passed, unconscious of his presence, and he had not moved nor spoken. Though really of the average height, she was a little thing to the eyes of Gavin, who always felt tall and stout except when he looked down. The grace of her swaying figure was a new thing in the world to him. Only while she passed did he see her as a gleam of colour, a gypsy elf poorly clad, her bare feet flashing beneath a short green skirt, a twig of rowan berries stuck carelessly into her black hair. Her face was pale. She had an angel's loveliness. Gavin shook.

Still she danced onwards, but she was very human, for when she came to muddy water she let her feet linger in it, and flung up her arms, dancing more wantonly than before. A diamond on her finger shot a thread of fire over the pool. Undoubtedly she was the devil.

Gavin leaped into the avenue, and she heard him and looked behind. He tried to cry "Woman!" sternly, but lost the word, for now she saw him, and laughed with her shoulders, and beckoned to him, so that he shook his fist at her. She tripped on, but often turning her head beckoned and mocked him, and he forgot his dignity and his pulpit and all other things, and ran after her. Up Windyghoul did he pursue her, and it was well that the precentor was not there to see. She reached the mouth of the avenue, and kissing

her hand to Gavin, so that the ring gleamed again, was gone.

The minister's one thought was to find her, but he searched in vain. She might be crossing the hill on her way to Thrums, or perhaps she was still laughing at him from behind a tree. After a longer time than he was aware of, Gavin realised that his boots were chirping and his trousers streaked with mud. Then he abandoned the search and hastened homewards in a rage.

From the hill to the manse the nearest way is down two fields, and the little minister descended them rapidly. Thrums, which is red in daylight, was grey and still as the cemetery. He had glimpses of several of its deserted streets. To the south the watch-light showed brightly, but no other was visible. So it seemed to Gavin, and then — suddenly — he lost the power to move. He had heard the horn. Thrice it sounded, and thrice it struck him to the heart. He looked again and saw a shadow stealing along the Tenements, then another, then half-a-dozen. He remembered Mr. Carfrae's words, "If you ever hear that horn, I implore you to hasten to the square," and in another minute he had reached the Tenements.

Now again he saw the gypsy. She ran past him, half-a-score of men, armed with staves and pikes, at her heels. At first he thought they were chasing her, but they were following her as a

leader. Her eyes sparkled as she waved them to the square with her arms.

"The soldiers, the soldiers!" was the universal cry.

"Who is that woman?" demanded Gavin, catching hold of a frightened old man.

"Curse the Egyptian limmer," the man answered, "she's egging my laddie on to fecht."

"Bless her rather," the son cried, "for warning us that the sojers is coming. Put your ear to the ground, Mr. Dishart, and you'll hear the dirl o' their feet."

The young man rushed away to the square, flinging his father from him. Gavin followed. As he turned into the school wynd, the town drum began to beat, windows were thrown open, and sullen men ran out of closes where women were screaming and trying to hold them back. At the foot of the wynd Gavin passed Sanders Webster.

"Mr. Dishart," the mole-catcher cried, "hae you seen that Egyptian? May I be struck dead if it's no' her little leddyship."

But Gavin did not hear him.

CHAPTER V

A WARLIKE CHAPTER, CULMINATING IN THE FLOUTING OF THE MINISTER BY THE WOMAN

"MR. DISHART!"

Jean had clutched at Gavin in Bank Street. Her hair was streaming, and her wrapper but half buttoned.

"Oh, Mr. Dishart, look at the mistress! I couldna keep her in the manse."

Gavin saw his mother beside him, bare-headed, trembling.

"How could I sit still, Gavin, and the town full o' the skirls of women and bairns? Oh, Gavin, what can I do for them? They will suffer most this night."

As Gavin took her hand he knew that Margaret felt for the people more than he.

"But you must go home, mother," he said, "and leave me to do my duty. I will take you myself if you will not go with Jean. Be careful of her, Jean."

"Ay, will I," Jean answered, then burst into tears. "Mr. Dishart," she cried, "if they take my father they'd best take my mither too."

The two women went back to the manse, where Jean re-lit the fire, having nothing else to do, and boiled the kettle, while Margaret wandered in anguish from room to room.

Men nearly naked ran past Gavin, seeking to escape from Thrums by the fields he had descended. When he shouted to them they only ran faster. A Tillyloss weaver whom he tried to stop struck him savagely and sped past to the square. In Bank Street, which was full of people at one moment and empty the next, the minister stumbled over old Charles Yuill.

"Take me and welcome," Yuill cried, mistaking Gavin for the enemy. He had only one arm through the sleeve of his jacket, and his feet were bare.

"I am Mr. Dishart. Are the soldiers already in the square, Yuill?"

"They'll be there in a minute."

The man was so weak that Gavin had to hold him.

"Be a man, Charles. You have nothing to fear. It is not such as you the soldiers have come for. If need be, I can swear that you had not the strength, even if you had the will, to join in the weavers' riot."

"For Godsake, Mr. Dishart," Yuill cried, his hands chattering on Gavin's coat, "dinna swear that. My laddie was in the thick o' the riot; and

if he's ta'en there's the poor's-house gaping for Kitty and me, for I couldna weave half a web a week. If there's a warrant agin onybody o' the name o' Yuill, swear it's me; swear I'm a desperate character, swear I'm michty strong for all I look palsied; and if when they take me, my courage breaks down, swear the mair, swear I confessed my guilt to you on the Book."

As Yuill spoke the quick rub-a-dub of a drum was heard.

"The soldiers!" Gavin let go his hold of the old man, who hastened away to give himself up.

"That's no the sojers," said a woman; "it's the folk gathering in the square. This'll be a watery Sabbath in Thrums."

"Rob Dow," shouted Gavin, as Dow flung past with a scythe in his hand, "lay down that scythe."

"To hell wi' religion!" Rob retorted, fiercely; "it spoils a' thing."

"Lay down that scythe; I command you."

Rob stopped undecidedly, then cast the scythe from him, but its rattle on the stones was more than he could bear.

"I winna," he cried, and, picking it up, ran to the square.

An upper window in Bank Street opened, and Dr. McQueen put out his head. He was smoking as usual.

"Mr. Dishart," he said, "you will return home

at once if you are a wise man; or, better still, come in here. You can do nothing with these people to-night."

"I can stop their fighting."

"You will only make black blood between them and you."

"Dinna heed him, Mr. Dishart," cried some women.

"You had better heed him," cried a man.

"I will not desert my people," Gavin said.

"Listen, then, to my prescription," the doctor replied. "Drive that gypsy lassie out of the town before the soldiers reach it. She is firing the men to a red-heat through sheer devilry."

"She brocht the news, or we would have been nipped in our beds," some people cried.

"Does any one know who she is?" Gavin demanded, but all shook their heads. The Egyptian, as they called her, had never been seen in these parts before.

"Has any other person seen the soldiers?" he asked. "Perhaps this is a false alarm."

"Several have seen them within the last few minutes," the doctor answered. "They came from Tilliedrum, and were advancing on us from the south, but when they heard that we had got the alarm they stopped at the top of the brae, near T'nowhead's farm. Man, you would take these things more coolly if you smoked."

"Show me this woman," Gavin said sternly to those who had been listening. Then a stream of people carried him into the square.

The square has altered little, even in these days of enterprise, when Tillyloss has become Newton Bank, and the Craft Head Croft Terrace, with enamelled labels on them for the guidance of slow people, who forget their address and have to run to the end of the street and look up every time they write a letter. The stones on which the butter-wives sat have disappeared, and with them the clay walls and the outside stairs. Gone, too, is the stair of the town-house, from the top of which the drummer roared the gossip of the week on Sabbaths to country folk, to the scandal of all who knew that the proper thing on that day is to keep your blinds down; but the town-house itself, round and red, still makes exit to the south troublesome. Wherever streets meet the square there is a house in the centre of them, and thus the heart of Thrums is a box, in which the stranger finds himself suddenly, wondering at first how he is to get out, and presently how he got in.

To Gavin, who never before had seen a score of people in the square at once, here was a sight strange and terrible. Andrew Struthers, an old soldier, stood on the outside stair of the town-house, shouting words of command to some fifty weavers, many of them scantily clad, but all armed

with pikes and poles. Most were known to the little minister, but they wore faces that were new to him. New-comers joined the body every moment. If the drill was clumsy the men were fierce. Hundreds of people gathered around, some screaming, some shaking their fists at the old soldier, many trying to pluck their relatives out of danger. Gavin could not see the Egyptian. Women and old men, fighting for the possession of his ear, implored him to disperse the armed band. He ran up the town-house stair, and in a moment it had become a pulpit.

"Dinna dare to interfere, Mr. Dishart," Struthers said savagely.

"Andrew Struthers," said Gavin solemnly, "in the name of God I order you to leave me alone. If you don't," he added ferociously, "I'll fling you over the stair."

"Dinna heed him, Andrew," some one shouted; and another cried, "He canna understand our sufferings; he has dinner ilka day."

Struthers faltered, however, and Gavin cast his eye over the armed men.

"Rob Dow," he said, "William Carmichael, Thomas Whamond, William Munn, Alexander Hobart, Henders Haggart, step forward."

These were Auld Lichts, and when they found that the minister would not take his eyes off them, they obeyed, all save Rob Dow.

"Never mind him, Rob," said the atheist, Cruickshanks, "it's better playing cards in hell than singing psalms in heaven."

"Joseph Cruickshanks," responded Gavin grimly, "you will find no cards down there."

Then Rob also came to the foot of the stair. There was some angry muttering from the crowd, and young Charles Yuill exclaimed, "Curse you, would you lord it ower us on week-days as weel as on Sabbaths?"

"Lay down your weapons," Gavin said to the six men.

They looked at each other. Hobart slipped his pike behind his back.

"I hae no weapon," he said slily.

"Let me hae my fling this nicht," Dow entreated, "and I'll promise to bide sober for a twelvemonth."

"Oh, Rob, Rob!" the minister said bitterly, "are you the man I prayed with a few hours ago?"

The scythe fell from Rob's hands.

"Down wi' your pikes," he roared to his companions, "or I'll brain you wi' them."

"Ay, lay them down," the precentor whispered, "but keep your feet on them."

Then the minister, who was shaking with excitement, though he did not know it, stretched forth his arms for silence, and it came so suddenly

as to frighten the people in the neighbouring streets.

"If he prays we're done for," cried young Charles Yuill, but even in that hour many of the people unbonneted.

"Oh, Thou who art the Lord of hosts," Gavin prayed, "we are in Thy hands this night. These are Thy people, and they have sinned, but Thou art a merciful God, and they were sore tried, and knew not what they did. To Thee, our God, we turn for deliverance, for without Thee we are lost."

The little minister's prayer was heard all round the square, and many weapons were dropped as an Amen to it.

"If you fight," cried Gavin, brightening as he heard the clatter of the iron on the stones, "your wives and children may be shot in the streets. These soldiers have come for a dozen of you; will you be benefited if they take away a hundred?"

"Oh, hearken to him," cried many women.

"I winna," answered a man, "for I'm ane o' the dozen. Whaur's the Egyptian?"

"Here."

Gavin saw the crowd open, and the woman of Windyghoul come out of it, and, while he should have denounced her, he only blinked, for once more her loveliness struck him full in the eyes. She was beside him on the stair before he became a minister again.

"How dare you, woman?" he cried; but she flung a rowan berry at him.

"If I were a man," she exclaimed, addressing the people, "I wouldna let mysel be catched like a mouse in a trap."

"We winna," some answered.

"What kind o' women are you," cried the Egyptian, her face gleaming as she turned to her own sex, "that bid your men folk gang to gaol when a bold front would lead them to safety? Do you want to be husbandless and hameless?"

"Disperse, I command you!" cried Gavin. "This abandoned woman is inciting you to riot."

"Dinna heed this little man," the Egyptian retorted.

It is curious to know that even at that anxious moment Gavin winced because she called him little.

"She has the face of a mischief-maker," he shouted, "and her words are evil."

"You men and women o' Thrums," she responded, "ken that I wish you weel by the service I hae done you this nicht. Wha telled you the sojers was coming?"

"It was you; it was you!"

"Ay, and mony a mile I ran to bring the news. Listen, and I'll tell you mair."

"She has a false tongue," Gavin cried; "listen not to the brazen woman."

"What I have to tell," she said, "is as true as what I've telled already, and how true that is you a' ken. You're wondering how the sojers has come to a stop at the tap o' the brae instead o' marching on the town. Here's the reason. They agreed to march straucht to the square if the alarm wasna given, but if it was they were to break into small bodies and surround the town so that you couldna get out. That's what they're doing now."

At this the screams were redoubled, and many men lifted the weapons they had dropped.

"Believe her not," cried Gavin. "How could a wandering gypsy know all this?"

"Ay, how can you ken?" some demanded.

"It's enough that I do ken," the Egyptian answered. "And this mair I ken, that the captain of the soldiers is confident he'll nab every one o' you that's wanted unless you do one thing."

"What is't?"

"If you a' run different ways you're lost, but if you keep thegither you'll be able to force a road into the country, whaur you can scatter. That's what he's fleid you'll do."

"Then it's what we will do."

"It is what you will not do," Gavin said passionately. "The truth is not in this wicked woman."

But scarcely had he spoken when he knew that startling news had reached the square. A murmur arose on the skirts of the mob, and swept with

the roar of the sea towards the town-house. A detachment of the soldiers were marching down the Roods from the north.

"There's some coming frae the east-town end," was the next intelligence, "and they've gripped Sanders Webster, and auld Charles Yuill has gien himsel' up."

"You see, you see," the gypsy said, flashing triumph at Gavin.

"Lay down your weapons," Gavin cried, but his power over the people had gone.

"The Egyptian spoke true," they shouted; "dinna heed the minister."

Gavin tried to seize the gypsy by the shoulders, but she slipped past him down the stair, and crying "Follow me!" ran round the town-house and down the brae.

"Woman!" he shouted after her, but she only waved her arms scornfully. The people followed her, many of the men still grasping their weapons, but all in disorder. Within a minute after Gavin saw the gleam of the ring on her finger, as she waved her hands, he and Dow were alone in the square.

"She's an awfu' woman that," Rob said. "I saw her lauching."

Gavin ground his teeth.

"Rob Dow," he said, slowly, "if I had not found Christ I would have throttled that woman. You saw how she flouted me?"

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH THE SOLDIERS MEET THE AMAZONS OF THRUMS

Dow looked shamefacedly at the minister, and then set off up the square.

"Where are you going, Rob?"

"To gie myself up. I maun do something to let you see there's one man in Thrums that has mair faith in you than in a fliskmahoy."

"And only one, Rob. But I don't know that they want to arrest you."

"Ay, I had a hand in tying the polissman to the ——"

"I want to hear nothing about that," Gavin said, quickly.

"Will I hide, then?"

"I dare not advise you to do that. It would be wrong."

Half a score of fugitives tore past the town-house, and were out of sight without a cry. There was a tread of heavier feet, and a dozen soldiers, with several policemen and two prisoners, appeared suddenly on the north side of the square.

"Rob," cried the minister in desperation, "run!"

SOLDIERS MEET THE AMAZONS

When the soldiers reached the town-house, where they locked up their prisoners, Dow was skulking eastward, and Gavin running down the brae.

"They're fechting," he was told, "they're fechting on the brae, the sojers is firing, a man's killed!"

But this was an exaggeration.

The brae, though short, is very steep. There is a hedge on one side of it, from which the land falls away, and on the other side a hillock. Gavin reached the scene to see the soldiers marching down the brae, guarding a small body of policemen. The armed weavers were retreating before them. A hundred women or more were on the hillock, shrieking and gesticulating. Gavin joined them, calling on them not to fling the stones they had begun to gather.

The armed men broke into a rabble, flung down their weapons, and fled back towards the town-house. Here they almost ran against the soldiers in the square, who again forced them into the brae. Finding themselves about to be wedged between the two forces, some crawled through the hedge, where they were instantly seized by policemen. Others sought to climb up the hillock and then escape into the country. The policemen clambered after them. The men were too frightened to fight, but a woman seized a policeman by the waist and flung him head foremost among

the soldiers. One of these shouted "Fire!" but the captain cried "No." Then came showers of missiles from the women. They stood their ground and defended the retreat of the scared men.

Who flung the first stone is not known, but it is believed to have been the Egyptian. The policemen were recalled, and the whole body ordered to advance down the brae. Thus the weavers who had not escaped at once were driven before them, and soon hemmed in between the two bodies of soldiers, when they were easily captured. But for two minutes there was a thick shower of stones and clods of earth.

It was ever afterwards painful to Gavin to recall this scene, but less on account of the shower of stones than because of the flight of one divit in it. He had been watching the handsome young captain, Halliwell, riding with his men; admiring him, too, for his coolness. This coolness exasperated the gypsy, who twice flung at Halliwell and missed him. He rode on smiling contemptuously.

"Oh, if I could only fling straight!" the Egyptian moaned.

Then she saw the minister by her side, and in the tick of a clock something happened that can never be explained. For the moment Gavin was so lost in misery over the probable effect of the night's rioting that he had forgotten where he

was. Suddenly the Egyptian's beautiful face was close to his, and she pressed a divit into his hand, at the same time pointing at the officer, and whispering "Hit him."

Gavin flung the clod of earth, and hit Halliwell on the head.

I say I cannot explain this. I tell what happened, and add with thankfulness that only the Egyptian witnessed the deed. Gavin, I suppose, had flung the divit before he could stay his hand. Then he shrank in horror.

"Woman!" he cried again.

"You are a dear," she said, and vanished.

By the time Gavin was breathing freely again, the lock-up was crammed with prisoners, and the Riot Act had been read from the town-house stair. It is still remembered that the baron-bailie, to whom this duty fell, had got no further than, "Victoria, by the Grace of God," when the paper was struck out of his hands.

When a stirring event occurs up here we smack our lips over it for months, and so I could still write a history of that memorable night in Thrums. I could tell how the doctor, a man whose shoulders often looked as if they had been caught in a shower of tobacco ash, brought me the news to the school-house, and how, when I crossed the fields to dumfounder Waster Lunny with it, I found Birse, the post, reeling off the story to him

as fast as a fisher could let out line. I know who was the first woman on the Marywell brae to hear the horn, and how she woke her husband, and who heard it first at the Denhead and the Tenements, with what they immediately said and did. I had from Dite Deuchar's own lips the curious story of his sleeping placidly throughout the whole disturbance, and on wakening in the morning yoking to his loom as usual; and also his statement that such ill-luck was enough to shake a man's faith in religion. The police had knowledge that enabled them to go straight to the houses of the weavers wanted, but they sometimes brought away the wrong man, for such of the people as did not escape from the town had swopped houses for the night — a trick that served them better than all their drilling on the hill. Old Yuill's son escaped by burying himself in a peat-rick, and Snecky Hobart by pretending that he was a sack of potatoes. Less fortunate was Sanders Webster, the mole-catcher already mentioned. Sanders was really an innocent man. He had not even been in Thrums on the night of the rising against the manufacturers, but thinking that the outbreak was to be left unpunished, he wanted his share in the glory of it. So he had boasted of being a ringleader until many believed him, including the authorities. His braggadocio undid him. He was run to earth in a pig-sty, and got nine months. With the

other arrests I need not concern myself, for they have no part in the story of the little minister.

While Gavin was with the families whose breadwinners were now in the lock-up, a cell that was usually crammed on fair nights and empty for the rest of the year, the sheriff and Halliwell were in the round-room of the town-house, not in a good temper. They spoke loudly, and some of their words sank into the cell below.

"The whole thing has been a fiasco," the sheriff was heard saying, "owing to our failing to take them by surprise. Why, three-fourths of those taken will have to be liberated, and we have let the worst offenders slip through our hands."

"Well," answered Halliwell, who was wearing a heavy cloak, "I have brought your policemen into the place, and that is all I undertook to do."

"You brought them, but at the expense of alarming the country-side. I wish we had come without you."

"Nonsense! My men advanced like ghosts. Could your police have come down that brae alone to-night?"

"Yes, because it would have been deserted. Your soldiers, I tell you, have done the mischief. This woman, who, so many of our prisoners admit, brought the news of our coming, must either have got it from one of your men or have seen them on the march."

"The men did not know their destination. True, she might have seen us despite our precautions, but you forget that she told them how we were to act in the event of our being seen. That is what perplexes me."

"Yes, and me too, for it was a close secret between you and me and Lord Rintoul and not half-a-dozen others."

"Well, find the woman, and we shall get the explanation. If she is still in the town she cannot escape, for my men are everywhere."

"She was seen ten minutes ago."

"Then she is ours. I say, Riach, if I were you I would set all my prisoners free and take away a cartload of their wives instead. I have only seen the backs of the men of Thrums, but, on my word, I very nearly ran away from the women. Hallo! I believe one of your police has caught our virago single-handed."

So Halliwell exclaimed, hearing some one shout, "This is the rascal!" But it was not the Egyptian who was then thrust into the round-room. It was John Dunwoodie, looking very sly. Probably there was not, even in Thrums, a cannier man than Dunwoodie. His religious views were those of Cruickshanks, but he went regularly to church "on the off-chance of there being a God after all; so I'm safe, whatever side may be wrong."

"This is the man," exclaimed a policeman,

"who brought the alarm. He admits himself having been in Tilliedrum just before we started."

"Your name, my man?" the sheriff demanded.

"It micht be John Dunwoodie," the tinsmith answered cautiously.

"But is it?"

"I dinna say it's no."

"You were in Tilliedrum this evening?"

"I micht hae been."

"Were you?"

"I'll swear to nothing."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm a canny man."

"Into the cell with him," Halliwell cried, losing patience.

"Leave him to me," said the sheriff. "I understand the sort of man. Now, Dunwoodie, what were you doing in Tilliedrum?"

"I was taking my laddie down to be prenticed to a writer there," answered Dunwoodie, falling into the sheriff's net.

"What are you yourself?"

"I micht be a tinsmith to trade."

"And you, a mere tinsmith, dare to tell me that a lawyer was willing to take your son into his office? Be cautious, Dunwoodie."

"Weel, then, the laddie's highly edicated and I hae siller, and that's how the writer was to take him and make a gentleman o' him."

"I learn from the neighbours," the policeman explained, "that this is partly true, but what makes us suspect him is this. He left the laddie at Tilliedrum, and yet when he came home the first person he sees at the fireside is the laddie himself. The laddie had run home, and the reason plainly was that he had heard of our preparations and wanted to alarm the town."

"There seems something in this, Dunwoodie," the sheriff said, "and if you cannot explain it I must keep you in custody."

"I'll make a clean breast o't," Dunwoodie replied, seeing that in this matter truth was best. "The laddie was terrible against being made a gentleman, and when he saw the kind o' life he would hae to lead, clean hands, clean dickies, and no gutters on his breeks, his heart took mair scunner at genteelity than ever, and he ran hame. Ay, I was mad when I saw him at the fireside, but he says to me, 'How would you like to be a gentleman yoursel', father?' he says, and that so affected me 'at I'm to gie him his ain way."

Another prisoner, Dave Langlands, was confronted with Dunwoodie.

"John Dunwoodie's as innocent as I am mysel," Dave said, "and I'm most michty innocent. It wasna John but the Egyptian that gave the alarm. I tell you what, sheriff, if it'll make me innocenter-

like I'll picture the Egyptian to you just as I saw her, and syne you'll be able to catch her easier."

"You are an honest fellow," said the sheriff.

"I only wish I had the whipping of him," growled Halliwell, who was of a generous nature.

"For what business had she," continued Dave righteously, "to meddle in other folks' business? She's no a Thrums lassie, and so I say, 'Let the law take its course on her.'"

"Will you listen to such a cur, Riach?" asked Halliwell.

"Certainly. Speak out, Langlands."

"Weel, then, I was in the windmill the nicht."

"You were a watcher?"

"I happened to be in the windmill wi' another man," Dave went on, avoiding the officer's question.

"What was his name?" demanded Halliwell.

"It was the Egyptian I was to tell you about," Dave said, looking to the sheriff.

"Ah, yes, you only tell tales about women," said Halliwell.

"Strange women," corrected Dave. "Weel, we was there, and it would maybe be twal o'clock, and we was speaking (but about lawful things) when we heard some ane running yont the road. I keeked through a hole in the door, and I saw it was an Egyptian lassie 'at I had never clapped een

on afore. She saw the licht in the window, and she cried, 'Hie, you billies in the windmill, the sojers is coming!' I fell in a fricht, but the other man opened the door, and again she cries, 'The sojers is coming; quick, or you'll be ta'en.' At that the other man up wi' his bonnet and ran, but I didna make off so smart."

"You had to pick yourself up first," suggested the officer.

"Sal, it was the lassie picked me up; ay, and she picked up a horn at the same time."

"'Blaw on that,' she cried, 'and alarm the town.' But, sheriff, I didna do't. Na, I had ower muckle respect for the law."

"In other words," said Halliwell, "you also bolted, and left the gypsy to blow the horn herself."

"I dinna deny but what I made my feet my friend, but it wasna her that blew the horn. I ken that for I looked back and saw her trying to do't, but she couldna, she didna ken the way."

"Then who did blow it?"

"The first man she met, I suppose. We a' kent that the horn was to be the signal except Wearywarld. He's police, so we kept it frae him."

"That is all you saw of the woman?"

"Ay, for I ran straucht to my garret, and there your men took me. Can I gae hame now, sheriff?"

"No, you cannot. Describe the woman's appearance."

"She had a heap o' rowan berries stuck in her hair, and, I think, she had on a green wrapper and a red shawl. She had a most extraordinar face. I canna exact describe it, for she would be lauchin' one second and syne solemn the next. I tell you her face changed as quick as you could turn the pages o' a book. Ay, here comes Wearywarld to speak up for me."

Wearyworld entered cheerfully.

"This is the local policeman," a Tilliedrum officer said; "we have been searching for him everywhere, and only found him now."

"Where have you been?" asked the sheriff, wrathfully.

"Whaur maist honest men is at this hour," replied Wearyworld; "in my bed."

"How dared you ignore your duty at such a time?"

"It's a long story," the policeman answered, pleasantly, in anticipation of a talk at last.

"Answer me in a word."

"In a word!" cried the policeman, quite crestfallen. "It canna be done. You'll need to cross-examine me, too. It's my lawful richt."

"I'll take you to the Tilliedrum gaol for your share in this night's work if you do not speak to the purpose. Why did you not hasten to our assistance?"

"As sure as death I never kent you was here. I was up the Roods on my rounds when I heard an awfu' din down in the square, and thinks I, there's rough characters about, and the place for honest folk is their bed. So to my bed I gaed, and I was in't when your men gripped me."

"We must see into this before we leave. In the meantime you will act as a guide to my searchers. Stop! Do you know anything of this Egyptian?"

"What Egyptian? Is't a lassie wi' rowans in her hair?"

"The same. Have you seen her?"

"That I have. There's nothing agin her, is there? Whatever it is, I'll uphaud she didna do't, for a simpler, franker-spoken critter couldna be."

"Never mind what I want her for. When did you see her?"

"It would be about twal o'clock," began Wearyworld unctuously, "when I was in the Roods, ay, no lang afore I heard the disturbance in the square. I was standing in the middle o' the road, wondering how the door o' the windmill was swinging open, when she came up to me.

"'A fine nicht for the time o' year,' I says to her, for nobody but the minister had spoken to me a' day.

"'A very fine nicht,' says she, very frank,

though she was breathing quick like as if she had been running. 'You'll be police?' says she.

"'I am,' says I, 'and wha be you?'

"'I'm just a puir gypsy lassie,' she says.

"'And what's that in your hand?' says I.

"'It's a horn I found in the wood,' says she, 'but it's rusty and winna blaw.'

"I laughed at her ignorance, and says I, 'I warrant I could blaw it.'

"'I dinna believe you,' says she.

"'Gie me haud o't', says I, and she gae it to me, and I blew some bonny blasts on't. Ay, you see she didna ken the way o't. 'Thank you, kindly,' says she, and she ran awa without even minding to take the horn back again."

"You incredible idiot!" cried the sheriff. "Then it was you who gave the alarm?"

"What hae I done to madden you?" honest Wearyworld asked in perplexity.

"Get out of my sight, sir!" roared the sheriff.

But the captain laughed.

"I like your doughty policeman, Riach," he said. "Hie, obliging friend, let us hear how this gypsy struck you. How was she dressed?"

"She was snod, but no unca snod," replied Wearyworld, stiffly.

"I don't understand you."

"I mean she was couthie, but no sair in order."

"What on earth is that?"

"Weel, a tasty stocky, but gey orra put on."

"What language are you speaking, you enigma?"

"I'm saying she was naturally a bonny bit kimmer rather than happit up to the nines."

"Oh, go away," cried Halliwell; whereupon Wearyworld descended the stair haughtily, declaring that the sheriff was an unreasonable man, and that he was a queer captain who did not understand the English language.

"Can I gae hame now, sheriff?" asked Langlands, hopefully.

"Take this fellow back to his cell," Riach directed, shortly, "and whatever else you do, see that you capture this woman. Halliwell, I am going out to look for her myself. Confound it, what are you laughing at?"

"At the way this vixen has slipped through your fingers."

"Not quite that, sir, not quite that. She is in Thrums still, and I swear I'll have her before day breaks. See to it, Halliwell, that if she is brought here in my absence she does not slip through your fingers."

"If she is brought here," said Halliwell, mocking him, "you must return and protect me. It would be cruelty to leave a poor soldier in the hands of a woman of Thrums."

"She is not a Thrums woman. You have been told so a dozen times."

"Then I am not afraid."

In the round-room (which is oblong) there is a throne on which the bailie sits when he dispenses justice. It is swathed in red cloths that give it the appearance of a pulpit. Left to himself, Halliwell flung off his cloak and taking a chair near this dais rested his legs on the bare wooden table, one on each side of the lamp. He was still in this position when the door opened, and two policemen thrust the Egyptian into the room.

CHAPTER VII

HAS THE FOLLY OF LOOKING INTO A WOMAN'S EYES BY WAY OF TEXT

"THIS is the woman, captain," one of the policemen said in triumph, "and, begging your pardon, will you keep a grip of her till the sheriff comes back?"

Halliwell did not turn his head.

"You can leave her here," he said carelessly. "Three of us are not needed to guard a woman."

"But she's a slippery customer."

"You can go," said Halliwell; and the policemen withdrew slowly, eyeing their prisoner doubtfully until the door closed. Then the officer wheeled round languidly, expecting to find the Egyptian gaunt and muscular.

"Now, then," he drawled, "why—— By Jove!"

The gallant soldier was as much taken aback as if he had turned to find a pistol at his ear. He took his feet off the table. Yet he only saw the gypsy's girlish figure in its red and green, for she had covered her face with her hands. She was looking at him intently between her fingers, but he

did not know this. All he did want to know just then was what was behind the hands.

Before he spoke again she had perhaps made up her mind about him, for she began to sob bitterly. At the same time she slipped a finger over her ring.

"Why don't you look at me?" asked Halliwell, selfishly.

"I daurna."

"Am I so fearsome?"

"You're a sojer, and you would shoot me like a craw."

Halliwell laughed, and taking her wrists in his hands, uncovered her face.

"Oh, by Jove!" he said again, but this time to himself.

As for the Egyptian, she slid the ring into her pocket and fell back before the officer's magnificence.

"Oh," she cried, "is all sojers like you?"

There was such admiration in her eyes that it would have been self-contempt to doubt her. Yet having smiled complacently, Halliwell became uneasy.

"Who on earth are you?" he asked, finding it wise not to look her in the face. "Why do you not answer me more quickly?"

"Dinna be angry at that, captain," the Egyptian implored. "I promised my mither aye to count

twenty afore I spoke, because she thocht I was ower glib. Captain, how is't that you're so fleid to look at me?"

Thus put on his mettle, Halliwell again faced her, with the result that his question changed to "Where did you get those eyes?" Then was he indignant with himself.

"What I want to know," he explained severely, "is how you were able to acquaint the Thrums people with our movements? That you must tell me at once, for the sheriff blames my soldiers. Come now, no counting twenty!"

He was pacing the room now, and she had her face to herself. It said several things, among them that the officer evidently did not like this charge against his men.

"Does the shirra blame the sojers?" exclaimed this quick-witted Egyptian. "Weel, that cows, for he has nane to blame but himsel'."

"What!" cried Halliwell, delighted. "It was the sheriff who told tales? Answer me. You are counting a hundred this time."

Perhaps the gypsy had two reasons for withholding her answer. If so, one of them was that as the sheriff had told nothing, she had a story to make up. The other was that she wanted to strike a bargain with the officer.

"If I tell you," she said eagerly, "will you set me free?"

"I may ask the sheriff to do so."

"But he mauna see me," the Egyptian said in distress. "There's reasons, captain."

"Why, surely you have not been before him on other occasions," said Halliwell, surprised.

"No in the way you mean," muttered the gypsy, and for the moment her eyes twinkled. But the light in them went out when she remembered that the sheriff was near, and she looked desperately at the window as if ready to fling herself from it. She had very good reasons for not wishing to be seen by Riach, though fear that he would put her in gaol was not one of them.

Halliwell thought it was the one cause of her woe, and great was his desire to turn the tables on the sheriff.

"Tell me the truth," he said, "and I promise to befriend you."

"Weel, then," the gypsy said, hoping still to soften his heart, and making up her story as she told it, "yestreen I met the shirra, and he telled me a' I hae telled the Thrums folk this nicht."

"You can scarcely expect me to believe that. Where did you meet him?"

"In Glen Quharity. He was riding on a horse."

"Well, I allow he was there yesterday, and on horseback. He was on his way back to Tilliedrum from Lord Rintoul's place. But don't tell me that he took a gypsy girl into his confidence."

"Ay, he did, without kenning. He was gieing his horse a drink when I met him, and he let me tell him his fortune. He said he would gaol me for an impostor if I didna tell him true, so I gaed about it cautiously, and after a minute or twa I telled him he was coming to Thrums the nicht to nab the rioters."

"You are trifling with me," interposed the indignant soldier. "You promised to tell me not what you said to the sheriff, but how he disclosed our movements to you."

"And that's just what I am telling you, only you hinna the rummelgumption to see it. How do you think fortunes is telled? First we get out o' the man, without his seeing what we're after, a' about himsel', and syne we repeat it to him. That's what I did wi' the shirra."

"You drew the whole thing out of him without his knowing?"

"'Deed I did, and he rode awa' saying I was a witch."

The soldier heard with the delight of a schoolboy.

"Now if the sheriff does not liberate you at my request," he said, "I will never let him hear the end of this story. He was right; you are a witch. You deceived the sheriff: yes, undoubtedly you are a witch."

He looked at her with fun in his face, but the fun disappeared, and a wondering admiration took its place.

"By Jove!" he said, "I don't wonder you bewitched the sheriff. I must take care or you will bewitch the captain, too."

At this notion he smiled, but he also ceased looking at her. Suddenly the Egyptian again began to cry.

"You're angry wi' me," she sobbed. "I wish I had never set een on you."

"Why do you wish that?" Halliwell asked.

"Fine you ken," she answered, and again covered her face with her hands.

He looked at her undecidedly.

"I am not angry with you," he said, gently. "You are an extraordinary girl."

Had he really made a conquest of this beautiful creature? Her words said so, but had he? The captain could not make up his mind. He gnawed his moustache in doubt.

There was silence, save for the Egyptian's sobs. Halliwell's heart was touched, and he drew nearer her.

"My poor girl——"

He stopped. Was she crying? Was she not laughing at him rather? He became red.

The gypsy peeped at him between her fingers,

and saw that he was of two minds. She let her hands fall from her face, and undoubtedly there were tears on her cheeks.

"If you're no angry wi' me," she said, sadly, "how will you no look at me?"

"I am looking at you now."

He was very close to her, and staring into her wonderful eyes. I am older than the captain, and those eyes have dazzled me.

"Captain dear."

She put her hand in his. His chest rose. He knew she was seeking to beguile him, but he could not take his eyes off hers. He was in a worse plight than a woman listening to the first whisper of love.

Now she was further from him, but the spell held. She reached the door, without taking her eyes from his face. For several seconds he had been as a man mesmerised.

Just in time he came to. It was when she turned from him to find the handle of the door. She was turning it when his hand fell on hers so suddenly that she screamed. He twisted her round.

"Sit down there," he said hoarsely, pointing to the chair upon which he had flung his cloak. She dared not disobey. Then he leant against the door, his back to her, for just then he wanted no one to see his face. The gypsy sat very still and a little frightened.

Halliwell opened the door presently, and called to the soldier on duty below.

"Davidson, see if you can find the sheriff. I want him. And Davidson——"

The captain paused.

"Yes," he muttered, and the old soldier marvelled at his words, "it is better. Davidson, lock this door on the outside."

Davidson did as he was ordered, and again the Egyptian was left alone with Halliwell.

"Afraid of a woman!" she said, contemptuously, though her heart sank when she heard the key turn in the lock.

"I admit it," he answered, calmly.

He walked up and down the room, and she sat silently watching him.

"That story of yours about the sheriff was not true," he said at last.

"I suspect it wasna," answered the Egyptian coolly. "Hae you been thinking about it a' this time? Captain, I could tell you what you're thinking now. You're wishing it had been true, so that the ane o' you couldna lauch at the other."

"Silence!" said the captain, and not another word would he speak until he heard the sheriff coming up the stair. The Egyptian trembled at his step, and rose in desperation.

"Why is the door locked?" cried the sheriff, shaking it.

"All right," answered Halliwell; "the key is on your side."

At that moment the Egyptian knocked the lamp off the table, and the room was at once in darkness. The officer sprang at her, and catching her by the skirt, held on.

"Why are you in darkness?" asked the sheriff, as he entered.

"Shut the door," cried Halliwell. "Put your back to it."

"Don't tell me the woman has escaped?"

"I have her, I have her! She capsized the lamp, the little jade. Shut the door."

Still keeping firm hold of her, as he thought, the captain relit the lamp with his other hand. It showed an extraordinary scene. The door was shut, and the sheriff was guarding it. Halliwell was clutching the cloth of the bailie's seat. There was no Egyptian.

A moment passed before either man found his tongue.

"Open the door. After her!" cried Halliwell.

But the door would not open. The Egyptian had fled and locked it behind her.

What the two men said to each other, it would not be fitting to tell. When Davidson, who had been gossiping at the corner of the town-house, released his captain and the sheriff, the gypsy had been gone for some minutes.

"But she shan't escape us," Riach cried, and hastened out to assist in the pursuit.

Halliwell was in such a furious temper that he called up Davidson and admonished him for neglect of duty.

CHAPTER VIII

3 A.M.—MONSTROUS AUDACITY OF THE WOMAN

Not till the stroke of three did Gavin turn homeward, with the legs of a ploughman, and eyes rebelling against over-work. Seeking to comfort his dejected people, whose courage lay spilt on the brae, he had been in as many houses as the policemen. The soldiers marching through the wynds came frequently upon him, and found it hard to believe that he was always the same one. They told afterwards that Thrums was remarkable for the ferocity of its women, and the number of its little ministers.

The morning was nipping cold, and the streets were deserted, for the people had been ordered within doors. As he crossed the Roods, Gavin saw a gleam of red-coats. In the back wynd he heard a bugle blown. A stir in the Banker's close spoke of another seizure. At the top of the school wynd two policemen, of whom one was Weary-world, stopped the minister with the flash of a lantern.

"We dauredna let you pass, sir," the Tillie-

drum man said, "without a good look at you. That's the orders."

"I hereby swear," said Wearyworld, authoritatively, "that this is no the Egyptian. Signed, Peter Spens, policeman, called by the vulgar, Wearyworld. Mr. Dishart, you can pass, unless you'll bide a wee and gie us your crack."

"You have not found the gypsy, then?" Gavin asked.

"No," the other policeman said, "but we ken she's within cry o' this very spot, and escape she canna."

"What mortal man can do," Wearyworld said, "we're doing: ay, and mair, but she's auld wecht, and may find bilbie in queer places. Mr. Dishart, my official opinion is that this Egyptian is fearsomely like my snuff-spoon. I've kent me drap that spoon on the fender, and be beat to find it in an hour. And yet, a' the time I was sure it was there. This is a gey mysterious world, and women's the uncanniest things in't. It's hardly mous to think how uncanny they are."

"This one deserves to be punished," Gavin said, firmly; "she incited the people to riot."

"She did," agreed Wearyworld, who was supping ravenously on sociability; "ay, she even tried her tricks on me, so that them that kens no better thinks she fooled me. But she's cracky. To gie her her due, she's cracky, and as for her being a

cuttie, you've said yoursel', Mr. Dishart, that we're all desperately wicked. But we're sair tried. Has it ever struck you that the trouts bites best on the Sabbath? God's critters tempting decent men."

"Come alang," cried the Tilliedrum man, impatiently.

"I'm coming, but I maun give Mr. Dishart permission to pass first. Hae you heard, Mr. Dishart," Wearyworld whispered, "that the Egyptian diddled baith the captain and the shirra? It's my official opinion that she's no better than a roasted onion, the which, if you grip it firm, jumps out o' sicht, leaving its coat in your fingers. Mr. Dishart, you can pass."

The policemen turned down the school wynd, and Gavin, who had already heard exaggerated accounts of the strange woman's escape from the town-house, proceeded along the Tenements. He walked in the black shadows of the houses, though across the way there was the morning light.

In talking of the gypsy, the little minister had, as it were, put on the black cap; but now, even though he shook his head angrily with every thought of her, the scene in Windyghoul glimmered before his eyes. Sometimes when he meant to frown he only sighed, and then having sighed he shook himself. He was unpleasantly conscious of his right hand, which had flung the divit. Ah, she was shameless, and it would be a bright day

for Thrums that saw the last of her. He hoped the policemen would succeed in ——. It was the gladsomeness of innocence that he had seen dancing in the moonlight. A mere woman could not be like that. How soft ——. And she had derided him; he, the Auld Licht minister of Thrums, had been flouted before his people by a hussy. She was without reverence, she knew no difference between an Auld Licht minister, whose duty it was to speak and hers to listen, and herself. This woman deserved to be ——. And the look she cast behind her as she danced and sang! It was sweet, so wistful; the presence of purity had silenced him. Purity! Who had made him fling that divit? He would think no more of her. Let it suffice that he knew what she was. He would put her from his thoughts. Was it a ring on her finger?

Fifty yards in front of him Gavin saw the road end in a wall of soldiers. They were between him and the manse, and he was still in darkness. No sound reached him, save the echo of his own feet. But was it an echo? He stopped, and turned round sharply. Now he heard nothing, he saw nothing. Yet was not that a human figure standing motionless in the shadow behind?

He walked on, and again heard the sound. Again he looked behind, but this time without stopping. The figure was following him. He

stopped. So did it. He turned back, but it did not move. It was the Egyptian!

Gavin knew her, despite the lane of darkness, despite the long cloak that now concealed even her feet, despite the hood over her head. She was looking quite respectable, but he knew her.

He neither advanced to her nor retreated. Could the unhappy girl not see that she was walking into the arms of the soldiers? But doubtless she had been driven from all her hiding-places. For a moment Gavin had it in his heart to warn her. But it was only for a moment. The next a sudden horror shot through him. She was stealing toward him, so softly that he had not seen her start. The woman had designs on him! Gavin turned from her. He walked so quickly that judges would have said he ran.

The soldiers, I have said, stood in the dim light. Gavin had almost reached them, when a little hand touched his arm.

"Stop," cried the sergeant, hearing some one approaching, and then Gavin stepped out of the darkness with the gypsy on his arm.

"It is you, Mr. Dishart," said the sergeant, "and your lady?"

"I ——," said Gavin.

His lady pinched his arm.

"Yes," she answered, in an elegant English voice that made Gavin stare at her, "but, indeed,

I am sorry I ventured into the streets to-night. I thought I might be able to comfort some of these unhappy people, captain, but I could do little, sadly little."

"It is no scene for a lady, ma'am, but your husband has ——. Did you speak, Mr. Dishart?"

"Yes, I must inf——"

"My dear," said the Egyptian, "I quite agree with you, so we need not detain the captain."

"I'm only a sergeant, ma'am."

"Indeed!" said the Egyptian, raising her pretty eyebrows, "and how long are you to remain in Thrums, sergeant?"

"Only for a few hours, Mrs. Dishart. If this gypsy lassie had not given us so much trouble, we might have been gone by now."

"Ah, yes, I hope you will catch her, sergeant."

"Sergeant," said Gavin, firmly, "I must ——"

"You must, indeed, dear," said the Egyptian, "for you are sadly tired. Good-night, sergeant."

"Your servant, Mrs. Dishart. Your servant, sir."

"But ——," cried Gavin.

"Come, love," said the Egyptian, and she walked the distracted minister through the soldiers and up the manse road.

The soldiers left behind, Gavin flung her arm from him, and, standing still, shook his fist in her face.

"You — you — woman!" he said.

This, I think, was the last time he called her a woman.

But she was clapping her hands merrily.

"It was beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"It was iniquitous!" he answered. "And I a minister!"

"You can't help that," said the Egyptian, who pitied all ministers heartily.

"No," Gavin said, misunderstanding her, "I could not help it. No blame attaches to me."

"I meant that you could not help being a minister. You could have helped saving me, and I thank you so much."

"Do not dare to thank me. I forbid you to say that I saved you. I did my best to hand you over to the authorities."

"Then why did you not hand me over?"

Gavin groaned.

"All you had to say," continued the merciless Egyptian, "was, 'This is the person you are in search of.' I did not have my hand over your mouth. Why did you not say it?"

"Forbear!" said Gavin, woefully.

"It must have been," the gypsy said, "because you really wanted to help me."

"Then it was against my better judgment," said Gavin.

"I am glad of that," said the gypsy. "Mr. Dishart, I do believe you like me all the time."

"Can a man like a woman against his will?" Gavin blurted out.

"Of course he can," said the Egyptian, speaking as one who knew. "That is the very nicest way to be liked."

Seeing how agitated Gavin was, remorse filled her, and she said in a wheedling voice —

"It is all over, and no one will know."

Passion sat on the minister's brow, but he said nothing, for the gypsy's face had changed with her voice, and the audacious woman was become a child.

"I am very sorry," she said, as if he had caught her stealing jam. The hood had fallen back, and she looked pleadingly at him. She had the appearance of one who was entirely in his hands.

There was a torrent of words in Gavin, but only these trickled forth —

"I don't understand you."

"You are not angry any more?" pleaded the Egyptian.

"Angry!" he cried, with the righteous rage of one who when his leg is being sawn off is asked gently if it hurts him.

"I know you are," she sighed, and the sigh meant that men are strange.

"Have you no respect for law and order?" demanded Gavin.

"Not much," she answered, honestly.

He looked down the road to where the red-

coats were still visible, and his face became hard. She read his thoughts.

"No," she said, becoming a woman again, "it is not yet too late. Why don't you shout to them?"

She was holding herself like a queen, but there was no stiffness in her. They might have been a pair of lovers, and she the wronged one. Again she looked timidly at him, and became beautiful in a new way. Her eyes said that he was very cruel, and she was only keeping back her tears till he had gone. More dangerous than her face was her manner, which gave Gavin the privilege of making her unhappy; it permitted him to argue with her; it never implied that though he raged at her he must stand afar off; it called him a bully, but did not end the conversation.

Now (but perhaps I should not tell this) unless she is his wife a man is shot with a thrill of exultation every time a pretty woman allows him to upbraid her.

"I do not understand you," Gavin repeated weakly, and the gypsy bent her head under this terrible charge.

"Only a few hours ago," he continued, "you were a gypsy girl in a fantastic dress, barefooted——"

The Egyptian's bare foot at once peeped out mischievously from beneath the cloak, then again retired into hiding.

"You spoke as broadly," complained the minister, somewhat taken aback by this apparition, "as any woman in Thrums, and now you fling a cloak over your shoulders, and immediately become a fine lady. Who are you?"

"Perhaps," answered the Egyptian, "it is the cloak that has bewitched me." She slipped out of it. "Ay, ay, ou losh!" she said, as if surprised, "it was just the cloak that did it, for now I'm a puir ignorant bit lassie again. My, certie, but claithes does make a differ to a woman!"

This was sheer levity, and Gavin walked scornfully away from it.

"Yet, if you will not tell me who you are," he said, looking over his shoulder, "tell me where you got the cloak."

"Na faags," replied the gypsy out of the cloak. "Really, Mr. Dishart, you had better not ask," she added, replacing it over her.

She followed him, meaning to gain the open by the fields to the north of the manse.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand, "if you are not to give me up."

"I am not a policeman," replied Gavin, but he would not take her hand.

"Surely, we part friends, then?" said the Egyptian, sweetly.

"No," Gavin answered. "I hope never to see your face again."



"I cannot help," the Egyptian said, with dignity, "your not liking my face." Then, with less dignity, she added, "There is a splotch of mud on your own, little minister; it came off the divit you flung at the captain."

With this parting shot she tripped past him, and Gavin would not let his eyes follow her. It was not the mud on his face that distressed him, nor even the hand that had flung the divit. It was the word "little." Though even Margaret was not aware of it, Gavin's shortness had grieved him all his life. There had been times when he tried to keep the secret from himself. In his boyhood he had sought a remedy by getting his larger comrades to stretch him. In the company of tall men he was always self-conscious. In the pulpit he looked darkly at his congregation when he asked them who, by taking thought, could add a cubit to his stature. When standing on a hearthrug his heels were frequently on the fender. In his bedroom he has stood on a footstool and surveyed himself in the mirror. Once he fastened high heels to his boots, being ashamed to ask Hendry Munn to do it for him; but this dishonesty shamed him, and he tore them off. So the Egyptian had put a needle into his pride, and he walked to the manse gloomily.

Margaret was at her window, looking for him, and he saw her though she did not see him. He

was stepping into the middle of the road to wave his hand to her, when some sudden weakness made him look towards the fields instead. The Egyptian saw him and nodded thanks for his interest in her, but he scowled and pretended to be studying the sky. Next moment he saw her running back to him.

"There are soldiers at the top of the field," she cried. "I cannot escape that way."

"There is no other way," Gavin answered.

"Will you not help me again?" she entreated.

She should not have said "again." Gavin shook his head, but pulled her closer to the manse dyke, for his mother was still in sight.

"Why do you do that?" the girl asked, quickly, looking round to see if she were pursued. "Oh, I see," she said, as her eyes fell on the figure at the window.

"It is my mother," Gavin said, though he need not have explained, unless he wanted the gypsy to know that he was a bachelor.

"Only your mother?"

"Only! Let me tell you she may suffer more than you for your behaviour to-night!"

"How can she!"

"If you are caught, will it not be discovered that I helped you to escape?"

"But you said you did not."

"Yes, I helped you," Gavin admitted. "My

God! what would my congregation say if they knew I had let you pass yourself off as — as my wife?"

He struck his brow, and the Egyptian had the propriety to blush.

"It is not the punishment from men I am afraid of," Gavin said, bitterly, "but from my conscience. No, that is not true. I do fear exposure, but for my mother's sake. Look at her; she is happy, because she thinks me good and true; she has had such trials as you cannot know of, and now, when at last I seemed able to do something for her, you destroy her happiness. You have her life in your hands."

The Egyptian turned her back upon him, and one of her feet tapped angrily on the dry ground. Then, child of impulse as she always was, she flashed an indignant glance at him, and walked quickly down the road.

"Where are you going?" he cried.

"To give myself up. You need not be alarmed; I will clear you."

There was not a shake in her voice, and she spoke without looking back.

"Stop!" Gavin called, but she would not, until his hand touched her shoulder.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Why—" whispered Gavin, giddily, "why — why do you not hide in the manse garden? — No one will look for you there."

There were genuine tears in the gypsy's eyes now.

"You are a good man," she said; "I like you."

"Don't say that," Gavin cried in horror. "There is a summer-seat in the garden."

Then he hurried from her, and without looking to see if she took his advice, hastened to the manse. Once inside, he snibbed the door.

CHAPTER IX

THE WOMAN CONSIDERED IN ABSENCE—ADVENTURES OF A MILITARY CLOAK

ABOUT six o'clock Margaret sat up suddenly in bed, with the conviction that she had slept in. To her this was to ravel the day: a dire thing. The last time it happened Gavin, softened by her distress, had condensed morning worship into a sentence that she might make up on the clock.

Her part on waking was merely to ring her bell, and so rouse Jean, for Margaret had given Gavin a promise to breakfast in bed, and remain there till her fire was lit. Accustomed all her life, however, to early rising, her feet were usually on the floor before she remembered her vow, and then it was but a step to the window to survey the morning. To Margaret, who seldom went out, the weather was not of great moment, while it mattered much to Gavin, yet she always thought of it the first thing, and he not at all until he had to decide whether his companion should be an umbrella or a staff.

On this morning Margaret only noticed that there had been rain since Gavin came in. For-

getting that the water obscuring the outlook was on the other side of the panes she tried to brush it away with her fist. It was of the soldiers she was thinking. They might have been awaiting her appearance at the window as their signal to depart, for hardly had she raised the blind when they began their march out of Thrums. From the manse she could not see them, but she heard them, and she saw some people at the Tenements run to their houses at sound of the drum. Other persons, less timid, followed the enemy with execrations half-way to Tilliedrum. Margaret, the only person, as it happened, then awake in the manse, stood listening for some time. In the summer-seat of the garden, however, there was another listener protected from her sight by thin spars.

Despite the lateness of the hour Margaret was too soft-hearted to rouse Jean, who had lain down in her clothes, trembling for her father. She went instead into Gavin's room to look admiringly at him as he slept. Often Gavin woke to find that his mother had slipped in to save him the enormous trouble of opening a drawer for a clean collar, or of pouring the water into the basin with his own hand. Sometimes he caught her in the act of putting thick socks in the place of thin ones, and it must be admitted that her passion for keeping his belongings in boxes, and the boxes in secret places, and the secret places at the back of

drawers, occasionally led to their being lost when wanted. "They are safe, at any rate, for I put them away some gait," was then Margaret's comfort, but less soothing to Gavin. Yet if he upbraided her in his hurry, it was to repent bitterly his temper the next, and to feel its effects more than she, temper being a weapon that we hold by the blade. When he awoke and saw her in his room he would pretend, unless he felt called upon to rage at her for self-neglect, to be still asleep, and then be filled with tenderness for her. A great writer has spoken sadly of the shock it would be to a mother to know her boy as he really is, but I think she often knows him better than he is known to cynical friends. We should be slower to think that the man at his worst is the real man, and certain that the better we are ourselves the less likely is he to be at his worst in our company. Every time he talks away his own character before us he is signifying contempt for ours.

On this morning Margaret only opened Gavin's door to stand and look, for she was fearful of awakening him after his heavy night. Even before she saw that he still slept she noticed with surprise that, for the first time since he came to Thrums, he had put on his shutters. She concluded that he had done this lest the light should rouse him. He was not sleeping pleasantly, for now he put his open hand before his face, as if to

guard himself, and again he frowned and seemed to draw back from something. He pointed his finger sternly to the north, ordering the weavers, his mother thought, to return to their homes, and then he muttered to himself so that she heard the words, "And if thy right hand offend thee cut it off, and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." Then suddenly he bent forward, his eyes open and fixed on the window. Thus he sat, for the space of half a minute, like one listening with painful intentness. When he lay back Margaret slipped away. She knew he was living the night over again, but not of the divit his right hand had cast, nor of the woman in the garden.

Gavin was roused presently by the sound of voices from Margaret's room, where Jean, who had now gathered much news, was giving it to her mistress. Jean's cheerfulness would have told him that her father was safe had he not wakened to thoughts of the Egyptian. I suppose he was at the window in an instant, unsnibbing the shutters and looking out as cautiously as a burglar might have looked in. The Egyptian was gone from the summer-seat. He drew a great breath.

But his troubles were not over. He had just lifted his ewer of water when these words from the kitchen capsized it:

"Ay, an Egyptian. That's what the auld folk call a gypsy. Weel, Mrs. Dishart, she led the police and sojers sic a dance through Thrums as would baffle description, though I kent the fits and fors o't as I dinna. Ay, but they gripped her in the end, and the queer thing is——"

Gavin listened to no more. He suddenly sat down. The queer thing, of course, was that she had been caught in his garden. Yes, and doubtless queerer things about this hussy and her "husband" were being bawled from door to door. To the girl's probable sufferings he gave no heed. What kind of man had he been a few hours ago to yield to the machinations of a woman who was so obviously the devil? Now he saw his folly in the face.

The tray in Jean's hands clattered against the dresser, and Gavin sprang from his chair. He thought it was his elders at the front door.

In the parlour he found Margaret sorrowing for those whose mates had been torn from them, and Jean with a face flushed by talk. On ordinary occasions the majesty of the minister still cowed Jean, so that she could only gaze at him without shaking when in church, and then because she wore a veil. In the manse he was for taking a glance at sideways and then going away comforted, as a respectable woman may once or twice in a day look at her brooch in the pasteboard box as a

means of helping her with her work. But with such a to-do in Thrums, and she the possessor of exclusive information, Jean's reverence for Gavin only took her to-day as far as the door, where she lingered half in the parlour and half in the lobby, her eyes turned politely from the minister, but her ears his entirely.

"I thought I heard Jean telling you about the capture of the—of an Egyptian woman," Gavin said to his mother, nervously.

"Did you cry to me?" Jean asked, turning round longingly. "But maybe the mistress will tell you about the Egyptian hersel'."

"Has she been taken to Tilliedrum?" Gavin asked in a hollow voice.

"Sup up your porridge, Gavin," Margaret said. "I'll have no speaking about this terrible night till you've eaten something."

"I have no appetite," the minister replied, pushing his plate from him. "Jean, answer me."

"'Deed, then," said Jean willingly, "they hinna ta'en her to Tilliedrum."

"For what reason?" asked Gavin, his dread increasing.

"For the reason that they couldna catch her," Jean answered. "She spirited herself awa', the magerful crittur."

"What! But I heard you say——"

"Ay, they had her aince, but they couldna keep

her. It's like a witch story. They had her safe in the town-house, and baith shirra and captain guarding her, and syne in a clink she wasna there. A' nicht they looked for her, but she hadna left so muckle as a footprint ahint her, and in the tail of the day they had to up wi' their tap in their lap and march awa without her."

Gavin's appetite returned.

"Has she been seen since the soldiers went away?" he asked, laying down his spoon with a new fear. "Where is she now?"

"No human eye has seen her," Jean answered impressively. "Whaur is she now? Whaur does the flies vanish to in winter? We ken they're some gait, but whaur?"

"But what are the people saying about her?"

"Daft things," said Jean. "Old Charles Yuill gangs the length o' hinting that she's dead and buried."

"She could not have buried herself, Jean," Margaret said, mildly.

"I dinna ken. Charles says she's even capable o' that."

Then Jean retired reluctantly (but leaving the door ajar) and Gavin fell to on his porridge. He was now so cheerful that Margaret wondered.

"If half the stories about this gypsy be true," she said, "she must be more than a mere woman."

"Less, you mean, mother," Gavin said, with conviction. "She is a woman, and a sinful one."

"Did you see her, Gavin?"

"I saw her. Mother, she flouted me!"

"The daring tawpie!" exclaimed Margaret.

"She is all that," said the minister.

"Was she dressed just like an ordinary gypsy body? But you don't notice clothes much, Gavin."

"I noticed hers," Gavin said, slowly, "she was in green and red, I think, and barefooted."

"Ay," shouted Jean from the kitchen, startling both of them, "but she had a lang grey-like cloak too. She was seen jouking up closes in't."

Gavin rose, considerably annoyed, and shut the parlour door.

"Was she as bonny as folks say?" asked Margaret. "Jean says they speak of her beauty as unearthly."

"Beauty of her kind," Gavin explained learnedly, "is neither earthly nor heavenly." He was seeing things as they are very clearly now. "What," he said, "is mere physical beauty? Pooh!"

"And yet," said Margaret, "the soul surely does speak through the face to some extent."

"Do you really think so, mother?" Gavin asked, a little uneasily.

"I have always noticed it," Margaret said, and then her son sighed.

"But I would let no face influence me a jot," he said, recovering.

"Ah, Gavin, I'm thinking I'm the reason you pay so little regard to women's faces. It's no natural."

"You've spoilt me, you see, mother, for ever caring for another woman. I would compare her to you, and then where would she be?"

"Sometime," Margaret said, "you'll think differently."

"Never," answered Gavin, with a violence that ended the conversation.

Soon afterwards he set off for the town, and in passing down the garden walk cast a guilty glance at the summer-seat. Something black was lying in one corner of it. He stopped irresolutely, for his mother was nodding to him from her window. Then he disappeared into the little arbour. What had caught his eye was a Bible. On the previous day, as he now remembered, he had been called away while studying in the garden, and had left his Bible on the summer-seat, a pencil between its pages. Not often probably had the Egyptian passed a night in such company.

But what was this? Gavin had not to ask himself the question. The gypsy's cloak was lying neatly folded at the other end of the seat.

Why had the woman not taken it with her? Hardly had he put this question when another stood in front of it. What was to be done with the cloak? He dared not leave it there for Jean to discover. He could not take it into the manse in daylight. Beneath the seat was a tool-chest without a lid, and into this he crammed the cloak. Then, having turned the box face downwards he went about his duties. But many a time during the day he shivered to the marrow, reflecting suddenly that at this very moment Jean might be carrying the accursed thing (at arms' length, like a dog in disgrace) to his mother.

Now let those who think that Gavin has not yet paid toll for taking the road with the Egyptian, follow the adventures of the cloak. Shortly after gloaming fell that night Jean encountered her master in the lobby of the manse. He was carrying something, and when he saw her he slipped it behind his back. Had he passed her openly she would have suspected nothing, but this made her look at him.

"Why do you stare so, Jean?" Gavin asked, conscience-stricken, and he stood with his back to the wall until she had retired in bewilderment.

"I have noticed her watching me sharply all day," he said to himself, though it was only he who had been watching her.

Gavin carried the cloak to his bed-room, think-

ing to lock it away in his chest, but it looked so wicked lying there that he seemed to see it after the lid was shut.

The garret was the best place for it. He took it out of the chest and was opening his door gently, when there was Jean again. She had been employed very innocently in his mother's room, but he said tartly—

"Jean, I really cannot have this," which sent Jean to the kitchen with her apron at her eyes.

Gavin stowed the cloak beneath the garret bed, and an hour afterwards was engaged on his sermon, when he distinctly heard some one in the garret. He ran up the ladder with a terrible brow for Jean, but it was not Jean; it was Margaret.

"Mother," he said in alarm, "what are you doing here?"

"I am only tidying up the garret, Gavin."

"Yes, but — it is too cold for you. Did Jean —did Jean ask you to come up here?"

"Jean? She knows her place better."

Gavin took Margaret down to the parlour, but his confidence in the garret had gone. He stole up the ladder again, dragged the cloak from its lurking place, and took it into the garden. He very nearly met Jean in the lobby again, but hearing him coming she fled precipitately, which he thought very suspicious.

In the garden he dug a hole, and there buried

the cloak, but even now he was not done with it. He was wakened early by a noise of scraping in the garden, and his first thought was "Jean!" But peering from the window, he saw that the resurrectionist was a dog, which already had its teeth in the cloak.

That forenoon Gavin left the manse unostentatiously, carrying a brown-paper parcel. He proceeded to the hill, and having dropped the parcel there, retired hurriedly. On his way home, nevertheless, he was overtaken by D. Fittis, who had been cutting down whins. Fittis had seen the parcel fall, and running after Gavin, returned it to him. Gavin thanked D. Fittis, and then sat down gloomily on the cemetery dyke. Half an hour afterwards he flung the parcel into a Tillyloss garden.

In the evening Margaret had news for him, got from Jean.

"Do you remember, Gavin, that the Egyptian every one is still speaking of, wore a long cloak? Well, would you believe it, the cloak was Captain Halliwell's, and she took it from the town-house when she escaped. She is supposed to have worn it inside out. He did not discover that it was gone until he was leaving Thrums."

"Mother, is this possible?" Gavin said.

"The policeman, Wearyworld, has told it. He was ordered, it seems, to look for the cloak quietly,

and to take any one into custody in whose possession it was found."

"Has it been found?"

"No."

The minister walked out of the parlour, for he could not trust his face. What was to be done now? The cloak was lying in mason Baxter's garden, and Baxter was therefore, in all probability, within four-and-twenty hours of the Tilliedrum gaol.

"Does Mr. Dishart ever wear a cap at nichts?" Femie Wilkie asked Sam'l Fairweather three hours later.

"Na, na, he has ower muckle respect for his lum hat," answered Sam'l; "and richtly, for it's the crowning stone o' the edifice."

"Then it couldna hae been him I met at the back o' Tillyloss the now," said Femie, "though like him it was. He joukit back when he saw me."

While Femie was telling her story in the Tenements, mason Baxter, standing at the window which looked into his garden, was shouting, "Wha's that in my yard?" There was no answer, and Baxter closed his window, under the impression that he had been speaking to a cat. The man in the cap then emerged from the corner where he had been crouching, and stealthily felt for something among the cabbages and pea sticks. It was no longer there, however, and by-and-by he retired empty-handed.

"The Egyptian's cloak has been found," Margaret was able to tell Gavin next day. "Mason Baxter found it yesterday afternoon."

"In his garden?" Gavin asked hurriedly.

"No; in the quarry, he says, but according to Jean he is known not to have been at the quarry to-day. Some seem to think that the gypsy gave him the cloak for helping her to escape, and that he has delivered it up lest he should get into difficulties."

"Whom has he given it to, mother?" Gavin asked.

"To the policeman."

"And has Wearyworld sent it back to Halliwell?"

"Yes. He told Jean he sent it off at once, with the information that the masons had found it in the quarry."

The next day was Sabbath, when a new trial, now to be told, awaited Gavin in the pulpit; but it had nothing to do with the cloak, of which I may here record the end. Wearyworld had not forwarded it to its owner; Meggy, his wife, took care of that. It made its reappearance in Thrums, several months after the riot, as two pairs of Sabbath breeks for her sons, James and Andrew.

CHAPTER X

FIRST SERMON AGAINST WOMEN

On the afternoon of the following Sabbath, as I have said, something strange happened in the Auld Licht pulpit. The congregation, despite their troubles, turned it over and peered at it for days, but had they seen into the inside of it they would have weaved few webs until the session had sat on the minister. The affair baffled me at the time, and for the Egyptian's sake I would avoid mentioning it now, were it not one of Gavin's milestones. It includes the first of his memorable sermons against Woman.

I was not in the Auld Licht church that day, but I heard of the sermon before night, and this, I think, is as good an opportunity as another for showing how the gossip about Gavin reached me up here in the Glen school-house. Since Margaret and her son came to the manse I had kept the vow made to myself and avoided Thrums. Only once had I ventured to the kirk, and then, instead of taking my old seat, the fourth from the pulpit, I sat down near the plate, where I could look at

Margaret without her seeing me. To spare her that agony I even stole away as the last word of the benediction was pronounced, and my haste scandalised many, for with Auld Lichts it is not customary to retire quickly from church after the manner of the godless U.P.'s (and the Free Kirk is little better), who have their hats in their hand when they rise for the benediction, so that they may at once pour out like a burst dam. We resume our seats, look straight before us, clear our throats and stretch out our hands for our womenfolk to put our hats into them. In time we do get out, but I am never sure how.

One may gossip in a glen on Sabbaths, though not in a town, without losing his character, and I used to await the return of my neighbour, the farmer of Waster Lunny, and of Silva Birse, the Glen Quharity post, at the end of the school-house path. Waster Lunny was a man whose care in his leisure hours was to keep from his wife his great pride in her. His horse, Catlaw, on the other hand, he told outright what he thought of it, praising it to its face and blackguarding it as it deserved, and I have seen him, when completly baffled by the brute, sit down before it on a stone and thus harangue: "You think you're clever, Catlaw, my lass, but you're mista'en. You're a thrawn limmer, that's what you are. You think you have blood in you. You hae blood! Gae

away, and dinna blether. I tell you what, Catlaw, I met a man yestreen that kent your mither, and he says she was a feikie fushionless besom. What do you say to that?"

As for the post, I will say no more of him than that his bitter topic was the unreasonableness of humanity, which treated him graciously when he had a letter for it, but scowled at him when he had none, "aye implying that I hae a letter, but keep it back."

On the Sabbath evening after the riot, I stood at the usual place awaiting my friends, and saw before they reached me that they had something untoward to tell. The farmer, his wife and three children, holding each other's hands, stretched across the road. Birse was a little behind, but a conversation was being kept up by shouting. All were walking the Sabbath pace, and the family having started half a minute in advance, the post had not yet made up on them.

"It's sitting to snaw," Waster Lunny said, drawing near, and just as I was to reply, "It is so," Silva slipped in the words before me.

"You wasna at the kirk," was Elspeth's salutation. I had been at the Glen church, but did not contradict her, for it is the Established, and so neither here nor there. I was anxious, too, to know what their long faces meant, and so asked at once —

"Was Mr. Dishart on the riot?"

"Forenoon, ay; afternoon, no," replied Waster Lunny, walking round his wife to get nearer me. "Dominie, a queery thing happened in the kirk this day, sic as——"

"Waster Lunny," interrupted Elspeth sharply; "have you on your Sabbath shoon or have you no on your Sabbath shoon?"

"Guid care you took I should hae the dagont oncanny things on," retorted the farmer.

"Keep out o' the gutter, then," said Elspeth, "on the Lord's day."

"Him," said her man, "that is forced by a foolish woman to wear genteel 'lastic-sided boots canna forget them till he takes them aff. Whaur's the extra reverence in wearing shoon twa sizes ower sma?"

"It mayna be mair reverent," suggested Birse, to whom Elspeth's kitchen was a pleasant place, "but it's grand, and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable."

I reminded them that they were speaking of Mr. Dishart.

"We was saying," began the post briskly, "that——"

"It was me that was saying it," said Waster Lunny. "So, Dominie——"

"Haud your gabs, baith o' you," interrupted Elspeth. "You've been roaring the story to ane another till you're hoarse."

"In the forenoon," Waster Lunny went on determinedly, "Mr. Dishart preached on the riot, and fine he was. Oh, dominie, you should hae heard him ladling it on to Lang Tammas, no by name but in sic a way that there no mistaking wha he was preaching at. Sal! oh losh! Tammas got it strong."

"But he's dull in the uptake," broke in the post, "by what I expected. I spoke to him after the sermon, and I says, just to see if he was properly humbled, 'Ay, Tammas,' I says, 'them that discourse was preached against, winna think themselves seven feet men for a while again.' 'Ay, Birse,' he answers, 'and glad I am to hear you admit it, for he had you in his eye.' I was fair scunnered at Tammas the day."

"Mr. Dishart was preaching at the whole clanjamfray o' you," said Elspeth.

"Maybe he was," said her husband, leering; "but you needna cast it at us, for, my certie, if the men got it frae him in the forenoon, the women got it in the afternoon."

"He redd them up most michty," said the post. "Thae was his very words or something like them. 'Adam,' says he, 'was an erring man, but aside Eve he was respectable.'"

"Ay, but it wasna a' women he meant," Elspeth explained, "for when he said that, he pointed his finger direct at T'nowhead's lassie, and I hope it'll do her good."

"But I wonder," I said, "that Mr. Dishart chose such a subject to-day. I thought he would be on the riot at both services."

"You'll wonder mair," said Elspeth, "when you hear what happened afore he began the afternoon sermon. But I canna get in a word wi' that man o' mine."

"We've been speaking about it," said Birse, "ever since we left the kirk door. Tod, we've been sawing it like seed a' alang the glen."

"And we meant to tell you about it at once," said Waster Lunny; "but there's aye so muckle to say about a minister. Dagont, to hae ane keeps a body out o' langour. Ay, but this breaks the drum. Dominie, either Mr. Dishart wasna weel, or he was in the devil's grip."

This startled me, for the farmer was looking serious.

"He was weel eneuch," said Birse, "for a heap o' fowk speired at Jean if he had ta'en his porridge as usual, and she admitted he had. But the lassie was skeered hersel', and said it was a mercy Mrs. Dishart wasna in the kirk."

"Why was she not there?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, he winna let her out in sic weather."

"I wish you would tell me what happened," I said to Elspeth.

"So I will," she answered, "if Waster Lunny would haud his wheesht for a minute. You see the afternoon diet began in the ordinary way, and

a' was richt until we came to the sermon. 'You will find my text,' he says, in his piercing voice, 'in the eighth chapter of Ezra.'"

"And at thae words," said Waster Lunny, "my heart gae a loup, for Ezra is an unca ill book to find; ay, and so is Ruth."

"I kent the books o' the Bible by heart," said Elspeth, scornfully, "when I was a sax year auld."

"So did I," said Waster Lunny, "and I ken them yet, except when I'm hurried. When Mr. Dishart gave out Ezra he a sort o' keeked round the kirk to find out if he had puzzled onybody, and so there was a kind o' a competition among the congregation wha would lay hand on it first. That was what doited me. Ay, there was Ruth when she wasna wanted, but Ezra, dagont, it looked as if Ezra had jumped clean out o' the Bible."

"You wasna the only distressed crittur," said his wife. "I was ashamed to see Eppie McLaren looking up the order o' the books at the beginning o' the Bible."

"Tibbie Birse was even mair brazen," said the post, "for the sly cuttie opened at Kings and pretended it was Ezra."

"None o' thae things would I do," said Waster Lunny, "and sal, I dauredna, for Davit Lunan was glowering over my shuther. Ay, you may scowl at me, Elspeth Proctor, but as far back as I can mind, Ezra has done me. Mony a time

afore I start for the kirk I take my Bible to a quiet place and look Ezra up. In the very pew I says canny to mysel', 'Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job,' the which should be a help, but the moment the minister gi'es out that awfu' book, away goes Ezra like the Egyptian."

"And you after her," said Elspeth, "like the weavers that wouldna fecht. You make a windmill of your Bible."

"Oh, I winna admit I'm beat. Never mind, there's queer things in the world forby Ezra. How is cripples aye so puffed up mair than other folk? How does flour-bread aye fall on the buttered side?"

"I will mind," Elspeth said, "for I was terrified the minister would admonish you frae the pulpit."

"He couldna hae done that, for was he no baffled to find Ezra himsel'?"

"Him no find Ezra!" cried Elspeth. "I hae telled you a dozen times he found it as easy as you could yoke a horse."

"The thing can be explained in no other way," said her husband, doggedly, "if he was weel and in sound mind."

"Maybe the dominie can clear it up," suggested the post, "him being a scholar."

"Then tell me what happened," I asked.

"Godsake, hae we no telled you?" Birse said. "I thocht we had."

"It was a terrible scene," said Elspeth, giving her husband a shove. "As I said, Mr. Dishart gave out Ezra eighth. Weel, I turned it up in a jiffy, and syne looked cautiously to see how Eppie McLaren was getting on. Just at that minute I heard a groan frae the pulpit. It didna stop short o' a groan. Ay, you may be sure I looked quick at the minister, and there I saw a sicht that would hae made the grandest gape. His face was as white as a baker's, and he had a sort of fallen against the back o' the pulpit, staring demented-like at his open Bible."

"And I saw him," said Birse, "put up his hand atween him and the Book, as if he thocht it was to jump at him."

"Twice," said Elspeth, "he tried to speak, and twice he let the words fall."

"That," said Waster Lunny, "the whole congregation admits, but I didna see it mysel', for a' this time you may picture me hunting savage-like for Ezra. I thocht the minister was waiting till I found it."

"Hendry Munn," said Birse, "stood upon one leg, wondering whether he should run to the session-house for a glass of water."

"But by that time," said Elspeth, "the fit had left Mr. Dishart, or rather it had ta'en a new turn. He grew red, and it's gospel that he stamped his foot."

"He had the face of one using bad words,"

said the post. "He didna swear, of course, but that was the face he had on."

"I missed it," said Waster Lunny, "for I was in full cry after Ezra, with the sweat running down my face."

"But the most astounding thing has yet to be telled," went on Elspeth. "The minister shook himsel' like one wakening frae a nasty dream, and he cries in a voice of thunder, just as if he was shaking his fist at somebody ——"

"He cries," Birse interposed, cleverly, "he cries, 'You will find the text in Genesis, chapter three, verse six.'"

"Yes," said Elspeth, "first he gave out one text, and then he gave out another, being the most amazing thing to my mind that ever happened in the town of Thrums. What will our children's children think o't? I wouldna hae missed it for a pound note."

"Nor me," said Waster Lunny, "though I only got the tail o't. Dominie, no sooner had he said Genesis third and sixth, than I laid my finger on Ezra. Was it no provoking? Onybody can turn up Genesis, but it needs an able-bodied man to find Ezra."

"He preached on the Fall," Elspeth said, "for an hour and twenty-five minutes, but powerful though he was I would rather he had telled us what made him gie the go-by to Ezra."

"All I can say," said Waster Lunny, "is that I never heard him mair awe-inspiring. Whaur has he got sic a knowledge of women? He riddled them, he fair riddled them, till I was ashamed o' being married."

"It's easy kent whaur he got his knowledge of women," Birse explained, "it's a' in the original Hebrew. You can howk ony mortal thing out o' the original Hebrew, the which all ministers hae at their finger ends. What else makes them ken to jump a verse now and then when giving out a psalm?"

"It wasna women like me he denounced," Elspeth insisted, "but young lassies that leads men astray wi' their abominable wheedling ways."

"Tod," said her husband, "if they try their hands on Mr. Dishart they'll meet their match."

"They will," chuckled the post. "The Hebrew's a grand thing, though teuch, I'm telled, mighty teuch."

"His sublimest burst," Waster Lunny came back to tell me, "was about the beauty o' the soul being everything and the beauty o' the face no worth a snuff. What a scorn he has for bonny faces and toom souls! I dinna deny but what a bonny face fell takes me, but Mr. Dishart wouldna gie a blade o' grass for't. Ay, and I used to think that in their foolishness about women there was

dagont little differ atween the unlearned and the highly edicated."

The gossip about Gavin brought hitherto to the school-house had been as bread to me, but this I did not like. For a minister to behave thus was as unsettling to us as a change of Government to Londoners, and I decided to give my scholars a holiday on the morrow and tramp into the town for fuller news. But all through the night it snowed, and next day, and then intermittently for many days, and every fall took the school miles farther away from Thrums. Birse and the crows had now the glen road to themselves, and even Birse had twice or thrice to bed with me. At these times had he not been so interested in describing his progress through the snow, maintaining that the crying want of our glen road was palings for postmen to kick their feet against, he must have wondered why I always turned the talk to the Auld Licht minister.

"Ony explanation o' his sudden change o' texts?" Birse said, repeating my question. "Tod, and there is and to spare, for I hear tell there's saxteen explanations in the Tenements alone. As Tammas Haggart says, that's a blessing, for if there had just been twa explanations the kirk micht hae split on them."

"Ay," he said at another time, "twa or three

even dared to question the minister, but I'm thinking they made nothing o't. The majority agrees that he was just inspired to change his text. But Lang Tammas is dour. Tammas telled the session a queer thing. He says that after the diet o' worship on that eventful afternoon Mr. Dishart carried the Bible out o' the pulpit instead o' leaving that duty as usual to the kirk-officer. Weel, Tammas, being precentor, has a richt, as you ken, to leave the kirk by the session-house door, just like the minister himsel'. He did so that afternoon, and what, think you, did he see? He saw Mr. Dishart tearing a page out o' the Bible, and flinging it savagely into the session-house fire. You dinna credit it? Weel, it's staggering, but there's Hendry Munn's evidence too. Hendry took his first chance o' looking up Ezra in the minister's Bible, and, behold, the page wi' the eighth chapter was gone. Them that thinks Tammas wasna blind wi' excitement hauds it had been Ezra eighth that gaed into the fire. Onyway, there's no doubt about the page's being missing, for whatever excitement Tammas was in, Hendry was as cool as ever."

A week later Birse told me that the congregation had decided to regard the incident as adding lustre to their kirk. This was largely, I fear, because it could then be used to belittle the Established minister. That fervent Auld Licht, Snecky

Hobart, feeling that Gavin's action was unsound, had gone on the following Sabbath to the parish kirk and sat under Mr. Duthie. But Mr. Duthie was a close reader, so that Snecky flung himself about in his pew in misery. The minister concluded his sermon with these words: "But on this subject I will say no more at present." "Because you canna," Snecky roared, and strutted out of the church. Comparing the two scenes, it is obvious that the Auld Lichts had won a victory. After preaching impromptu for an hour and twenty-five minutes, it could never be said of Gavin that he needed to read. He became more popular than ever. Yet the change of texts was not forgotten. If in the future any other indictments were brought against him, it would certainly be pinned to them.

I marvelled long over Gavin's jump from Ezra to Genesis, and at this his first philippic against Woman, but I have known the cause for many a year. The Bible was the one that had lain on the summer-seat while the Egyptian hid there. It was the great pulpit Bible which remains in the church as a rule, but Gavin had taken it home the previous day to make some of its loose pages secure with paste. He had studied from it on the day preceding the riot, but had used a small Bible during the rest of the week. When he turned in the pulpit to Ezra, where he had left the large

Bible open in the summer-seat, he found this scrawled across chapter eight:—

"I will never tell who flung the clod at Captain Halliwell. But why did you fling it? I will never tell that you allowed me to be called Mrs. Dishart before witnesses. But is not this a Scotch marriage? Signed, Babbie the Egyptian."

CHAPTER XI

TELLS IN A WHISPER OF MAN'S FALL DURING THE CURLING SEASON

No snow could be seen in Thrums by the beginning of the year, though clods of it lay in Waster Lunny's fields, where his hens wandered all day as if looking for something they had dropped. A black frost had set in, and one walking on the glen road could imagine that through the cracks in it he saw a loch glistening. From my door I could hear the roar of curling stones at Rashie-bog, which is almost four miles nearer Thrums. On the day I am recalling, I see that I only made one entry in my diary, "At last bought Waster Lunny's bantams." Well do I remember the transaction, and no wonder, for I had all but bought the bantams every day for a six months.

About noon the doctor's dog-cart was observed by all the Tenements standing at the Auld Licht manse. The various surmises were wrong. Margaret had not been suddenly taken ill; Jean had not swallowed a darning-needle; the minister had not walked out at his study window in a moment of sublime thought. Gavin stepped into the dog-

cart, which at once drove off in the direction of Rashie-bog, but equally in error were those who said that the doctor was making a curler of him.

There was, however, ground for gossip; for Thrums folk seldom called in a doctor until it was too late to cure them, and McQueen was not the man to pay social visits. Of his skill we knew fearsome stories, as that, by looking at Archie Allardyce, who had come to broken bones on a ladder, he discovered which rung Archie fell from. When he entered a stuffy room he would poke his staff through the window to let in fresh air, and then fling down a shilling to pay for the breakage. He was deaf in the right ear, and therefore usually took the left side of prosy people, thus, as he explained, making a blessing of an affliction. "A pity I don't hear better?" I have heard him say. "Not at all. If my misfortune, as you call it, were to be removed, you can't conceive how I should miss my deaf ear." He was a fine fellow, though brusque, and I never saw him without his pipe until two days before we buried him, which was five-and-twenty years ago come Martinmas.

"We're all quite weel," Jean said apprehensively as she answered his knock on the manse door, and she tried to be pleasant, too, for well she knew that, if a doctor willed it, she could have fever in five minutes.

"Ay, Jean, I'll soon alter that," he replied ferociously. "Is the master in?"

"He's at his sermon," Jean said with importance.

To interrupt the minister at such a moment seemed sacrilege to her, for her up-bringing had been good. Her mother had once fainted in the church, but though the family's distress was great, they neither bore her out, nor signed to the kirk-officer to bring water. They propped her up in the pew in a respectful attitude, joining in the singing meanwhile, and she recovered in time to look up 2nd Chronicles, 21st and 7th.

"Tell him I want to speak to him at the door," said the doctor fiercely, "or I'll bleed you this minute."

McQueen would not enter, because his horse might have seized the opportunity to return stable-wards. At the houses where it was accustomed to stop, it drew up of its own accord, knowing where the Doctor's "cases" were as well as himself, but it resented new patients.

"You like misery, I think, Mr. Dishart," McQueen said when Gavin came to him, "at least I am always finding you in the thick of it, and that is why I am here now. I have a rare job for you if you will jump into the machine. You know Nanny Webster, who lives on the edge of Windyghoul? No, you don't, for she belongs to the

other kirk. Well, at all events, you knew her brother, Sanders, the mole-catcher?"

"I remember him. You mean the man who boasted so much about seeing a ball at Lord Rintoul's place?"

"The same, and, as you may know, his boasting about maltreating policemen whom he never saw led to his being sentenced to nine months in gaol lately."

"That is the man," said Gavin. "I never liked him."

"No, but his sister did," McQueen answered, drily, "and with reason, for he was her bread-winner, and now she is starving."

"Anything I can give her——"

"Would be too little, sir."

"But the neighbours——"

"She has few near her, and though the Thrums poor help each other bravely, they are at present nigh as needy as herself. Nanny is coming to the poorhouse, Mr. Dishart."

"God help her!" exclaimed Gavin.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, trying to make himself a hard man. "She will be properly looked after there, and — and in time she will like it."

"Don't let my mother hear you speaking of taking an old woman to that place," Gavin said, looking anxiously up the stair. I cannot pretend that Margaret never listened.

"You all speak as if the poorhouse was a gaol," the doctor said testily. "But so far as Nanny is concerned, everything is arranged. I promised to drive her to the poorhouse to-day, and she is waiting for me now. Don't look at me as if I was a brute. She is to take some of her things with her to the poorhouse, and the rest is to be left until Sanders's return, when she may rejoin him. At least we said that to her to comfort her."

"You want me to go with you?"

"Yes, though I warn you it may be a distressing scene; indeed, the truth is that I am loth to face Nanny alone to-day. Mr. Duthie should have accompanied me, for the Websters are Established Kirk; ay, and so he would if Rashie-bog had not been bearing. A terrible snare this curling, Mr. Dishart"—here the doctor sighed—"I have known Mr. Duthie wait until midnight struck on Sabbath, and then be off to Rashie-bog with a torch."

"I will go with you," Gavin said, putting on his coat.

"Jump in then. You won't smoke? I never see a respectable man not smoking, sir, but I feel indignant with him for such sheer waste of time."

Gavin smiled at this, and Snecky Hobart, who happened to be keeking over the manse dyke, bore the news to the Tenements.

"I'll no sleep the nicht," Snecky said, "for won-

dering what made the minister lauch. Ay, it would be no trifle."

A minister, it is certain, who wore a smile on his face would never have been called to the Auld Licht kirk, for life is a wrestle with the devil, and only the frivolous think to throw him without taking off their coats. Yet, though Gavin's zeal was what the congregation reverenced, many loved him privately for his boyishness. He could unbend at marriages, of which he had six on the last day of the year, and at every one of them he joked (the same joke) like a layman. Some did not approve of his playing at the teetotum for ten minutes with Kitty Dundas's invalid son, but the way Kitty boasted about it would have disgusted anybody. At the present day there are probably a score of Gavins in Thrums, all called after the little minister, and there is one Gavinia, whom he hesitated to christen. He made humorous remarks (the same remark) about all these children, and his smile as he patted their heads was for thinking over when one's work was done for the day.

The doctor's horse clattered up the back wynd noisily, as if a minister behind made no difference to it. Instead of climbing the Roods, however, the nearest way to Nanny's, it went westward, which Gavin, in a reverie, did not notice. The truth must be told. The Egyptian was again in his head.

"Have I fallen deaf in the left ear, too?" said the doctor. "I see your lips moving, but I don't catch a syllable."

Gavin started, coloured, and flung the gypsy out of the trap.

"Why are we not going up the Roods?" he asked.

"Well," said the doctor, slowly, "at the top of the Roods there is a stance for circuses, and this old beast of mine won't pass it. You know, unless you are behind in the clashes and clavers of Thrums, that I bought her from the manager of a travelling show. She was the horse ('Lightning' they called her), that galloped round the ring at a mile an hour, and so at the top of the Roods she is still unmanageable. She once dragged me to the scene of her former triumphs, and went revolving round it, dragging the machine after her."

"If you had not explained that," said Gavin, "I might have thought that you wanted to pass by Rashie-bog."

The doctor, indeed, was already standing up to catch a first glimpse of the curlers.

"Well," he admitted, "I might have managed to pass the circus ring, though what I have told you is true. However, I have not come this way merely to see how the match is going. I want to shame Mr. Duthie for neglecting his duty. It will help me to do mine, for the Lord knows I am

finding it hard, with the music of these stones in my ears."

"I never saw it played before," Gavin said, standing up in his turn. "What a din they make! McQueen, I believe they are fighting!"

"No, no," said the excited doctor, "they are just a bit daft. That's the proper spirit for the game. Look, that's the baron-bailie near standing on his head, and there's Mr. Duthie off his head a' thegither. Yon's twa weavers and a mason cursing the laird, and the man wi' the besom is the Master of Crumnathie."

"A democracy, at all events," said Gavin.

"By no means," said the doctor, "it's an aristocracy of intellect. Gee up, Lightning, or the frost will be gone before we are there."

"It is my opinion, doctor," said Gavin, "that you will have bones to set before that game is finished. I can see nothing but legs now."

"Don't say a word against curling, sir, to me," said McQueen, whom the sight of a game in which he must not play had turned crusty. "Dangerous! It is the best medicine I know of. Look at that man coming across the field. It is Jo Strachan. Well, sir, curling saved Jo's life after I had given him up. You don't believe me? Hie, Jo, Jo Strachan, come here and tell the minister how curling put you on your legs again."

Strachan came forward, a tough, little, wizened

man, with red flannel round his ears to keep out the cold.

"It's gospel what the doctor says, Mr. Dishart," he declared. "Me and my brither Sandy was baith ill, and in the same bed, and the doctor had hopes o' Sandy, but nane o' me. Ay, weel, when I heard that, I thocht I micht as weel die on the ice as in my bed, so I up and on wi' my claethes. Sandy was mad at me, for he was no curler, and he says, 'Jo Strachan, if you gang to Rashie-bog you'll assuredly be brocht hame a corp.' I didna heed him, though, and off I gaed."

"And I see you did not die," said Gavin.

"Not me," answered the fish cadger, with a grin. "Na, but the joke o't is, it was Sandy that died."

"Not the joke, Jo," corrected the doctor, "the moral."

"Ay, the moral; I'm aye forgetting the word."

McQueen, enjoying Gavin's discomfiture, turned Lightning down the Rashie-bog road, which would be impassable as soon as the thaw came. In summer Rashie-bog is several fields in which a cart does not sink unless it stands still, but in winter it is a loch with here and there a spring where dead men are said to lie. There are no rushes at its east end, and here the dog-cart drew up near the curlers, a crowd of men dancing, screaming, shaking their fists and sweeping, while half a hundred

onlookers got in their way, gesticulating and advising.

"Hold me tight," the doctor whispered to Gavin, "or I'll be leaving you to drive Nanny to the poorhouse by yourself."

He had no sooner said this than he tried to jump out of the trap.

"You donnert fule, John Robbie," he shouted to a player, "soop her up, man, soop her up; no, no, dinna, dinna; leave her alane. Bailie, leave her alane, you blazing idiot. Mr. Dishart, let me go; what do you mean, sir, by hanging on to my coat tails? Dang it all, Duthie's winning. He has it, he has it!"

"You're to play, doctor?" some cried, running to the dog-cart. "We hae missed you sair."

"Jeames, I — I —. No, I daurna."

"Then we get our licks. I never saw the minister in sic form. We can do nothing against him."

"Then," cried McQueen, "I'll play. Come what will, I'll play. Let go my tails, Mr. Dishart, or I'll cut them off. Duty? Fiddlesticks!"

"Shame on you, sir," said Gavin; "yes, and on you others who would entice him from his duty."

"Shame!" the doctor cried. "Look at Mr. Duthie. Is he ashamed? And yet that man has been reproving me for a twelvemonths because

I've refused to become one of his elders. Duthie," he shouted, "think shame of yourself for curling this day."

Mr. Duthie had carefully turned his back to the trap, for Gavin's presence in it annoyed him. We seldom care to be reminded of our duty by seeing another do it. Now, however, he advanced to the dog-cart, taking the far side of Gavin.

"Put on your coat, Mr. Duthie," said the doctor, "and come with me to Nanny Webster's. You promised."

Mr. Duthie looked quizzically at Gavin, and then at the sky.

"The thaw may come at any moment," he said.

"I think the frost is to hold," said Gavin.

"It may hold over to-morrow," Mr. Duthie admitted; "but to-morrow's the Sabbath, and so a lost day."

"A what?" exclaimed Gavin, horrified.

"I only mean," Mr. Duthie answered, colouring, "that we can't curl on the Lord's day. As for what it may be like on Monday, no one can say. No, doctor, I won't risk it. We're in the middle of a game, man."

Gavin looked very grave.

"I see what you are thinking, Mr. Dishart," the old minister said doggedly; "but then, you don't curl. You are very wise. I have forbidden my sons to curl."

"Then you openly snap your fingers at your duty, Mr. Duthie?" said the doctor, loftily. ("You can let go my tails now, Mr. Dishart, for the madness has passed.")

"None of your virtuous airs, McQueen," said Mr. Duthie, hotly. "What was the name of the doctor that warned women never to have bairns while it was hauding?"

"And what," retorted McQueen, "was the name of the minister that told his session he would neither preach nor pray while the black frost lasted?"

"Hoots, doctor," said Duthie, "don't lose your temper because I'm in such form."

"Don't lose yours, Duthie, because I aye beat you."

"You beat me, McQueen! Go home, sir, and don't talk havers. Who beat you at——"

"Who made you sing small at——"

"Who won——"

"Who——"

"Who——"

"I'll play you on Monday for whatever you like!" shrieked the doctor.

"If it holds," cried the minister, "I'll be here the whole day. Name the stakes yourself. A stone?"

"No," the doctor said, "but I'll tell you what we'll play for. You've been dinging me doited

about that eldership, and we'll play for't. If you win I accept office."

"Done," said the minister, recklessly.

The dog-cart was now turned toward Windyghoul, its driver once more good-humoured, but Gavin silent.

"You would have been the better of my deaf ear just now, Mr. Dishart," McQueen said after the loch had been left behind. "Aye, and I'm thinking my pipe would soothe you. But don't take it so much to heart, man. I'll lick him easily. He's a decent man, the minister, but vain of his play, ridiculously vain. However, I think the sight of you, in the place that should have been his, has broken his nerve for this day, and our side may win yet."

"I believe," Gavin said, with sudden enlightenment, "that you brought me here for that purpose."

"Maybe," chuckled the doctor; "maybe." Then he changed the subject suddenly. "Mr. Dishart," he asked, "were you ever in love?"

"Never!" answered Gavin violently.

"Well, well," said the doctor, "don't terrify the horse. I have been in love myself. It's bad, but it's nothing to curling."

CHAPTER XII

TRAGEDY OF A MUD HOUSE

THE dog-cart bumped between the trees of Caddam, flinging Gavin and the doctor at each other as a wheel rose on some beech-root or sank for a moment in a pool. I suppose the wood was a pretty sight that day, the pines only white where they had met the snow, as if the numbed painter had left his work unfinished, the brittle twigs snapping overhead, the water as black as tar. But it matters little what the wood was like. Within a squirrel's leap of it an old woman was standing at the door of a mud house, listening for the approach of the trap that was to take her to the poorhouse. Can you think of the beauty of the day now?

Nanny was not crying. She had redd up her house for the last time and put on her black merino. Her mouth was wide open while she listened. If you had addressed her you would have thought her polite and stupid. Look at her. A flabby-faced woman she is now, with a swollen body, and no one has heeded her much these

thirty years. I can tell you something; it is almost droll. Nanny Webster was once a gay flirt, and in Airlie Square there is a weaver with an unsteady head who thought all the earth of her. His loom has taken a foot from his stature, and gone are Nanny's raven locks on which he used to place his adoring hand. Down in Airlie Square he is weaving for his life, and here is Nanny, ripe for the poorhouse, and between them is the hill where they were lovers. That is all the story save that when Nanny heard the dog-cart she screamed.

No neighbour was with her. If you think this hard, it is because you do not understand. Perhaps Nanny had never been very lovable except to one man, and him, it is said, she lost through her own vanity; but there was much in her to like. The neighbours, of whom there were two not a hundred yards away, would have been with her now but they feared to hurt her feelings. No heart opens to sympathy without letting in delicacy, and these poor people knew that Nanny would not like them to see her being taken away. For a week they had been aware of what was coming, and they had been most kind to her, but that hideous word, the poorhouse, they had not uttered. Poorhouse is not to be spoken in Thrums, though it is nothing to tell a man that you see death in his face. Did Nanny think they knew where she was going? was a question they

whispered to each other, and her suffering eyes cut scars on their hearts. So now that the hour had come they called their children into their houses and pulled down their blinds.

"If you would like to see her by yourself," the doctor said eagerly to Gavin, as the horse drew up at Nanny's gate, "I'll wait with the horse. Not," he added, hastily, "that I feel sorry for her. We are doing her a kindness."

They dismounted together, however, and Nanny, who had run from the trap into the house, watched them from her window.

McQueen saw her and said glumly, "I should have come alone, for if you pray she is sure to break down. Mr. Dishart, could you not pray cheerfully?"

"You don't look very cheerful yourself," Gavin said sadly.

"Nonsense," answered the doctor. "I have no patience with this false sentiment. Stand still, Lightning, and be thankful you are not your master to-day."

The door stood open, and Nanny was crouching against the opposite wall of the room, such a poor, dull kitchen, that you would have thought the furniture had still to be brought into it. The blanket and the piece of old carpet that was Nanny's coverlet were already packed in her box. The plate rack was empty. Only the round table

and the two chairs, and the stools and some pans were being left behind.

"Well, Nanny," the doctor said, trying to bluster, "I have come, and you see Mr. Dishart is with me."

Nanny rose bravely. She knew the doctor was good to her, and she wanted to thank him. I have not seen a great deal of the world myself, but often the sweet politeness of the aged poor has struck me as beautiful. Nanny dropped a curtsey, an ungainly one maybe, but it was an old woman giving the best she had.

"Thank you kindly, sirs," she said; and then two pairs of eyes dropped before hers.

"Please to take a chair," she added timidly. It is strange to know that at that awful moment, for let none tell me it was less than awful, the old woman was the one who could speak.

Both men sat down, for they would have hurt Nanny by remaining standing. Some ministers would have known the right thing to say to her, but Gavin dared not let himself speak. I have again to remind you that he was only one-and-twenty.

"I'm drouthy, Nanny," the doctor said, to give her something to do, "and I would be obliged for a drink of water."

Nanny hastened to the pan that stood behind her door, but stopped before she reached it.

"It's toom," she said, "I—I didna think I needed to fill it this morning." She caught the doctor's eye, and could only half restrain a sob. "I couldna help that," she said, apologetically. "I'm richt angry at myself for being so ungrateful like."

The doctor thought it best that they should depart at once. He rose.

"Oh, no, doctor," cried Nanny in alarm.

"But you are ready?"

"Ay," she said, "I have been ready this twa hours, but you micht wait a minute. Hendry Munn and Andrew Allardyce is coming yont the road, and they would see me."

"Wait, doctor," Gavin said.

"Thank you kindly, sir," answered Nanny.

"But Nanny," the doctor said, "you must remember what I told you about the poo—, about the place you are going to. It is a fine house, and you will be very happy in it."

"Ay, I'll be happy in't," Nanny faltered, "but, doctor, if I could just hae bidden on here though I wasna happy!"

"Think of the food you will get; broth nearly every day."

"It—it'll be terrible enjoyable," Nanny said.

"And there will be pleasant company for you always," continued the doctor, "and a nice room to sit in. Why, after you have been there a week, you won't be the same woman."

"That's it!" cried Nanny with sudden passion. "Na, na; I'll be a woman on the poor's rates. Oh, mither, mither, you little thocht when you bore me that I would come to this!"

"Nanny," the doctor said, rising again, "I am ashamed of you."

"I humbly speir your forgiveness, sir," she said, "and you micht bide just a wee yet. I've been ready to gang these twa hours, but now that the machine is at the gate, I dinna ken how it is, but I'm terrible sweer to come awa'. Oh, Mr. Dishart, it's richt true what the doctor says about the—the place, but I canna just take it in. I'm — I'm gey auld."

"You will often get out to see your friends," was all Gavin could say.

"Na, na, na," she cried, "dinna say that; I'll gang, but you mauna bid me ever come out, except in a hearse. Dinna let onybody in Thrums look on my face again."

"We must go," said the doctor firmly. "Put on your mutch, Nanny."

"I dinna need to put on a mutch," she answered, with a faint flush of pride. "I have a bonnet."

She took the bonnet from her bed, and put it on slowly.

"Are you sure there's naebody looking?" she asked.

The doctor glanced at the minister, and Gavin rose.

"Let us pray," he said, and the three went down on their knees.

It was not the custom of Auld Licht ministers to leave any house without offering up a prayer in it, and to us it always seemed that when Gavin prayed, he was at the knees of God. The little minister pouring himself out in prayer in a humble room, with awed people around him who knew much more of the world than he, his voice at times thick and again a squeal, and his hands clasped not gracefully, may have been only a comic figure, but we were old-fashioned, and he seemed to make us better men. If I only knew the way, I would draw him as he was, and not fear to make him too mean a man for you to read about. He had not been long in Thrums before he knew that we talked much of his prayers, and that doubtless puffed him up a little. Sometimes, I daresay, he rose from his knees feeling that he had prayed well to-day, which is a dreadful charge to bring against anyone. But it was not always so, nor was it so now.

I am not speaking harshly of this man, whom I have loved beyond all others, when I say that Nanny came between him and his prayer. Had he been of God's own image, unstained, he would have forgotten all else in his Maker's presence, but Nanny was speaking too, and her words choked his. At first she only whispered, but soon what

was eating her heart burst out painfully, and she did not know that the minister had stopped. They were such moans as these that brought him back to earth :—

"I'll hae to gang . . . I'm a base woman no' to be mair thankfu' to them that is so good to me . . . I dinna like to prig wi' them to take a roundabout road, and I'm sair fleid a' the Roods will see me . . . If it could just be said to poor Sanders when he comes back that I died hurriedly, syne he would be able to haud up his head . . . Oh, mither! . . . I wish terrible they had come and ta'en me at nicht . . . It's a dog-cart, and I was praying it micht be a cart, so that they could cover me wi' straw."

"This is more than I can stand," the doctor cried.

Nanny rose frightened.

"I've tried you, sair," she said, "but, oh, I'm grateful, and I'm ready now."

They all advanced toward the door without another word, and Nanny even tried to smile. But in the middle of the floor something came over her, and she stood there. Gavin took her hand, and it was cold. She looked from one to the other, her mouth opening and shutting.

"I canna help it," she said.

"It's cruel hard," muttered the doctor. "I knew this woman when she was a lassie."

The little minister stretched out his hands.

"Have pity on her, O God!" he prayed, with the presumptuousness of youth.

Nanny heard the words.

"Oh, God," she cried, "you micht!"

God needs no minister to tell Him what to do, but it was His will that the poorhouse should not have this woman. He made use of a strange instrument, no other than the Egyptian, who now opened the mud house door.

CHAPTER XIII

SECOND COMING OF THE EGYPTIAN WOMAN

THE gypsy had been passing the house, perhaps on her way to Thrums for gossip, and it was only curiosity, born suddenly of Gavin's cry, that made her enter. On finding herself in unexpected company she retained her hold of the door, and to the amazed minister she seemed for a moment to have stepped into the mud house from his garden. Her eyes danced, however, as they recognized him, and then he hardened. "This is no place for you," he was saying fiercely, when Nanny, too distraught to think, fell crying at the Egyptian's feet.

"They are taking me to the poorhouse," she sobbed; "dinna let them, dinna let them."

The Egyptian's arms clasped her, and the Egyptian kissed a sallow cheek that had once been as fair as yours, madam, who may read this story. No one had caressed Nanny for many years, but do you think she was too poor and old to care for those young arms around her neck? There are those who say that women cannot love each other,

but it is not true. Woman is not undeveloped man, but something better, and Gavin and the doctor knew it as they saw Nanny clinging to her protector. When the gypsy turned with flashing eyes to the two men she might have been a mother guarding her child.

"How dare you!" she cried, stamping her foot; and they quaked like malefactors.

"You don't see——" Gavin began, but her indignation stopped him.

"You coward!" she said.

Even the doctor had been impressed, so that he now addressed the gypsy respectfully.

"This is all very well," he said, "but a woman's sympathy——"

"A woman!—ah, if I could be a man for only five minutes!"

She clenched her little fists, and again turned to Nanny.

"You poor dear," she said tenderly, "I won't let them take you away."

She looked triumphantly at both minister and doctor, as one who had foiled them in their cruel designs.

"Go!" she said, pointing grandly to the door.

"Is this the Egyptian of the riots," the doctor said in a low voice to Gavin, "or is she a queen? Hoots, man, don't look so shamefaced. We are not criminals. Say something."

Then to the Egyptian Gavin said firmly—

"You mean well, but you are doing this poor woman a cruelty in holding out hopes to her that cannot be realised. Sympathy is not meal and bedclothes, and these are what she needs."

"And you who live in luxury," retorted the girl, "would send her to the poorhouse for them. I thought better of you!"

"Tuts!" said the doctor, losing patience, "Mr. Dishart gives more than any other man in Thrums to the poor, and he is not to be preached to by a gypsy. We are waiting for you, Nanny."

"Ay, I'm coming," said Nanny, leaving the Egyptian. "I'll hae to gang, lassie. Dinna greet for me."

But the Egyptian said, "No, you are not going. It is these men who are going. Go, sirs, and leave us."

"And you will provide for Nanny?" asked the doctor, contemptuously.

"Yes."

"And where is the siller to come from?"

"That is my affair, and Nanny's. Begone, both of you. She shall never want again. See how the very mention of your going brings back life to her face."

"I won't begone," the doctor said roughly, "till I see the colour of your siller."

"Oh, the money," said the Egyptian scornfully.

She put her hand into her pocket confidently, as if used to well-filled purses, but could only draw out two silver pieces.

"I had forgotten," she said aloud, though speaking to herself.

"I thought so," said the cynical doctor. "Come, Nanny."

"You presume to doubt me!" the Egyptian said, blocking his way to the door.

"How could I presume to believe you?" he answered. "You are a beggar by profession, and yet talk as if—— pooh, nonsense."

"I would live on terrible little," Nanny whispered, "and Sanders will be out again in August month."

"Seven shillings a week," rapped out the doctor.

"Is that all?" the Egyptian asked. "She shall have it."

"When?"

"At once. No, it is not possible to-night, but to-morrow I will bring five pounds; no, I will send it; no, you must come for it."

"And where, O daughter of Dives, do you reside?" the doctor asked.

No doubt the Egyptian could have found a ready answer had her pity for Nanny been less sincere; as it was, she hesitated, wanting to propitiate the doctor, while holding her secret fast.

"I only asked," McQueen said, eyeing her curiously, "because when I make an appointment I like to know where it is to be held. But I suppose you are suddenly to rise out of the ground as you have done to-day, and did six weeks ago."

"Whether I rise out of the ground or not," the gypsy said, keeping her temper with an effort, "there will be a five-pound note in my hand. You will meet me to-morrow about this hour at—say the Kaims of Cushie?"

"No," said the doctor after a moment's pause; "I won't. Even if I went to the Kaims I should not find you there. Why can you not come to me?"

"Why do you carry a woman's hair," replied the Egyptian, "in that locket on your chain?"

Whether she was speaking of what she knew, or this was only a chance shot, I cannot tell, but the doctor stepped back from her hastily, and could not help looking down at the locket.

"Yes," said the Egyptian calmly, "it is still shut; but why do you sometimes open it at nights?"

"Lassie," the old doctor cried, "are you a witch?"

"Perhaps," she said; "but I ask for no answer to my questions. If you have your secrets, why may I not have mine? Now will you meet me at the Kaims?"

"No; I distrust you more than ever. Even if

you came, it would be to play with me as you have done already. How can a vagrant have five pounds in her pocket when she does not have five shillings on her back?"

"You are a cruel, hard man," the Egyptian said, beginning to lose hope. "But, see," she cried, brightening, "look at this ring. Do you know its value?"

She held up her finger, but the stone would not live in the dull light.

"I see it is gold," the doctor said cautiously, and she smiled at the ignorance that made him look only at the frame.

"Certainly it is gold," said Gavin, equally stupid.

"Mercy on us!" Nanny cried; "I believe it's what they call a diamond."

"How did you come by it?" the doctor asked suspiciously.

"I thought we had agreed not to ask each other questions," the Egyptian answered drily. "But, see, I will give it you to hold in hostage. If I am not at the Kaims to get it back you can keep it."

The doctor took the ring in his hand and examined it curiously.

"There is a quirk in this," he said at last, "that I don't like. Take back your ring, lassie. Mr. Dishart, give Nanny your arm, and I'll carry her box to the machine."

Now all this time Gavin had been in the dire distress of a man possessed of two minds, of which one said, "This is a true woman," and the other, "Remember the seventeenth of October." They were at war within him, and he knew that he must take a side, yet no sooner had he cast one out than he invited it back. He did not answer the doctor.

"Unless," McQueen said, nettled by his hesitation, "you trust this woman's word."

Gavin tried honestly to weigh those two minds against each other, but could not prevent impulse jumping into one of the scales.

"You do trust me," the Egyptian said, with wet eyes; and now that he looked on her again—

"Yes," he said firmly, "I trust you," and the words that had been so difficult to say were the right words. He had no more doubt of it.

"Just think a moment first," the doctor warned him. "I decline to have anything to do with this matter. You will go to the Kaims for the siller?"

"If it is necessary," said Gavin.

"It is necessary," the Egyptian said.

"Then I will go."

Nanny took his hand timidly and would have kissed it had he been less than a minister.

"You dare not, man," the doctor said gruffly, "make an appointment with this gypsy. Think of what will be said in Thrums."

I honour Gavin for the way in which he took

this warning. For him, who was watched from the rising of his congregation to their lying down, whose every movement was expected to be a text to Thrums, it was no small thing that he had promised. This he knew, but he only reddened because the doctor had implied an offensive thing in a woman's presence.

"You forget yourself, doctor," he said sharply.

"Send some one in your place," advised the doctor, who liked the little minister.

"He must come himself and alone," said the Egyptian. "You must both give me your promise not to mention who is Nanny's friend, and she must promise too."

"Well," said the doctor, buttoning up his coat, "I cannot keep my horse freezing any longer. Remember, Mr. Dishart, you take the sole responsibility of this."

"I do," said Gavin, "and with the utmost confidence."

"Give him the ring then, lassie," said McQueen.

She handed the minister the ring, but he would not take it.

"I have your word," he said; "that is sufficient."

Then the Egyptian gave him the first look that he could think of afterwards without misgivings.

"So be it," said the doctor. "Get the money,

and I will say nothing about it, unless I have reason to think that it has been dishonestly come by. Don't look so frightened at me, Nanny. I hope for your sake that her stocking-foot is full of gold."

"Surely it's worth risking," Nanny said, not very brightly, "when the minister's on her side."

"Ay, but on whose side, Nanny?" asked the doctor. "Lassie, I bear you no grudge; will you not tell me who you are?"

"Only a puir gypsy, your honour," said the girl, becoming mischievous now that she had gained her point; "only a wandering hallen-shaker, and will I tell you your fortune, my pretty gentleman?"

"No, you shan't," replied the doctor, plunging his hands so hastily into his pockets that Gavin laughed.

"I don't need to look at your hand," said the gypsy, "I can read your fortune in your face."

She looked at him fixedly, so that he fidgeted.

"I see you," said the Egyptian in a sepulchral voice, and speaking slowly, "become very frail. Your eyesight has almost gone. You are sitting alone in a cauld room, cooking your ain dinner ower a feeble fire. The soot is falling down the lum. Your bearish manners towards women have driven the servant lassie frae your house, and your wife beats you."

"Ay, you spoil your prophecy there," the doc-

tor said, considerably relieved, "for I'm not married; my pipe's the only wife I ever had."

"You will be married by that time," continued the Egyptian, frowning at this interruption, "for I see your wife. She is a shrew. She marries you in your dotage. She lauchs at you in company. She doesna allow you to smoke."

"Away with you, you jade," cried the doctor in a fury, and feeling nervously for his pipe. "Mr. Dishart, you had better stay and arrange this matter as you choose, but I want a word with you outside."

"And you're no angry wi' me, doctor, are you?" asked Nanny wistfully. "You've been richt good to me, but I canna thole the thocht o' that place. And, oh, doctor, you winna tell naebody that I was so near taen to it?"

In the garden McQueen said to Gavin —

"You may be right, Mr. Dishart, in this matter, for there is this in our favour, that the woman can gain nothing by tricking us. She did seem to feel for Nanny. But who can she be? You saw she could put on and off the Scotch tongue as easily as if it were a cap."

"She is as much a mystery to me as to you," Gavin answered, "but she will give me the money, and that is all I ask of her."

"Ay, that remains to be seen. But take care of yourself; a man's second childhood begins when a woman gets hold of him."

"Don't alarm yourself about me, doctor. I daresay she is only one of those gypsies from the South. They are said to be wealthy, many of them, and even, when they like, to have a grand manner. The Thrums people had no doubt but that she was what she seemed to be."

"Ay, but what does she seem to be? Even that puzzles me. And then there is this mystery about her which she admits herself, though perhaps only to play with us."

"Perhaps," said Gavin, "she is only taking precautions against her discovery by the police. You must remember her part in the riots."

"Yes, but we never learned how she was able to play that part. Besides, there is no fear in her, or she would not have ventured back to Thrums. However, good luck attend you. But be wary. You saw how she kept her feet among her shalls and wills? Never trust a Scotch man or woman who does not come to grief among them."

The doctor took his seat in the dog-cart.

"And, Mr. Dishart," he called out, "that was all nonsense about the locket."

CHAPTER XIV

THE MINISTER DANCES TO THE WOMAN'S PIPING

GAVIN let the doctor's warnings fall in the grass. In his joy over Nanny's deliverance he jumped the garden gate, whose hinges were of yarn, and cleverly caught his hat as it was leaving his head in protest. He then re-entered the mud house staidly. Pleasant was the change. Nanny's home was as a clock that had been run out, and is set going again. Already the old woman was unpacking her box, to increase the distance between herself and the poorhouse. But Gavin only saw her in the background, for the Egyptian, singing at her work, had become the heart of the house. She had flung her shawl over Nanny's shoulders, and was at the fireplace breaking peats with the leg of a stool. She turned merrily to the minister to ask him to chop up his staff for firewood, and he would have answered wittily but could not. Then, as often, the beauty of the Egyptian surprised him into silence. I could never get used to her face myself in the after-days. It has always held me wondering, like my own Glen Quharity on a summer day, when the sun is lingering and

the clouds are on the march, and the glen is never the same for two minutes, but always so beautiful as to make me sad. Never will I attempt to picture the Egyptian as she seemed to Gavin while she bent over Nanny's fire, never will I describe my glen. Yet a hundred times have I hankered after trying to picture both.

An older minister, believing that Nanny's anguish was ended, might have gone on his knees and finished the interrupted prayer, but now Gavin was only doing this girl's bidding.

"Nanny and I are to have a dish of tea, as soon as we have set things to rights," she told him. "Do you think we should invite the minister, Nanny?"

"We couldna dare," Nanny answered quickly. "You'll excuse her, Mr. Dishart, for the presumption?"

"Presumption!" said the Egyptian, making a face.

"Lassie," Nanny said, fearful to offend her new friend, yet horrified at this affront to the minister, "I ken you mean weel, but Mr. Dishart'll think you're putting yoursel' on an equality wi' him." She added in a whisper, "Dinna be so free, he's the Auld Licht minister."

The gypsy bowed with mock awe, but Gavin let it pass. He had, indeed, forgotten that he was anybody in particular, and was anxious to stay to tea.

"But there is no water," he remembered, "and is there any tea?"

"I am going out for them and for some other things," the Egyptian explained. "But no," she continued, reflectively, "if I go for the tea, you must go for the water."

"Lassie," cried Nanny, "mind wha you're speaking to. To send a minister to the well!"

"I will go," said Gavin, recklessly lifting the pitcher. "The well is in the wood, I think?"

"Gie me the pitcher, Mr. Dishart," said Nanny, in distress. "What a town there would be if you was seen wi't!"

"Then he must remain here and keep the house till we come back," said the Egyptian, and thereupon departed, with a friendly wave of her hand to the minister.

"She's an awfu' lassie," Nanny said, apologetically, "but it'll just be the way she has been brought up."

"She has been very good to you, Nanny."

"She has; leastwise, she promises to be. Mr. Dishart, she's awa'; what if she doesna come back?"

Nanny spoke nervously, and Gavin drew a long face.

"I think she will," he said faintly. "I am confident of it," he added in the same voice.

"And has she the siller?"

"I believe in her," said Gavin, so doggedly that his own words reassured him. "She has an excellent heart."

"Ay," said Nanny, to whom the minister's faith was more than the Egyptian's promise, "and that's hardly natural in a gaen-aboot body. Yet a gypsy she maun be, for naebody would pretend to be ane that wasna. Tod, she proved she was an Egyptian by dauring to send you to the well."

This conclusive argument brought her prospective dower so close to Nanny's eyes that it hid the poorhouse.

"I suppose she'll gie you the money," she said, "and syne you'll gie me the seven shillings a week?"

"That seems the best plan," Gavin answered.

"And what will you gie it me in?" Nanny asked, with something on her mind. "I would be terrible obliged if you gae it to me in saxpences."

"Do the smaller coins go farther?" Gavin asked, curiously.

"Na, it's no that. But I've heard tell o' folk giving away half-crowns by mistake for twa-shilling bits; ay, and there's something dizzying in ha'en fower-and-twenty pennies in one piece; it has sic terrible little bulk. Sanders had aince a gold sovereign, and he looked at it so often that it seemed to grow smaller and smaller in his hand till he was feared it micht just be a half after all."

Her mind relieved on this matter, the old woman set off for the well. A minute afterwards Gavin went to the door to look for the gypsy, and, behold, Nanny was no further than the gate. Have you who read ever been sick near to death, and then so far recovered that you could once again stand at your window? If so, you have not forgotten how the beauty of the world struck you afresh, so that you looked long and said many times, "How fair a world it is!" like one who had made a discovery. It was such a look that Nanny gave to the hill and Caddam while she stood at her garden gate.

Gavin returned to the fire and watched a girl in it in an officer's cloak playing at hide and seek with soldiers. After a time he sighed, then looked round sharply to see who had sighed, then, absent-mindedly, lifted the empty kettle and placed it on the glowing peats. He was standing glaring at the kettle, his arms folded, when Nanny returned from the well.

"I've been thinking," she said, "o' something that proves the lassie to be just an Egyptian. Ay, I noticed she wasna nane awed when I said you was the Auld Licht minister. Weel, I'se uphaud that came frae her living ower muckle in the open air. Is there no' a smell o' burning in the house?"

"I have noticed it," Gavin answered, sniffing,

"since you came in. I was busy until then, putting on the kettle. The smell is becoming worse."

Nanny had seen the empty kettle on the fire as he began to speak, and so solved the mystery. Her first thought was to snatch the kettle out of the blaze, but remembering who had put it there, she dared not. She sidled toward the hearth instead, and saying craftily, "Ay, here it is; it's a clout among the peats," softly laid the kettle on the earthen floor. It was still red with sparks, however, when the gypsy reappeared.

"Who burned the kettle?" she asked, ignoring Nanny's signs.

"Lassie," Nanny said, "it was me;" but Gavin, flushing, confessed his guilt.

"Oh, you stupid!" exclaimed the Egyptian, shaking her two ounces of tea (which then cost six shillings the pound) in his face.

At this Nanny wrung her hands, crying, "That's waur than swearing."

"If men," said the gypsy, severely, "would keep their hands in their pockets all day, the world's affairs would be more easily managed."

"Wheesht!" cried Nanny, "if Mr. Dishart cared to set his mind to it, he could make the kettle boil quicker than you or me. But his thochts is on higher things."

"No higher than this," retorted the gypsy, holding her hand level with her brow. "Confess,

Mr. Dishart, that this is the exact height of what you were thinking about. See, Nanny, he is blushing as if I meant that he had been thinking about me. He cannot answer, Nanny: we have found him out."

"And kindly of him it is no to answer," said Nanny, who had been examining the gypsy's various purchases; "for what could he answer, except that he would need to be sure o' living a thousand years afore he could spare five minutes on you or me? Of course it would be different if we sat under him."

"And yet," said the Egyptian, with great solemnity, "he is to drink tea at that very table. I hope you are sensible of the honour, Nanny."

"Am I no?" said Nanny, whose education had not included sarcasm. "I'm trying to keep frae thinking o't till he's gone, in case I should let the teapot fall."

"You have nothing to thank me for, Nanny," said Gavin, "but much for which to thank this—this——"

"This haggarty-taggarty Egyptian," suggested the girl. Then, looking at Gavin curiously, she said, "But my name is Babbie."

"That's short for Barbara," said Nanny; "but Babbie what?"

"Yes, Babbie Watt," replied the gypsy, as if one name was as good as another.

"Weel, then, lift the lid off the kettle, Babbie," said Nanny, "for it's boiling ower."

Gavin looked at Nanny with admiration and envy, for she had said Babbie as coolly as if it was the name of a pepper-box.

Babbie tucked up her sleeves to wash Nanny's cups and saucers, which even in the most prosperous days of the mud house had only been in use once a week, and Gavin was so eager to help that he bumped his head on the plate-rack.

"Sit there," said Babbie, authoritatively, pointing, with a cup in her hand, to a stool, "and don't rise till I give you permission."

To Nanny's amazement, he did as he was bid.

"I got the things in the little shop you told me of," the Egyptian continued, addressing the mistress of the house, "but the horrid man would not give them to me until he had seen my money."

"Enoch would be suspicious o' you," Nanny explained, "you being an Egyptian."

"Ah," said Babbie, with a side-glance at the minister, "I am only an Egyptian. Is that why you dislike me, Mr. Dishart?"

Gavin hesitated foolishly over his answer, and the Egyptian, with a towel round her waist, made a pretty gesture of despair.

"He neither likes you nor dislikes you," Nanny explained; "you forget he's a minister."

"That is what I cannot endure," said Babbie,

putting the towel to her eyes, "to be neither liked nor disliked. Please hate me, Mr. Dishart, if you cannot lo—ove me."

Her face was behind the towel, and Gavin could not decide whether it was the face or the towel that shook with agitation. He gave Nanny a look that asked, "Is she really crying?" and Nanny telegraphed back, "I question it."

"Come, come," said the minister, gallantly, "I did not say that I disliked you."

Even this desperate compliment had not the desired effect, for the gypsy continued to sob behind her screen.

"I can honestly say," went on Gavin, as solemnly as if he were making a statement in a court of justice, "that I like you."

Then the Egyptian let drop her towel, and replied with equal solemnity:

"Oh, tank oo! Nanny, the minister says me is a dood 'ittle dirl."

"He didna gang that length," said Nanny, sharply, to cover Gavin's confusion. "Set the things, Babbie, and I'll make the tea."

The Egyptian obeyed demurely, pretending to wipe her eyes every time Gavin looked at her. He frowned at this, and then she affected to be too overcome to go on with her work.

"Tell me, Nanny," she asked presently, "what

sort of man this Enoch is, from whom I bought the things?"

"He is not very regular, I fear," answered Gavin, who felt that he had sat silent and self-conscious on his stool too long.

"Do you mean that he drinks?" asked Babbie.

"No, I mean regular in his attendance."

The Egyptian's face showed no enlightenment.

"His attendance at church," Gavin explained.

"He's far frae it," said Nanny, "and as a body kens, Joe Cruickshanks, the atheist, has the wite o' that. The scoundrel telled Enoch that the great ministers in Edinbury and London believed in no hell except sic as your ain conscience made for you, and ever since syne Enoch has been careless about the future state."

"Ah," said Babbie, waving the Church aside, "what I want to know is whether he is a single man."

"He is not," Gavin replied; "but why do you want to know that?"

"Because single men are such gossips. I am sorry he is not single, as I want him to repeat to everybody what I told him."

"Trust him to tell Susy," said Nanny, "and Susy to tell the town."

"His wife is a gossip?"

"Ay, she's aye tonguing, especially about her

teeth. They're folk wi' siller, and she has a set o' false teeth. It's fair scumfishing to hear her blawing about thae teeth, she's so fleid we dinna ken that they're false."

Nanny had spoken jealously, but suddenly she trembled with apprehension.

"Babbie," she cried, "you didna speak about the poorhouse to Enoch?"

The Egyptian shook her head, though of the poorhouse she had been forced to speak, for Enoch, having seen the doctor going home alone, insisted on knowing why.

"But I knew," the gypsy said, "that the Thrums people would be very unhappy until they discovered where you get the money I am to give you, and as that is a secret, I hinted to Enoch that your benefactor is Mr. Dishart.

"You should not have said that," interposed Gavin. "I cannot foster such a deception."

"They will foster it without your help," the Egyptian said. "Besides, if you choose, you can say you get the money from a friend."

"Ay, you can say that," Nanny entreated with such eagerness that Babbie remarked a little bitterly:

"There is no fear of Nanny's telling any one that the friend is a gypsy girl."

"Na, na," agreed Nanny, again losing Babbie's sarcasm. "I winna let on. It's so queer to be befriended by an Egyptian."

"It is scarcely respectable," Babbie said.

"It's no," answered simple Nanny.

I suppose Nanny's unintentional cruelty did hurt Babbie as much as Gavin thought. She winced, and her face had two expressions, the one cynical, the other pained. Her mouth curled as if to tell the minister that gratitude was nothing to her, but her eyes had to struggle to keep back a tear. Gavin was touched, and she saw it, and for a moment they were two people who understood each other.

"I, at least," Gavin said in a low voice, "will know who is the benefactress, and think none the worse of her because she is a gypsy."

At this Babbie smiled gratefully to him, and then both laughed, for they had heard Nanny remarking to the kettle, "But I wouldna hae been nane angry if she had telled Enoch that the minister was to take his tea here. Susy'll no believe't though I tell her, as tell her I will."

To Nanny the table now presented a rich appearance, for besides the teapot there were butter and loaf-bread and cheesies: a biscuit of which only Thrums knows the secret.

"Draw in your chair, Mr. Dishart," she said, in suppressed excitement.

"Yes," said Babbie, "you take this chair, Mr. Dishart, and Nanny will have that one, and I can sit humbly on the stool."

But Nanny held up her hands in horror.

"Keep us a'!" she exclaimed; "the lassie thinks her and me is to sit down wi' the minister! We're no to gang that length, Babbie; we're just to stand and serve him, and syne we'll sit down when he has risen."

"Delightful!" said Babbie, clapping her hands. "Nanny, you kneel on that side of him, and I will kneel on this. You will hold the butter and I the biscuits."

But Gavin, as this girl was always forgetting, was a lord of creation.

"Sit down both of you at once!" he thundered, "I command you."

Then the two women fell into their seats; Nanny in terror, Babbie affecting it.

CHAPTER XV

THE MINISTER BEWITCHED—SECOND SERMON AGAINST WOMEN

To Nanny it was a dizzying experience to sit at the head of her own table, and, with assumed calmness, invite the minister not to spare the loaf-bread. Babbie's prattle, and even Gavin's answers, were but an indistinct noise to her, to be as little regarded, in the excitement of watching whether Mr. Dishart noticed that there was a knife for the butter, as the music of the river by a man who is catching trout. Every time Gavin's cup went to his lips Nanny calculated (correctly) how much he had drunk, and yet, when the right moment arrived, she asked in the English voice that is fashionable at ceremonies, "if his cup was toom."

Perhaps it was well that Nanny had these matters to engross her, for though Gavin spoke freely, he was saying nothing of lasting value, and some of his remarks to the Egyptian, if preserved for the calmer contemplation of the morrow, might have seemed frivolous to himself. Usually his observations were scrambled for, like ha'pence at

a wedding, but to-day they were only for one person. Infected by the Egyptian's high spirits, Gavin had laid aside the minister with his hat, and what was left was only a young man. He who had stamped his feet at thought of a soldier's cloak now wanted to be reminded of it. The little minister, who used to address himself in terms of scorn every time he wasted an hour, was at present dallying with a teaspoon. He even laughed boisterously, flinging back his head, and little knew that behind Nanny's smiling face was a terrible dread, because his chair had once given way before.

Even though our thoughts are not with our company, the mention of our name is a bell to which we usually answer. Hearing hers Nanny started.

"You can tell me, Nanny," the Egyptian had said, with an arch look at the minister. "Oh, Nanny, for shame! How can you expect to follow our conversation when you only listen to Mr. Dishart?"

"She is saying, Nanny," Gavin broke in, almost gaily for a minister, "that she saw me recently wearing a cloak. You know I have no such thing."

"Na," Nanny answered artlessly, "you have just the thin brown coat wi' the braid round it, forby the ane you have on the now."

"You see," Gavin said to Babbie, "I could not have a new neckcloth, not to speak of a cloak, without everybody in Thrums knowing about it. I dare say Nanny knows all about the braid, and even what it cost."

"Three bawbees the yard at Kyowowy's shop," replied Nanny, promptly, "and your mother sewed it on. Sam'l Fairweather has the marrows o't on his top coat. No that it has the same look on him."

"Nevertheless," Babbie persisted, "I am sure the minister has a cloak; but perhaps he is ashamed of it. No doubt it is hidden away in the garret."

"Na, we would hae kent o't if it was there," said Nanny.

"But it may be in a chest, and the chest may be locked," the Egyptian suggested.

"Ay, but the kist in the garret isna locked," Nanny answered.

"How do you get to know all these things, Nanny?" asked Gavin, sighing.

"Your congregation tells me. Naebody would lay by news about a minister."

"But how do they know?"

"I dinna ken. They just find out, because they're so fond o' you."

"I hope they will never become so fond of me as that," said Babbie. "Still, Nanny, the minister's cloak is hidden somewhere."

"Losh, what would make him hod it?" demanded the old woman. "Folk that has cloaks doesna bury them in boxes."

At the word "bury" Gavin's hand fell on the table, and he turned to Nanny apprehensively.

"That would depend on how the cloak was got," said the cruel Egyptian. "If it was not his own——"

"Lassie," cried Nanny, "behave yoursel'."

"Or if he found it in his possession against his will?" suggested Gavin, slyly. "He might have got it from some one who picked it up cheap."

"From his wife, for instance," said Babbie, whereupon Gavin suddenly became interested in the floor.

"Ay, ay, the minister was hitting at you there, Babbie," Nanny explained, "for the way you made off wi' the captain's cloak. The Thrums folk wondered less at your taking it than at your no keeping it. It's said to be michty grand."

"It was rather like the one the minister's wife gave him," said Babbie.

"The minister has neither a wife nor a cloak," retorted Nanny.

"He isn't married?" asked Babbie, the picture of incredulity.

Nanny gathered from the minister's face that he deputed to her the task of enlightening this ignorant girl, so she replied with emphasis, "Na, they

hinna got him yet, and I'm cheated if it doesna tak them all their time."

Thus do the best of women sell their sex for nothing.

"I did wonder," said the Egyptian, gravely, "at any mere woman's daring to marry such a minister."

"Ay," replied Nanny, spiritedly, "but there's dauring limmers wherever there's a single man."

"So I have often suspected," said Babbie, duly shocked. "But, Nanny, I was told the minister had a wife, by one who said he saw her."

"He lied, then," answered Nanny, turning to Gavin for further instructions.

"But, see, the minister does not deny the horrid charge himself."

"No, and for the reason he didna deny the cloak: because it's no worth his while. I'll tell you wha your friend had seen. It would be somebody that would like to be Mrs. Dishart. There's a hantle o' that kind. Ay, lassie, but wishing winna land a woman in a manse."

"It was one of the soldiers," Babbie said, "who told me about her. He said Mr. Dishart introduced her to him."

"Sojers!" cried Nanny. "I could never thole the name o' them. Sanders in his young days hankered after joining them, and so he would, if it hadna been for the fechting. Ay, and now they've

ta'en him awa to the gaol, and sworn lies about him. Dinna put any faith in sojers, lassie."

"I was told," Babbie went on, "that the minister's wife was rather like me."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Nanny, so fervently that all three suddenly sat back from the table.

"I'm no meaning," Nanny continued hurriedly, fearing to offend her benefactress, "but what you're the bonniest tid I ever saw out o' an almanack. But you would ken Mr. Dishart's contempt for bonny faces if you had heard his sermon against them. I didna hear it mysel', for I'm no Auld Licht, but it did the work o' the town for an aucht days."

If Nanny had not taken her eyes off Gavin for the moment she would have known that he was now anxious to change the topic. Babbie saw it, and became suspicious.

"When did he preach against the wiles of women, Nanny?"

"It was long ago," said Gavin, hastily.

"No so very lang syne," corrected Nanny. "It was the Sabbath after the sojers was in Thrums; the day you changed your text so hurriedly. Some thocht you wasna weel, but Lang Tammas ——"

"Thomas Whamond is too officious," Gavin said with dignity. "I forbid you, Nanny, to repeat his story."

"But what made you change your text?" asked Babbie.

"You see he winna tell," Nanny said, wistfully. "Ay, I dinna deny but what I would like richt to ken. But the session's as puzzled as yoursel', Babbie."

"Perhaps more puzzled," answered the Egyptian, with a smile that challenged Gavin's frowns to combat and overthrew them. "What surprises me, Mr. Dishart, is that such a great man can stoop to see whether women are pretty or not. It was very good of you to remember me to-day. I suppose you recognised me by my frock?"

"By your face," he replied, boldly; "by your eyes."

"Nanny," exclaimed the Egyptian, "did you hear what the minister said?"

"Woe is me," answered Nanny, "I missed it."

"He says he would know me anywhere by my eyes."

"So would I mysel'," said Nanny.

"Then what colour are they, Mr. Dishart?" demanded Babbie. "Don't speak, Nanny, for I want to expose him."

She closed her eyes tightly. Gavin was in a quandary. I suppose he had looked at her eyes too long to know much about them.

"Blue," he guessed at last.

"Na, they're black," said Nanny, who had

doubtless known this for an hour. I am always marvelling over the cleverness of women, as every one must see who reads this story.

"No but what they micht be blue in some lichts," Nanny added, out of respect to the minister.

"Oh, don't defend him, Nanny," said Babbie, looking reproachfully at Gavin. "I don't see that any minister has a right to denounce women when he is so ignorant of his subject. I will say it, Nanny, and you need not kick me beneath the table."

Was not all this intoxicating to the little minister, who had never till now met a girl on equal terms? At twenty-one a man is a musical instrument given to the other sex, but it is not as instruments learned at school, for when She sits down to it she cannot tell what tune she is about to play. That is because she has no notion of what the instrument is capable. Babbie's kind-heartedness, her gaiety, her coquetry, her moments of sadness, had been a witch's fingers, and Gavin was still trembling under their touch. Even in being taken to task by her there was a charm, for every pout of her mouth, every shake of her head, said, "You like me, and therefore you have given me the right to tease you." Men sign these agreements without reading them. But, indeed, man is a stupid animal at the best, and thinks all his life that he did not propose until he blurted out, "I love you."

It was later than it should have been when the minister left the mud house, and even then he only put on his hat because Babbie said that she must go.

"But not your way," she added. "I go into the wood and vanish. You know, Nanny, I live up a tree."

"Dinna say that," said Nanny, anxiously, "or I'll be fleid about the siller."

"Don't fear about it. Mr. Dishart will get some of it to-morrow at the Kaims. I would bring it here, but I cannot come so far to-morrow."

"Then I'll hae peace to the end o' my days," said the old woman, "and, Babbie, I wish the same to you wi' all my heart."

"Ah," Babbie replied, mournfully, "I have read my fortune, Nanny, and there is not much happiness in it."

"I hope that is not true," Gavin said, simply.

They were standing at the door, and she was looking toward the hill, perhaps without seeing it. All at once it came to Gavin that this fragile girl might have a history far sadder and more turbulent than his.

"Do you really care?" she asked, without looking at him.

"Yes," he said, stoutly, "I care."

"Because you do not know me," she said.

"Because I do know you," he answered.

Now she did look at him.

"I believe," she said, making a discovery, "that you misunderstand me less than those who have known me longer."

This was a perilous confidence, for it at once made Gavin say "Babbie."

"Ah," she answered, frankly, "I am glad to hear that. I thought you did not really like me, because you never called me by my name."

Gavin drew a great breath.

"That was not the reason," he said.

The reason was now unmistakable.

"I was wrong," said the Egyptian, a little alarmed; "you do not understand me at all."

She returned to Nanny, and Gavin set off, holding his head high, his brain in a whirl. Five minutes afterwards, when Nanny was at the fire, the diamond ring on her little finger, he came back, looking like one who had just seen sudden death.

"I had forgotten," he said, with a fierceness aimed at himself, "that to-morrow is the Sabbath."

"Need that make any difference?" asked the gypsy.

"At this hour on Monday," said Gavin, hoarsely, "I will be at the Kaims."

He went away without another word, and Babbie watched him from the window. Nanny had not looked up from the ring.

"What a pity he is a minister!" the girl said, reflectively. "Nanny, you are not listening."

The old woman was making the ring flash by the light of the fire.

"Nanny, do you hear me? Did you see Mr. Dishart come back?"

"I heard the door open," Nanny answered, without taking her greedy eyes off the ring. "Was it him? Whaur did you get this, lassie?"

"Give it me back, Nanny, I am going now."

But Nanny did not give it back; she put her other hand over it to guard it, and there she crouched, warming herself not at the fire, but at the ring.

"Give it me, Nanny."

"It winna come off my finger." She gloated over it, nursed it, kissed it.

"I must have it, Nanny."

The Egyptian put her hand lightly on the old woman's shoulder, and Nanny jumped up, pressing the ring to her bosom. Her face had become cunning and ugly; she retreated into a corner.

"Nanny, give me back my ring or I will take it from you."

The cruel light of the diamond was in Nanny's eyes for a moment, and then, shuddering, she said, "Tak your ring awa, tak it out o' my sicht."

In the meantime Gavin was trudging home gloomily composing his second sermon against

women. I have already given the entry in my own diary for that day: this is his:—"Notes on Jonah. Exchanged vol. xliii., 'European Magazine,' for Owen's 'Justification' (*per* flying stationer). Began Second Samuel. Visited Nanny Webster." There is no mention of the Egyptian.

CHAPTER XVI

CONTINUED MISBEHAVIOUR OF THE EGYPTIAN WOMAN

By the following Monday it was known at many looms that something sat heavily on the Auld Licht minister's mind. On the previous day he had preached his second sermon of warning to susceptible young men, and his first mention of the word "woman" had blown even the sleepy heads upright. Now he had salt fish for breakfast, and on clearing the table Jean noticed that his knife and fork were uncrossed. He was observed walking into a gooseberry bush by Susie Linn, who possessed the pioneer spring-bed of Thrums, and always knew when her man jumped into it by suddenly finding herself shot to the ceiling. Lunan, the tinsmith, and two women, who had the luck to be in the street at the time, saw him stopping at Dr. McQueen's door, as if about to knock, and then turning smartly away. His hat blew off in the school wynd, where a wind wanders ever, looking for hats, and he chased it so passionately that Lang Tammas went into Allardyce's smiddy to say—

"I dinna like it. Of course he couldna afford to lose his hat, but he should hae run after it mair reverently."

Gavin, indeed, was troubled. He had avoided speaking of the Egyptian to his mother. He had gone to McQueen's house to ask the doctor to accompany him to the Kaims, but with the knocker in his hand he changed his mind, and now he was at the place of meeting alone. It was a day of thaw, nothing to be heard from a distance but the swish of curling-stones through water on Rashiebog, where the match for the eldership was going on. Around him, Gavin saw only dejected firs with drops of water falling listlessly from them, clods of snow, and grass that rustled as if animals were crawling through it. All the roads were slack.

I suppose no young man to whom society has not become a cheap thing can be in Gavin's position, awaiting the coming of an attractive girl, without giving thought to what he should say to her. When in the pulpit or visiting the sick, words came in a rush to the little minister, but he had to set his teeth to determine what to say to the Egyptian.

This was because he had not yet decided which of two women she was. Hardly had he started on one line of thought when she crossed his vision in a new light, and drew him after her.

Her "Need that make any difference?" sang in his ear like another divit, cast this time at religion itself, and now he spoke aloud, pointing his finger at a fir: "I said at the mud house that I believed you because I knew you. To my shame be it said that I spoke falsely. How dared you bewitch me? In your presence I flung away the precious hours in frivolity; I even forgot the Sabbath. For this I have myself to blame. I am an unworthy preacher of the Word. I sinned far more than you who have been brought up godlessly from your cradle. Nevertheless, whoever you are, I call upon you, before we part never to meet again, to repent of your——"

And then it was no mocker of the Sabbath he was addressing, but a woman with a child's face, and there were tears in her eyes. "Do you care?" she was saying, and again he answered, "Yes, I care." This girl's name was not Woman, but Babbie.

Now Gavin made an heroic attempt to look upon both these women at once. "Yes, I believe in you," he said to them, "but henceforth you must send your money to Nanny by another messenger. You are a gypsy and I am a minister; and that must part us. I refuse to see you again. I am not angry with you, but as a minister——"

It was not the disappearance of one of the wo-

men that clipped this argument short; it was Babbie singing —

"It fell on a day, on a bonny summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airly.

"The Duke of Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonny house o' Airly."

"Where are you?" cried Gavin in bewilderment.

"I am watching you from my window so high," answered the Egyptian; and then the minister, looking up, saw her peering at him from a fir.

"How did you get up there?" he asked in amazement.

"On my broomstick," Babbie replied, and sang on —

"The lady looked o'er her window sae high,
And oh! but she looked weary,
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly."

"What are you doing there?" Gavin said, wrathfully.

"This is my home," she answered. "I told you I lived in a tree."

"Come down at once," ordered Gavin. To which the singer responded —

"'Come down, come down, Lady Margaret,' he says;
'Come down and kiss me fairly;
Or before the morning clear day light
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly.'"

"If you do not come down this instant," Gavin said in a rage, "and give me what I was so foolish as to come for, I ——"

The Egyptian broke in —

"'I wouldna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wouldna kiss thee fairly;
I wouldna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly.'"

"You have deceived Nanny," Gavin cried, hotly, "and you have brought me here to deride me. I will have no more to do with you."

He walked away quickly, but she called after him, "I am coming down. I have the money," and next moment a snowball hit his hat.

"That is for being cross," she explained, appearing so unexpectedly at his elbow that he was taken aback. "I had to come close up to you before I flung it, or it would have fallen over my shoulder. Why are you so nasty to-day? and, oh, do you know you were speaking to yourself?"

"You are mistaken," said Gavin, severely. "I was speaking to you."

"You didn't see me till I began to sing, did you?"

"Nevertheless I was speaking to you, or rather, I was saying to myself what ——"

"What you had decided to say to me?" said the delighted gypsy. "Do you prepare your talk like sermons? I hope you have prepared something nice for me. If it is very nice I may give you this bunch of holly."

She was dressed as he had seen her previously, but for a cluster of holly berries at her breast.

"I don't know that you will think it nice," the minister answered, slowly, "but my duty ——"

"If it is about duty," entreated Babbie, "don't say it. Don't, and I will give you the berries."

She took the berries from her dress, smiling triumphantly the while like one who had discovered a cure for duty; and instead of pointing the finger of wrath at her, Gavin stood expectant.

"But no," he said, remembering who he was, and pushing the gift from him, "I will not be bribed. I must tell you——"

"Now," said the Egyptian, sadly, "I see you are angry with me. Is it because I said I lived in a tree? Do forgive me for that dreadful lie."

She had gone on her knees before he could stop

her, and was gazing imploringly at him, with her hands clasped.

"You are mocking me again," said Gavin, "but I am not angry with you. Only you must understand——"

She jumped up and put her fingers to her ears.

"You see I can hear nothing," she said.

"Listen while I tell you——"

"I don't hear a word. Why do you scold me when I have kept my promise? If I dared take my fingers from my ears I would give you the money for Nanny. And, Mr. Dishart, I must be gone in five minutes."

"In five minutes!" echoed Gavin, with such a dismal face that Babbie heard the words with her eyes, and dropped her hands.

"Why are you in such haste?" he asked, taking the five pounds mechanically, and forgetting all that he had meant to say.

"Because they require me at home," she answered, with a sly glance at her fir. "And, remember, when I run away you must not follow me."

"I won't," said Gavin, so promptly that she was piqued.

"Why not?" she asked. "But of course you only came here for the money. Well, you have got it. Good-bye."

"You know that was not what I meant," said Gavin, stepping after her. "I have told you already that whatever other people say, I trust you. I believe in you, Babbie."

"Was that what you were saying to the tree?" asked the Egyptian, demurely. Then, perhaps thinking it wisest not to press this point, she continued irrelevantly, "It seems such a pity that you are a minister."

"A pity to be a minister!" exclaimed Gavin, indignantly. "Why, why, you — why, Babbie, how have you been brought up?"

"In a curious way," Babbie answered, shortly, "but I can't tell you about that just now. Would you like to hear all about me?" Suddenly she seemed to have become confidential.

"Do you really think me a gypsy?" she asked.

"I have tried not to ask myself that question."

"Why?"

"Because it seems like doubting your word."

"I don't see how you can think of me at all without wondering who I am."

"No, and so I try not to think of you at all."

"Oh, I don't know that you need do that."

"I have not quite succeeded."

The Egyptian's pique had vanished, but she may have thought that the conversation was becoming dangerous, for she said abruptly —

"Well, I sometimes think about you."

"Do you?" said Gavin, absurdly gratified. "What do you think about me?"

"I wonder," answered the Egyptian, pleasantly, "which of us is the taller."

Gavin's fingers twitched with mortification, and not only his fingers but his toes.

"Let us measure," she said, sweetly, putting her back to his. "You are not stretching your neck, are you?"

But the minister broke away from her.

"There is one subject," he said, with great dignity, "that I allow no one to speak of in my presence, and that is—my height."

His face was as white as his cravat when the surprised Egyptian next looked at him, and he was panting like one who has run a mile. She was ashamed of herself, and said so.

"It is a topic I would rather not speak about," Gavin answered, dejectedly, "especially to you."

He meant that he would rather be a tall man in her company than in any other, and possibly she knew this, though all she answered was—

"You wanted to know if I am really a gypsy. Well, I am."

"An ordinary gypsy?"

"Do you think me ordinary?"

"I wish I knew what to think of you."

"Ah, well, that is my forbidden topic. But we have a good many ideas in common after all, have

we not, though you are only a minis—I mean, though I am only a gypsy?"

There fell between them a silence that gave Babbie time to remember she must go.

"I have already stayed too long," she said. "Give my love to Nanny, and say that I am coming to see her soon, perhaps on Monday. I don't suppose you will be there on Monday, Mr. Dishart?"

"I—I cannot say."

"No, you will be too busy. Are you to take the holly berries?"

"I had better not," said Gavin, dolefully.

"Oh, if you don't want them——"

"Give them to me," he said, and as he took them his hand shook.

"I know why you are looking so troubled," said the Egyptian, archly. "You think I am to ask you the colour of my eyes, and you have forgotten again."

He would have answered, but she checked him.

"Make no pretence," she said, severely; "I know you think they are blue."

She came close to him until her face almost touched his.

"Look hard at them," she said, solemnly, "and after this you may remember that they are black, black, black!"

At each repetition of the word she shook her

head in his face. She was adorable. Gavin's arms — but they met on nothing. She had run away.

When the little minister had gone, a man came from behind a tree and shook his fist in the direction taken by the gypsy. It was Rob Dow, black with passion.

"It's the Egyptian!" he cried. "You limmer, wha are you that hae got haud o' the minister?"

He pursued her, but she vanished as from Gavin in Windyghoul.

"A common Egyptian!" he muttered when he had to give up the search. "But take care, you little devil," he called aloud; "take care; if I catch you playing pranks wi' that man again I'll wring your neck like a hen's!"

CHAPTER XVII

INTRUSION OF HAGGART INTO THESE PAGES AGAINST THE AUTHOR'S WISH.

MARGARET having heard the doctor say that one may catch cold in the back, had decided instantly to line Gavin's waistcoat with flannel. She was thus engaged, with pins in her mouth and the scissors hiding from her every time she wanted them, when Jean, red and flurried, abruptly entered the room.

"There! I forgot to knock at the door again," Jean exclaimed, pausing contritely.

"Never mind. Is it Rob Dow wanting the minister?" asked Margaret, who had seen Rob pass the manse dyke.

"Na, he wasna wanting to see the minister."

"Ah, then, he came to see you, Jean," said Margaret, archly.

"A widow man!" cried Jean, tossing her head. "But Rob Dow was in no condition to be friendly wi' onybody the now."

"Jean, you don't mean that he has been drinking again?"

"I canna say he was drunk."

"Then what condition was he in?"

"He was in a—a swearing condition," Jean answered, guardedly. "But what I want to speir at you is, can I gang down to the Tenements for a minute? I'll run there and back."

"Certainly you can go, Jean, but you must not run. You are always running. Did Dow bring you word that you were wanted in the Tenements?"

"No exactly, but I—I want to consult Tammas Haggart about—about something."

"About Dow, I believe, Jean?"

"Na, but about something he has done. Oh, ma'am, you surely dinna think I would take a widow man?"

It was the day after Gavin's meeting with the Egyptian at the Kaims, and here is Jean's real reason for wishing to consult Haggart. Half an hour before she hurried to the parlour she had been at the kitchen door wondering whether she should spread out her washing in the garret, or risk hanging it in the courtyard. She had just decided on the garret when she saw Rob Dow morosely regarding her from the gateway.

"Whaur is he?" growled Rob.

"He's out, but it's no for me to say whaur he is," replied Jean, whose weakness was to be considered a church official. "No that I ken," truthfulness compelled her to add, for she had

an ambition to be everything she thought Gavin would like a woman to be.

Rob seized her wrists viciously and glowered into her face.

"You're ane o' them," he said.

"Let me go. Ane o' what?"

"Ane o' thae limmers called women."

"Sal," retorted Jean, with spirit, "you're ane o' thae brutes called men. You're drunk, Rob Dow."

"In the legs, maybe, but no higher. I haud a heap."

"Drunk again, after all your promises to the minister! And you said yoursel' that he had pulled you out o' hell by the root."

"It's himsel' that has flung me back again," Rob said, wildly. "Jean Baxter, what does it mean when a minister carries flowers in his pouch; ay, and takes them out to look at them ilka minute?"

"How do you ken about the holly?" asked Jean, off her guard.

"You limmer," said Dow, "you've been in his pouches."

"It's a lie!" cried the outraged Jean. "I just saw the holly this morning in a jug on his chimley."

"Carefully put by? Is it hod on the chimley? Does he stand looking at it? Do you tell me he's fond like o't?"

"Mercy me!" Jean exclaimed, beginning to shake; "wha is she, Rob Dow?"

"Let me see it first in its jug," Rob answered slyly, "and syne I may tell you."

This was not the only time Jean had been asked to show the minister's belongings. Snecky Hobart, among others, had tried on Gavin's hat in the manse kitchen, and felt queer for some time afterwards. Women had been introduced on tip-toe to examine the handle of his umbrella. But Rob had not come to admire. He snatched the holly from Jean's hands, and casting it on the ground pounded it with his heavy boots, crying, "Greet as you like, Jean. That's the end o' his flowers, and if I had the tawpie he got them frae I would serve her in the same way."

"I'll tell him what you've done," said terrified Jean, who had tried to save the berries at the expense of her fingers.

"Tell him," Dow roared; "and tell him what I said too. Ay, and tell him I was at the Kaims yestreen. Tell him I'm hunting high and low for an Egyptian woman."

He flung recklessly out of the courtyard, leaving Jean looking blankly at the mud that had been holly lately. Not his act of sacrilege was distressing her, but his news. Were these berries a love token? Had God let Rob Dow say they were a gypsy's love token, and not slain him?

That Rob spoke of the Egyptian of the riots Jean never doubted. It was known that the minister had met this woman in Nanny Webster's house, but was it not also known that he had given her such a talking-to as she could never come above? Many could repeat the words in which he had announced to Nanny that his wealthy friends in Glasgow were to give her all she needed. They could also tell how majestic he looked when he turned the Egyptian out of the house. In short, Nanny having kept her promise of secrecy, the people had been forced to construct the scene in the mud house for themselves, and it was only their story that was known to Jean.

She decided that, so far as the gypsy was concerned, Rob had talked trash. He had seen the holly in the minister's hand, and, being in drink, had mixed it up with the gossip about the Egyptian. But that Gavin had preserved the holly because of the donor was as obvious to Jean as that the vase in her hand was empty. Who could she be? No doubt all the single ladies in Thrums were in love with him, but that, Jean was sure, had not helped them a step forward.

To think was to Jean a waste of time. Discoving that she had been thinking, she was dismayed. There were the wet clothes in the basket looking reproachfully at her. She hastened back to Gavin's room with the vase, but it too had eyes, and they

said, "When the minister misses his holly he will question you." Now Gavin had already smiled several times to Jean, and once he had marked passages for her in her "Pilgrim's Progress," with the result that she prized the marks more even than the passages. To lose his good opinion was terrible to her. In her perplexity she decided to consult wise Tammas Haggart, and hence her appeal to Margaret.

To avoid Chirsty, the humourist's wife, Jean sought Haggart at his workshop window, which was so small that an old book sufficed for its shutter. Haggart, whom she could see distinctly at his loom, soon guessed from her knocks and signs (for he was strangely quick in the uptake) that she wanted him to open the window.

"I want to speak to you confidentially," Jean said in a low voice. "If you saw a grand man gey fond o' a flower, what would you think?"

"I would think, Jean," Haggart answered, reflectively, "that he had gien siller for't; ay, I would wonder ——"

"What would you wonder?"

"I would wonder how muckle he paid."

"But if he was a — a minister, and keepit the flower — say it was a common rose — fondlike on his chimley, what would you think?"

"I would think it was a black-burning disgrace for a minister to be fond o' flowers."

"I dinna haud wi' that."

"Jean," said Haggart, "I allow no one to contradict me."

"It wasna my design. But, Tammas, if a — a minister was fond o' a particular flower — say a rose — and you destroyed it by an accident, when he wasna looking, what would you do?"

"I would gie him another rose for't."

"But if you didna want him to ken you had meddled wi't on his chimley, what would you do?"

"I would put the new rose on the chimley, and he would never ken the differ."

"That's what I'll do," muttered Jean, but she said aloud —

"But it micht be that particular rose he liked?"

"Havers, Jean. To a thinking man one rose is identical wi' another rose. But how are you speiring?"

"Just out o' curiosity, and I maun be stepping now. Thank you kindly, Tammas, for your humour."

"You're welcome," Haggart answered, and closed his window.

That day Rob Dow spent in misery, but so little were his fears selfish that he scarcely gave a thought to his conduct at the manse. For an hour he sat at his loom with his arms folded. Then he slouched out of the house, cursing little Micah, so that a neighbour cried "You drucken scoundrel!"

after him. "He may be a wee drunk," said Micah in his father's defence, "but he's no mortal." Rob wandered to the Kaims in search of the Egyptian, and returned home no happier. He flung himself upon his bed and dared Micah to light the lamp. About gloaming he rose, unable to keep his mouth shut on his thoughts any longer, and staggered to the Tenements to consult Haggart. He found the humourist's door ajar, and Wearyworld listening at it. "Out o' the road!" cried Rob, savagely, and flung the policeman into the gutter.

"That was ill-dune, Rob Dow," Wearyworld said, picking himself up leisurely.

"I'm thinking it was weel-dune," snarled Rob.

"Ay," said Wearyworld, "we needna quarrel about a difference o' opeenion; but, Rob——"

Dow, however, had already entered the house and slammed the door.

"Ay, ay," muttered Wearyworld, departing, "you micht hae stood still, Rob, and argued it out wi' me."

In less than an hour after his conversation with Jean at the window it had suddenly struck Haggart that the minister she spoke of must be Mr. Dishart. In two hours he had confided his suspicions to Chirsty. In ten minutes she had filled the house with gossips. Rob arrived to find them in full cry.

"Ay, Rob," said Chirsty, genially, for gossip levels ranks, "you're just in time to hear a queery about the minister."

"Rob," said the Glen Quharity post, from whom I subsequently got the story, "Mr. Dishart has fallen in—in—what do you call the thing, Chirsty?"

Birse knew well what the thing was called, but the word is a staggerer to say in company.

"In love," answered Chirsty, boldly.

"Now we ken what he was doing in the country yestreen," said Snecky Hobart, "the which has been bothering us sair."

"The manse is fu' o' the flowers she sends him," said Tibbie Craik. "Jean's at her wits'-end to ken whaur to put them a'."

"Wha is she?"

It was Rob Dow who spoke. All saw he had been drinking, or they might have wondered at his vehemence. As it was, everybody looked at every other body, and then everybody sighed.

"Ay, wha is she?" repeated several.

"I see you ken nothing about her," said Rob, much relieved; and he then lapsed into silence.

"We ken a' about her," said Snecky, "except just wha she is. Ay, that's what we canna bottom. Maybe you could guess, Tammas?"

"Maybe I could, Sneck," Haggart replied, cautiously; "but on that point I offer no opinion."

"If she bides on the Kaims road," said Tibbie

Craik, "she maun be a farmer's dochter. What say you to Bell Finlay?"

"Na; she's U. P. But it micht be Loups o' Malcolm's sister. She's promised to Muckle Haws; but no doubt she would gie him the go-by at a word frae the minister."

"It's mair likely," said Chirsty, "to be the factor at the Spittal's lassie. The factor has a grand garden, and that would account for such basketfuls o' flowers."

"Whaever she is," said Birse, "I'm thinking he could hae done better."

"I'll be fine pleased wi' ony o' them," said Tibbie, who had a magenta silk, and so was jealous of no one.

"It hasna been proved," Haggart pointed out, "that the flowers came frae thae parts. She may be sending them frae Glasgow."

"I aye understood it was a Glasgow lady," said Snecky. "He'll be like the Tilliedrum minister that got a lady to send him to the college on the promise that he would marry her as soon as he got a kirk. She made him sign a paper."

"The far-seeing limmer," exclaimed Chirsty. "But if that's what Mr. Dishart has done, how has he kept it so secret?"

"He wouldna want the women o' the congregation to ken he was promised till after they had voted for him."

"I dinna haud wi' that explanation o't," said Haggart, "but I may tell you that I ken for sure she's a Glasgow leddy. Lads, ministers is near aye bespoke afore they're licensed. There's a michty competition for them in the big toons. Ay, the leddies just stand at the college gates, as you may say, and snap them up as they come out."

"And just as well for the ministers, I'se uphaud," said Tibbie, "for it saves them a heap o' persecution when they come to the like o' Thrums. There was Mr. Meiklejohn, the U. P. minister: he was no sooner placed than every genteel woman in the town was persecuting him. The Miss Dobies was the maist shameless; they fair hunted him."

"Ay," said Snecky; "and in the tail o' the day ane o' them snacked him up. Billies, did you ever hear o' a minister being refused?"

"Never."

"Weel, then, I have; and by a widow woman too. His name was Samson, and if it had been Tamson she would hae ta'en him. Ay, you may look, but it's true. Her name was Turnbull, and she had another gent after her, name o' Tibbets. She couldna make up her mind atween them, and for a while she just keeped them dangling on. Ay, but in the end she took Tibbets. And what, think you, was her reason? As you ken, thae grand folk has their initials on their spoons and nichtgowns. Ay, weel, she thocht it would be mair

handy to take Tibbets, because if she had ta'en the minister the *T*'s would have had to be changed *S*'s. It was thochtfu' o' her."

"Is Tibbets living?" asked Haggart sharply.

"No; he's dead."

"What," asked Haggart, "was the corp to trade?"

"I dinna ken."

"I thocht no'," said Haggart, triumphantly. "Weel, I warrant he was a minister too. Ay, catch a woman giving up a minister, except for another minister."

All were looking on Haggart with admiration, when a voice from the door cried—

"Listen, and I'll tell you a queerer ane than that."

"Dagont," cried Birse, "it's Wearywarld, and he has been hearkening. Leave him to me."

When the post returned, the conversation was back at Mr. Dishart.

"Yes, lathies," Haggart was saying, "daftness about women comes to all, gentle and simple, common and colleged, humourists and no humourists. You say Mr. Dishart has preached ower muckle at women to stoop to marriage, but that makes no differ. Mony a humorous thing hae I said about women, and yet Chirsty has me. It's the same wi' ministers. A' at aince they see a lassie no' unlike ither lassies, away goes their learn-

ing, and they skirl out, 'You dawtie!' That's what comes to all."

"But it hasna come to Mr. Dishart," cried Rob Dow, jumping to his feet. He had sought Haggart to tell him all, but now he saw the wisdom of telling nothing. "I'm sick o' your blathers. Instead o' the minister's being sweet-hearting yesterday, he was just at the Kaims visiting the gamekeeper. I met him in the Wast town-end, and gaed there and back wi' him."

"That's proof it's a Glasgow leddy," said Snecky.

"I tell you there's no leddy ava!" swore Rob.

"Yea, and wha sends the baskets o' flowers, then?"

"There was only one flower," said Rob, turning to his host.

"I aye understood," said Haggart heavily, "that there was only one flower."

"But though there was just ane," persisted Chirsty, "what we want to ken is wha gae him it."

"It was me that gae him it," said Rob; "it was growing on the roadside, and I plucked it and gae it to him."

The company dwindled away shamefacedly, yet unconvinced; but Haggart had courage to say slowly—

"Yes, Rob, I had aye a notion that he got it frae you."

Meanwhile, Gavin, unaware that talk about him

and a woman unknown had broken out in Thrums, was gazing, sometimes lovingly and again with scorn, at a little bunch of holly-berries which Jean had gathered from her father's garden. Once she saw him fling them out of his window, and then she rejoiced. But an hour afterwards she saw him pick them up, and then she mourned. Nevertheless, to her great delight, he preached his third sermon against Woman on the following Sabbath. It was universally acknowledged to be the best of the series. It was also the last.

CHAPTER XVIII

CADDAM—LOVE LEADING TO A RUPTURE

GAVIN told himself not to go near the mud house on the following Monday; but he went. The distance is half a mile, and the time he took was two hours. This was owing to his setting out due west to reach a point due north; yet with the intention of deceiving none save himself. His reason had warned him to avoid the Egyptian, and his desires had consented to be dragged westward because they knew he had started too soon. When the proper time came they knocked reason on the head and carried him straight to Caddam. Here reason came to, and again began to state its case. Desires permitted him to halt, as if to argue the matter out, but were thus tolerant merely because from where he stood he could see Nanny's doorway. When Babbie emerged from it reason seems to have made one final effort, for Gavin quickly took that side of a tree which is loved of squirrels at the approach of an enemy. He looked round the tree-trunk at her, and then reason discarded him. The gypsy had two empty pans in

her hands. For a second she gazed in the minister's direction, then demurely leaped the ditch of leaves that separated Nanny's yard from Caddam, and strolled into the wood. Discovering with indignation that he had been skulking behind the tree, Gavin came into the open. How good of the Egyptian, he reflected, to go to the well for water, and thus save the old woman's arms! Reason shouted from near the manse (he only heard the echo) that he could still make up on it. "Come along," said his desires, and marched him prisoner to the well.

The path which Babbie took that day is lost in blaeberry leaves now, and my little maid and I lately searched for an hour before we found the well. It was dry, choked with broom and stones, and broken rusty pans, but we sat down where Babbie and Gavin had talked, and I stirred up many memories. Probably two of those pans, that could be broken in the hands to-day like shortbread, were Nanny's, and almost certainly the stones are fragments from the great slab that used to cover the well. Children like to peer into wells to see what the world is like on the other side, and so this covering was necessary. Rob Angus was the strong man who bore the stone to Caddam, flinging it a yard before him at a time. The well had also a wooden lid with leather hinges, and over this the stone was dragged.

Gavin arrived at the well in time to offer Babbie the loan of his arms. In her struggle she had taken her lips into her mouth, but in vain did she tug at the stone, which refused to do more than turn round on the wood. But for her presence, the minister's efforts would have been equally futile. Though not strong, however, he had the national horror of being beaten before a spectator, and once at school he had won a fight by telling his big antagonist to come on until the boy was tired of pummelling him. As he fought with the stone now, pains shot through his head, and his arms threatened to come away at the shoulders; but remove it he did.

"How strong you are!" Babbie said with open admiration.

I am sure no words of mine could tell how pleased the minister was; yet he knew he was not strong, and might have known that she had seen him do many things far more worthy of admiration without admiring them. This, indeed, is a sad truth, that we seldom give our love to what is worthiest in its object.

"How curious that we should have met here," Babbie said, in her dangerously friendly way, as they filled the pans. "Do you know I quite started when your shadow fell suddenly on the stone. Did you happen to be passing through the wood?"

"No," answered truthful Gavin, "I was looking for you. I thought you saw me from Nanny's door."

"Did you? I only saw a man hiding behind a tree, and of course I knew it could not be you."

Gavin looked at her sharply, but she was not laughing at him.

"It was I," he admitted; "but I was not exactly hiding behind the tree."

"You had only stepped behind it for a moment," suggested the Egyptian.

Her gravity gave way to laughter under Gavin's suspicious looks, but the laughing ended abruptly. She had heard a noise in the wood, Gavin heard it too, and they both turned round in time to see two ragged boys running from them. When boys are very happy they think they must be doing wrong, and in a wood, of which they are among the natural inhabitants, they always take flight from the enemy, adults, if given time. For my own part, when I see a boy drop from a tree I am as little surprised as if he were an apple or a nut. But Gavin was startled, picturing these spies handing in the new sensation about him at every door, as a district visitor distributes tracts. The gypsy noted his uneasiness and resented it.

"What does it feel like to be afraid?" she asked, eyeing him.

"I am afraid of nothing," Gavin answered, offended in turn.

"Yes, you are. When you saw me come out of Nanny's you crept behind a tree; when these boys showed themselves you shook. You are afraid of being seen with me. Go away, then; I don't want you."

"Fear," said Gavin, "is one thing, and prudence is another."

"Another name for it," Babbie interposed.

"Not at all; but I owe it to my position to be careful. Unhappily, you do not seem to feel—to recognise—to know——"

"To know what?"

"Let us avoid the subject."

"No," the Egyptian said, petulantly. "I hate not to be told things. Why must you be 'prudent'?"

"You should see," Gavin replied, awkwardly, "that there is a—a difference between a minister and a gypsy."

"But if I am willing to overlook it?" asked Babbie, impertinently.

Gavin beat the brushwood mournfully with his staff.

"I cannot allow you," he said, "to talk disrespectfully of my calling. It is the highest a man can follow. I wish——"

He checked himself; but he was wishing she could see him in his pulpit.

"I suppose," said the gypsy, reflectively, "one must be very clever to be a minister."

"As for that——" answered Gavin, waving his hand grandly.

"And it must be nice, too," continued Babbie, "to be able to speak for a whole hour to people who can neither answer nor go away. Is it true that before you begin to preach you lock the door to keep the congregation in?"

"I must leave you if you talk in that way."

"I only wanted to know."

"Oh, Babbie, I am afraid you have little acquaintance with the inside of churches. Do you sit under anybody?"

"Do I sit under anybody?" repeated Babbie, blankly.

Is it any wonder that the minister sighed? "Whom do you sit under?" was his form of salutation to strangers.

"I mean, where do you belong?" he said.

"Wanderers," Babbie answered, still misunderstanding him, "belong to nowhere in particular."

"I am only asking you if you ever go to church?"

"Oh, that is what you mean. Yes, I go often."

"What church?"

"You promised not to ask questions."

"I only mean, what denomination do you belong to?"

"Oh, the—the—— Is there an English church denomination?"

Gavin groaned.

"Well, that is my denomination," said Babbie, cheerfully. "Some day, though, I am coming to hear you preach. I should like to see how you look in your gown."

"We don't wear gowns."

"What a shame! But I am coming, nevertheless. I used to like going to church in Edinburgh."

"You have lived in Edinburgh?"

"We gypsies have lived everywhere," Babbie said, lightly, though she was annoyed at having mentioned Edinburgh.

"But all gypsies don't speak as you do?" said Gavin, puzzled again. "I don't understand you."

"Of course you dinna," replied Babbie, in broad Scotch. "Maybe, if you did, you would think that it's mair imprudent in me to stand here cracking clavers wi' the minister than for the minister to waste his time cracking wi' me."

"Then why do it?"

"Because—— Oh, because prudence and I always take different roads."

"Tell me who you are, Babbie," the minister entreated; "at least, tell me where your encampment is."

"You have warned me against imprudence," she said.

"I want," Gavin continued, earnestly, "to know your people, your father and mother."

"Why?"

"Because," he answered, stoutly, "I like their daughter."

At that Babbie's fingers played on one of the pans, and, for the moment, there was no more badinage in her.

"You are a good man," she said, abruptly; "but you will never know my parents."

"Are they dead?"

"They may be; I cannot tell."

"This is all incomprehensible to me."

"I suppose it is. I never asked any one to understand me."

"Perhaps not," said Gavin, excitedly; "but the time has come when I must know everything of you that is to be known."

Babbie receded from him in quick fear.

"You must never speak to me in that way again," she said, in a warning voice.

"In what way?"

Gavin knew what way very well, but he thirsted to hear in her words what his own had implied. She did not choose to oblige him, however.

"You never will understand me," she said. "I daresay I might be more like other people now, if—if I had been brought up differently. Not," she added, passionately, "that I want to be like

others. Do you never feel, when you have been living a humdrum life for months, that you must break out of it, or go crazy?"

Her vehemence alarmed Gavin, who hastened to reply—

"My life is not humdrum. It is full of excitement, anxieties, pleasures, and I am too fond of the pleasures. Perhaps it is because I have more of the luxuries of life than you that I am so content with my lot."

"Why, what can you know of luxuries?"

"I have eighty pounds a year."

Babbie laughed. "Are ministers so poor?" she asked, calling back her gravity.

"It is a considerable sum," said Gavin, a little hurt, for it was the first time he had ever heard any one speak disrespectfully of eighty pounds.

The Egyptian looked down at her ring, and smiled.

"I shall always remember your saying that," she told him, "after we have quarrelled."

"We shall not quarrel," said Gavin, decidedly.

"Oh, yes, we shall."

"We might have done so once, but we know each other too well now."

"That is why we are to quarrel."

"About what?" said the minister. "I have not blamed you for deriding my stipend, though how it can seem small in the eyes of a gypsy——"

"Who can afford," broke in Babbie, "to give Nanny seven shillings a week?"

"True," Gavin said, uncomfortably, while the Egyptian again toyed with her ring. She was too impulsive to be reticent except now and then, and suddenly she said, "You have looked at this ring before now. Do you know that if you had it on your finger you would be more worth robbing than with eighty pounds in each of your pockets?"

"Where did you get it?" demanded Gavin, fiercely.

"I am sorry I told you that," the gypsy said, regretfully.

"Tell me how you got it," Gavin insisted, his face now hard.

"Now, you see, we are quarrelling."

"I must know."

"Must know! You forget yourself," she said, haughtily.

"No, but I have forgotten myself too long. Where did you get that ring?"

"Good afternoon to you," said the Egyptian, lifting her pans.

"It is not good afternoon," he cried, detaining her. "It is good-bye for ever, unless you answer me."

"As you please," she said. "I will not tell you where I got my ring. It is no affair of yours."

"Yes, Babbie, it is."

She was not, perhaps, greatly grieved to hear him say so, for she made no answer.

"You are no gypsy," he continued, suspiciously.

"Perhaps not," she answered, again taking the pans.

"This dress is but a disguise."

"It may be. Why don't you go away and leave me?"

"I am going," he replied, wildly. "I will have no more to do with you. Formerly I pitied you, but——"

He could not have used a word more calculated to rouse the Egyptian's ire, and she walked away with her head erect. Only once did she look back, and it was to say—

"This is prudence—now."

CHAPTER XIX

CIRCUMSTANCES LEADING TO THE FIRST SERMON IN APPROVAL OF WOMEN

A YOUNG man thinks that he alone of mortals is impervious to love, and so the discovery that he is in it suddenly alters his views of his own mechanism. It is thus not unlike a rap on the funny-bone. Did Gavin make this discovery when the Egyptian left him? Apparently he only came to the brink of it and stood blind. He had driven her from him for ever, and his sense of loss was so acute that his soul cried out for the cure rather than for the name of the malady.

In time he would have realised what had happened, but time was denied him, for just as he was starting for the mud house Babbie saved his dignity by returning to him. It was not her custom to fix her eyes on the ground as she walked, but she was doing so now, and at the same time swinging the empty pans. Doubtless she had come back for more water, in the belief that Gavin had gone. He pronounced her name with a sense of guilt, and she looked up surprised, or seemingly surprised, to find him still there.

"I thought you had gone away long ago," she said stiffly.

"Otherwise," asked Gavin the dejected, "you would not have come back to the well?"

"Certainly not."

"I am very sorry. Had you waited another moment I should have been gone."

This was said in apology, but the wilful Egyptian chose to change its meaning.

"You have no right to blame me for disturbing you," she declared with warmth.

"I did not. I only——"

"You could have been a mile away by this time. Nanny wanted more water."

Babbie scrutinised the minister sharply as she made this statement. Surely her conscience troubled her, for on his not answering her immediately she said, "Do you presume to disbelieve me? What could have made me return except to fill the pans again?"

"Nothing," Gavin admitted eagerly, "and I assure you——"

Babbie should have been grateful to his denseness, but it merely set her mind at rest.

"Say anything against me you choose," she told him. "Say it as brutally as you like, for I won't listen."

She stopped to hear his response to that, and

she looked so cold that it almost froze on Gavin's lips.

"I had no right," he said, dolefully, "to speak to you as I did."

"You had not," answered the proud Egyptian. She was looking away from him to show that his repentance was not even interesting to her. However, she had forgotten already not to listen.

"What business is it of mine?" asked Gavin, amazed at his late presumption, "whether you are a gypsy or no?"

"None whatever."

"And as for the ring——"

Here he gave her an opportunity of allowing that his curiosity about the ring was warranted. She declined to help him, however, and so he had to go on.

"The ring is yours," he said, "and why should you not wear it?"

"Why, indeed?"

"I am afraid I have a very bad temper."

He paused for a contradiction, but she nodded her head in agreement.

"And it is no wonder," he continued, "that you think me a—a brute."

"I'm sure it is not."

"But, Babbie, I want you to know that I despise myself for my base suspicions. No sooner

did I see them than I loathed them and myself for harbouring them. Despite this mystery, I look upon you as a noble-hearted girl. I shall always think of you so."

This time Babbie did not reply.

"That was all I had to say," concluded Gavin, "except that I hope you will not punish Nanny for my sins. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the Egyptian, who was looking at the well.

The minister's legs could not have heard him give the order to march, for they stood waiting.

"I thought," said the Egyptian, after a moment, "that you said you were going."

"I was only—brushing my hat," Gavin answered with dignity. "You want me to go?"

She bowed, and this time he did set off.

"You can go if you like," she remarked now.

He turned at this.

"But you said——" he began, diffidently.

"No, I did not," she answered, with indignation.

He could see her face at last.

"You—you are crying!" he exclaimed, in bewilderment.

"Because you are so unfeeling," sobbed Babbie.

"What have I said, what have I done?" cried Gavin, in an agony of self-contempt. "Oh, that I had gone away at once!"

"That is cruel."

"What is?"

"To say that."

"What did I say?"

"That you wished you had gone away."

"But surely," the minister faltered, "you asked me to go."

"How can you say so?" asked the gypsy, reproachfully.

Gavin was distracted. "On my word," he said, earnestly, "I thought you did. And now I have made you unhappy. Babbie, I wish I were anybody but myself; I am a hopeless lout."

"Now you are unjust," said Babbie, hiding her face.

"Again? To you?"

"No, you stupid," she said, beaming on him in her most delightful manner, "to yourself!"

She gave him both her hands impetuously, and he did not let them go until she added:

"I am so glad that you are reasonable at last. Men are so much more unreasonable than women, don't you think?"

"Perhaps we are," Gavin said, diplomatically.

"Of course you are. Why, every one knows that. Well, I forgive you; only remember, you have admitted that it was all your fault?"

She was pointing her finger at him like a school mistress, and Gavin hastened to answer—

"You were not to blame at all."

"I like to hear you say that," explained the representative of the more reasonable sex, "because it was really all my fault."

"No, no."

"Yes it was; but of course I could not say so until you had asked my pardon. You must understand that?"

The representative of the less reasonable sex could not understand it, but he agreed recklessly, and it seemed so plain to the woman that she continued confidentially —

"I pretended that I did not want to make it up, but I did."

"Did you?" asked Gavin, elated.

"Yes, but nothing could have induced me to make the first advance. You see why?"

"Because I was so unreasonable?" asked Gavin, doubtfully.

"Yes, and nasty. You admit you were nasty?"

"Undoubtedly, I have an evil temper. It has brought me to shame many times."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Egyptian, charitably. "I like it. I believe I admire bullies."

"Did I bully you?"

"I never knew such a bully. You quite frightened me."

Gavin began to be less displeased with himself.

"You are sure," inquired Babbie, "that you had no right to question me about the ring?"

"Certain," answered Gavin.

"Then I will tell you all about it," said Babbie, "for it is natural that you should want to know."

He looked eagerly at her, and she had become serious and sad.

"I must tell you at the same time," she said, "who I am, and then — then we shall never see each other any more."

"Why should you tell me?" cried Gavin, his hand rising to stop her.

"Because you have a right to know," she replied, now too much in earnest to see that she was yielding a point. "I should prefer not to tell you; yet there is nothing wrong in my secret, and it may make you think of me kindly, when I have gone away."

"Don't speak in that way, Babbie, after you have forgiven me."

"Did I hurt you? It was only because I know that you cannot trust me while I remain a mystery. I know you would try to trust me, but doubts would cross your mind. Yes, they would; they are the shadows that mysteries cast. Who can believe a gypsy if the odds are against her?"

"I can," said Gavin; but she shook her head, and so would he had he remembered three recent sermons of his own preaching.

"I had better tell you all," she said, with an effort.

"It is my turn now to refuse to listen to you," exclaimed Gavin, who was only a chivalrous boy. "Babbie, I should like to hear your story, but until you want to tell it to me I will not listen to it. I have faith in your honour, and that is sufficient."

It was boyish, but I am glad Gavin said it; and now Babbie admired something in him that deserved admiration. His faith, no doubt, made her a better woman.

"I admit that I would rather tell you nothing just now," she said, gratefully. "You are sure you will never say again that you don't understand me?"

"Quite sure," said Gavin, bravely. "And by-and-by you will offer to tell me of your free will?"

"Oh, don't let us think of the future," answered Babbie. "Let us be happy for the moment."

This had been the Egyptian's philosophy always, but it was ill-suited for Auld Licht ministers, as one of them was presently to discover.

"I want to make one confession, though," Babbie continued, almost reluctantly. "When you were so nasty a little while ago, I didn't go back to Nanny's. I stood watching you from behind a tree, and then, for an excuse to come back, I — I poured out the water. Yes, and I told you another lie. I really came back to admit that it was all my fault, if I could not get you to say that it was yours. I am so glad you gave in first."

She was very near him, and the tears had not yet dried on her eyes. They were laughing eyes, eyes in distress, imploring eyes. Her pale face, smiling, sad, dimpled, yet entreating forgiveness, was the one prominent thing in the world to him just then. He wanted to kiss her. He would have done it as soon as her eyes rested on his, but she continued without regarding him —

"How mean that sounds! Oh, if I were a man I should wish to be everything that I am not, and nothing that I am. I should scorn to be a liar, I should choose to be open in all things, I should try to fight the world honestly. But I am only a woman, and so — well, that is the kind of man I should like to marry."

"A minister may be all these things," said Gavin, breathlessly.

"The man I could love," Babbie went on, not heeding him, almost forgetting that he was there, "must not spend his days in idleness as the men I know do."

"I do not."

"He must be brave, no mere worker among others, but a leader of men."

"All ministers are."

"Who makes his influence felt."

"Assuredly."

"And takes the side of the weak against the strong, even though the strong be in the right."

"Always my tendency."

"A man who has a mind of his own, and having once made it up, stands to it in defiance even of ——"

"Of his session."

"Of the world. He must understand me."

"I do."

"And be my master."

"It is his lawful position in the house."

"He must not yield to my coaxing or tempers."

"It would be weakness."

"But compel me to do his bidding; yes, even thrash me if——"

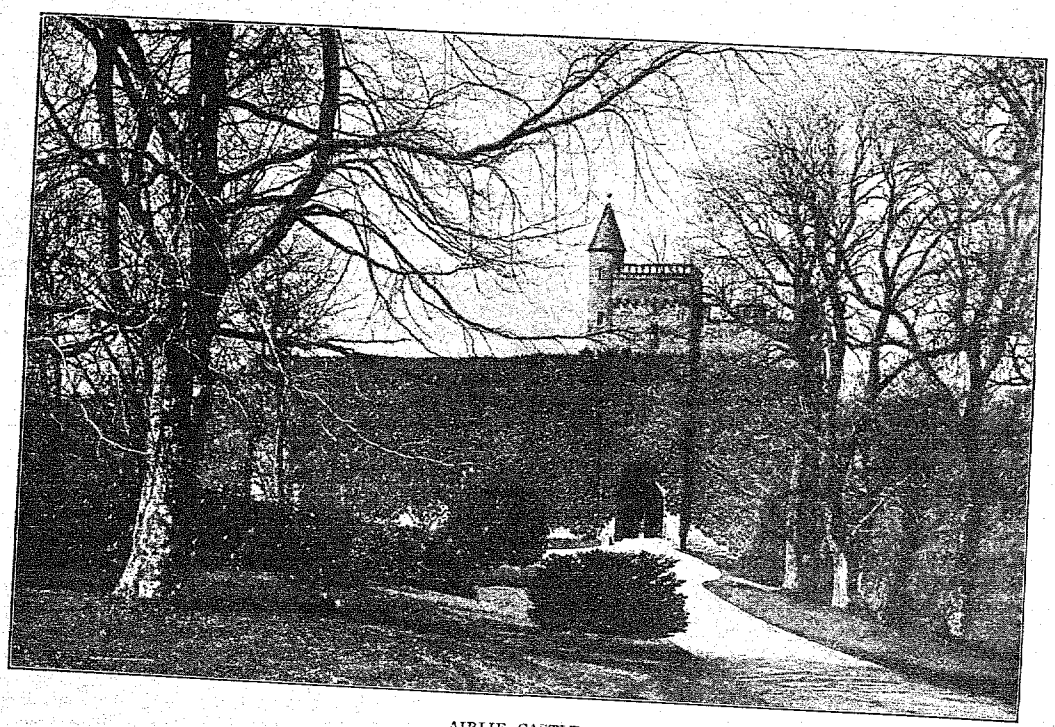
"If you won't listen to reason. Babbie," cried Gavin, "I am that man!"

Here the inventory abruptly ended, and these two people found themselves staring at each other, as if of a sudden they had heard something dreadful. I do not know how long they stood thus, motionless and horrified. I cannot tell even which stirred first. All I know is that almost simultaneously they turned from each other and hurried out of the wood in opposite directions.

END OF PART I.

THE LITTLE MINISTER

PART II



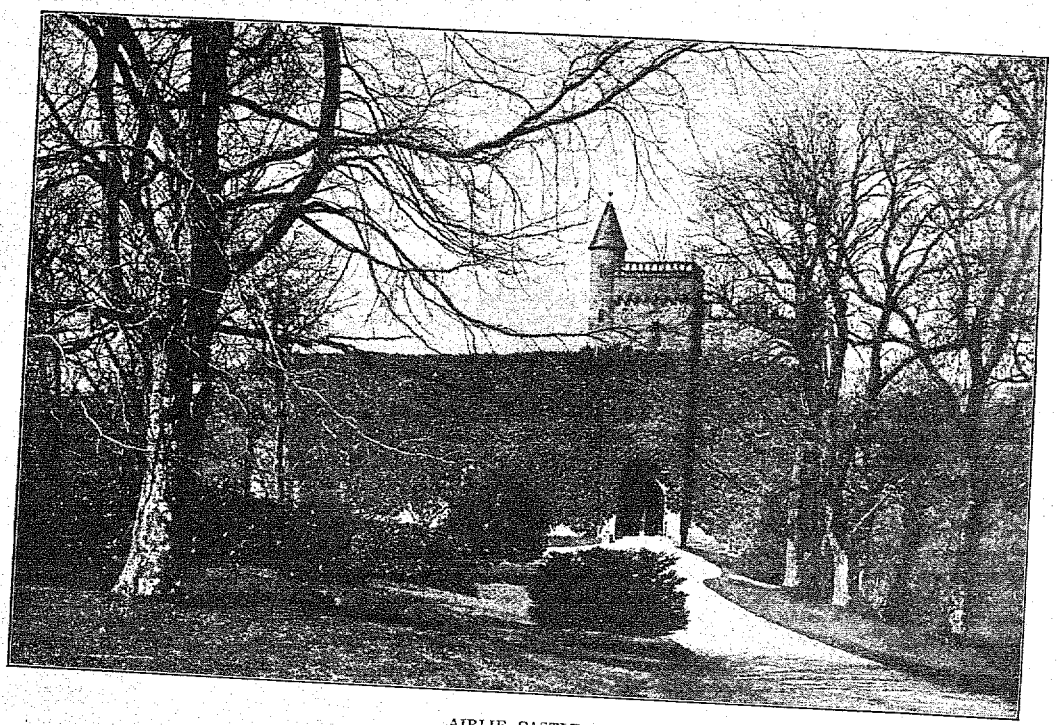
AIRLIE CASTLE

THE LITTLE MINISTER

CHAPTER XX

END OF THE STATE OF INDECISION

LONG before I had any thought of writing this story, I had told it so often to my little maid that she now knows some of it better than I. If you saw me looking up from my paper to ask her, "What was it that Birse said to Jean about the minister's flowers?" or, "Where was Hendry Munn hidden on the night of the riots?" and heard her confident answers, you would conclude that she had been in the thick of these events, instead of born many years after them. I mention this now because I have reached a point where her memory contradicts mine. She maintains that Rob Dow was told of the meeting in the wood by the two boys whom it disturbed, while my own impression is that he was a witness of it. If she



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is right, Rob must have succeeded in frightening the boys into telling no other person, for certainly the scandal did not spread in Thrums. After all, however, it is only important to know that Rob did learn of the meeting. Its first effect was to send him sullenly to the drink.

Many a time since these events have I pictured what might have been their upshot had Dow confided their discovery to me. Had I suspected why Rob was grown so dour again, Gavin's future might have been very different. I was meeting Rob now and again in the glen, asking, with an affected carelessness he did not bottom, for news of the little minister, but what he told me was only the gossip of the town; and what I should have known, that Thrums might never know it, he kept to himself. I suppose he feared to speak to Gavin, who made several efforts to reclaim him, but without avail.

Yet Rob's heart opened for a moment to one man, or rather was forced open by that man. A few days after the meeting at the well, Rob was bringing the smell of whisky with him down Banker's Close when he ran against a famous staff, with which the doctor pinned him to the wall.

"Ay," said the outspoken doctor, looking contemptuously into Rob's bleary eyes, "so this is what your conversion amounts to? Faugh! Rob Dow, if you were half a man the very thought of

what Mr. Dishart has done for you would make you run past the public-houses."

"It's the thocht o' him that sends me running to them," growled Rob, knocking down the staff. "Let me alane."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded McQueen, hooking him this time.

"Speir at himsel'; speir at the woman."

"What woman?"

"Take your staff out o' my neck."

"Not till you tell me why you, of all people, are speaking against the minister."

Torn by a desire for a confidant and loyalty to Gavin, Rob was already in a fury.

"Say again," he burst forth, "that I was speaking agin the minister and I'll practise on you what I'm awid to do to her."

"Who is she?"

"Wha's wha?"

"The woman whom the minister——"

"I said nothing about a woman," said poor Rob, alarmed for Gavin. "Doctor, I'm ready to swear afore a bailie that I never saw them thegither at the Kaims."

"The Kaims!" exclaimed the doctor, suddenly enlightened. "Pooh! you only mean the Egyptian. Rob, make your mind easy about this. I know why he met her there."

"Do you ken that she has bewitched him; do

you ken I saw him trying to put his arms round her; do you ken they have a trysting-place in Caddam wood?"

This came from Rob in a rush, and he would fain have called it all back.

"I'm drunk, doctor, roaring drunk," he said, hastily, "and it wasna the minister I saw ava; it was another man."

Nothing more could the doctor draw from Rob, but he had heard sufficient to smoke some pipes on. Like many who pride themselves on being recluses, McQueen loved the gossip that came to him uninvited; indeed, he opened his mouth to it as greedily as any man in Thrums. He respected Gavin, however, too much to find this new dish palatable, and so his researches to discover whether other Auld Lichts shared Rob's fears were conducted with caution. "Is there no word of your minister's getting a wife yet?" he asked several, but only got for answers, "There's word o' a Glasgow leddy's sending him baskets o' flowers," or "He has his een open, but he's taking his time; ay, he's looking for the blade o' corn in the stack o' chaff."

This convinced McQueen that the congregation knew nothing of the Egyptian, but it did not satisfy him, and he made an opportunity of inviting Gavin into the surgery. It was, to the doctor, the cosiest nook in his house, but to me and many

others a room that smelled of hearses. On the top of the pipes and tobacco tins that littered the table there usually lay a death certificate, placed there deliberately by the doctor to scare his sister, who had a passion for putting the surgery to rights.

"By the way," McQueen said, after he and Gavin had talked a little while, "did I ever advise you to smoke?"

"It is your usual form of salutation," Gavin answered, laughing. "But I don't think you ever supplied me with a reason."

"I daresay not. I am too experienced a doctor to cheapen my prescriptions in that way. However, here is one good reason. I have noticed, sir, that at your age a man is either a slave to a pipe or to a woman. Do you want me to lend you a pipe now?"

"Then I am to understand," asked Gavin, slyly, "that your locket came into your possession in your pre-smoking days, and that you merely wear it from habit?"

"Tuts!" answered the doctor, buttoning his coat. "I told you there was nothing in the locket. If there is, I have forgotten what it is."

"You are a hopeless old bachelor, I see," said Gavin, unaware that the doctor was probing him. He was surprised next moment to find McQueen in the ecstasies of one who has won a rubber.

"Now, then," cried the jubilant doctor, "as you

have confessed so much, tell me all about her Name and address, please."

"Confess! What have I confessed?"

"It won't do, Mr. Dishart, for even your face betrays you. No, no, I am an old bird, but I have not forgotten the ways of the fledglings. 'Hopeless bachelor,' sir, is a sweetmeat in every young man's mouth until of a sudden he finds it sour, and that means the banns. When is it to be?"

"We must find the lady first," said the minister, uncomfortably.

"You tell me, in spite of that face, that you have not fixed on her?"

"The difficulty, I suppose, would be to persuade her to fix on me."

"Not a bit of it. But you admit there is some one?"

"Who would have me?"

"You are wriggling out of it. Is it the banker's daughter?"

"No," Gavin cried.

"I hear you have walked up the back wynd with her three times this week. The town is in a ferment about it."

"She is a great deal in the back wynd."

"Fiddle-de-dee! I am oftener in the back wynd than you, and I never meet her there."

"That is curious."

"No, it isn't, but never mind. Perhaps you

have fallen to Miss Pennycuick's piano? Did you hear it going as we passed the house?"

"She seems always to be playing on her piano."

"Not she; but you are supposed to be musical, and so when she sees you from her window she begins to thump. If I am in the school wynd and hear the piano going, I know you will turn the corner immediately. However, I am glad to hear it is not Miss Pennycuick. Then it is the factor at the Spittal's lassie? Well done, sir. You should arrange to have the wedding at the same time as the old earl's, which comes off in summer, I believe."

"One foolish marriage is enough in a day, doctor."

"Eh? You call him a fool for marrying a young wife? Well, no doubt he is, but he would have been a bigger fool to marry an old one. However, it is not Lord Rintoul we are discussing, but Gavin Dishart. I suppose you know that the factor's lassie is an heiress?"

"And, therefore, would scorn me."

"Try her," said the doctor, drily. "Her father and mother, as I know, married on a ten-pound note. But if I am wrong again, I must adopt the popular view in Thrums. It is a Glasgow lady after all? Man, you needn't look indignant at hearing that the people are discussing your intended. You can no more stop it than a doctor's orders could keep Lang Tammas out of church.

They have discovered that she sends you flowers twice every week."

"They never reach me," answered Gavin, then remembered the holly and winced.

"Some," persisted the relentless doctor, "even speak of your having been seen together; but of course, if she is a Glasgow lady, that is a mistake."

"Where did they see us?" asked Gavin, with a sudden trouble in his throat.

"You are shaking," said the doctor, keenly, "like a medical student at his first operation. But as for the story that you and the lady have been seen together, I can guess how it arose. Do you remember that gypsy girl?"

The doctor had begun by addressing the fire, but he suddenly wheeled round and fired his question in the minister's face. Gavin, however, did not even blink.

"Why should I have forgotten her?" he replied, coolly.

"Oh, in the stress of other occupations. But it was your getting the money from her at the Kaims for Nanny that I was to speak of. Absurd though it seems, I think some dotard must have seen you and her at the Kaims, and mistaken her for the lady."

McQueen flung himself back in his chair to enjoy this joke.

"Fancy mistaking that woman for a lady!" he said to Gavin, who had not laughed with him.

"I think Nanny has some justification for considering her a lady," the minister said, firmly.

"Well, I grant that. But what made me guffaw was a vision of the harum-scarum, devil-may-care little Egyptian mistress of an Auld Licht manse!"

"She is neither harum-scarum, nor devil-may-care," Gavin answered without heat, for he was no longer a distracted minister. "You don't understand her as I do."

"No, I seem to understand her differently."

"What do you know of her?"

"That is just it," said the doctor, irritated by Gavin's coolness. "I know she saved Nanny from the poorhouse, but I don't know where she got the money. I know she can talk fine English when she chooses, but I don't know where she learned it. I know she heard that the soldiers were coming to Thrums before they knew of their destination themselves, but I don't know who told her. You who understand her can doubtless explain these matters?"

"She offered to explain them to me," Gavin answered, still unmoved, "but I forbade her."

"Why?"

"It is no business of yours, doctor. Forgive me for saying so."

"In Thrums," replied McQueen, "a minister's business is everybody's business. I have often

wondered who helped her to escape from the soldiers that night. Did she offer to explain that to you?"

"She did not."

"Perhaps," said the doctor, sharply, "because it was unnecessary?"

"That was the reason."

"You helped her to escape?"

"I did."

"And you are not ashamed of it?"

"I am not."

"Why were you so anxious to screen her?"

"She saved some of my people from gaol."

"Which was more than they deserved."

"I have always understood that you concealed two of them in your own stable."

"Maybe I did," the doctor had to allow. "But I took my stick to them next morning. Besides, they were Thrums folk, while you had never set eyes on that imp of mischief before."

"I cannot sit here, doctor, and hear her called names," Gavin said, rising, but McQueen gripped him by the shoulder.

"For pity's sake, sir, don't let us wrangle like a pair of women. I brought you here to speak my mind to you, and speak it I will. I warn you, Mr. Dishart, that you are being watched. You have been seen meeting this lassie in Caddam as well as at the Kaims."

"Let the whole town watch, doctor. I have met her openly."

"And why? Oh, don't make Nanny your excuse."

"I won't. I met her because I love her."

"Are you mad?" cried McQueen. "You speak as if you would marry her."

"Yes," replied Gavin, determinedly, "and I mean to do it."

The doctor flung up his hands.

"I give you up," he said, raging. "I give you up. Think of your congregation, man."

"I have been thinking of them, and as soon as I have a right to do so I shall tell them what I have told you."

"And until you tell them I will keep your madness to myself, for I warn you that, as soon as they do know, there will be a vacancy in the Auld Licht kirk of Thrums."

"She is a woman," said Gavin, hesitating, though preparing to go, "of whom any minister might be proud."

"She is a woman," the doctor roared, "that no congregation would stand. Oh, if you will go, there is your hat."

Perhaps Gavin's face was whiter as he left the house than when he entered it, but there was no other change. Those who were watching him decided that he was looking much as usual, except

that his mouth was shut very firm, from which they concluded that he had been taking the doctor to task for smoking. They also noted that he returned to McQueen's house within half an hour after leaving it, but remained no time.

Some explained this second visit by saying that the minister had forgotten his cravat, and had gone back for it. What really sent him back, however, was his conscience. He had said to McQueen that he helped Babbie to escape from the soldiers because of her kindness to his people, and he returned to own that it was a lie.

Gavin knocked at the door of the surgery, but entered without waiting for a response. McQueen was no longer stamping through the room, red and furious. He had even laid aside his pipe. He was sitting back in his chair, looking half-mournfully, half-contemptuously, at something in his palm. His hand closed instinctively when he heard the door open, but Gavin had seen that the object was an open locket.

"It was only your reference to the thing," the detected doctor said, with a grim laugh, "that made me open it. Forty years ago, sir, I—— Phew! it is forty-two years, and I have not got over it yet." He closed the locket with a snap. "I hope you have come back, Dishart, to speak more rationally?"

Gavin told him why he had come back, and the doctor said he was a fool for his pains.

"Is it useless, Dishart, to make another appeal to you?"

"Quite useless, doctor," Gavin answered, promptly. "My mind is made up at last."

CHAPTER XXI

NIGHT—MARGARET—FLASHING OF A LANTERN

THAT evening the little minister sat silently in his parlour. Darkness came, and with it weavers rose heavy-eyed from their looms, sleepy children sought their mothers, and the gate of the field above the manse fell forward to let cows pass to their byre; the great Bible was produced in many homes, and the ten o'clock bell clanged its last word to the night. Margaret had allowed the lamp to burn low. Thinking that her boy slept, she moved softly to his side and spread her shawl over his knees. He had forgotten her. The doctor's warnings scarcely troubled him. He was Babbie's lover. The mystery of her was only a veil hiding her from other men, and he was looking through it upon the face of his beloved.

It was a night of long ago, but can you not see my dear Margaret still as she bends over her son? Not twice in many days dared the minister snatch a moment's sleep from grey morning to midnight, and, when this did happen, he jumped up by-and-by in shame, to revile himself for an idler and ask his mother wrathfully why she had not tumbled

him out of his chair? To-night Margaret was divided between a desire to let him sleep and a fear of his self-reproach when he awoke; and so, perhaps, the tear fell that roused him.

"I did not like to waken you," Margaret said, apprehensively. "You must have been very tired, Gavin?"

"I was not sleeping, mother," he said, slowly. "I was only thinking."

"Ah, Gavin, you never rise from your loom. It is hardly fair that your hands should be so full of other people's troubles."

"They only fill one hand, mother; I carry the people's joys in the other hand, and that keeps me erect, like a woman between her pan and pitcher. I think the joys have outweighed the sorrows since we came here."

"It has been all joy to me, Gavin, for you never tell me of the sorrows. An old woman has no right to be so happy."

"Old woman, mother!" said Gavin. But his indignation was vain. Margaret was an old woman. I made her old before her time.

"As for these terrible troubles," he went on, "I forget them the moment I enter the garden and see you at your window. And, maybe, I keep some of the joys from you as well as the troubles."

Words about Babbie leaped to his mouth, but with an effort he restrained them. He must not

tell his mother of her until Babbie of her free will had told him all there was to tell.

"I have been a selfish woman, Gavin."

"You selfish, mother!" Gavin said, smiling. "Tell me when you did not think of others before yourself?"

"Always, Gavin. Has it not been selfishness to hope that you would never want to bring another mistress to the manse? Do you remember how angry you used to be in Glasgow when I said that you would marry some day?"

"I remember," Gavin said, sadly.

"Yes; you used to say, 'Don't speak of such a thing, mother, for the horrid thought of it is enough to drive all the Hebrew out of my head.' Was not that lightning just now?"

"I did not see it. What a memory you have, mother, for all the boyish things I said."

"I can't deny," Margaret admitted with a sigh, "that I liked to hear you speak in that way, though I knew you would go back on your word. You see, you have changed already."

"How, mother?" asked Gavin, surprised.

"You said just now that those were boyish speeches. Gavin, I can't understand the mothers who are glad to see their sons married; though I had a dozen I believe it would be a wrench to lose one of them. It would be different with daughters. You are laughing, Gavin!"

"Yes, at your reference to daughters. Would you not have preferred me to be a girl?"

"'Deed I would not," answered Margaret, with tremendous conviction. "Gavin, every woman on earth, be she rich or poor, good or bad, offers up one prayer about her firstborn, and that is, 'May he be a boy!'"

"I think you are wrong, mother. The banker's wife told me that there is nothing for which she thanks the Lord so much as that all her children are girls."

"May she be forgiven for that, Gavin!" exclaimed Margaret; "though she maybe did right to put the best face on her humiliation. No, no, there are many kinds of women in the world, but there never was one yet that didn't want to begin with a laddie. You can speculate about a boy so much more than about a girl. Gavin, what is it a woman thinks about the day her son is born? yes, and the day before too? She is picturing him a grown man, and a slip of a lassie taking him from her. Ay, that is where the lassies have their revenge on the mothers. I remember as if it were this morning a Harvie fishwife patting your head and asking who was your sweetheart, and I could never thole the woman again. We were at the door of the cottage, and I mind I gripped you up in my arms. You had on a tartan frock with a sash and diamond socks. When I look back, Gavin, it seems

to me that you have shot up from that frock to manhood in a single hour."

"There are not many mothers like you," Gavin said, laying his hand fondly on Margaret's shoulder.

"There are many better mothers, but few such sons. It is easily seen why God could not afford me another. Gavin, I am sure that was lightning."

"I think it was; but don't be alarmed, mother."

"I am never frightened when you are with me."

"And I always will be with you."

"Ah, if you were married ——"

"Do you think," asked Gavin, indignantly, "that it would make any difference to you?"

Margaret did not answer. She knew what a difference it would make.

"Except," continued Gavin, with a man's obtuseness, "that you would have a daughter as well as a son to love you and take care of you."

Margaret could have told him that men give themselves away needlessly who marry for the sake of their mother, but all she said was —

"Gavin, I see you can speak more composedly of marrying now than you spoke a year ago. If I did not know better, I should think a Thrums young lady had got hold of you."

It was a moment before Gavin replied; then he said, gaily —

"Really, mother, the way the best of women speak of each other is lamentable. You say I

should be better married, and then you take for granted that every marriageable woman in the neighbourhood is trying to kidnap me. I am sure you did not take my father by force in that way."

He did not see that Margaret trembled at the mention of his father. He never knew that she was many times pining to lay her head upon his breast and tell him of me. Yet I cannot but believe that she always shook when Adam Dishart was spoken of between them. I cannot think that the long-cherishing of the secret which was hers and mine kept her face steady when that horror suddenly confronted her as now. Gavin would have suspected much had he ever suspected anything.

"I know," Margaret said, courageously, "that you would be better married; but when it comes to selecting the woman I grow fearful. Oh, Gavin!" she said, earnestly, "it is an awful thing to marry the wrong man!"

Here in a moment had she revealed much, though far from all, and there must have been many such moments between them. But Gavin was thinking of his own affairs.

"You mean the wrong woman, don't you, mother?" he said, and she hastened to agree. But it was the wrong man she meant.

"The difficulty, I suppose, is to hit upon the right one?" Gavin said, blithely.

"To know which is the right one in time," answered Margaret, solemnly. "But I am saying nothing against the young ladies of Thrums, Gavin. Though I have scarcely seen them, I know there are good women among them. Jean says ——"

"I believe, mother," Gavin interposed, reproachfully, "that you have been questioning Jean about them?"

"Just because I was afraid — I mean because I fancied — you might be taking a liking to one of them."

"And what is Jean's verdict?"

"She says every one of them would jump at you, like a bird at a berry."

"But the berry cannot be divided. How would Miss Pennycuick please you, mother?"

"Gavin!" cried Margaret, in consternation, "you don't mean to —— But you are laughing at me again."

"Then there is the banker's daughter?"

"I can't thole her."

"Why, I question if you ever set eyes on her, mother."

"Perhaps not, Gavin; but I have suspected her ever since she offered to become one of your tract distributors."

"The doctor," said Gavin, not ill-pleased, "was saying that either of these ladies would suit me."

"What business has he," asked Margaret, vindictively, "to put such thoughts into your head?"

"But he only did as you are doing. Mother, I see you will never be satisfied without selecting the woman for me yourself."

"Ay, Gavin," said Margaret, earnestly; "and I question if I should be satisfied even then. But I am sure I should be a better guide to you than Dr. McQueen is."

"I am convined of that. But I wonder what sort of woman would content you?"

"Whoever pleased you, Gavin, would content me," Margaret ventured to maintain. "You would only take to a clever woman."

"She must be nearly as clever as you, mother."

"Hoots, Gavin," said Margaret, smiling, "I'm not to be caught with chaff. I am a stupid, ignorant woman."

"Then I must look out for a stupid, ignorant woman, for that seems to be the kind I like," answered Gavin, of whom I may confess here something that has to be told sooner or later. It is this: he never realised that Babbie was a great deal cleverer than himself. Forgive him, you who read, if you have any tolerance for the creature, man.

"She will be terribly learned in languages," pursued Margaret, "so that she may follow you in your studies, as I have never been able to do."

"Your face has helped me more than Hebrew, mother," replied Gavin. "I will give her no marks for languages."

"At any rate," Margaret insisted, "she must be a grand housekeeper, and very thrifty."

"As for that," Gavin said, faltering a little, "one can't expect it of a mere girl."

"I should expect it," maintained his mother.

"No, no; but she would have you," said Gavin, happily, "to teach her housekeeping."

"It would be a pleasant occupation to me, that," Margaret admitted. "And she would soon learn; she would be so proud of her position as mistress of a manse."

"Perhaps," Gavin said, doubtfully. He had no doubt on the subject in his college days.

"And we can take for granted," continued his mother, "that she is a lassie of fine character."

"Of course," said Gavin, holding his head high, as if he thought the doctor might be watching him.

"I have thought," Margaret went on, "that there was a great deal of wisdom in what you said at that last marriage in the manse, the one where, you remember, the best man and the bridesmaid joined hands instead of the bride and bridegroom."

"What did I say?" asked the little minister, with misgivings.

"That there was great danger when people married out of their own rank of life."

"Oh — ah — well, of course, that would depend on circumstances."

"They were wise words, Gavin. There was the sermon, too, that you preached a month or two ago against marrying into other denominations. Jean told me that it greatly impressed the congregation. It is a sad sight, as you said, to see an Auld Licht lassie changing her faith because her man belongs to the U. P.'s."

"Did I say that?"

"You did, and it so struck Jean that she told me she would rather be an old maid for life, 'the which,' she said, 'is a dismal prospect,' than marry out of the Auld Licht kirk."

"Perhaps that was a rather narrow view I took, mother. After all, the fitting thing is that the wife should go with her husband; especially if it is he that is the Auld Licht."

"I don't hold with narrowness myself, Gavin," Margaret said, with an effort, "and I admit that there are many respectable persons in the other denominations. But though a weaver might take a wife from another kirk without much scandal, an Auld Licht minister's madam must be Auld Licht born and bred. The congregation would expect no less. I doubt if they would be sure of her if she came from some other Auld Licht kirk. 'Deed, though she came from our own kirk I'm thinking the session would want to catechise her. Ay, and

if all you tell me of Lang Tammas be true (for, as you know, I never spoke to him), I warrant he would catechise the session."

"I would brook no interference from my session," said Gavin, knitting his brows, "and I do not consider it necessary that a minister's wife should have been brought up in his denomination. Of course she would join it. We must make allowance, mother, for the thousands of young women who live in places where there is no Auld Licht kirk."

"You can pity them, Gavin," said Margaret, "without marrying them. A minister has his congregation to think of."

"So the doctor says," interposed her son.

"Then it was just like his presumption!" cried Margaret. "A minister should marry to please himself."

"Decidedly he should," Gavin agreed, eagerly, "and the bounden duty of the congregation is to respect and honour his choice. If they forget that duty, his is to remind them of it."

"Ah, well, Gavin," said Margaret, confidently, "your congregation are so fond of you that your choice would doubtless be theirs. Jean tells me that even Lang Tammas, though he is so obstinate, has a love for you passing the love of woman. These were her words. Jean is more sentimental than you might think."

"I wish he would show his love," said Gavin, "by contradicting me less frequently."

"You have Rob Dow to weigh against him."

"No; I cannot make out what has come over Rob lately. He is drinking heavily again, and avoiding me. The lightning is becoming very vivid."

"Yes, and I hear no thunder. There is another thing, Gavin. I am one of those that like to sit at home, but if you had a wife she would visit the congregation. A truly religious wife would be a great help to you."

"Religious," Gavin repeated slowly. "Yes, but some people are religious without speaking of it. If a woman is good she is religious. A good woman who has been, let us say, foolishly brought up, only needs to be shown the right way to tread it. Mother, I question if any man, minister or layman, ever yet fell in love because the woman was thrifty, or clever, or went to church twice on Sabbath."

"I believe that is true," Margaret said, "and I would not have it otherwise. But it is an awful thing, Gavin, as you said from the pulpit two weeks ago, to worship only at a beautiful face."

"You think too much about what I say in the pulpit, mother," Gavin said, with a sigh, "though of course a man who fell in love merely with a face would be a contemptible creature. Yet I

see that women do not understand how beauty affects a man."

"Yes, yes, my boy—oh, indeed, they do," said Margaret, who on some matters knew far more than her son.

Twelve o'clock struck, and she rose to go to bed, alarmed lest she should not waken early in the morning. "But I am afraid I shan't sleep," she said, "if that lightning continues."

"It is harmless," Gavin answered, going to the window. He started back next moment, and crying, "Don't look out, mother," hastily pulled down the blind.

"Why, Gavin," Margaret said in fear, "you look as if it had struck you."

"Oh, no," Gavin answered, with a forced laugh, and he lit her lamp for her.

But it had struck him, though it was not lightning. It was the flashing of a lantern against the window to attract his attention, and the holder of the lantern was Babbie.

"Good-night, mother."

"Good-night, Gavin. Don't sit up any later."

CHAPTER XXII

LOVERS

ONLY something terrible, Gavin thought, could have brought Babbie to him at such an hour; yet when he left his mother's room it was to stand motionless on the stair, waiting for a silence in the manse that would not come. A house is never still in darkness to those who listen intently; there is a whispering in distant chambers, an unearthly hand presses the snib of the window, the latch rises. Ghosts were created when the first man woke in the night.

Now Margaret slept. Two hours earlier, Jean, sitting on the salt-bucket, had read the chapter with which she always sent herself to bed. In honour of the little minister she had begun her Bible afresh when he came to Thrums, and was progressing through it, a chapter a night, sighing, perhaps, on washing days at a long chapter, such as Exodus twelfth, but never making two of it. The kitchen wag-at-the-wall clock was telling every room in the house that she had neglected to shut her door. As Gavin felt his way down

the dark stair, awakening it into protest at every step, he had a glimpse of the pendulum's shadow running back and forward on the hearth; he started back from another shadow on the lobby wall, and then seeing it start too, knew it for his own. He opened the door and passed out unobserved; it was as if the sounds and shadows that filled the manse were too occupied with their game to mind an interloper.

"Is that you?" he said to a bush, for the garden was in semi-darkness. Then the lantern's flash met him, and he saw the Egyptian in the summer-seat.

"At last!" she said, reproachfully. "Evidently a lantern is a poor door-bell."

"What is it?" Gavin asked, in suppressed excitement, for the least he expected to hear was that she was again being pursued for her share in the riot. The tremor in his voice surprised her into silence, and he thought she faltered because what she had to tell him was so woeful. So, in the darkness of the summer-seat, he kissed her, and she might have known that with that kiss the little minister was hers for ever.

Now Babbie had been kissed before, but never thus, and she turned from Gavin, and would have liked to be alone, for she had begun to know what love was, and the flash that revealed it to her laid bare her own shame, so that her impulse was to

hide herself from her lover. But of all this Gavin was unconscious, and he repeated his question. The lantern was swaying in her hand, and when she turned fearfully to him its light fell on his face, and she saw how alarmed he was.

"I am going away back to Nanny's," she said suddenly, and rose cowed, but he took her hand and held her.

"Babbie," he said, huskily, "tell me what has happened to bring you here at this hour."

She sought to pull her hand from him, but could not.

"How you are trembling!" he whispered. "Babbie," he cried, "something terrible has happened to you, but do not fear. Tell me what it is, and then — then I will take you to my mother: yes, I will take you now."

The Egyptian would have given all she had in the world to be able to fly from him then, that he might never know her as she was, but it could not be, and so she spoke out remorselessly. If her voice had become hard, it was a new-born scorn of herself that made it so.

"You are needlessly alarmed," she said; "I am not at all the kind of person who deserves sympathy or expects it. There is nothing wrong. I am staying with Nanny over-night, and only came to Thrums to amuse myself. I chased your policeman down the Roods with my lantern, and then

came here to amuse myself with you. That is all."

"It was nothing but a love of mischief that brought you here?" Gavin asked, sternly, after an unpleasant pause.

"Nothing," the Egyptian answered, recklessly.

"I could not have believed this of you," the minister said; "I am ashamed of you."

"I thought," Babbie retorted, trying to speak lightly until she could get away from him, "that you would be glad to see me. Your last words in Caddam seemed to justify that idea."

"I am very sorry to see you," he answered, reproachfully.

"Then I will go away at once," she said, stepping out of the summer-seat.

"Yes," he replied, "you must go at once."

"Then I won't," she said, turning back defiantly. "I know what you are to say: that the Thrums people would be shocked if they knew I was here; as if I cared what the Thrums people think of me."

"I care what they think of you," Gavin said, as if that were decisive, "and I tell you I will not allow you to repeat this freak."

"You 'will not allow me,'" echoed Babbie, almost enjoying herself, despite her sudden loss of self-respect.

"I will not," Gavin said resolutely. "Henceforth you must do as I think fit."

"Since when have you taken command of me?" demanded Babbie.

"Since a minute ago," Gavin replied, "when you let me kiss you."

"Let you!" exclaimed Babbie, now justly incensed. "You did it yourself. I was very angry."

"No, you were not."

"I am not allowed to say that even?" asked the Egyptian. "Tell me something I may say, then, and I will repeat it after you."

"I have something to say to you," Gavin told her, after a moment's reflection; "yes, and there is something I should like to hear you repeat after me, but not to-night."

"I don't want to hear what it is," Babbie said, quickly, but she knew what it was, and even then, despite the new pain at her heart, her bosom swelled with pride because this man still loved her. Now she wanted to run away with his love for her before he could take it from her, and then realising that this parting must be for ever, a great desire filled her to hear him put that kiss into words, and she said, faltering:

"You can tell me what it is if you like."

"Not to-night," said Gavin.

"To-night, if at all," the gypsy almost entreated.

"To-morrow, at Nanny's," answered Gavin, decisively: and this time he remembered without dismay that to-morrow was the Sabbath.

In the fairy tale the beast suddenly drops his skin and is a prince, and I believe it seemed to Babbie that some such change had come over this man, her plaything.

"Your lantern is shining on my mother's window," were the words that woke her from this discovery, and then she found herself yielding the lantern to him. She became conscious vaguely that a corresponding change was taking place in herself.

"You spoke of taking me to your mother," she said, bitterly.

"Yes," he answered at once, "to-morrow;" but she shook her head, knowing that to-morrow he would be wiser.

"Give me the lantern," she said, in a low voice, "I am going back to Nanny's now."

"Yes," he said, "we must set out now, but I can carry the lantern."

"You are not coming with me!" she exclaimed, shaking herself free of his hand.

"I am coming," he replied, calmly, though he was not calm. "Take my arm, Babbie."

She made a last effort to free herself from bondage, crying passionately, "I will not let you come."

"When I say I am coming," Gavin answered between his teeth, "I mean that I am coming, and so let that be an end of this folly. Take my arm."

"I think I hate you," she said, retreating from him.

"Take my arm," he repeated, and, though her breast was rising rebelliously, she did as he ordered, and so he escorted her from the garden. At the foot of the field she stopped, and thought to frighten him by saying, "What would the people say if they saw you with me now?"

"It does not much matter what they would say," he answered, still keeping his teeth together as if doubtful of their courage. "As for what they would do, that is certain; they would put me out of my church."

"And it is dear to you?"

"Dearer than life."

"You told me long ago that your mother's heart would break if——"

"Yes, I am sure it would."

They had begun to climb the fields, but she stopped him with a jerk.

"Go back, Mr. Dishart," she implored, clutching his arm with both hands. "You make me very unhappy for no purpose. Oh, why should you risk so much for me?"

"I cannot have you wandering here alone at midnight," Gavin answered, gently.

"That is nothing to me," she said, eagerly, but no longer resenting his air of proprietorship.

"You will never do it again if I can prevent it."

"But you cannot," she said, sadly. "Oh, yes, you can, Mr. Dishart. If you will turn back now I shall promise never to do anything again without first asking myself whether it would seem right to you. I know I acted very wrongly tonight."

"Only thoughtlessly," he said.

"Then have pity on me," she besought him, "and go back. If I have only been thoughtless, how can you punish me thus? Mr. Dishart," she entreated, her voice breaking, "if you were to suffer for this folly of mine, do you think I could live?"

"We are in God's hands, dear," he answered, firmly, and he again drew her arm to him. So they climbed the first field, and were almost at the hill before either spoke again.

"Stop," Babbie whispered, crouching as she spoke; "I see some one crossing the hill."

"I have seen him for some time," Gavin answered, quietly; "but I am doing no wrong, and I will not hide."

The Egyptian had to walk on with him, and I suppose she did not think the less of him for that. Yet she said, warningly—

"If he sees you, all Thrums will be in an uproar before morning."

"I cannot help that," Gavin replied. "It is the will of God."

"To ruin you for my sins?"

"If He thinks fit."

The figure drew nearer, and with every step Babbie's distress doubled.

"We are walking straight to him," she whispered. "I implore you to wait here until he passes, if not for your own sake, for your mother's."

At that he wavered, and she heard his teeth sliding against each other, as if he could no longer clench them.

"But, no," he said, moving on again, "I will not be a skulker from any man. If it be God's wish that I should suffer for this, I must suffer."

"Oh, why," cried Babbie, beating her hands together in grief, "should you suffer for me?"

"You are mine," Gavin answered. Babbie gasped. "And if you act foolishly," he continued, "it is right that I should bear the brunt of it. No, I will not let you go on alone; you are not fit to be alone. You need some one to watch over you and care for you and love you, and, if need be, to suffer with you."

"Turn back, dear, before he sees us."

"He has seen us."

Yes, I had seen them, for the figure on the hill was no other than the dominie of Glen Quharity. The park gate clicked as it swung to, and I looked up and saw Gavin and the Egyptian. My eyes should have found them sooner, but it was to gaze

upon Margaret's home, while no one saw me, that I had trudged into Thrums so late, and by that time, I suppose, my eyes were of little service for seeing through. Yet, when I knew that of these two people suddenly beside me on the hill one was the little minister and the other a strange woman, I fell back from their side with dread before I could step forward and cry "Gavin!"

"I am Mr. Dishart," he answered, with a composure that would not have served him for another sentence. He was more excited than I, for the "Gavin" fell harmlessly on him, while I had no sooner uttered it than there rushed through me the shame of being false to Margaret. It was the only time in my life that I forgot her in him, though he has ever stood next to her in my regard.

I looked from Gavin to the gypsy woman, and again from her to him, and she began to tell a lie in his interest. But she got no farther than "I met Mr. Dishart accid——" when she stopped, ashamed. It was reverence for Gavin that checked the lie. Not every man has had such a compliment paid him.

"It is natural," Gavin said, slowly, "that you, sir, should wonder why I am here with this woman at such an hour, and you may know me so little as to think ill of me for it."

I did not answer, and he misunderstood my silence.

"No," he continued, in a harder voice, as if I had asked him a question, "I will explain nothing to you. You are not my judge. If you would do me harm, sir, you have it in your power."

It was with these cruel words that Gavin addressed me. He did not know how cruel they were. The Egyptian, I think, must have seen that his suspicions hurt me, for she said, softly, with a look of appeal in her eyes —

"You are the schoolmaster in Glen Quharity? Then you will perhaps save Mr. Dishart the trouble of coming farther by showing me the way to old Nanny Webster's house at Windyghoul?"

"I have to pass the house at any rate," I answered eagerly, and she came quickly to my side.

I knew, though in the darkness I could see but vaguely, that Gavin was holding his head high and waiting for me to say my worst. I had not told him that I dared think no evil of him, and he still suspected me. Now I would not trust myself to speak lest I should betray Margaret, and yet I wanted him to know that base doubts about him could never find a shelter in me. I am a timid man who long ago lost the glory of my life by it, and I was again timid when I sought to let Gavin see that my faith in him was unshaken. I lifted my bonnet to the gypsy, and asked her to take my arm. It was done clumsily, I cannot doubt, but he read my meaning and held out his

hand to me. I had not touched it since he was three years old, and I trembled too much to give it the grasp I owed it. He and I parted without a word, but to the Egyptian he said, "To-morrow, dear, I will see you at Nanny's," and he was to kiss her, but I pulled her a step farther from him, and she put her hands over her face, crying, "No, no!"

If I asked her some questions between the hill and Windyghoul you must not blame me, for this was my affair as well as theirs. She did not answer me; I know now that she did not hear me. But at the mud house she looked abruptly into my face, and said —

"You love him, too!"

I trudged to the school-house with these words for company, and it was less her discovery than her confession that tortured me. How much I slept that night you may guess.

CHAPTER XXIII

CONTAINS A BIRTH, WHICH IS SUFFICIENT FOR ONE CHAPTER

"THE kirk bell will soon be ringing," Nanny said on the following morning, as she placed herself carefully on a stool, one hand holding her Bible and the other wandering complacently over her aged merino gown. "Ay, lassie, though you're only an Egyptian I would hae ta'en you wi' me to hear Mr. Duthie, but it's speiring ower muckle o' a woman to expect her to gang to the kirk in her ilka day claethes."

The Babbie of yesterday would have laughed at this, but the new Babbie sighed.

"I wonder you don't go to Mr. Dishart's church now, Nanny," she said, gently. "I am sure you prefer him."

"Babbie, Babbie," exclaimed Nanny, with spirit, "may I never be so far left to mysel' as to change my kirk just because I like another minister better! It's easy seen, lassie, that you ken little o' religious questions."

"Very little," Babbie admitted, sadly.

"But dinna be so waeful about it," the old wo-

man continued, kindly, "for that's no nane like you. Ay, and if you see muckle mair o' Mr. Dishart he'll soon cure your ignorance."

"I shall not see much more of him," Babbie answered, with averted head.

"The like o' you couldna expect it," Nanny said, simply, whereupon Babbie went to the window. "I had better be stepping," Nanny said, rising, "for I am aye late unless I'm on the hill by the time the bell begins. Ay, Babbie, I'm doubting my merino's no sair in the fashion?"

She looked down at her dress half despondently, and yet with some pride.

"It was fowerpence the yard, and no less," she went on, fondling the worn merino, "when we bocht it at Sam'l Curr's. Ay, but it has been turned sax times since syne."

She sighed, and Babbie came to her and put her arms round her, saying, "Nanny, you are a dear."

"I'm a gey auld-farrant-looking dear, I doubt," said Nanny, ruefully.

"Now, Nanny," rejoined Babbie, "you are just wanting me to flatter you. You know the merino looks very nice."

"It's a guid merino yet," admitted the old woman, "but, oh, Babbie, what does the material matter if the cut isna fashionable? It's fine, isn't it, to be in the fashion?"

She spoke so wistfully that, instead of smiling, Babbie kissed her.

"I am afraid to lay hand on the merino, Nanny, but give me off your bonnet and I'll make it ten years younger in as many minutes."

"Could you?" asked Nanny, eagerly, unloosening her bonnet-strings. "Mercy on me!" she had to add; "to think about altering bonnets on the Sabbath-day! Lassie, how could you propose sic a thing?"

"Forgive me, Nanny," Babbie replied, so meekly that the old woman looked at her curiously.

"I dinna understand what has come ower you," she said. "There's an unca difference in you since last nicht. I used to think you were mair like a bird than a lassie, but you've lost a' your daft capers o' singing and lauching, and I take ill wi't. Twa or three times I've catched you greeting. Babbie, what has come ower you?"

"Nothing, Nanny. I think I hear the bell."

Down in Thrums two kirk-officers had let their bells loose, waking echoes in Windyghoul as one dog in country parts sets all the others barking, but Nanny did not hurry off to church. Such a surprising notion had filled her head suddenly that she even forgot to hold her dress off the floor.

"Babbie," she cried, in consternation, "dinna tell me you've gotten ower fond o' Mr. Dishart."

"The like of me, Nanny!" the gypsy answered,

with affected raillery, but there was a tear in her eye.

"It would be a wild, presumptious thing," Nanny said, "and him a grand minister, but——"

Babbie tried to look her in the face, but failed, and then all at once there came back to Nanny the days when she and her lover wandered the hill together.

"Ah, my dawtie," she cried, so tenderly, "what does it matter wha he is when you canna help it!"

Two frail arms went round the Egyptian, and Babbie rested her head on the old woman's breast. But do you think it could have happened had not Nanny loved a weaver two-score years before?

And now Nanny has set off for church and Babbie is alone in the mud house. Some will pity her not at all, this girl who was a dozen women in the hour, and all made of impulses that would scarce stand still to be photographed. To attempt to picture her at any time until now would have been like chasing a spirit that changes to something else as your arms clasp it; yet she has always seemed a pathetic little figure to me. If I understand Babbie at all, it is, I think, because I loved Margaret, the only woman I have ever known well, and one whose nature was not, like the Egyptian's, complex, but most simple, as if God had told her only to be good. Throughout my life since she came into it she has been to me

a glass in which many things are revealed that I could not have learned save through her, and something of all womankind, even of bewildering Babbie, I seem to know because I knew Margaret.

No woman is so bad but we may rejoice when her heart thrills to love, for then God has her by the hand. There is no love but this. She may dream of what love is, but it is only of a sudden that she knows. Babbie, who was without a guide from her baby days, had dreamed but little of it, hearing its name given to another thing. She had been born wild and known no home; no one had touched her heart except to strike it; she had been educated, but never tamed; her life had been thrown strangely among those who were great in the world's possessions, but she was not of them. Her soul was in such darkness that she had never seen it; she would have danced away cynically from the belief that there is such a thing, and now all at once she had passed from disbelief to knowledge. Is not love God's doing? To Gavin He had given something of Himself, and the moment she saw it the flash lit her own soul.

It was but little of his Master that was in Gavin, but far smaller things have changed the current of human lives; the spider's thread that strikes our brow on a country road may do that. Yet this I will say, though I have no wish to cast the little minister on my pages larger than he was, that he

had some heroic hours in Thrums, of which one was when Babbie learned to love him. Until the moment when he kissed her she had only conceived him a quaint fellow whose life was a string of Sundays, but behold what she saw in him now. Evidently to his noble mind her mystery was only some misfortune, not of her making, and his was to be the part of leading her away from it into the happiness of the open life. He did not doubt her, for he loved, and to doubt is to dip love in the mire. She had been given to him by God, and he was so rich in her possession that the responsibility attached to the gift was not grievous. She was his, and no mortal man could part them. Those who looked askance at her were looking askance at him; in so far as she was wayward and wild, he was those things; so long as she remained strange to religion, the blame lay on him.

All this Babbie read in the Gavin of the past night, and to her it was the book of love. What things she had known, said and done in that holy name! How shamefully have we all besmirched it! She had only known it as the most selfish of the passions, a brittle image that men consulted because it could only answer in the words they gave it to say. But here was a man to whom love was something better than his own desires leering on a pedestal. Such love as Babbie had seen hitherto made strong men weak, but this was

a love that made a weak man strong. All her life, strength had been her idol, and the weakness that bent to her cajolery her scorn. But only now was it revealed to her that strength, instead of being the lusty child of passions, grows by grappling with and throwing them.

So Babbie loved the little minister for the best that she had ever seen in man. I shall be told that she thought far more of him than he deserved, forgetting the mean in the worthy: but who that has had a glimpse of heaven will care to let his mind dwell henceforth on earth? Love, it is said, is blind, but love is not blind. It is an extra eye, which shows us what is most worthy of regard. To see the best is to see most clearly, and it is the lover's privilege.

Down in the Auld Licht kirk that forenoon Gavin preached a sermon in praise of Woman, and up in the mud house in Windyghoul Babbie sat alone. But it was the Sabbath day to her: the first Sabbath in her life. Her discovery had frozen her mind for a time, so that she could only stare at it with eyes that would not shut; but that had been in the night. Already her love seemed a thing of years, for it was as old as herself, as old as the new Babbie. It was such a dear delight that she clasped it to her, and exulted over it because it was hers, and then she cried over it because she must give it up.

For Babbie must only look at this love and then turn from it. My heart aches for the little Egyptian, but the Promised Land would have remained invisible to her had she not realised that it was only for others. That was the condition of her seeing.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE NEW WORLD, AND THE WOMAN WHO MAY NOT DWELL THEREIN

Up here in the glen school-house after my pupils have straggled home, there comes to me at times, and so sudden that it may be while I am infusing my tea, a hot desire to write great books. Perhaps an hour afterwards I rise, beaten, from my desk, flinging all I have written into the fire (yet rescuing some of it on second thoughts), and curse myself as an ingle-nook man, for I see that one can only paint what he himself has felt, and in my passion I wish to have all the vices, even to being an impious man, that I may describe them better. For this may I be pardoned. It comes to nothing in the end, save that my tea is brackish.

Yet though my solitary life in the glen is cheating me of many experiences, more helpful to a writer than to a Christian, it has not been so tame but that I can understand why Babbie cried when she went into Nanny's garden and saw the new world. Let no one who loves be called altogether unhappy. Even love unreturned has its rainbow, and Babbie knew that Gavin loved her. Yet she

stood in woe among the stiff berry bushes, as one who stretches forth her hands to Love and sees him looking for her, and knows she must shrink from the arms she would lie in, and only call to him in a voice he cannot hear. This is not a love that is always bitter. It grows sweet with age. But could that dry the tears of the little Egyptian, who had only been a woman for a day?

Much was still dark to her. Of one obstacle that must keep her and Gavin ever apart she knew, and he did not, but had it been removed she would have given herself to him humbly, not in her own longing, but because he wanted her. "Behold what I am," she could have said to him then, and left the rest to him, believing that her unworthiness would not drag him down, it would lose itself so readily in his strength. That Thrums could rise against such a man if he defied it, she did not believe; but she was to learn the truth presently from a child.

To most of us, I suppose, has come some shock that was to make us different men from that hour, and yet, how many days elapsed before something of the man we had been leapt up in us? Babbie thought she had buried her old impulsiveness, and then remembering that from the top of the field she might see Gavin returning from church, she hastened to the hill to look upon him from a distance. Before she reached the gate where I had met her

and him, however, she stopped, distressed at her selfishness, and asked bitterly, "Why am I so different from other women; why should what is so easy to them be so hard to me?"

"Gavin, my beloved!" the Egyptian cried in her agony, and the wind caught her words and flung them in the air, making sport of her.

She wandered westward over the bleak hill, and by-and-by came to a great slab called the Standing Stone, on which children often sit and muse until they see gay ladies riding by on palfreys — a kind of horse — and knights in glittering armour, and goblins, and fiery dragons, and other wonders now extinct, of which bare-legged laddies dream, as well as boys in socks. The Standing Stone is in the dyke that separates the hill from a fir wood, and it is the fairy-book of Thrums. If you would be a knight yourself, you must sit on it and whisper to it your desire.

Babbie came to the Standing Stone, and there was a little boy astride it. His hair stood up through holes in his bonnet, and he was very ragged and miserable.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" Babbie asked him, gently; but he did not look up, and the tongue was strange to him.

"How are you greeting so sair?" she asked.

"I'm no greeting very sair," he answered, turning his head from her that a woman might not see

his tears. "I am no greeting so sair but what I grat sairer when my mither died."

"When did she die?" Babbie inquired.

"Lang syne," he answered, still with averted face.

"What is your name?"

"Micah is my name. Rob Dow's my father."

"And have you no brothers nor sisters?" asked Babbie, with a fellow-feeling for him.

"No, juist my father," he said.

"You should be the better laddie to him then. Did your mither no tell you to be that afore she died?"

"Ay," he answered, "she telled me ay to hide the bottle frae him when I could get haud o't. She took me into the bed to make me promise that, and syne she died."

"Does your father drink?"

"He hauds mair than ony other man in Thrums," Micah replied, almost proudly.

"And he strikes you?" Babbie asked, compassionately.

"That's a lie," retorted the boy, fiercely. "Leastwise, he doesna strike me except when he's mortal, and syne I can jouk him."

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm wishing. It's a wishing stane."

"You are wishing your father wouldna drink."

"No, I'm no," answered Micah. "There was

a lang time he didna drink, but the woman has sent him to it again. It's about her I'm wishing. I'm wishing she was in hell."

"What woman is it?" asked Babbie, shuddering.

"I dinna ken," Micah said, "but she's an ill ane."

"Did you never see her at your father's house?"

"Na; if he could get grip o' her he would break her ower his knee. I hearken to him saying that, when he's wild. He says she should be burned for a witch."

"But if he hates her," asked Babbie, "how can she have sic power ower him?"

"It's no him that she has haud o'," replied Micah, still looking away from her.

"Wha is it then?"

"It's Mr. Dishart."

Babbie was struck as if by an arrow from the wood. It was so unexpected that she gave a cry, and then for the first time Micah looked at her.

"How should that send your father to the drink?" she asked, with an effort.

"Because my father's michty fond o' him," answered Micah, staring strangely at her; "and when the folk ken about the woman, they'll stane the minister out o' Thrums."

The wood faded for a moment from the Egyptian's sight. When it came back, the boy had slid off the Standing Stone and was stealing away.

"Why do you run frae me?" Babbie asked, pathetically.

"I'm fleid at you," he gasped, coming to a standstill at a safe distance: "you're the woman!"

Babbie cowered before her little judge, and he drew nearer her slowly.

"What makes you think that?" she said.

It was a curious time for Babbie's beauty to be paid its most princely compliment.

"Because you're so bonny," Micah whispered across the dyke. Her tears gave him courage. "You micht gang awa," he entreated. "If you kent what a differ Mr. Dishart made in my father till you came, you would maybe gang awa. When he's roaring fou I have to sleep in the wood, and it's awfu' cauld. I m doubting he'll kill me, woman, if you dinna gang awa."

Poor Babbie put her hand to her heart, but the innocent lad continued mercilessly—

"If ony shame comes to the minister, his auld mither'll die. How have you sic an ill will at the minister?"

Babbie held up her hands like a supplicant.

"I'll gie you my rabbit," Micah said, "if you'll gang awa. I've juist the ane." She shook her head, and, misunderstanding her, he cried, with his knuckles in his eye, "I'll gie you them baith, though I'm michty sweer to part wi' Spotty."

Then at last Babbie found her voice.

"Keep your rabbits, laddie," she said, "and greet no more. I'm gaen awa."

"And you'll never come back no more a' your life?" pleaded Micah.

"Never no more a' my life," repeated Babbie.

"And ye'll leave the minister alane for ever and ever?"

"For ever and ever."

Micah rubbed his face dry, and said, "Will you let me stand on the Standing Stane and watch you gaen awa for ever and ever?"

At that a sob broke from Babbie's heart, and looking at her doubtfully Micah said—

"Maybe you're gey ill for what you've done?"

"Ay," Babbie answered, "I'm gey ill for what I've done."

A minute passed, and in her anguish she did not know that still she was standing at the dyke. Micah's voice roused her:

"You said you would gang awa, and you're no gaen."

Then Babbie went away. The boy watched her across the hill. He climbed the Standing Stone and gazed after her until she was but a coloured ribbon among the broom. When she disappeared into Windyghoul he ran home joyfully, and told his father what a good day's work

he had done. Rob struck him for a fool for taking a gypsy's word, and warned him against speaking of the woman in Thrums.

But though Dow believed that Gavin continued to meet the Egyptian secretly, he was wrong. A sum of money for Nanny was sent to the minister, but he could guess only from whom it came. In vain did he search for Babbie. Some months passed and he gave up the search, persuaded that he should see her no more. He went about his duties with a drawn face that made many folk uneasy when it was stern, and pained them when it tried to smile. But to Margaret, though the effort was terrible, he was as he had ever been, and so no thought of a woman crossed her loving breast.

CHAPTER XXV

BEGINNING OF THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

I CAN tell still how the whole of the glen was engaged about the hour of noon on the fourth of August month; a day to be among the last forgotten by any of us, though it began as quietly as a roaring March. At the Spittal, between which and Thrums this is a halfway house, were gathered two hundred men in kilts, and many gentry from the neighbouring glens, to celebrate the earl's marriage, which was to take place on the morrow, and thither, too, had gone many of my pupils to gather gossip, at which girls of six are trustier hands than boys of twelve. Those of us, however, who were neither children nor of gentle blood, remained at home, the farmers more taken up with the want of rain, now become a calamity, than with an old man's wedding, and their women-folk wringing their hands for rain also, yet finding time to marvel at the marriage's taking place at the Spittal instead of in England, of which the ignorant spoke vaguely as an estate of the bride's.

For my own part I could talk of the disastrous drouth with Waster Lunny as I walked over his parched fields, but I had not such cause as he to brood upon it by day and night; and the ins and outs of the earl's marriage were for discussing at a tea-table, where there were women to help one to conclusions, rather than for the reflections of a solitary dominie, who had seen neither bride nor bridegroom. So it must be confessed that when I might have been regarding the sky moodily, or at the Spittal, where a free table that day invited all, I was sitting in the school-house, heeling my left boot, on which I have always been a little hard.

I made small speed, not through lack of craft, but because one can no more drive in tackets properly than take cities unless he gives his whole mind to it; and half of mine was at the Auld Licht manse. Since our meeting six months earlier on the hill I had not seen Gavin, but I had heard much of him, and of a kind to trouble me.

"I saw nothing queer about Mr. Dishart," was Waster Lunny's frequent story, "till I hearkened to Elspeth speaking about it to the lasses (for I'm the last Elspeth would tell onything to, though I'm her man), and syne I minded I had been noticing it for months. Elspeth says," he would go on, for he could no more forbear quoting his wife than complaining of her, "that the minister'll

listen to you nowadays wi' his een glaring at you as if he had a perfectly passionate interest in what you were telling him (though it may be only about a hen wi' the croup), and then, after all, he hasna heard a sylib. Ay, I listened to Elspeth saying that, when she thoct I was at the byre, and yet, would you believe it, when I says to her after lousing time, 'I've been noticing of late that the minister loses what a body tells him,' all she answers is, 'Havers.' Tod, but women's provoking."

"I allow," Birse said, "that on the first Sabbath o' June month, and again on the third Sabbath, he poured out the Word grandly, but I've ta'en note this curran Sabbaths that if he's no michty magnificent he's michty poor. There's something damming up his mind, and when he gets by it he's a roaring water, but when he doesna he's a despisable trickle. The folk thinks it's a woman that's getting in his way, but dinna tell me that about sic a scholar; I tell you he would gang ower a toon o' women like a loaded cart ower new-laid stanes."

Wearyworld hobbled after me up the Roods one day, pelting me with remarks, though I was doing my best to get away from him. "Even Rob Dow sees there's something come ower the minister," he bawled, "for Rob's fou ilka Sabbath now. Ay, but this I will say for Mr. Dishart, that he aye gies me a civil word." I thought I had left the policeman behind with this, but next min-

ute he roared, "and whatever is the matter wi' him it has made him kindlier to me than ever." He must have taken the short cut through Lunan's close, for at the top of the Roods his voice again made up on me. "Dagone you, for a cruel pack to put your fingers to your lugs ilka time I open my mouth."

As for Waster Lunny's daughter Easie, who got her schooling free for redding up the school-house and breaking my furniture, she would never have been off the gossip about the minister, for she was her mother in miniature, with a tongue that ran like a pump after the pans are full, not for use but for the mere pleasure of spilling.

On that awful fourth of August I not only had all this confused talk in my head but reason for jumping my mind between it and the Egyptian (as if to catch them together unawares), and I was like one who, with the mechanism of a watch jumbled in his hand, could set it going if he had the art.

Of the gypsy I knew nothing save what I had seen that night, yet what more was there to learn? I was aware that she loved Gavin and that he loved her. A moment had shown it to me. Now with the Auld Lichts, I have the smith's acquaintance with his irons, and so I could not believe that they would suffer their minister to marry a vagrant. Had it not been for this knowledge, which made me fearful for Margaret, I would have done no-

thing to keep these two young people apart. Some to whom I have said this maintain that the Egyptian turned my head at our first meeting. Such an argument is not perhaps worth controverting. I admit that even now I straighten under the fire of a bright eye, as a pensioner may salute when he sees a young officer. In the shooting season, should I chance to be leaning over my dyke while English sportsmen pass (as is usually the case if I have seen them approaching), I remember nought of them save that they call me "she," and end their greetings with "whatever" (which Waster Lunny takes to be a southron mode of speech), but their ladies dwell pleasantly in my memory, from their engaging faces to the pretty crumpled thing dangling on their arms, that is a hat or a basket, I am seldom sure which. The Egyptian's beauty, therefore, was a gladsome sight to me, and none the less so that I had come upon it as unexpectedly as some men step into a bog. Had she been alone when I met her I cannot deny that I would have been content to look on her face, without caring what was inside it; but she was with her lover, and that lover was Gavin, and so her face was to me as little for admiring as this glen in a thunderstorm, when I know that some fellow-creature is lost on the hills.

If, however, it was no quick liking for the gypsy that almost tempted me to leave these two lovers

to each other, what was it? It was the warning of my own life. Adam Dishart had torn my arm from Margaret's, and I had not recovered the wrench in eighteen years. Rather than act his part between these two I felt tempted to tell them, "Deplorable as the result may be, if you who are a minister marry this vagabond, it will be still more deplorable if you do not."

But there was Margaret to consider, and at thought of her I cursed the Egyptian aloud. What could I do to keep Gavin and the woman apart? I could tell him the secret of his mother's life. Would that be sufficient? It would if he loved Margaret, as I did not doubt. Pity for her would make him undergo any torture rather than she should suffer again. But to divulge our old connection would entail her discovery of me, and I questioned if even the saving of Gavin could destroy the bitterness of that.

I might appeal to the Egyptian. I might tell her even what I shuddered to tell him. She cared for him, I was sure, well enough to have the courage to give him up. But where was I to find her?

Were she and Gavin meeting still? Perhaps the change which had come over the little minister meant that they had parted. Yet what I had heard him say to her on the hill warned me not to trust in any such solution of the trouble.

Boys play at casting a humming-top into the

midst of others on the ground, and if well aimed it scatters them prettily. I seemed to be playing such a game with my thoughts, for each new one sent the others here and there, and so what could I do in the end but fling my tops aside, and return to the heeling of my boot?

I was thus engaged when the sudden waking of the glen into life took me to my window. There is seldom silence up here, for if the wind be not sweeping the heather, the Quharity, that I may not have heard for days, seems to have crept nearer to the school-house in the night, and if both wind and water be out of earshot, there is the crack of a gun, or Waster Lunny's shepherd is on a stone near at hand whistling, or a lamb is scrambling through a fence, and kicking foolishly with its hind legs. These sounds I am unaware of until they stop, when I look up. Such a stillness was broken now by music.

From my window I saw a string of people walking rapidly down the glen, and Waster Lunny crossing his potato-field to meet them. Remembering that, though I was in my stocking soles, the ground was dry, I hastened to join the farmer, for I like to miss nothing. I saw a curious sight. In front of the little procession coming down the glen road, and so much more impressive than his satellites that they may be put out of mind as merely ploughmen and the like following a show,

was a Highlander that I knew to be Lauchlan Campbell, one of the pipers engaged to lend music to the earl's marriage. He had the name of a thrawn man when sober, but pretty at the pipes at both times, and he came marching down the glen blowing gloriously, as if he had the clan of Campbell at his heels. I know no man who is so capable on occasion of looking like twenty as a Highland piper, and never have I seen a face in such a blaze of passion as was Lauchlan Campbell's that day. His following were keeping out of his reach, jumping back every time he turned round to shake his fist in the direction of the Spittal. While this magnificent man was yet some yards from us, I saw Waster Lunny, who had been in the middle of the road to ask questions, fall back in fear, and not being a fighting man myself, I jumped the dyke. Lauchlan gave me a look that sent me farther into the field, and strutted past, shrieking defiance through his pipes, until I lost him and his followers in a bend of the road.

"That's a terrifying spectacle," I heard Waster Lunny say when the music had become but a distant squeal. "You're bonny at louping dykes, dominie, when there is a wild bull in front o' you. Na, I canna tell what has happened, but at the least Lauchlan maun hae dirked the earl. Thae loons cried out to me as they gaed by that he has been blawing awa' at that tune till he canna halt.

What a wind's in the crittur! I'm thinking there's a hell in ilka Highlandman."

"Take care then, Waster Lunny, that you dinna licht it," said an angry voice that made us jump, though it was only Duncan, the farmer's shepherd, who spoke.

"I had forgotten you was a Highlandman yoursel', Duncan," Waster Lunny said nervously, but Elspeth, who had come to us unnoticed, ordered the shepherd to return to the hillside, which he did haughtily.

"How did you no lay haud on that blast o' wind, Lauchlan Campbell," asked Elspeth of her husband, "and speir at him what had happened at the Spittal? A quarrel afore a marriage brings ill luck."

"I'm thinking," said the farmer, "that Rintoul's making his ain ill luck by marrying on a young leddy."

"A man's never ower auld to marry," said Elspeth.

"No, nor a woman," rejoined Waster Lunny, "when she gets the chance. But, Elspeth, I believe I can guess what has fired that fearsome piper. Depend upon it, somebody has been speaking disrespectful about the crittur's ancestors."

"His ancestors!" exclaimed Elspeth, scornfully. "I'm thinking mine could hae bocht them at a crown the dozen."

"Hoots," said the farmer, "you're o' a weaving stock, and dinna understand about ancestors. Take a stick to a Highland laddie, and it's no him you hurt, but his ancestors. Likewise it's his ancestors that stanes you for it. When Duncan stalked awa the now, what think you he saw? He saw a farmer's wife dauring to order about his ancestors; and if that's the way wi' a shepherd, what will it be wi' a piper that has the kilts on him a' day to mind him o' his ancestors ilka time he looks down?"

Elspeth retired to discuss the probable disturbance at the Spittal with her family, giving Waster Lunny the opportunity of saying to me impressively—

"Man, man, has it never crossed you that it's a queer thing the like o' you and me having no ancestors? Ay, we had them in a manner o' speaking, no doubt, but they're as completely lost sicht o' as a flagon lid that's fallen ahint the dresser. Hech, sirs, but they would need a gey rubbing to get the rust off them now. I've been thinking that if I was to get my laddies to say their grandfather's name a curran times ilka day, like the Catechism, and they were to do the same wi' their bairns, and it was continued in future generations, we micht raise a fell field o' ancestors in time. Ay, but Elspeth wouldna hear o't. Nothing angers her mair than to hear me speak o' planting

trees for the benefit o' them that's to be farmers here after me, and as for ancestors, she would howk them up as quick as I could plant them. Losh, dominie, is that a boot in your hand?"

To my mortification I saw that I had run out of the school-house with the boot on my hand as if it were a glove, and back I went straightway, blaming myself for a man wanting in dignity. It was but a minor trouble this, however, even at the time; and to recall it later in the day was to look back on happiness, for though I did not know it yet, Lauchlan's playing raised the curtain on the great act of Gavin's life, and the twenty-four hours had begun, to which all I have told as yet is no more than the prologue.

CHAPTER XXVI

SCENE AT THE SPITTAL

WITHIN an hour after I had left him Waster Lunny walked into the school-house and handed me his snuff-mull, which I declined politely. It was with this ceremony that we usually opened our conversations.

"I've seen the post," he said, "and he tells me there has been a queer ploy at the Spittal. It's a wonder the marriage hasna been turned into a burial, and all because o' that Highland stirk, Lauchlan Campbell."

Waster Lunny was a man who had to retrace his steps in telling a story if he tried short cuts, and so my custom was to wait patiently while he delved through the ploughed fields that always lay between him and his destination.

"As you ken, Rintoul's so little o' a Scotchman that he's no muckle better than an Englisher. That maun be the reason he hadna mair sense than to tramp on a Highlandman's ancestors, as he tried to tramp on Lauchlan's this day."

"If Lord Rintoul insulted the piper," I suggested, giving the farmer a helping hand cautiously, "it

would be through inadvertence. Rintoul only bought the Spittal a year ago, and until then, I daresay, he had seldom been on our side of the Border."

This was a foolish interruption, for it set Waster Lunny off in a new direction.

"That's what Elspeth says. Says she, 'When the earl has grand estates in England, what for does he come to a barren place like the Spittal to be married? It's gey like,' she says, 'as if he wanted the marriage to be got by quietly; a thing,' says she, 'that no woman can stand. Furthermore,' Elspeth says, 'how has the marriage been postponed twice?' We ken what the servants at the Spittal says to that, namely, that the young lady is no keen to take him, but Elspeth winna listen to sic arguments. She says either the earl had grown timid (as mony a man does), when the wedding-day drew near, or else his sister that keeps his house is mad at the thocht o' losing her place; but as for the young lady's being sweer, says Elspeth, 'an earl's an earl however auld he is, and a lassie's a lassie however young she is, and weel she kens you're never sure o' a man's no changing his mind about you till you're tied to him by law, after which it doesna so muckle matter whether he changes his mind about you or no.' Ay, there's a quirk in it some gait, dominie; but it's a deep water Elspeth canna bottom."

"It is," I agreed; "but you were to tell me what Birse told you of the disturbance at the Spittal."

"Ay, weel," he answered, "the post puts the wite o't on her little leddyship, as they call her, though she winna be a leddyship till the morn. All I can say is that if the earl was saft enough to do sic a thing out o' fondness for her, it's time he was married on her, so that he may come to his senses again. That's what I say; but Elspeth conters me, of course, and says she, 'If the young leddy was so careless o' insulting other folks' ancestors, it proves she has nane o' her ain; for them that has china plates themsels is the maist careful no to break the china plates of others.'"

"But what was the insult? Was Lauchlan dismissed?"

"Na, faags! It was waur than that. Dominie, you're dull in the uptake compared to Elspeth. I hadna telled her half the story afore she jaloused the rest. However, to begin again; there's great feasting and rejoicings gaen on at the Spittal the now, and also a banquet, which the post says is twa dinners in one. Weel, there's a curran Ogilvys among the guests, and it was them that egged on her little leddyship to make the daring proposal to the earl. What was the proposal? It was no less than that the twa pipers should be ordered to play 'The Bonny House o' Airlie.' Do-

minie, I wonder you can tak it so calm when you ken that's the Ogilvys sang, and that it's aimed at the clan o' Campbell."

"Pooh!" I said. "The Ogilvys and the Campbells used to be mortal enemies, but the feud has been long forgotten."

"Ay, I've heard tell," Waster Lunny said sceptically, "that Airlie and Argyle shakes hands now like Christians; but I'm thinking that's just afore the Queen. Dinna speak now, for I'm in the thick o't. Her little leddyship was all hinging in gold and jewels, the which winna be her ain till the morn; and she leans ower to the earl and whispers to him to get the pipers to play 'The Bonny House.' He wasna willing, for says he, 'There's Ogilvys at the table, and ane o' the pipers is a Campbell, and we'll better let sleeping dogs lie.' However, the Ogilvys lauched at his caution; and he was so infatuated wi' her little leddyship that he gae in, and he cried out to the pipers to strike up 'The Bonny House.'"

Waster Lunny pulled his chair nearer me and rested his hand on my knees.

"Dominie," he said in a voice that fell now and again into a whisper, "them looking on swears that when Lauchlan Campbell heard these monstrous orders his face became ugly and black, so that they kent in a jiffy what he would do. It's said a' body jumped back frae him in a sudden

dread, except poor Angus, the other piper, wha was busy tuning up for 'The Bonny House.' Weel, Angus had got no farther in the tune than the first skirl when Lauchlan louped at him, and ripped up the startled crittur's pipes wi' his dirk. The pipes gae a roar o' agony like a stuck swine, and fell gasping on the floor. What happened next was that Lauchlan wi' his dirk handy for onybody that micht try to stop him, marched once round the table, playing 'The Campbells are coming,' and then straucht out o' the Spittal, his chest far afore him, and his head so weel back that he could see what was going on ahint. Frae the Spittal to here he never stopped that fearsome tune, and I'se warrant he's blawing away at it at this moment through the streets o' Thrums."

Waster Lunny was not in his usual spirits, or he would have repeated his story before he left me, for he had usually as much difficulty in coming to an end as in finding a beginning. The drouth was to him as serious a matter as death in the house, and as little to be forgotten for a lengthened period.

"There's to be a prayer-meeting for rain in the Auld Licht kirk the night," he told me as I escorted him as far as my side of the Quharity, now almost a dead stream, pitiable to see, "and I'm gaen; though I'm sweer to leave thae puir cattle o' mine. You should see how they look at me

when I gie them mair o' that rotten grass to eat. It's eneuch to mak a man greet, for what richt hae I to keep kye when I canna meat them?"

Waster Lunny has said to me more than once that the great surprise of his life was when Elspeth was willing to take him. Many a time, however, I have seen that in him which might have made any weaver's daughter proud of such a man, and I saw it again when we came to the river side.

"I'm no ane o' thae farmers," he said truthfully, "that's aye girding at the weather, and Elspeth and me kens that we hae been dealt wi' bountifully since we took this farm wi' gey anxious hearts. That woman, dominie, is eneuch to put a brave face on a coward, and it's no langer syne than yestreen when I was sitting in the dumps, looking at the aurora borealis, which I canna but regard as a messenger o' woe, that she put her hand on my shoulder, and she says, 'Waster Lunny, twenty year syne we began life thegither wi' nothing but the claethes on our back, and an it please God we can begin it again, for I hae you and you hae me, and I'm no cast down if you're no.' Dominie, is there mony sic women in the warld as that?"

"Many a one," I said.

"Ay, man, it shamed me, for I hae a kind o' delight in angering Elspeth, just to see what she'll say. I could hae ta'en her on my knee at that minute, but the bairns was there, and so it wouldna

hae dune. But I cheered her up, for, after all, the drouth canna put us so far back as we was twenty years syne, unless it's true what my father said, that the aurora borealis is the devil's rainbow. I saw it sax times in July month, and it made me shut my een. You was out admiring it, dominie, but I can never forget that it was seen in the year twelve just afore the great storm. I was only a laddie then, but I mind how that awful wind stripped a' the standing corn in the glen in less time than we've been here at the water's edge. It was called the deil's besom. My father's hinmost words to me was, 'It's time eneuch to greet, laddie, when you see the aurora borealis.' I mind he was so complete ruined in an hour that he had to apply for relief frae the poor's rates. Think o' that, and him a proud man. He would tak' nothing till one winter day when we was a' starving, and syne I gaed wi' him to speir for't, and he telled me to grip his hand ticht, so that the cauldness o' mine micht gie him courage. They were doling out the charity in the Town's House, and I had never been in't afore. I canna look at it now without thinking o' that day when me and my father gaed up the stair thegither. Mr. Duthie was presiding at the time, and he wasna muckle older than Mr. Dishart is now. I mind he speired for proof that we was needing, and my father couldna speak. He just pointed at me. 'But you have a good

coat on your back yoursel',' Mr. Duthie said, for there were mony waiting, sair needing. 'It was lended him to come here,' I cried, and without a word my father opened the coat, and they saw he had nothing on aneath, and his skin blue wi' cauld. Dominie, Mr. Duthie handed him one shilling and saxpence, and my father's fingers closed greedily on't for a minute, and syne it fell to the ground. They put it back in his hand, and it slipped out again, and Mr. Duthie gave it back to him, saying, 'Are you so cauld as that?' But, oh, man, it wasna cauld that did it, but shame o' being on the rates. The blood a' ran to my father's head, and syne left it as quick, and he flung down the siller and walked out o' the Town's House wi' me running after him. We warstled through that winter, God kens how, and it's near a pleasure to me to think o't now, for, rain or no rain, I can never be reduced to sic straits again."

The farmer crossed the water without using the stilts which were no longer necessary, and I little thought, as I returned to the school-house, what terrible things were to happen before he could offer me his snuff-mull again. Serious as his talk had been it was neither of drouth nor of the incident at the Spittal that I sat down to think. My anxiety about Gavin came back to me until I was like a man imprisoned between walls of his own building. It may be that my presentiments of

that afternoon look gloomier now than they were, because I cannot return to them save over a night of agony, black enough to darken any time connected with it. Perhaps my spirits only fell as the wind rose, for wind ever takes me back to Harvie, and when I think of Harvie my thoughts are of the saddest. I know that I sat for some hours, now seeing Gavin pay the penalty of marrying the Egyptian, and again drifting back to my days with Margaret, until the wind took to playing tricks with me, so that I heard Adam Dishart enter our home by the sea every time the school-house door shook.

I became used to the illusion after starting several times, and thus when the door did open, about seven o'clock, it was only the wind rushing to my fire like a shivering dog that made me turn my head. Then I saw the Egyptian staring at me, and though her sudden appearance on my threshold was a strange thing, I forgot it in the whiteness of her face. She was looking at me like one who has asked a question of life or death, and stopped her heart for the reply.

"What is it?" I cried, and for a moment I believe I was glad she did not answer. She seemed to have told me already as much as I could bear.

"He has not heard," she said aloud in an expressionless voice, and, turning, would have slipped away without another word.

"Is any one dead?" I asked, seizing her hands and letting them fall, they were so clammy. She nodded, and trying to speak could not.

"He is dead," she said at last in a whisper. "Mr. Dishart is dead," and she sat down quietly.

At that I covered my face, crying, "God help Margaret!" and then she rose, saying fiercely, so that I drew back from her, "There is no Margaret; he only cared for me."

"She is his mother," I said hoarsely, and then she smiled to me, so that I thought her a harmless mad thing. "He was killed by a piper called Lauchlan Campbell," she said, looking up at me suddenly. "It was my fault."

"Poor Margaret!" I wailed.

"And poor Babbie," she entreated pathetically; "will no one say, 'Poor Babbie'?"

CHAPTER XXVII

FIRST JOURNEY OF THE DOMINIE TO THRUMS DURING THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

"How did it happen?" I asked more than once, but the Egyptian was only with me in the body, and she did not hear. I might have been talking to some one a mile away whom a telescope had drawn near my eyes.

When I put on my bonnet, however, she knew that I was going to Thrums, and she rose and walked to the door, looking behind to see that I followed.

"You must not come," I said harshly, but her hand started to her heart as if I had shot her, and I added quickly, "Come." We were already some distance on our way before I repeated my question.

"What matter how it happened?" she answered piteously, and they were words of which I felt the force. But when she said a little later, "I thought you would say it is not true," I took courage, and forced her to tell me all she knew. She sobbed while she spoke, if one may sob without tears.

"I heard of it at the Spittal," she said. "The news broke out suddenly there that the piper had quarrelled with some one in Thrums, and that in trying to separate them Mr. Dishart was stabbed. There is no doubt of its truth."

"We should have heard of it here," I said hopefully, "before the news reached the Spittal. It cannot be true."

"It was brought to the Spittal," she answered, "by the hill road."

Then my spirits sank again, for I knew that this was possible. There is a path, steep but short, across the hills between Thrums and the top of the glen, which Mr. Glendinning took frequently when he had to preach at both places on the same Sabbath. It is still called the Minister's Road.

"Yet if the earl had believed it he would have sent some one into Thrums for particulars," I said, grasping at such comfort as I could make.

"He does believe it," she answered. "He told me of it himself."

You see the Egyptian was careless of her secret now; but what was that secret to me? An hour ago it would have been much, and already it was not worth listening to. If she had begun to tell me why Lord Rintoul took a gypsy girl into his confidence I should not have heard her.

"I ran quickly," she said. "Even if a messenger was sent he might be behind me."

Was it her words or the tramp of a horse that made us turn our heads at that moment? I know not. But far back in a twist of the road we saw a horseman approaching at such a reckless pace that I thought he was on a runaway. We stopped instinctively, and waited for him, and twice he disappeared in hollows of the road, and then was suddenly tearing down upon us. I recognised in him young Mr. McKenzie, a relative of Rintoul, and I stretched out my arms to compel him to draw up. He misunderstood my motive, and was raising his whip threateningly, when he saw the Egyptian. It is not too much to say that he swayed in the saddle. The horse galloped on, though he had lost hold of the reins. He looked behind until he rounded a corner, and I never saw such amazement mixed with incredulity on a human face. For some minutes I expected to see him coming back, but when he did not I said wonderingly to the Egyptian—

"He knew you."

"Did he?" she answered indifferently, and I think we spoke no more until we were in Windyghoul. Soon we were barely conscious of each other's presence. Never since have I walked between the school-house and Thrums in so short a time, nor seen so little on the way.

In the Egyptian's eyes, I suppose, was a picture of Gavin lying dead; but if her grief had killed

her thinking faculties, mine that was only less keen because I had been struck down once before, had set all the wheels of my brain in action. For it seemed to me that the hour had come when I must disclose myself to Margaret.

I had realised always that if such a necessity did arise it could only be caused by Gavin's premature death, or by his proving a bad son to her. Some may wonder that I could have looked calmly thus far into the possible, but I reply that the night of Adam Dishart's home-coming had made of me a man whom the future could not surprise again. Though I saw Gavin and his mother happy in our Auld Licht manse, that did not prevent my considering the contingencies which might leave her without a son. In the schoolhouse I had brooded over them as one may think over moves on a draught-board. It may have been idle, but it was done that I might know how to act best for Margaret if anything untoward occurred. The time for such action had come. Gavin's death had struck me hard, but it did not crush me. I was not unprepared. I was going to Margaret now.

What did I see as I walked quickly along the glen road, with Babbie silent by my side, and I doubt not pods of the broom cracking all around us? I saw myself entering the Auld Licht manse, where Margaret sat weeping over the body of Ga-

vin, and there was none to break my coming to her, for none but she and I knew what had been.

I saw my Margaret again, so fragile now, so thin the wrists, her hair turned grey. No nearer could I go, but stopped at the door, grieving for her, and at last saying her name aloud.

I saw her raise her face, and look upon me for the first time for eighteen years. She did not scream at sight of me, for the body of her son lay between us, and bridged the gulf that Adam Dishart had made.

I saw myself draw near her reverently and say, "Margaret, he is dead, and that is why I have come back," and I saw her put her arms around my neck as she often did long ago.

But it was not to be. Never since that night at Harvie have I spoken to Margaret.

The Egyptian and I were come to Windyghoul before I heard her speak. She was not addressing me. Here Gavin and she had met first, and she was talking of that meeting to herself.

"It was there," I heard her say softly, as she gazed at the bush beneath which she had seen him shaking his fist at her on the night of the riots. A little farther on she stopped where a path from Windyghoul sets off for the well in the wood. She looked up it wistfully, and there I left her behind, and pressed on to the mud house to ask Nanny Webster if the minister was dead. Nanny's

gate was swinging in the wind, but her door was shut, and for a moment I stood at it like a coward, afraid to enter and hear the worst.

The house was empty. I turned from it relieved, as if I had got a respite, and while I stood in the garden the Egyptian came to me shuddering, her twitching face asking the question that would not leave her lips.

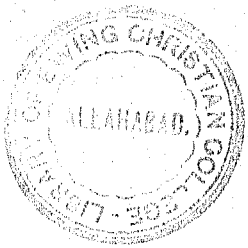
"There is no one in the house," I said. "Nanny is perhaps at the well."

But the gypsy went inside, and pointing to the fire said, "It has been out for hours. Do you not see? The murder has drawn every one into Thrums."

So I feared. A dreadful night was to pass before I knew that this was the day of the release of Sanders Webster, and that frail Nanny had walked into Tilliedrum to meet him at the prison gate.

Babbie sank upon a stool, so weak that I doubt whether she heard me tell her to wait there until my return. I hurried into Thrums, not by the hill, though it is the shorter way, but by the Roods, for I must hear all before I ventured to approach the manse. From Windyghoul to the top of the Roods it is a climb and then a steep descent. The road has no sooner reached its highest point than it begins to fall in the straight line of houses called the Roods, and thus I came upon a full view of the street at once. A cart was labour-

ing up it. There were women sitting on stones at their doors, and girls playing at palaulays, and out of the house nearest me came a black figure. My eyes failed me; I was asking so much from them. They made him tall and short, and spare and stout, so that I knew it was Gavin, and yet, looking again, feared, but all the time, I think, I knew it was he.



CHAPTER XXVIII

THE HILL BEFORE DARKNESS FELL—SCENE OF THE IMPENDING CATASTROPHE

"You are better now?" I heard Gavin ask, presently.

He thought that having been taken ill suddenly I had waved to him for help, because he chanced to be near. With all my wits about me I might have left him in that belief, for rather would I have deceived him than had him wonder why his welfare seemed so vital to me. But I, who thought the capacity for being taken aback had gone from me, clung to his arm and thanked God audibly that he still lived. He did not tell me then how my agitation puzzled him, but led me kindly to the hill, where we could talk without listeners. By the time we reached it I was again wary, and I had told him what had brought me to Thrums, without mentioning how the story of his death reached my ears, or through whom.

"Mr. McKenzie," he said, interrupting me, "galloped all the way from the Spittal on the same errand. However, no one has been hurt much, except the piper himself."

Then he told me how the rumour arose.

"You know of the incident at the Spittal, and that Campbell marched off in high dudgeon? I understand that he spoke to no one between the Spittal and Thrums, but by the time he arrived here he was more communicative; yes, and thirstier. He was treated to drink in several public-houses by persons who wanted to hear his story, and by-and-by he began to drop hints of knowing something against the earl's bride. Do you know Rob Dow?"

"Yes," I answered, "and what you have done for him."

"Ah, sir!" he said, sighing, "for a long time I thought I was to be God's instrument in making a better man of Rob, but my power over him went long ago. Ten short months of the ministry takes some of the vanity out of a man."

Looking sideways at him I was startled by the unnatural brightness of his eyes. Unconsciously he had acquired the habit of pressing his teeth together in the pauses of his talk, shutting them on some woe that would proclaim itself, as men do who keep their misery to themselves.

"A few hours ago," he went on, "I heard Rob's voice in altercation as I passed the Bull tavern, and I had a feeling that if I failed with him so should I fail always throughout my ministry. I walked into the public-house, and stopped at the

door of a room in which Dow and the piper were sitting drinking. I heard Rob saying, fiercely, 'If what you say about her is true, Highlandman, she's the woman I've been looking for this half year and mair; what is she like?' I guessed, from what I had been told of the piper, that they were speaking of the earl's bride, but Rob saw me and came to an abrupt stop, saying to his companion, 'Dinna say another word about her afore the minister.' Rob would have come away at once in answer to my appeal, but the piper was drunk and would not be silenced. 'I'll tell the minister about her, too,' he began. 'You dinna ken what you're doing,' Rob roared, and then, as if to save my ears from scandal at any cost, he struck Campbell a heavy blow on the mouth. I tried to intercept the blow, with the result that I fell, and then some one ran out of the tavern crying, 'He's killed!' The piper had been stunned, but the story went abroad that he had stabbed me for interfering with him. That is really all. Nothing, as you know, can overtake an untruth if it has a minute's start."

"Where is Campbell now?"

"Sleeping off the effect of the blow: but Dow has fled. He was terrified at the shouts of murder, and ran off up the West Town end. The doctor's dog-cart was standing at a door there and Rob jumped into it and drove off. They did not

chase him far, because he is sure to hear the truth soon, and then, doubtless, he will come back."

Though in a few hours we were to wonder at our denseness, neither Gavin nor I saw why Dow had struck the Highlander down rather than let him tell his story in the minister's presence. One moment's suspicion would have lit our way to the whole truth, but of the spring to all Rob's behaviour in the past eight months we were ignorant, and so to Gavin the Bull had only been the scene of a drunken brawl, while I forgot to think in the joy of finding him alive.

"I have a prayer-meeting for rain presently," Gavin said, breaking a picture that had just appeared unpleasantly before me of Babbie still in agony at Nanny's, "but before I leave you tell me why this rumour caused you such distress."

The question troubled me, and I tried to avoid it. Crossing the hill we had by this time drawn near a hollow called the Toad's-hole, then gay and noisy with a caravan of gypsies. They were those same wild Lindsays, for whom Gavin had searched Caddam one eventful night, and as I saw them crowding round their king, a man well known to me, I guessed what they were at.

"Mr. Dishart," I said abruptly, "would you like to see a gypsy marriage? One is taking place there just now. That big fellow is the king, and he is about to marry two of his people over the

tongs. The ceremony will not detain us five minutes, though the rejoicings will go on all night."

I have been present at more than one gypsy wedding in my time, and at the wild, weird orgies that followed them, but what is interesting to such as I may not be for a minister's eyes, and, frowning at my proposal, Gavin turned his back upon the Toad's-hole. Then, as we recrossed the hill, to get away from the din of the camp, I pointed out to him that the report of his death had brought McKenzie to Thrums, as well as me.

"As soon as McKenzie heard I was not dead," he answered, "he galloped off to the Spittal, without even seeing me. I suppose he posted back to be in time for the night's rejoicings there. So you see, it was not solicitude for me that brought him. He came because a servant at the Spittal was supposed to have done the deed."

"Well, Mr. Dishart," I had to say, "why should I deny that I have a warm regard for you? You have done brave work in our town."

"It has been little," he replied. "With God's help it will be more in future."

He meant that he had given time to his sad love affair that he owed to his people. Of seeing Babbie again I saw that he had given up hope. Instead of repining, he was devoting his whole soul to God's work. I was proud of him, and yet I

grieved, for I could not think that God wanted him to bury his youth so soon.

"I had thought," he confessed to me, "that you were one of those who did not like my preaching."

"You were mistaken," I said, gravely. I dared not tell him that, except his mother, none would have sat under him so eagerly as I.

"Nevertheless," he said, "you were a member of the Auld Licht church in Mr. Carfrae's time, and you left it when I came."

"I heard your first sermon," I said.

"Ah," he replied. "I had not been long in Thrums before I discovered that if I took tea with any of my congregation and declined a second cup, they thought it a reflection on their brewing."

"You must not look upon my absence in that light," was all I could say. "There are reasons why I cannot come."

He did not press me further, thinking I meant that the distance was too great, though frailer folk than I walked twenty miles to hear him. We might have parted thus had we not wandered by chance to the very spot where I had met him and Babbie. There is a seat there now for those who lose their breath on the climb up, and so I have two reasons nowadays for not passing the place by.

We read each other's thoughts, and Gavin said calmly, "I have not seen her since that night. She disappeared as into a grave."

How could I answer when I knew that Babbie was dying for want of him, not half a mile away?

"You seemed to understand everything that night," he went on; "or if you did not, your thoughts were very generous to me."

In my sorrow for him I did not notice that we were moving on again, this time in the direction of Windyghoul.

"She was only a gypsy girl," he said, abruptly, and I nodded. "But I hoped," he continued, "that she would be my wife."

"I understood that," I said.

"There was nothing monstrous to you," he asked, looking me in the face, "in a minister's marrying a gypsy?"

I own that if I had loved a girl, however far below or above me in degree, I would have married her had she been willing to take me. But to Gavin I only answered, "These are matters a man must decide for himself."

"I had decided for myself," he said, emphatically.

"Yet," I said, wanting him to talk to me of Margaret, "in such a case one might have others to consider besides himself."

"A man's marriage," he answered, "is his own affair. I would have brooked no interference from my congregation."

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I thought, "There is some obstinacy left in him still"; but aloud I said, "It was of your mother I was thinking."

"She would have taken Babbie to her heart," he said, with the fond conviction of a lover.

I doubted it, but I only asked, "Your mother knows nothing of her?"

"Nothing," he rejoined. "It would be cruelty to tell my mother of her now that she is gone."

Gavin's calmness had left him, and he was striding quickly nearer to Windyghoul. I was in dread lest he should see the Egyptian at Nanny's door, yet to have turned him in another direction might have roused his suspicions. When we were within a hundred yards of the mud house, I knew that there was no Babbie in sight. We halved the distance and then I saw her at the open window. Gavin's eyes were on the ground, but she saw him. I held my breath, fearing that she would run out to him.

"You have never seen her since that night?" Gavin asked me, without hope in his voice.

Had he been less hopeless he would have wondered why I did not reply immediately. I was looking covertly at the mud house, of which we were now within a few yards. Babbie's face had gone from the window, and the door remained shut. That she could hear every word we uttered

now, I could not doubt. But she was hiding from the man for whom her soul longed. She was sacrificing herself for him.

"Never," I answered, notwithstanding my pity for the brave girl, and then while I was shaking lest he should go in to visit Nanny, I heard the echo of the Auld Licht bell.

"That calls me to the meeting for rain," Gavin said, bidding me good-night. I had acted for Margaret, and yet I had hardly the effrontery to take his hand. I suppose he saw sympathy in my face, for suddenly the cry broke from him—

"If I could only know that nothing evil had befallen her!"

Babbie heard him and could not restrain a heart-breaking sob.

"What was that?" he said, starting.

A moment I waited, to let her show herself if she chose. But the mud house was silent again.

"It was some boy in the wood," I answered.

"Good-bye," he said, trying to smile.

Had I let him go, here would have been the end of his love story, but that piteous smile unmanned me, and I could not keep the words back.

"She is in Nanny's house," I cried.

In another moment these two were together for weal or woe, and I had set off dizzily for the school-house, feeling now that I had been false to

Margaret, and again exulting in what I had done. By-and-by the bell stopped, and Gavin and Babbie regarded it as little as I heeded the burns now crossing the glen road noisily at places that had been dry two hours before.

CHAPTER XXIX

STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN

God gives us more than, were we not over-bold, we should dare to ask for, and yet how often (perhaps after saying "Thank God" so curtly that it is only a form of swearing) we are suppliants again within the hour. Gavin was to be satisfied if he were told that no evil had befallen her he loved, and all the way between the school-house and Windyghoul Babbie craved for no more than Gavin's life. Now they had got their desires; but do you think they were content?

The Egyptian had gone on her knees when she heard Gavin speak of her. It was her way of preventing herself from running to him. Then when she thought him gone, he opened the door. She rose and shrank back, but first she had stepped toward him with a glad cry. His disappointed arms met on nothing.

"You, too, heard that I was dead?" he said, thinking her strangeness but grief too sharply turned to joy.

There were tears in the word with which she

answered him, and he would have kissed her, but she defended her face with her hand.

"Babbie," he asked, beginning to fear that he had not sounded her deepest woe, "why have you left me all this time? You are not glad to see me now?"

"I was glad," she answered in a low voice, "to see you from the window, but I prayed to God not to let you see me."

She even pulled away her hand when he would have taken it. "No, no, I am to tell you everything now, and then——"

"Say that you love me first," he broke in, when a sob checked her speaking.

"No," she said, "I must tell you first what I have done, and then you will not ask me to say that. I am not a gypsy."

"What of that?" cried Gavin. "It was not because you were a gypsy that I loved you."

"That is the last time you will say you love me," said Babbie. "Mr. Dishart, I am to be married to-morrow."

She stopped, afraid to say more lest he should fall, but except that his arms twitched he did not move.

"I am to be married to Lord Rintoul," she went on. "Now you know who I am."

She turned from him, for his piercing eyes frightened her. Never again, she knew, would

she see the love-light in them. He plucked himself from the spot where he had stood looking at her, and walked to the window. When he wheeled round there was no anger on his face, only a pathetic wonder that he had been deceived so easily. It was at himself that he was smiling grimly rather than at her, and the change pained Babbie as no words could have hurt her. He sat down on a chair, and waited for her to go on.

"Don't look at me," she said, "and I will tell you everything." He dropped his eyes listlessly, and had he not asked her a question from time to time she would have doubted whether he heard her.

"After all," she said, "a gypsy dress is my birthright, and so the Thrums people were scarcely wrong in calling me an Egyptian. It is a pity any one insisted on making me something different. I believe I could have been a good gypsy."

"Who were your parents?" Gavin asked, without looking up.

"You ask that," she said, "because you have a good mother. It is not a question that would occur to me. My mother —— If she was bad may not that be some excuse for me? Ah, but I have no wish to excuse myself. Have you seen a gypsy cart with a sort of hammock swung beneath it in which gypsy children are carried about the country? If there are no children, the pots and

pans are stored in it. Unless the roads are rough it makes a comfortable cradle, and it was the only one I ever knew. Well, one day I suppose the road was rough, for I was capsized. I remember picking myself up after a little and running after the cart, but they did not hear my cries. I sat down by the roadside and stared after the cart until I lost sight of it. That was in England, and I was not three years old."

"But surely," Gavin said, "they came back to look for you?"

"So far as I know," Babbie answered hardly, "they did not come back. I have never seen them since. I think they were drunk. My only recollection of my mother is that she once took me to see the dead body of some gypsy who had been murdered. She told me to dip my hand in the blood, so that I could say I had done so when I became a woman. It was meant as a treat to me, and is the one kindness I am sure I got from her. Curiously enough, I felt the shame of her deserting me for many years afterwards. As a child I cried hysterically at thought of it; it pained me when I was at school in Edinburgh every time I saw the other girls writing home; I cannot think of it without a shudder, even now. It is what makes me worse than other women."

Her voice had altered, and she was speaking passionately.

"Sometimes," she continued, more gently, "I try to think that my mother did come back for me, and then went away because she heard I was in better hands than hers. It was Lord Rintoul who found me, and I owe everything to him. You will say that he has no need to be proud of me. He took me home on his horse, and paid his gardener's wife to rear me. She was Scotch, and that is why I can speak two languages. It was he, too, who sent me to school in Edinburgh."

"He has been very kind to you," said Gavin, who would have preferred to dislike the earl.

"So kind," answered Babbie, "that now he is to marry me. But do you know why he has done all this?"

Now again she was agitated, and spoke indignantly.

"It is all because I have a pretty face," she said, her bosom rising and falling. "Men think of nothing else. He had no pity for the deserted child. I knew that while I was yet on his horse. When he came to the gardener's afterwards it was not to give me some one to love, it was only to look upon what was called my beauty; I was merely a picture to him, and even the gardener's children knew it and sought to terrify me by saying, 'You are losing your looks; the earl will not care for you any more.' Sometimes he brought his friends to see me, 'because I was such a lovely

child,' and if they did not agree with him on that point he left without kissing me. Throughout my whole girlhood I was taught nothing but to please him, and the only way to do that was to be pretty. It was the only virtue worth striving for; the others were never thought of when he asked how I was getting on. Once I had fever and nearly died, yet this knowledge that my face was everything was implanted in me so that my fear lest he should think me ugly when I recovered terrified me into hysterics. I dream still that I am in that fever and all my fears return. He did think me ugly when he saw me next. I remember the incident so well still. I had run to him, and he was lifting me up to kiss me when he saw that my face had changed. 'What a cruel disappointment,' he said, and turned his back on me. I had given him a child's love until then, but from that day I was hard and callous."

"And when was it you became beautiful again?" Gavin asked, by no means in the mind to pay compliments.

"A year passed," she continued, "before I saw him again. In that time he had not asked for me once, and the gardener had kept me out of charity. It was by an accident that we met, and at first he did not know me. Then he said, 'Why, Babbie, I believe you are to be a beauty after all!' I hated him for that, and stalked away from him, but he

called after me, 'Bravo! she walks like a queen;' and it was because I walked like a queen that he sent me to an Edinburgh school. He used to come to see me every year, and as I grew up the girls called me Lady Rintoul. He was not fond of me; he is not fond of me now. He would as soon think of looking at the back of a picture as at what I am apart from my face, but he dotes on it, and is to marry it. Is that love? Long before I left school, which was shortly before you came to Thrums, he had told his sister that he was determined to marry me, and she hated me for it, making me as uncomfortable as she could, so that I almost looked forward to the marriage because it would be such a humiliation to her."

In admitting this she looked shamefacedly at Gavin, and then went on —

"It is humiliating him too. I understand him. He would like not to want to marry me, for he is ashamed of my origin, but he cannot help it. It is this feeling that has brought him here, so that the marriage may take place where my history is not known."

"The secret has been well kept," Gavin said, "for they have failed to discover it even in Thrums."

"Some of the Spittal servants suspect it, nevertheless," Babbie answered, "though how much they know I cannot say. He has not a servant

now, either here or in England, who knew me as a child. The gardener who befriended me was sent away long ago. Lord Rintoul looks upon me as a disgrace to him that he cannot live without."

"I dare say he cares for you more than you think," Gavin said gravely.

"He is infatuated about my face, or the pose of my head, or something of that sort," Babbie said bitterly, "or he would not have endured me so long. I have twice had the wedding postponed, chiefly, I believe, to enrage my natural enemy, his sister, who is as much aggravated by my reluctance to marry him as by his desire to marry me. However, I also felt that imprisonment for life was approaching as the day drew near, and I told him that if he did not defer the wedding I should run away. He knows I am capable of it, for twice I ran away from school. If his sister only knew that!"

For a moment it was the old Babbie Gavin saw; but her glee was short-lived, and she resumed sedately —

"They were kind to me at school, but the life was so dull and prim that I ran off in a gypsy dress of my own making. That is what it is to have gypsy blood in one. I was away for a week the first time, wandering the country alone, telling fortunes, dancing and singing in woods and sleeping in barns. I am the only woman in the world well

brought up who is not afraid of mice or rats. That is my gypsy blood again. After that wild week I went back to the school of my own will, and no one knows of the escapade but my school-mistress and Lord Rintoul. The second time, however, I was detected singing in the street, and then my future husband was asked to take me away. Yet Miss Feversham cried when I left, and told me that I was the nicest girl she knew, as well as the nastiest. She said she should love me as soon as I was not one of her boarders."

"And then you came to the Spittal?"

"Yes; and Lord Rintoul wanted me to say I was sorry for what I had done, but I told him I need not say that, for I was sure to do it again. As you know, I have done it several times since then; and though I am a different woman since I knew you, I dare say I shall go on doing it at times all my life. You shake your head because you do not understand. It is not that I make up my mind to break out in that way; I may not have had the least desire to do it for weeks, and then suddenly, when I am out riding, or at dinner, or at a dance, the craving to be a gypsy again is so strong that I never think of resisting it; I would risk my life to gratify it. Yes, whatever my life in the future is to be, I know that must be part of it. I used to pretend at the Spittal that I had gone to bed, and then escape by the window. I was

mad with glee at those times, but I always returned before morning, except once, the last time I saw you, when I was away for nearly twenty-four hours. Lord Rintoul was so glad to see me come back then, that he almost forgave me for going away. There is nothing more to tell except that on the night of the riot it was not my gypsy nature that brought me to Thrums, but a desire to save the poor weavers. I had heard Lord Rintoul and the sheriff discussing the contemplated raid. I have hidden nothing from you. In time, perhaps, I shall have suffered sufficiently for all my wickedness."

Gavin rose wearedly, and walked through the mud house looking at her.

"This is the end of it all," he said harshly, coming to a standstill. "I loved you, Babbie."

"No," she answered, shaking her head. "You never knew me until now, and so it was not me you loved. I know what you thought I was, and I will try to be it now."

"If you had only told me this before," the minister said sadly, "it might not have been too late."

"I only thought you like all the other men I knew," she replied, "until the night I came to the manse. It was only my face you admired at first."

"No, it was never that," Gavin said with such conviction that her mouth opened in alarm to ask him if he did not think her pretty. She did

not speak, however, and he continued, "You must have known that I loved you from the first night."

"No; you only amused me," she said, like one determined to stint nothing of the truth. "Even at the well I laughed at your vows."

This wounded Gavin afresh, wretched as her story had made him, and he said tragically, "You have never cared for me at all."

"Oh, always, always," she answered, "since I knew what love was; and it was you who taught me."

Even in his misery he held his head high with pride. At least she did love him.

"And then," Babbie said, hiding her face, "I could not tell you what I was because I knew you would loathe me. I could only go away."

She looked at him forlornly through her tears, and then moved toward the door. He had sunk upon a stool, his face resting on the table, and it was her intention to slip away unnoticed. But he heard the latch rise, and jumping up, said sharply, "Babbie, I cannot give you up."

She stood in tears, swinging the door unconsciously with her hand.

"Don't say that you love me still," she cried; and then, letting her hand fall from the door, added imploringly, "Oh, Gavin, do you?"

CHAPTER XXX

THE MEETING FOR RAIN

MEANWHILE the Auld Lichts were in church, waiting for their minister, and it was a full meeting, because nearly every well in Thrums had been scooped dry by anxious palms. Yet not all were there to ask God's rain for themselves. Old Charles Yuill was in his pew, after dreaming thrice that he would break up with the drouth; and Bell Christison had come, though her man lay dead at home, and she thought it could matter no more to her how things went in the world.

You, who do not love that little congregation, would have said that they were waiting placidly. But probably so simple a woman as Meggy Rattray could have deceived you into believing that because her eyes were downcast she did not notice who put the threepenny-bit in the plate. A few men were unaware that the bell was working overtime, most of them farmers with their eyes on the windows, but all the women at least were wondering. They knew better, however, than to bring their thoughts to their faces, and none sought to

catch another's eye. The men-folk looked heavily at their hats in the seats in front. Even when Hendry Munn, instead of marching to the pulpit with the big Bible in his hands, came as far as the plate and signed to Peter Tosh, elder, that he was wanted in the vestry, you could not have guessed how every woman there, except Bell Christison, wished she was Peter Tosh. Peter was so taken aback that he merely gaped at Hendry, until suddenly he knew that his five daughters were furious with him, when he dived for his hat and staggered to the vestry with his mouth open. His boots cheeped all the way, but no one looked up.

"I hadna noticed the minister was lang in coming," Waster Lunny told me afterwards, "but Elspeth noticed it, and with a quickness that baffles me she saw I was thinking o' other things. So she let out her foot at me. I gae a low cough to let her ken I wasna sleeping, but in a minute out goes her foot again. Ay, syne I thocht I might hae dropped my hanky into Snecky Hobart's pew, but no, it was in my tails. Yet her hand was on the board, and she was working her fingers in a way that I kent meant she would like to shake me. Next I looked to see if I was sitting on her frock, the which tries a woman sair, but I wasna. 'Does she want to change Bibles wi' me?' I wondered; 'or is she sliding yont a peppermint to me?' It was neither, so I edged as far frae her as

I could gang. Weel, would you credit it, I saw her body coming nearer me inch by inch, though she was looking straucht afore her, till she was within kick o' me, and then out again goes her foot. At that, dominie, I lost patience, and I whispered, fierce-like, 'Keep your foot to yoursel', you limmer!' Ay, her intent, you see, was to waken me to what was gaen on, but I couldna be expected to ken that."

In the vestry Hendry Munn was now holding counsel with three elders, of whom the chief was Lang Tammas.

"The laddie I sent to the manse," Hendry said, "canna be back this five minutes, and the question is how we're to fill up that time. I'll ring no langer, for the bell has been in a passion ever since a quarter-past eight. It's as sweer to clang past the quarter as a horse to gallop by its stable."

"You could gang to your box and gie out a psalm, Tammas," suggested John Spens.

"And would a psalm sung wi' sic an object," retorted the precentor, "mount higher, think you, than a bairn's kite? I'll insult the Almighty to screen no minister."

"You're screening him better by standing whaur you are," said the imperturbable Hendry, "for as lang as you dinna show your face they'll think it may be you that's missing instead o' Mr. Dishart."

Indeed, Gavin's appearance in church without

the precentor would have been as surprising as Tammas's without the minister. As certainly as the shutting of a money-box is followed by the turning of the key, did the precentor walk stiffly from the vestry to his box a toll of the bell in front of the minister. Tammas's halfpenny rang in the plate as Gavin passed T'nowhead's pew, and Gavin's sixpence with the snapping-to of the precentor's door. The two men might have been connected by a string that tightened at ten yards.

"The congregation ken me ower weel," Tammas said, "to believe I would keep the Lord waiting."

"And they are as sure o' Mr. Dishart," rejoined Spens, with spirit, though he feared the precentor on Sabbaths and at prayer-meetings. "You're a hard man."

"I speak the blunt truth," Whamond answered.

"Ay," said Spens, "and to tak' credit for that may be like blawing that you're ower honest to wear claethes."

Hendry, who had gone to the door, returned now with the information that Mr. Dishart had left the manse two hours ago to pay visits, meaning to come to the prayer-meeting before he returned home.

"There's a quirk in this, Hendry," said Tosh. "Was it Mistress Dishart the laddie saw?"

"No," Hendry replied. "It was Jean. She

canna get to the meeting because the mistress is nervous in the manse by herself; and Jean didna like to tell her that he's missing, for fear o' alarming her. What are we to do now?"

"He's an unfaithful shepherd," cried the precentor, while Hendry again went out. "I see it written on the walls."

"I dinna," said Spens doggedly.

"Because," retorted Tammas, "having eyes you see not."

"Tammas, I aye thocht you was fond o' Mr. Dishart."

"If my right eye were to offend me," answered the precentor, "I would pluck it out. I suppose you think, and baith o' you farmers too, that there's no necessity for praying for rain the nicht? You'll be content, will ye, if Mr. Dishart just drops in to the kirk some day accidental-like, and offers up a bit prayer?"

"As for the rain," Spens said, triumphantly, "I wouldna wonder though it's here afore the minister. You canna deny, Peter Tosh, that there's been a smell o' rain in the air this twa hours back."

"John," Peter said agitatedly, "dinna speak so confidently. I've kent it," he whispered, "since the day turned; but it wants to tak' us by surprise, lad, and so I'm no letting on."

"See that you dinna make an idol o' the rain," thundered Whamond. "Your thochts is no wi'

Him, but wi' the clouds; and whaur your thochts are, there will your prayers stick also."

"If you saw my lambs," Tosh began; and then, ashamed of himself, said, looking upwards, "He holds the rain in the hollow of His hand."

"And He's closing His neive ticht on't again," said the precentor solemnly. "Hearken to the wind rising."

"God help me!" cried Tosh, wringing his hands. "Is it fair, think you," he said, passionately addressing the sky, "to show your wrath wi' Mr. Dishart by ruining my neeps?"

"You were richt, Tammas Whamond," Spens said, growing hard as he listened to the wind, "the sanctuary o' the Lord has been profaned this nicht by him wha should be the chief pillar o' the building."

They were lowering brows that greeted Hendry when he returned to say that Mr. Dishart had been seen last on the hill with the Glen Quharity dominie.

"Some thinks," said the kirk-officer, "that he's awa hunting for Rob Dow."

"Nothing'll excuse him," replied Spens, "short o' his having fallen over the quarry."

Hendry's was usually a blank face, but it must have looked troubled now, for Tosh was about to say, "Hendry, you're keeping something back," when the precentor said it before him.

"Wi' that story o' Mr. Dishart's murder, no

many hours auld yet," the kirk-officer replied evasively, "we should be wary o' trusting gossip."

"What hae you heard?"

"It's through the town," Hendry answered, "that a woman was wi' the dominie."

"A woman!" cried Tosh. "The woman there's been sic talk about in connection wi' the minister? Whaur are they now?"

"It's no kent, but — the dominie was seen goin' hame by himsel'."

"Leaving the minister and her thegither," cried the three men at once.

"Hendry Munn," Tammas said sternly, "there's mair about this; wha is the woman?"

"They are liars," Hendry answered, and shut his mouth tight.

"Gie her a name, I say," the precentor ordered, "or, as chief elder of this kirk, supported by mair than half o' the Session, I command you to lift your hat and go."

Hendry gave an appealing look to Tosh and Spens, but the precentor's solemnity had cowed them.

"They say, then," he answered sullenly, "that it's the Egyptian. Yes, and I believe they ken."

The two farmers drew back from this statement incredulously; but Tammas Whamond jumped at the kirk-officer's throat, and some who were in the church that night say they heard Hendry

scream. Then the precentor's fingers relaxed their grip, and he tottered into the middle of the room.

"Hendry," he pleaded, holding out his arms pathetically, "tak' back these words. Oh, man, have pity, and tak' them back."

But Hendry would not, and then Lang Tammas's mouth worked convulsively, and he sobbed, crying, "Nobody kent it, but mair than mortal son, O God, did I love the lad!"

So seldom in a lifetime had any one seen into this man's heart that Spens said, amazed —

"Tammas, Tammas Whamond, it's no like you to break down."

The rusty door of Whamond's heart swung to.

"Who broke down?" he asked fiercely. "Let no member of this Session dare to break down till his work be done."

"What work?" Tosh said uneasily. "We canna interfere."

"I would rather resign," Spens said, but shook when Whamond hurled these words at him —

"'And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'"

"It mayna be true," Hendry said eagerly.

"We'll soon see."

"He would gie her up," said Tosh.

"Peter Tosh," answered Whamond sternly, "I call upon you to dismiss the congregation."

"Should we no rather haud the meeting our-sel's?"

"We have other work afore us," replied the precentor.

"But what can I say?" Tosh asked nervously. "Should I offer up a prayer?"

"I warn you all," broke in Hendry, "that though the congregation is sitting there quietly, they'll be tigers for the meaning o' this as soon as they're in the street."

"Let no ontruth be telled them," said the precentor. "Peter Tosh, do your duty. John Spens, remain wi' me."

The church emptied silently, but a buzz of excitement arose outside. Many persons tried to enter the vestry, but were ordered away, and when Tosh joined his fellow-elders the people were collecting in animated groups in the square, or scattering through the wynds for news.

"And now," said the precentor, "I call upon the three o' you to come wi' me. Hendry Munn, you gang first."

"I maun bide ahint," Hendry said, with a sudden fear, "to lock up the kirk."

"I'll lock up the kirk," Whamond answered harshly.

"You maun gie me the keys, though," entreated the kirk-officer.

"I'll take care o' the keys," said Whamond.

"I maun hae them," Hendry said, "to open the kirk on Sabbath."

The precentor locked the doors, and buttoned up the keys in his trousers pocket.

"Wha kens," he said in a voice of steel, "that the kirk'll be open next Sabbath?"

"Hae some mercy on him, Tammas," Spens implored. "He's no twa-and-twenty."

"Wha kens," continued the precentor, "but that the next time this kirk is opened will be to preach it toom?"

"What road do we tak'?"

"The road to the hill, whaur he was seen last."

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CHAPTER XXXI

VARIOUS BODIES CONVERGING ON THE HILL

It would be coming on for a quarter-past nine, and a misty night, when I reached the school-house, and I was so weary of mind and body that I sat down without taking off my bonnet. I had left the door open, and I remember listlessly watching the wind making a target of my candle, but never taking a sufficiently big breath to do more than frighten it. From this lethargy I was roused by the sound of wheels.

In the daytime our glen road leads to many parts, but in the night only to the doctor's. Then the gallop of a horse makes farmers start up in bed and cry, "Who's ill?" I went to my door and listened to the trap coming swiftly down the lonely glen, but I could not see it, for there was a trailing scarf of mist between the school-house and the road. Presently I heard the swish of the wheels in water, and so learned that they were crossing the ford to come to me. I had been unstrung by the events of the evening, and fear at once pressed thick upon me that this might be a sequel to them, as indeed it was.

While still out of sight the trap stopped, and I heard some one jump from it. Then came this conversation, as distinct as though it had been spoken into my ear:—

"Can you see the school-house now, McKenzie?"

"I am groping for it, Rintoul. The mist seems to have made off with the path."

"Where are you, McKenzie? I have lost sight of you."

It was but a ribbon of mist, and as these words were spoken McKenzie broke through it. I saw him, though to him I was only a stone at my door.

"I have found the house, Rintoul," he shouted, "and there is a light in it, so that the fellow has doubtless returned."

"Then wait a moment for me."

"Stay where you are, Rintoul, I entreat you, and leave him to me. He may recognise you."

"No, no, McKenzie, I am sure he never saw me before. I insist on accompanying you."

"Your excitement, Rintoul, will betray you. Let me go alone. I can question him without rousing his suspicions. Remember, she is only a gypsy to him."

"He will learn nothing from me. I am quite calm now."

"Rintoul, I warn you your manner will betray

you, and to-morrow it will be roared through the countryside that your bride ran away from the Spittal in a gypsy dress, and had to be brought back by force."

The altercation may have lasted another minute, but the suddenness with which I learned Babbie's secret had left my ears incapable of learning more. I daresay the two men started when they found me at my door, but they did not remember, as few do remember who have the noisy day to forget it in, how far the voice carries in the night.

They came as suddenly on me as I on them, for though they had given unintentional notice of their approach, I had lost sight of the speakers in their amazing words. Only a moment did young McKenzie's anxiety to be spokesman give me to regard Lord Rintoul. I saw that he was a thin man and tall, straight in the figure, but his head begun to sink into his shoulders and not very steady on them. His teeth had grip of his under-lip, as if this was a method of controlling his agitation, and he was opening and shutting his hands restlessly. He had a dog with him which I was to meet again.

"Well met, Mr. Ogilvy," said McKenzie, who knew me slightly, having once acted as judge at a cock-fight in the school-house. "We were afraid we should have to rouse you."

"You will step inside?" I asked awkwardly,

and while I spoke I was wondering how long it would be before the earl's excitement broke out.

"It is not necessary," McKenzie answered hurriedly. "My friend and I (this is Mr. McClure) have been caught in the mist without a lamp, and we thought you could perhaps favour us with one."

"Unfortunately I have nothing of the kind," I said, and the state of mind I was in is shown by my answering seriously.

"Then we must wish you a good-night and manage as best we can," he said; and then before he could touch, with affected indifference, on the real object of their visit, the alarmed earl said angrily, "McKenzie, no more of this."

"No more of this delay, do you mean, McClure?" asked McKenzie, and then turning to me said, "By the way, Mr. Ogilvy, I think this is our second meeting to-night. I met you on the road a few hours ago with your wife. Or was it your daughter?"

"It was neither, Mr. McKenzie," I answered, with the calmness of one not yet recovered from a shock. "It was a gypsy girl."

"Where is she now?" cried Rintoul feverishly; but McKenzie, speaking loudly at the same time, tried to drown his interference as one obliterates writing by writing over it.

"A strange companion for a schoolmaster," he said. "What became of her?"

"I left her near Caddam Wood," I replied, "but she is probably not there now."

"Ah, they are strange creatures, these gypsies," he said, casting a warning look at the earl. "Now I wonder where she had been bound for?"

"There is a gypsy encampment on the hill," I answered, though I cannot say why.

"She is there!" exclaimed Rintoul, and was done with me.

"I daresay," McKenzie said, indifferently. "However, it is nothing to us. Good-night, sir."

The earl had started for the trap, but McKenzie's salute reminded him of a forgotten courtesy, and, despite his agitation, he came back to apologise. I admired him for this. Then my thoughtlessness must needs mar all.

"Good-night, Mr. McKenzie," I said. "Good-night, Lord Rintoul."

I had addressed him by his real name. Never a turnip fell from a bumping, laden cart, and the driver more unconscious of it, than I that I had dropped that word. I re-entered the house, but had not reached my chair when McKenzie's hand fell roughly on me, and I was swung round.

"Mr. Ogilvy," he said, the more savagely I doubt not because his passions had been chained so long, "you know more than you would have us think. Beware, sir, of recognising that gypsy should you ever see her again in different attire.

I advise you to have forgotten this night when you waken to-morrow morning."

With a menacing gesture he left me, and I sank into a chair, glad to lose sight of the glowering eyes with which he had pinned me to the wall. I did not hear the trap cross the ford and renew its journey. When I looked out next, the night had fallen very dark, and the glen was so deathly in its drowsiness that I thought not even the cry of murder could tear its eyes open.

The earl and McKenzie would be some distance still from the hill when the office-bearers had scoured it in vain for their minister. The gypsies, now dancing round their fires to music that, on ordinary occasions, Lang Tammas would have stopped by using his fists to the glory of God, had seen no minister, they said, and disbelieved in the existence of the mysterious Egyptian.

"Liars they are to trade," Spens declared to his companions, "but now and again they speak truth, like a standing clock, and I'm beginning to think the minister's lassie was invented in the square."

"Not so," said the precentor, "for we saw her oursel's a short year syne, and Hendry Munn there allows there's townsfolk that hae passed her in the glen mair recently."

"I only allowed," Hendry said cautiously, "that some sic talk had shot up sudden-like in the

town. Them that pretends they saw her says that she joukit quick out o' sicht."

"Ay, and there's another quirk in that," responded the suspicious precentor.

"I'se uphaud the minister's sitting in the manse in his slippers by this time," Hendry said.

"I'm willing," replied Whamond, "to gang back and speir, or to search Caddam next; but let the matter drop I winna, though I ken you're a' awid to be hame now."

"And naturally," retorted Tosh, "for the nicht's coming on as black as pick, and by the time we're at Caddam, we'll no even see the trees."

Toward Caddam, nevertheless, they advanced, hearing nothing but a distant wind and the whish of their legs in the broom.

"Whaur's John Spens?" Hendry said suddenly.

They turned back, and found Spens rooted to the ground, as a boy becomes motionless when he thinks he is within arm's reach of a nest, and the bird sitting on the eggs.

"What do you see, man?" Hendry whispered.

"As sure as death," answered Spens, awe-struck, "I felt a drap o' rain."

"It's no rain we're here to look for," said the precentor.

"Peter Tosh," cried Spens, "it was a drap! Oh, Peter! how are you looking at me so queer, Peter,

when you should be thanking the Lord for the promise that's in that drap?"

"Come away," Whamond said, impatiently; but Spens answered, "No till I've offered up a prayer for the promise that's in that drap. Peter Tosh, you've forgotten to take off your bonnet."

"Think twice, John Spens," gasped Tosh, "afore you pray for rain this nicht."

The others thought him crazy, but he went on, with a catch in his voice:—

"I felt a drap o' rain mysel', just afore it came on dark so hurried, and my first impulse was to wish that I could carry that drap about wi' me, and look at it. But, John Spens, when I looked up I saw sic a change running ower the sky that I thocht hell had taen the place o' heaven, and that there was waterspouts gathering therein for the drowning o' the world."

"There's no water in hell," the precentor said grimly.

"Genesis ix.," said Spens, "verses 8 to 17. Ay but, Peter, you've startled me, and I'm thinking we should be stepping hame. Is that a licht?"

"It'll be in Nanny Webster's," Hendry said, after they had all regarded the light.

"I never heard that Nanny needed a candle to licht her to her bed," the precentor muttered.

"She was awa to meet Sanders the day as he came out o' the Tilliedrum gaol," Spens remem-

bered, "and I daresay the licht means they're hame again."

"It's well kent——" began Hendry, and would have recalled his words.

"Hendry Munn," cried the precentor, "if you hae minded onything that may help us, out wi't."

"I was just minding," the kirk-officer answered reluctantly, "that Nanny allows it's Mr. Dishart that has been keeping her frae the poorhouse. You canna censure him for that, Tammas."

"Can I no?" retorted Whamond. "What business has he to befriend a woman that belongs to another denomination? I'll see to the bottom o' that this nicht. Lads, follow me to Nanny's, and dinna be surprised if we find baith the minister and the Egyptian there."

They had not advanced many yards when Spens jumped to the side, crying, "Be wary, that's no the wind; it's a machine!"

Immediately the doctor's dog-cart was close to them, with Rob Dow for its only occupant. He was driving slowly, or Whamond could not have escaped the horse's hoofs.

"Is that you, Rob Dow?" said the precentor sourly. "I tell you, you'll be gaoled for stealing the doctor's machine."

"The Hielandman wasna muckle hurt, Rob," Hendry said, more good-naturedly.

"I ken that," replied Rob, scowling at the four

of them. "What are you doing here on sic a nicht?"

"Do you see anything strange in the nicht, Rob?" Tosh asked apprehensively.

"It's setting to rain," Dow replied. "I dinna see it, but I feel it."

"Ay," said Tosh, eagerly, "but will it be a saft, cowdie sweet ding-on?"

"Let the heavens open if they will," interposed Spens recklessly. "I would swap the drouth for rain, though it comes down in a sheet as in the year twelve."

"And like a sheet it'll come," replied Dow, "and the deil'll blaw it about wi' his biggest bellowses."

Tosh shivered, but Whamond shook him roughly, saying—

"Keep your oaths to yoursel', Rob Dow, and tell me, hae you seen Mr. Dishart?"

"I hinna," Rob answered curtly, preparing to drive on.

"Nor the lassie they call the Egyptian?"

Rob leaped from the dog-cart, crying, "What does that mean?"

"Hands off," said the precentor, retreating from him. "It means that Mr. Dishart neglected the prayer-meeting this nicht to philander after that heathen woman."

"We're no sure o't, Tammas," remonstrated the kirk-officer. Dow stood quite still. "I believe

Rob kens it's true," Hendry added sadly, "or he would hae flown at your throat, Tammas Whamond, for saying these words."

Even this did not rouse Dow.

"Rob doesna worship the minister as he used to do," said Spens.

"And what for no?" cried the precentor. "Rob Dow, is it because you've found out about this woman?"

"You're a pack o' liars," roared Rob, desperately, "and if you say again that ony wandering hussy has haud o' the minister, I'll let you see whether I can loup at throats."

"You'll swear by the Book," asked Whamond, relentlessly, "that you've seen neither o' them this nicht, nor them thegither at any time?"

"I so swear by the Book," answered poor loyal Rob. "But what makes you look for Mr. Dishart here?" he demanded, with an uneasy look at the light in the mud house.

"Go hame," replied the precentor, "and deliver up the machine you stole, and leave this Session to do its duty. John, we maun fathom the meaning o' that licht."

Dow started, and was probably at that moment within an ace of felling Whamond.

"I'll come wi' you," he said, hunting in his mind for a better way of helping Gavin.

They were at Nanny's garden, but in the darkness

Whamond could not find the gate. Rob climbed the paling, and was at once lost sight of. Then they saw his head obscure the window. They did not, however, hear the groan that startled Babbie.

"There's nobody there," he said, coming back, "but Nanny and Sanders. You'll mind Sanders was to be freed the day."

"I'll go in and see Sanders," said Hendry, but the precentor pulled him back, saying, "You'll do nothing o' the kind, Hendry Munn; you'll come awa wi' me now to the manse."

"It's mair than me and Peter'll do, then," said Spens, who had been consulting with the other farmer. "We're gaun as straucht hame as the darkness'll let us."

With few more words the Session parted, Spens and Tosh setting off for their farms, and Hendry accompanying the precentor. No one will ever know where Dow went. I can fancy him, however, returning to the wood, and there drawing rein. I can fancy his mind made up to watch the mud house until Gavin and the gypsy separated, and then pounce upon her. I daresay his whole plot could be condensed into a sentence, "If she's got rid o' this nicht, we may cheat the Session yet." But this is mere surmise. All I know is, that he waited near Nanny's house, and by-and-by heard another trap coming up Windyghoul. That was just before the ten o'clock bell began to ring.

CHAPTER XXXII

LEADING SWIFTLY TO THE APPALLING MARRIAGE

THE little minister bowed his head in assent when Babbie's cry, "Oh, Gavin, do you?" leapt in front of her unselfish wish that he should care for her no more.

"But that matters very little now," he said.

She was his to do with as he willed; and, perhaps, the joy of knowing herself loved still, begot a wild hope that he would refuse to give her up. If so, these words laid it low, but even the sentence they passed upon her could not kill the self-respect that would be hers henceforth. "That matters very little now," the man said, but to the woman it seemed to matter more than anything else in the world.

Throughout the remainder of this interview, until the end came, Gavin never faltered. His duty and hers lay so plainly before him that there could be no straying from it. Did Babbie think him strangely calm? At the Glen Quharity gathering I once saw Rob Angus lift a boulder with such apparent ease that its weight was discredited,

until the cry arose that the effort had dislocated his arm. Perhaps Gavin's quietness deceived the Egyptian similarly. Had he stamped, she might have understood better what he suffered, standing there on the hot embers of his passion.

"We must try to make amends now," he said gravely, "for the wrong we have done."

"The wrong I have done," she said, correcting him. "You will make it harder for me if you blame yourself. How vile I was in those days!"

"Those days," she called them; they seemed so far away.

"Do not cry, Babbie," Gavin replied, gently. "He knew what you were, and why, and He pities you. 'For His anger endureth but a moment: in His favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"

"Not to me."

"Yes, to you," he answered. "Babbie, you will return to the Spittal now, and tell Lord Rintoul everything."

"If you wish it."

"Not because I wish it, but because it is right. He must be told that you do not love him."

"I never pretended to him that I did," Babbie said, looking up. "Oh," she added, with emphasis, "he knows that. He thinks me incapable of caring for any one."

"And that is why he must be told of me," Ga-

vin replied. "You are no longer the woman you were, Babbie, and you know it, and I know it, but he does not know it. He shall know it before he decides whether he is to marry you."

Babbie looked at Gavin, and wondered he did not see that this decision lay with him.

"Nevertheless," she said, "the wedding will take place to-morrow; if it did not, Lord Rintoul would be the scorn of his friends."

"If it does," the minister answered, "he will be the scorn of himself. Babbie, there is a chance."

"There is no chance," she told him. "I shall be back at the Spittal without any one's knowing of my absence, and when I begin to tell him of you, he will tremble, lest it means my refusal to marry him; when he knows it does not, he will wonder only why I told him anything."

"He will ask you to take time——"

"No, he will ask me to put on my wedding-dress. You must not think anything else possible."

"So be it, then," Gavin said firmly.

"Yes, it will be better so," Babbie answered, and then, seeing him misunderstand her meaning, exclaimed reproachfully, "I was not thinking of myself. In the time to come, whatever be my lot, I shall have the one consolation, that this is best for you. Think of your mother."

"She will love you," Gavin said, "when I tell her of you."

"Yes," said Babbie, wringing her hands; "she will almost love me, but for what? For not marrying you. That is the only reason any one in Thrums will have for wishing me well."

"No others," Gavin answered, "will ever know why I remained unmarried."

"Will you never marry?" Babbie asked, exultingly. "Ah!" she cried, ashamed, "but you must."

"Never."

Well, many a man and many a woman has made that vow in similar circumstances, and not all have kept it. But shall we who are old smile cynically at the brief and burning passion of the young? "The day," you say, "will come when ——" Good sir, hold your peace. Their agony was great, and now is dead, and, maybe, they have forgotten where it lies buried; but dare you answer lightly when I ask you which of these things is saddest?

Babbie believed his "Never," and, doubtless, thought no worse of him for it; but she saw no way of comforting him save by disparagement of herself.

"You must think of your congregation," she said. "A minister with a gypsy wife ——"

"Would have knocked them about with a flail," Gavin interposed, showing his teeth at the thought of the precentor, "until they did her reverence."

She shook her head, and told him of her meeting with Micah Dow. It silenced him; not, however, on account of its pathos, as she thought, but because it interpreted the riddle of Rob's behaviour.

"Nevertheless," he said ultimately, "my duty is not to do what is right in my people's eyes, but what seems right in my own."

Babbie had not heard him.

"I saw a face at the window just now," she whispered, drawing closer to him.

"There was no face there; the very thought of Rob Dow raises him before you," Gavin answered reassuringly, though Rob was nearer at that moment than either of them thought.

"I must go away at once," she said, still with her eyes on the window. "No, no, you shall not come or stay with me; it is you who are in danger."

"Do not fear for me."

"I must if you will not. Before you came in, did I not hear you speak of a meeting you had to attend to-night?"

"My pray——" His teeth met on the word; so abruptly did it conjure up the forgotten prayer-meeting that before the shock could reach his mind he stood motionless, listening for the bell. For one instant all that had taken place since he last heard it might have happened between two of

its tinkles; Babbie passed from before him like a figure in a panorama, and he saw, instead, a congregation in their pews.

"What do you see?" Babbie cried in alarm, for he seemed to be gazing at the window.

"Only you," he replied, himself again; "I am coming with you."

"You must let me go alone," she entreated; "if not for your own safety" — but it was only him she considered — "then for the sake of Lord Rintoul. Were you and I to be seen together now, his name and mine might suffer."

It was an argument the minister could not answer, save by putting his hands over his face; his distress made Babbie strong; she moved to the door, trying to smile.

"Go, Babbie!" Gavin said, controlling his voice, though it had been a smile more pitiful than her tears. "God has you in His keeping; it is not His will to give me this to bear for you."

They were now in the garden.

"Do not think of me as unhappy," she said; "it will be happiness to me to try to be all you would have me be."

He ought to have corrected her. "All that God would have me be" is what she should have said. But he only replied, "You will be a good woman, and none such can be altogether unhappy; God sees to that."

He might have kissed her, and perhaps she thought so.

"I am — I am going now, dear," she said, and came back a step because he did not answer; then she went on, and was out of his sight at three yards' distance. Neither of them heard the approaching dog-cart.

"You see, I am bearing it quite cheerfully," she said. "I shall have everything a woman loves; do not grieve for me so much."

Gavin dared not speak nor move. Never had he found life so hard; but he was fighting with the ignoble in himself, and winning. She opened the gate, and it might have been a signal to the dog-cart to stop. They both heard a dog barking, and then the voice of Lord Rintoul —

"That is a light in the window. Jump down, McKenzie, and inquire."

Gavin took one step nearer Babbie, and stopped. He did not see how all her courage went from her, so that her knees yielded, and she held out her arms to him, but he heard a great sob and then his name.

"Gavin, I am afraid."

Gavin understood now, and I say he would have been no man to leave her after that; only a moment was allowed him, and it was their last chance on earth. He took it. His arm went round his beloved, and he drew her away from Nanny's.

McKenzie found both house and garden empty. "And yet," he said, "I swear some one passed the window as we sighted it."

"Waste no more time," cried the impatient earl. "We must be very near the hill now. You will have to lead the horse, McKenzie, in this darkness; the dog may find the way through the broom for us."

"The dog has run on," McKenzie replied, now in an evil temper. "Who knows, it may be with her now? So we must feel our way cautiously; there is no call for capsizing the trap in our haste." But there was call for haste if they were to reach the gypsy encampment before Gavin and Babbie were made man and wife over the tongs.

The Spittal dog-cart rocked as it dragged its way through the broom. Rob Dow followed. The ten o'clock bell began to ring.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHILE THE TEN O'CLOCK BELL WAS RINGING

In the square and wynds — weavers in groups:

"No, no, Davit, Mr. Dishart hadna felt the blow the piper gave him till he ascended the pulpit to conduct the prayer-meeting for rain, and then he fainted awa. Tammas Whamond and Peter Tosh carried him to the Session-house. Ay, an awful scene."

"How did the minister no come to the meeting? I wonder how you could expect it, Snecky, and his mother taen so suddenly ill; he's at her bedside, but the doctor has little hope."

"This is what has occurred, Tailor: Mr. Dishart never got the length of the pulpit. He fell in a swound on the vestry floor. What caused it? Oh, nothing but the heat. Thrums is so dry that one spark would set it in a blaze."

"I canna get at the richts o' what keeped him frae the meeting, Femie, but it had something to do wi' an Egyptian on the hill. Very like he had been trying to stop the gypsy marriage there. I

gaed to the manse to speir at Jean what was wrang, but I'm thinking I telled her mair than she could tell me."

"Man, man, Andrew, the wite o't lies wi' Peter Tosh. He thocht we was to hae sic a terrible rain that he implored the minister no to pray for it, and so angry was Mr. Dishart that he ordered the whole Session out o' the kirk. I saw them in Couthie's close, and michty dour they looked."

"Yes, as sure as death, Tammas Whamond locked the kirk-door in Mr. Dishart's face."

"I'm a' shaking? And small wonder, Marget, when I've heard this minute that Mr. Dishart's been struck by lichtning while looking for Rob Dow. He's no killed, but, woe's me! they say he'll never preach again."

"Nothing o' the kind. It was Rob that the lichtning struck dead in the doctor's machine. The horse wasna touched; it came tearing down the Roods wi' the corps sitting in the machine like a living man."

"What are you listening to, woman? Is it to a dog barking? I've heard it this while, but it's far awa."

In the manse kitchen.

"Jean, did you not hear me ring? I want you to —— Why are you staring out at the window, Jean?"

"I — I — was just hearkening to the ten o'clock bell, ma'am."

"I never saw you doing nothing before! Put the heater in the fire, Jean. I want to iron the minister's neckcloths. The prayer-meeting is long in coming out, is it not?"

"The — the drouth, ma'am, has been so cruel hard."

"And, to my shame, I am so comfortable that I almost forgot how others are suffering. But my son never forgets, Jean. You are not crying, are you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Bring the iron to the parlour, then. And if the minis—— Why did you start, Jean? I only heard a dog barking."

"I thocht, ma'am—at first I thocht it was Mr. Dishart opening the door. Ay, it's just a dog; some gypsy dog on the hill, I'm thinking, for sound would carry far the nicht."

"Even you, Jean, are nervous at nights, I see, if there is no man in the house. We shall hear no more distant dogs barking, I warrant, when the minister comes home."

"When he comes home, ma'am."

On the middle of the hill—a man and a woman:

"Courage, beloved; we are nearly there."

"But, Gavin, I cannot see the encampment."

"The night is too dark."

"But the gypsy fires?"

"They are in the Toad's-hole."

"Listen to that dog barking."

"There are several dogs at the encampment, Babbie."

"There is one behind us. See, there it is!"

"I have driven it away, dear. You are trembling."

"What we are doing frightens me, Gavin. It is at your heels again!"

"It seems to know you."

"Oh, Gavin, it is Lord Rintoul's collie Snap. It will bite you."

"No, I have driven it back again. Probably the earl is following us."

"Gavin, I cannot go on with this."

"Quicker, Babbie."

"Leave me, dear, and save yourself."

"Lean on me, Babbie."

"Oh, Gavin, is there no way but this?"

"No sure way."

"Even though we are married to-night——"

"We shall be married in five minutes, and then, whatever befall, he cannot have you."

"But after?"

"I will take you straight to the manse, to my mother."

"Were it not for that dog, I should think we were alone on the hill."

"But we are not. See, there are the gypsy fires."

On the west side of the hill — two figures:

"Tammas, Tammas Whamond, I've lost you. Should we gang to the manse down the fields?"

"Wheesht, Hendry!"

"What are you listening for?"

"I heard a dog barking."

"Only a gypsy dog, Tammas, barking at the coming storm."

"The gypsy dogs are all tied up, and this one's atween us and the Toad's-hole. What was that?"

"It was nothing but the rubbing of the branches in the cemetery on ane another. It's said, trees mak' that fearsome sound when they're terrified."

"It was a dog barking at somebody that's stoning it. I ken that sound, Hendry Munn."

"May I die the death, Tammas Whamond, if a great drap o' rain didna strike me the now, and I swear it was warm. I'm for running hame."

"I'm for seeing who drove awa that dog. Come back wi' me, Hendry."

"I winna. There's no a soul on the hill but you and me and thae daffing and drinking gypsies. How do you no answer me, Tammas? Hie, Tammas Whamond, whaur are you? He's gone! Ay, then I'll mak' tracks hame."

In the broom — a dog-cart:

"Do you see nothing yet, McKenzie?"

"Scarce the broom at my knees, Rintoul. There is not a light on the hill."

"McKenzie, can that schoolmaster have deceived us?"

"It is probable."

"Urge on the horse, however. There is a road through the broom, I know. Have we stuck again?"

"Rintoul, she is not here. I promised to help you to bring her back to the Spittal before this escapade became known, but we have failed to find her. If she is to be saved now, it must be by herself. I daresay she has returned already. Let me turn the horse's head. There is a storm brewing."

"I will search this gypsy encampment first, if it is on the hill. Hark! that was a dog's bark. Yes, it is Snap, but he would not bark at nothing. Why do you look behind you so often, McKenzie?"

"For some time, Rintoul, it has seemed to me that we are being followed. Listen!"

"I hear nothing. At last, McKenzie, at last, we are out of the broom."

"And as I live, Rintoul, I see the gypsy lights!"

It might have been a lantern that was flashed across the hill. Then all that part of the world

went suddenly on fire. Everything was horribly distinct in that white light. The firs of Caddam were so near that it seemed to have arrested them in a silent march upon the hill. The grass would not hide a pebble. The ground was scored with shadows of men and things. Twice the light flickered and recovered itself. A red serpent shot across it, and then again black night fell.

The hill had been illumined thus for nearly half a minute. During that time not even a dog stirred. The shadows of human beings lay on the ground as motionless as logs. What had been revealed seemed less a gypsy marriage than a picture. Or was it that during the ceremony every person on the hill had been turned into stone? The gypsy king, with his arm upraised, had not had time to let it fall. The men and women behind him had their mouths open, as if struck when on the point of calling out. Lord Rintoul had risen in the dog-cart, and was leaning forward. One of McKenzie's feet was on the shaft. The man crouching in the dog-cart's wake had flung up his hands to protect his face. The precentor, his neck outstretched, had a hand on each knee. All eyes were fixed, as in the death glare, on Gavin and Babbie, who stood before the king, their hands clasped over the tongs. Fear was petrified on the woman's face, determination on the man's.

They were all released by the crack of the thun-

der, but for another moment none could have swaggered.

"That was Lord Rintoul in the dog-cart," Babbie whispered, drawing in her breath.

"Yes, dear," Gavin answered, resolutely, "and now is the time for me to have my first and last talk with him. Remain here, Babbie. Do not move till I come back."

"But, Gavin, he has seen. I fear him still."

"He cannot touch you now, Babbie. You are my wife."

In the vivid light Gavin had thought the dog-cart much nearer than it was. He called Lord Rintoul's name, but got no answer. There were shouts behind, gypsies running from the coming rain, dogs whining, but silence in front. The minister moved on some paces. Away to the left he heard voices —

"Who was the man, McKenzie?"

"My lord, I have lost sight of you. This is not the way to the camp."

"Tell me, McKenzie, that you did not see what I saw."

"Rintoul, I beseech you to turn back. We are too late."

"We are not too late."

Gavin broke through the darkness between them and him, but they were gone. He called to them, and stopped to listen to their feet.

"Is that you, Gavin?" Babbie asked just then.

For reply, the man who had crept up to her clapped his hand upon her mouth. Only the beginning of a scream escaped from her. A strong arm drove her quickly southward.

Gavin heard her cry, and ran back to the encampment. Babbie was gone. None of the gypsies had seen her since the darkness came back. He rushed hither and thither with a torch that only showed his distracted face to others. He flung up his arms in appeal for another moment of light; then he heard Babbie scream again, and this time it was from a distance. He dashed after her; he heard a trap speeding down the green sward through the broom.

Lord Rintoul had kidnapped Babbie. Gavin had no other thought as he ran after the dog-cart from which the cry had come. The earl's dog followed him, snapping at his heels. The rain began.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE GREAT RAIN

GAVIN passed on through Windyghoul, thinking in his frenzy that he still heard the trap. In a rain that came down like iron rods every other sound was beaten dead. He slipped, and before he could regain his feet the dog bit him. To protect himself from dykes and trees and other horrors of the darkness he held his arm before him, but soon it was driven to his side. Wet whips cut his brow so, that he had to protect it with his hands, until it had to bear the lash again, for they would not. Now he was forced upon his knees, and would have succumbed, but for a dread of being pinned to the earth. This fight between the man and the rain went on all night, and, long before it ended, the man was past the power of thinking.

In the ringing of the ten o'clock bell Gavin had lived the seventh part of a man's natural life. Only action was required of him. That accomplished, his mind had begun to work again, when suddenly the loss of Babbie stopped it, as we may put out a fire with a great coal. The last thing he had reflected about was a dog-cart in motion, and, con-

sequently, this idea clung to him. His church, his mother, were lost knowledge of, but still he seemed to hear the trap in front.

The rain increased in violence, appalling even those who heard it from under cover. However rain may storm, though it be an army of archers battering roofs and windows, it is only terrifying when the noise swells every instant. In those hours of darkness it again and again grew in force and doubled its fury, and was louder, louder, and louder, until its next attack was to be more than men and women could listen to. They held each other's hands and stood waiting. Then abruptly it abated, and people could speak. I believe a rain that became heavier every second for ten minutes would drive many listeners mad. Gavin was in it on a night that tried us repeatedly for quite half that time.

By-and-by even the vision of Babbie in the dog-cart was blotted out. If nothing had taken its place, he would not have gone on probably; and had he turned back objectless, his strength would have succumbed to the rain. Now he saw Babbie and Rintoul being married by a minister who was himself, and there was a fair company looking on, and always when he was on the point of shouting to himself, whom he could see clearly, that this woman was already married, the rain obscured his words and the light went out. Presently the ceremony began again, always to stop at the same

point. He saw it in the lightning-flash that had startled the hill. It gave him courage to fight his way onward, because he thought he must be heard if he could draw nearer to the company.

A regiment of cavalry began to trouble him. He heard it advancing from the Spittal, but was not dismayed, for it was, as yet, far distant. The horsemen came thundering on, filling the whole glen of Quharity. Now he knew that they had been sent out to ride him down. He paused in dread, until they had swept past him. They came back to look for him, riding more furiously than ever, and always missed him, yet his fears of the next time were not lessened. They were only the rain.

All through the night the dog followed him. He would forget it for a time, and then it would be so close that he could see it dimly. He never heard it bark, but it snapped at him, and a girn had become the expression of its face. He stoned it, he even flung himself at it, he addressed it in caressing tones, and always with the result that it disappeared, to come back presently.

He found himself walking in a lake, and now even the instinct of self-preservation must have been flickering, for he waded on, rejoicing merely in getting rid of the dog. Something in the water rose and struck him. Instead of stupefying him, the blow brought him to his senses, and he struggled for his life. The ground slipped beneath his feet

many times, but at last he was out of the water. That he was out in a flood he did not realise; yet he now acted like one in full possession of his faculties. When his feet sank in water, he drew back; and many times he sought shelter behind banks and rocks, first testing their firmness with his hands. Once a torrent of stones, earth, and heather carried him down a hill-side until he struck against a tree. He twined his arms round it, and had just done so when it fell with him. After that, when he touched trees growing in water, he fled from them, thus probably saving himself from death.

What he heard now might have been the roll and crack of the thunder. It sounded in his ear like nothing else. But it was really something that swept down the hill in roaring spouts of water, and it passed on both sides of him so, that at one moment, had he paused, it would have crashed into him, and at another he was only saved by stopping. He felt that the struggle in the dark was to go on till the crack of doom.

Then he cast himself upon the ground. It moved beneath him like some great animal, and he rose and stole away from it. Several times did this happen. The stones against which his feet struck seemed to acquire life from his touch. So strong had he become, or so weak all other things, that whatever clump he laid hands on by which to pull himself out of the water was at once rooted up.

The daylight would not come. He longed passionately for it. He tried to remember what it was like, and could not; he had been blind so long. It was away in front somewhere, and he was struggling to overtake it. He expected to see it from a dark place, when he would rush forward to bathe his arms in it, and then the elements that were searching the world for him would see him and he would perish. But death did not seem too great a penalty to pay for light.

And at last day did come back, grey and drear. He saw suddenly once more. I think he must have been wandering the glen with his eyes shut, as one does shut them involuntarily against the hidden dangers of black night. How different was daylight from what he had expected! He looked, and then shut his dazed eyes again, for the darkness was less horrible than the day. Had he indeed seen, or only dreamed that he saw? Once more he looked to see what the world was like; and the sight that met his eyes was so mournful that he who had fought through the long night now sank hopeless and helpless among the heather. The dog was not far away, and it, too, lost heart. Gavin held out his hand, and Snap crept timidly toward him. He unloosened his coat, and the dog nestled against him, cowed and shivering, hiding its head from the day. Thus they lay, and the rain beat upon them.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE GLEN AT BREAK OF DAY

My first intimation that the burns were in flood came from Waster Lunny, close on the strike of ten o'clock. This was some minutes before they had any rain in Thrums. I was in the school-house, now piecing together the puzzle Lord Rintoul had left with me, and anon starting upright as McKenzie's hand seemed to tighten on my arm. Waster Lunny had been whistling to me (with his fingers in his mouth) for some time before I heard him and hurried out. I was surprised and pleased, knowing no better, to be met on the threshold by a whisk of rain.

The night was not then so dark but that when I reached the Quharity I could see the farmer take shape on the other side of it. He wanted me to exult with him, I thought, in the end of the drought, and I shouted that I would fling him the stilts.

"It's yoursel' that wants them," he answered, excitedly, "if you're fleid to be left alone in the school-house the nicht. Do you hear me, do-

minie? There has been frichtsome rain among the hills, and the Bog burn is coming down like a sea. It has carried awa the miller's brig, and the steading o' Muckle Pirley is standing three feet in water."

"You're dreaming, man," I roared back, but beside his news he held my doubts of no account.

"The Retery's in flood," he went on, "and running wild through Hazel Wood; T'nowdunnie's tattie field's out o' sicht, and at the Kirkton they're fleid they've lost twa kye."

"There has been no rain here," I stammered, incredulously.

"It's coming now," he replied. "And listen; the story's out that the Backbone has fallen into the loch. You had better cross, dominie, and thole out the nicht wi' us."

The Backbone was a piece of mountain-side overhanging a loch among the hills, and legend said that it would one day fall forward and squirt all the water into the glen. Something of the kind had happened, but I did not believe it then; with little wit I pointed to the shallow Quharity.

"It may come down at any minute," the farmer answered, "and syne, mind you, you'll be five miles frae Waster Lunny, for there'll be no crossing but by the Brig o' March. If you winna come, I maun awa back. I mauna bide langer on the wrang side o' the Moss ditch, though it has been

as dry this month back as a rabbit's roady. But if you——" His voice changed. "God's sake, man," he cried, "you're ower late. Look at that! Dinna look—run, run!"

If I had not run before he bade me, I might never have run again on earth. I had seen a great shadowy yellow river come riding down the Quharity. I sprang from it for my life: and when next I looked behind, it was upon a turbulent loch, the further bank lost in darkness. I was about to shout to Waster Lunny, when a monster rose in the torrent between me and the spot where he had stood. It frightened me to silence until it fell, when I knew it was but a tree that had been flung on end by the flood. For a time there was no answer to my cries, and I thought the farmer had been swept away. Then I heard his whistle, and back I ran recklessly through the thickening darkness to the school-house. When I saw the tree rise, I had been on ground hardly wet as yet with the rain; but by the time Waster Lunny sent that reassuring whistle to me I was ankle-deep in water, and the rain was coming down like hail. I saw no lightning.

For the rest of the night I was only out once, when I succeeded in reaching the hen-house, and brought all my fowls safely to the kitchen, except a hen which would not rise off her young. Between us we had the kitchen floor, a pool of water;

and the rain had put out my fires already, as effectually as if it had been an overturned broth-pot. That I never took off my clothes that night I need not say, though of what was happening in the glen I could only guess. A flutter against my window now and again, when the rain had abated, told me of another bird that had flown there to die; and with Waster Lunny I kept up communication by waving a light, to which he replied in a similar manner. Before morning, however, he ceased to answer my signals, and I feared some catastrophe had occurred at the farm. As it turned out, the family was fighting with the flood for the year's shearing of wool, half of which eventually went down the waters, with the wool-shed on top of it.

The school-house stands too high to fear any flood, but there were moments when I thought the rain would master it. Not only the windows and the roof were rattling then, but all the walls, and I was like one in a great drum. When the rain was doing its utmost, I heard no other sound; but when the lull came, there was the wash of a heavy river, or a crack as of artillery that told of landslips, or the plaintive cry of the peesweep as it rose in the air, trying to entice the waters away from its nest.

It was a dreary scene that met my gaze at break of day. Already the Quharity had risen six feet, and in many parts of the glen it was two hundred

yards wide. Waster Lunny's corn-field looked like a bog grown over with rushes, and what had been his turnips had become a lake with small islands in it. No dyke stood whole except one that the farmer, unaided, had built in a straight line from the road to the top of Mount Bare, and my own, the further end of which dipped in water. Of the plot of firs planted fifty years earlier to help on Waster Lunny's crops, only a triangle had withstood the night.

Even with the aid of my field-glass I could not estimate the damage on more distant farms, for the rain, though now thin and soft, as it continued for six days, was still heavy and of a brown colour. After breakfast—which was interrupted by my bantam cock's twice spilling my milk—I saw Waster Lunny and his son, Matthew, running towards the shepherd's house with ropes in their hands. The house, I thought, must be in the mist beyond; and then I sickened, knowing all at once that it should be on this side of the mist. When I had nerve to look again, I saw that though the roof had fallen in, the shepherd was astride one of the walls, from which he was dragged presently through the water by the help of the ropes. I remember noticing that he returned to his house with the rope still about him, and concluding that he had gone back to save some of his furniture. I was wrong, however. There was too much to

be done at the farm to allow this, but Waster Lunny had consented to Duncan's forcing his way back to the shieling to stop the clock. To both men it seemed horrible to let a clock go on ticking in a deserted house.

Having seen this rescue accomplished, I was letting my glass roam in the opposite direction, when one of its shakes brought into view something on my own side of the river. I looked at it long, and saw it move slightly. Was it a human being? No, it was a dog. No, it was a dog and something else. I hurried out to see more clearly, and after a first glance the glass shook so in my hands that I had to rest it on the dyke. For a full minute, I daresay, did I look through the glass without blinking, and then I needed to look no more. That black patch was, indeed, Gavin.

He lay quite near the school-house, but I had to make a circuit of half a mile to reach him. It was pitiful to see the dog doing its best to come to me, and falling every few steps. The poor brute was discoloured almost beyond recognition; and when at last it reached me, it lay down at my feet and licked them. I stepped over it and ran on recklessly to Gavin. At first I thought he was dead. If tears rolled down my cheeks, they were not for him.

I was no strong man even in those days, but I

carried him to the school-house, the dog crawling after us. Gavin I put upon my bed, and I lay down beside him, holding him close to me, that some of the heat of my body might be taken in by his. When he was able to look at me, however, it was not with understanding, and in vain did my anxiety press him with questions. Only now and again would some word in my speech strike upon his brain and produce at least an echo. To "Did you meet Lord Rintoul's dog-cart?" he sat up, saying quickly—

"Listen, the dog-cart!"

"Egyptian" was not that forenoon among the words he knew, and I did not think of mentioning "hill." At "rain" he shivered; but "Spittal" was what told me most.

"He has taken her back," he replied at once, from which I learned that Gavin now knew as much of Babbie as I did.

I made him as comfortable as possible, and despairing of learning anything from him in his present state, I let him sleep. Then I went out into the rain, very anxious, and dreading what he might have to tell me when he woke. I waded and jumped my way as near to the farm as I dared go, and Waster Lunny, seeing me, came to the water's edge. At this part the breadth of the flood was not forty yards, yet for a time our voices could no

more cross its roar than one may send a snowball through a stone wall. I know not whether the river then quieted for a space, or if it was only that the ears grow used to dins as the eyes distinguish the objects in a room that is at first black to them, but after a little we were able to shout our remarks across, much as boys fling pebbles, many to fall into the water, but one occasionally to reach the other side. Waster Lunny would have talked of the flood, but I had not come here for that.

"How were you home so early from the prayer-meeting last night?" I bawled.

"No meeting . . . . I came straucht hame . . . . but terrible stories . . . . Mr. Dishart," was all I caught after Waster Lunny had flung his words across a dozen times.

I could not decide whether it would be wise to tell him that Gavin was in the school-house, and while I hesitated he continued to shout—

"Some woman . . . . the Session . . . . Lang Tammas . . . . God forbid . . . . maun back to the farm . . . byre running like a mill-dam."

He signed to me that he must be off, but my signals delayed him, and after much trouble he got my question, "Any news about Lord Rintoul?" My curiosity about the earl must have surprised him, but he answered—

"Marriage is to be the day . . . . cannon."

I signed that I did not grasp his meaning.

"A cannon is to be fired as soon as they're man and wife," he bellowed. "We'll hear it."

With that we parted. On my way home, I remember, I stepped on a brood of drowned partridge. I was only out half an hour, but I had to wring my clothes as if they were fresh from the tub.

The day wore on, and I did not disturb the sleeper. A dozen times, I suppose, I had to relight my fire of wet peats and roots; but I had plenty of time to stare out at the window, plenty of time to think. Probably Gavin's life depended on his sleeping, but that was not what kept my hands off him. Knowing so little of what had happened in Thrums since I left it, I was forced to guess, and my conclusion was that the earl had gone off with his own, and that Gavin in a frenzy had followed them. My wisest course, I thought, was to let him sleep until I heard the cannon, when his struggle for a wife must end. Fifty times at least did I stand regarding him as he slept; and if I did not pity his plight sufficiently, you know the reason. What were Margaret's sufferings at this moment? Was she wringing her hands for her son lost in the flood, her son in disgrace with the congregation? By one o'clock no cannon had sounded, and my suspense had become intolerable. I shook Gavin awake, and even as I shook him

demanded a knowledge of all that had happened since we parted at Nanny's gate.

"How long ago is that?" he asked, with bewilderment.

"It was last night," I answered. "This morning I found you senseless on the hillside, and brought you here, to the Glen Quharity schoolhouse. That dog was with you."

He looked at the dog, but I kept my eyes on him, and I saw intelligence creep back, like a blush, into his face.

"Now I remember," he said, shuddering. "You have proved yourself my friend, sir, twice in the four-and-twenty hours."

"Only once, I fear," I replied gloomily. "I was no friend when I sent you to the earl's bride last night."

"You know who she is?" he cried, clutching me, and finding it agony to move his limbs.

"I know now," I said, and had to tell him how I knew before he would answer another question. Then I became listener, and you who read know to what alarming story.

"And all that time," I cried reproachfully, when he had done, "you gave your mother not a thought."

"Not a thought," he answered, and I saw that he pronounced a harsher sentence on himself than could have come from me. "All that time!" he

repeated, after a moment. "It was only a few minutes, while the ten o'clock bell was ringing."

"Only a few minutes," I said, "but they changed the channel of the Quharity, and perhaps they have done not less to you."

"That may be," he answered gravely, "but it is of the present I must think just now. Mr. Ogilvy, what assurance have I, while lying here helpless, that the marriage at the Spittal is not going on?"

"None, I hope," I said to myself, and listened longingly for the cannon. But to him I only pointed out that no woman need go through a form of marriage against her will.

"Rintoul carried her off with no possible purport," he said, "but to set my marriage at defiance, and she has had a conviction always that to marry me would be to ruin me. It was only in the shiver Lord Rintoul's voice in the darkness sent through her that she yielded to my wishes. If she thought that marriage last night could be annulled by another to-day, she would consent to the second, I believe, to save me from the effects of the first. You are incredulous, sir; but you do not know of what sacrifices love is capable."

Something of that I knew, but I did not tell him. I had seen from his manner rather than his words that he doubted the validity of the gypsy marriage, which the king had only consented to

celebrate because Babbie was herself an Egyptian. The ceremony had been interrupted in the middle.

"It was no marriage," I said, with a confidence I was far from feeling.

"In the sight of God," he replied excitedly, "we took each other for man and wife."

I had to hold him down in bed.

"You are too weak to stand, man," I said, "and yet you think you could start off this minute for the Spittal."

"I must go," he cried. "She is my wife. That impious marriage may have taken place already."

"Oh that it had!" was my prayer. "It has not," I said to him. "A cannon is to be fired immediately after the ceremony, and all the glen will hear it."

I spoke on the impulse, thinking to allay his desire to be off; but he said, "Then I may yet be in time." Somewhat cruelly I let him rise, that he might realise his weakness. Every bone in him cried out at his first step, and he sank into a chair.

"You will go to the Spittal for me?" he implored.

"I will not," I told him. "You are asking me to fling away my life."

To prove my words I opened the door, and he saw what the flood was doing. Nevertheless, he rose and tottered several times across the room,

trying to revive his strength. Though every bit of him was aching, I saw that he would make the attempt.

"Listen to me," I said. "Lord Rintoul can maintain with some reason that it was you rather than he who abducted Babbie. Nevertheless, there will not, I am convinced, be any marriage at the Spittal to-day. When he carried her off from the Toad's-hole, he acted under impulses not dissimilar to those that took you to it. Then, I doubt not, he thought possession was all the law, but that scene on the hill has staggered him by this morning. Even though she thinks to save you by marrying him, he will defer his wedding until he learns the import of yours."

I did not believe in my own reasoning, but I would have said anything to detain him until that cannon was fired. He seemed to read my purpose, for he pushed my arguments from him with his hands, and continued to walk painfully to and fro.

"To defer the wedding," he said, "would be to tell all his friends of her gypsy origin, and of me. He would risk much to avoid that."

"In any case," I answered, "you must now give some thought to those you have forgotten, your mother and your church."

"That must come afterwards," he said firmly. "My first duty is to my wife."

The door swung-to sharply just then, and he started. He thought it was the cannon.

"I wish to God it had been!" I cried, interpreting his thoughts.

"Why do you wish me ill?" he asked.

"Mr. Dishart," I said solemnly, rising and facing him, and disregarding his question, "if that woman is to be your wife, it will be at a cost you cannot estimate till you return to Thrums. Do you think that if your congregation knew of this gypsy marriage they would have you for their minister for another day? Do you enjoy the prospect of taking one who might be an earl's wife into poverty — ay, and disgraceful poverty? Do you know your mother so little as to think she could survive your shame? Let me warn you, sir, of what I see. I see another minister in the Auld Licht kirk; I see you and your wife stoned through our wynds, stoned from Thrums, as malefactors have been chased out of it ere now; and as certainly as I see these things I see a hearse standing at the manse door, and stern men denying a son's right to help to carry his mother's coffin to it. Go your way, sir, but first count the cost."

His face quivered before these blows, but all he said was, "I must dree my dreed."

"God is merciful," I went on, "and these things need not be. He is more merciful to you, sir, than to some, for the storm that He sent to

save you is ruining them. And yet the farmers are to-day thanking Him for every pound of wool, every blade of corn He has left them, while you turn from Him because He would save you, not in your way, but in His. It was His hand that stayed your marriage. He meant Babbie for the earl; and if it is on her part a loveless match, she only suffers for her own sins. Of that scene on the hill no one in Thrums, or in the glen, need ever know. Rintoul will see to it that the gypsies vanish from these parts for ever, and you may be sure the Spittal will soon be shut up. He and McKenzie have as much reason as yourself to be silent. You, sir, must go back to your congregation, who have heard as yet only vague rumours that your presence will dispel. Even your mother will remain ignorant of what has happened. Your absence from the prayer-meeting you can leave to me to explain."

He was so silent that I thought him mine, but his first words undeceived me.

"I thought I had nowhere so keen a friend," he said: "but, Mr. Ogilvy, it is devil's work you are pleading. Am I to return to my people to act a living lie before them to the end of my days? Do you really think that God devastated a glen to give me a chance of becoming a villain? No, sir, I am in His hands, and I will do what I think right."

"You will be dishonoured," I said, "in the sight of God and man."

"Not in God's sight," he replied. "It was a sinless marriage, Mr. Ogilvy, and I do not regret it. God ordained that she and I should love each other, and He put it into my power to save her from that man. I took her as my wife before Him, and in His eyes I am her husband. Knowing that, sir, how could I return to Thrums without her?"

I had no answer ready for him. I knew that in my grief for Margaret I had been advocating an unworthy course; but I would not say so. I went gloomily to the door, and there, presently, his hand fell on my shoulder.

"Your advice came too late, at any rate," he said. "You forget that the precentor was on the hill and saw everything."

It was he who had forgotten to tell me this, and to me it was the most direful news of all.

"My God!" I cried. "He will have gone to your mother and told her." And straightway I began to lace my boots.

"Where are you going?" he asked, staring at me.

"To Thrums," I answered, harshly.

"You said that to venture out into the glen was to court death," he reminded me.

"What of that?" I said, and hastily put on my coat.

"Mr. Ogilvy," he cried, "I will not allow you to do this for me."

"For you?" I said bitterly. "It is not for you."

I would have gone at once, but he got in front of me, asking, "Did you ever know my mother?"

"Long ago," I answered shortly, and he said no more; thinking, I suppose, that he knew all. He limped to the door with me, and I had only advanced a few steps when I understood better than before what were the dangers I was to venture into. Since I spoke to Waster Lunny the river had risen several feet, and even the hillocks in his turnip-field were now submerged. The mist was creeping down the hills. But what warned me most sharply that the flood was not satisfied yet was the top of the school-house dyke; it was lined with field-mice. I turned back, and Gavin, mistaking my meaning, said I did wisely.

"I have not changed my mind," I told him, and then had some difficulty in continuing. "I expect," I said, "to reach Thrums safely, even though I should be caught in the mist, but I shall have to go round by the Kelpie brig in order to get across the river, and it is possible that — that something may befall me."

I have all my life been something of a coward, and my voice shook when I said this, so that Gavin again entreated me to remain at the school-house, saying that if I did not he would accompany me.

"And so increase my danger tenfold," I pointed out. "No, no, Mr. Dishart, I go alone; and if I can do nothing with the congregation, I can at least send your mother word that you still live. But if anything should happen to me, I want you ——"

But I could not say what I had come back to say. I had meant to ask him, in the event of my death, to take the hundred pounds which were the savings of my life; but now I saw that this might lead to Margaret's hearing of me, and so I stayed my words. It was bitter to me this, and yet, after all, a little thing when put aside the rest.

"Good-bye, Mr. Dishart," I said abruptly. I then looked at my desk, which contained some trifles that were once Margaret's. "Should anything happen to me," I said, "I want that old desk to be destroyed unopened."

"Mr. Ogilvy," he answered gently, "you are venturing this because you loved my mother. If anything does befall you, be assured that I will tell her what you attempted for her sake."

I believe he thought it was to make some such request that I had turned back.

"You must tell her nothing about me," I exclaimed in consternation. "Swear that my name will never cross your lips before her. No, that is not enough. You must forget me utterly, whether I live or die, lest sometime you should think of me and she should read your thoughts. Swear, man."

"Must this be?" he said, gazing at me.

"Yes," I answered more calmly, "it must be. For nearly a score of years I have been blotted out of your mother's life, and since she came to Thrums my one care has been to keep my existence from her. I have changed my burying-ground even from Thrums to the glen, lest I should die before her, and she, seeing the hearse go by the Tenements, might ask, 'Whose funeral is this?'"

In my anxiety to warn him, I had said too much. His face grew haggard, and there was fear to speak on it; and I saw, I knew, that some damnable suspicion of Margaret ——

"She was my wife!" I cried sharply. "We were married by the minister of Harvie. You are my son."

CHAPTER XXXVI

STORY OF THE DOMINIE

WHEN I spoke next, I was back in the schoolhouse, sitting there with my bonnet on my head, Gavin looking at me. We had forgotten the cannon at last.

In that chair I had anticipated this scene more than once of late. I had seen that a time might come when Gavin would have to be told all, and I had even said the words aloud, as if he were indeed opposite me. So now I was only repeating the tale, and I could tell it without emotion, because it was nigh nineteen years old; and I did not look at Gavin, for I knew that his manner of taking it could bring no change to me.

"Did you never ask your mother," I said, addressing the fire rather than him, "why you were called Gavin?"

"Yes," he answered, "it was because she thought Gavin a prettier name than Adam."

"No," I said slowly, "it was because Gavin is my name. You were called after your father. Do you not remember my taking you one day to the

shore at Harvie to see the fishermen carried to their boats upon their wives' backs, that they might start dry on their journey?"

"No," he had to reply. "I remember the women carrying the men through the water to the boats, but I thought it was my father who — I mean ——"

"I know whom you mean," I said. "That was our last day together, but you were not three years old. Yet you remembered me when you came to Thrums. You shake your head, but it is true. Between the diets of worship that first Sabbath I was introduced to you, and you must have had some shadowy recollection of my face, for you asked, 'Surely I saw you in church in the forenoon, Mr. Ogilvy?' I said 'Yes,' but I had not been in the church in the forenoon. You have forgotten even that, and yet I treasured it."

I could hear that he was growing impatient, though so far he had been more indulgent than I had any right to expect.

"It can all be put into a sentence," I said calmly. "Margaret married Adam Dishart, and afterwards, believing herself a widow, she married me. You were born, and then Adam Dishart came back."

That is my whole story, and here was I telling it to my son, and not a tear between us. It ended abruptly, and I fell to mending the fire.

"When I knew your mother first," I went on,

after Gavin had said some boyish things that were of no avail to me, "I did not think to end my days as a dominie. I was a student at Aberdeen, with the ministry in my eye, and sometimes on Saturdays I walked forty miles to Harvie to go to church with her. She had another lover, Adam Dishart, a sailor turned fisherman; and while I lingered at corners, wondering if I could dare to meet her and her mother on their way to church, he would walk past with them. He was accompanied always by a lanky black dog, which he had brought from a foreign country. He never signed for any ship without first getting permission to take it with him, and in Harvie they said it did not know the language of the native dogs. I have never known a man and dog so attached to each other."

"I remember that black dog," Gavin said. "I have spoken of it to my mother, and she shuddered, as if it had once bitten her."

"While Adam strutted by with them," I continued, "I would hang back, raging at his assurance or my own timidity; but I lost my next chance in the same way. In Margaret's presence something came over me, a kind of dryness in the throat, that made me dumb. I have known divinity students stricken in the same way, just as they were giving out their first text. It is no aid in getting a kirk or wooing a woman.

"If anyone in Harvie recalls me now, it is as a hobbledehoy who strode along the cliffs, shouting Homer at the sea-mews. With all my learning, I, who gave Margaret the name of Lalage, understood women less than any fisherman who bandied words with them across a boat. I remember a Yule night when both Adam and I were at her mother's cottage, and, as we were leaving, he had the audacity to kiss Margaret. She ran out of the room, and Adam swaggered off, and, when I recovered from my horror, I apologised for what he had done. I shall never forget how her mother looked at me, and said, 'Ay, Gavin, I see they dinna teach everything at Aberdeen.' You will not believe it, but I walked away doubting her meaning. I thought more of scholarship then than I do now. Adam Dishart taught me its proper place.

"Well, that is the dull man I was; and yet, though Adam was always saying and doing the things I was making up my mind to say and do, I think Margaret cared more for me. Nevertheless, there was something about him that all women seemed to find lovable, a dash that made them send him away and then well-nigh run after him. At any rate, I could have got her after her mother's death if I had been half a man. But I went back to Aberdeen to write a poem about her, and while I was at it Adam married her."

I opened my desk and took from it a yellow manuscript.

"Here," I said, "is the poem. You see, I never finished it."

I was fingering the thing grimly when Gavin's eye fell on something else in the desk. It was an ungainly clasp knife, as rusty as if it had spent a winter beneath a hedge.

"I seem to remember that knife," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "you should remember it. Well, after three months Adam tired of his wife."

I stopped again. This was a story in which only the pauses were eloquent.

"Perhaps I have no right to say he tired of her. One day, however, he sauntered away from Harvie whistling, his dog at his heels as ever, and was not seen again for nearly six years. When I heard of his disappearance I packed my books in that kist and went to Harvie, where I opened a school. You see, everyone but Margaret believed that Adam had fallen over the cliffs and been drowned."

"But the dog?" said Gavin.

"We were all sure that, if he had fallen over, it had jumped after him. The fisher-folk said that he could have left his shadow behind as easily as it. Yet Margaret thought for long that he had tired of Harvie merely and gone back to sea, and not until two years had passed would she marry me. We lived in Adam's house. It was so near

the little school that when I opened the window in summer-time she could hear the drone of our voices. During the weeks before you were born I kept that window open all day long, and often I went to it and waved my hand to her.

"Sometimes, when she was washing or baking, I brought you to the school. The only quarrel she and I ever had was about my teaching you the Lord's Prayer in Greek as soon as you could say father and mother. It was to be a surprise for her on your second birthday. On that day, while she was ironing, you took hold of her gown to steady yourself, and began 'Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς,' and to me, behind the door, it was music. But at ἁγιασθήτω, of which you made two syllables, you cried, and Margaret snatched you up, thinking this was some new ailment. After I had explained to her that it was the Lord's Prayer in Greek, she would let me take you to the school-house no more.

"Not much longer could I have taken you in any case, for already we are at the day when Adam Dishart came back. It was the 7th of September, and all the week most of the women in Harvie had been setting off at dawn to the harvest-fields and straggling home at nights, merry and with yellow corn in their hair. I had sat on in the school-house that day after my pupils were gone. I still meant to be a minister, and I was studying

Hebrew, and so absorbed in my book that as the daylight went, I followed it step by step as far as my window, and there I read, without knowing, until I chanced to look up, that I had left my desk. I have not opened that book since.

"From the window I saw you on the waste ground that separated the school from our home. You were coming to me on your hands and feet, and stopping now and again to look back at your mother, who was at the door, laughing and shaking her fist at you. I beckoned to you, and took the book back to my desk to lock it up. While my head was inside the desk I heard the school-house door pushed open, and thinking it was you I smiled, without looking up. Then something touched my hand, and I still thought it was you; but I looked down, and I saw Adam Dishart's black dog.

"I did not move. It looked up at me and wagged its tail. Then it drew back; I suppose, because I had no words for it. I watched it run half round the room, and stop and look at me again. Then it slunk out.

"All that time one of my hands had been holding the desk open. Now the lid fell. I put on my bonnet and went to the door. You were only a few yards away, with flowers in your fist. Margaret was laughing still. I walked round the school, and there was no dog visible. Margaret nodded to me, meaning that I should bring you

home. You thrust the flowers into my hand, but they fell. I stood there, dazed.

"I think I walked with you some way across the waste ground. Then I dropped your hand, and strode back to the school. I went down on my knees, looking for marks of a dog's paws, and I found them.

"When I came out again, your mother was no longer at our door, and you were crying because I had left you. I passed you and walked straight to the house. Margaret was skinning rushes for wicks. There must have been fear in my face, for as soon as she saw it she ran to the door to see if you were still alive. She brought you in with her, and so had strength to cry, 'What is it? Speak!'

"'Come away,' I said, 'come away,' and I was for drawing her to the door, but she pressed me into a chair. I was up again at once.

"'Margaret,' I said, 'ask no questions. Put on your bonnet, give me the boy, and let us away.'

"I could not take my eyes off the door, and she was walking to it to look out when I barred the way with my arm.

"'What have you seen?' she cried; and then, as I only pointed to her bonnet, she turned to you, and you said, 'Was it the black dog, father?'

"Gavin, then she knew; and I stood helpless and watched my wife grow old. In that moment

she lost the sprightliness I loved the more, because I had none of it myself, and the bloom went from her face, never to return.

"'He has come back,' she said.

"I told her what I had seen, and while I spoke she put on her bonnet, and I exulted, thinking — and then she took off her bonnet, and I knew she would not go away with me.

"'Margaret,' I cried, 'I am that bairn's father.'

"'Adam's my man,' she said, and at that I gave her a look for which God might have struck me dead. But instead of blaming me she put her arms round my neck.

"After that we said very little. We sat at opposite sides of the fire, waiting for him, and you played on the floor. The harvesters trooped by, and there was a fiddle; and when it stopped, long stillness, and then a step. It was not Adam. You fell asleep, and we could hear nothing but the sea. There was a harvest moon.

"Once a dog ran past the door, and we both rose. Margaret pressed her hands on her breast. Sometimes she looked furtively at me, and I knew her thoughts. To me it was only misery that had come, but to her it was shame, so that when you woke and climbed into her lap she shivered at your touch. I could not look at her after that, for there was a horror of me growing in her face.

"Ten o'clock struck, and then again there was

no sound but the sea pouring itself out on the beach. It was long after this, when to me there was still no other sound, that Margaret screamed, and you hid behind her. Then I heard it.

"'Gavin,' Margaret said to me, 'be a good man all your life.'

"It was louder now, and then it stopped. Above the wash of the sea we heard another sound—a sharp tap, tap. You said, 'I know what sound that is; it's a man knocking the ashes out of his pipe against his boot.'

"Then the dog pushed the door off the latch, and Adam lurched in. He was not drunk, but he brought the smell of drink into the room with him. He was grinning like one bringing rare news, and before she could shrink back or I could strike him he had Margaret in his arms.

"'Lord, lass,' he said, with many jovial oaths, 'to think I'm back again! There, she's swounded. What folks be women, to be sure.'

"'We thought you were dead, Adam,' she said, coming to.

"'Bless your blue eyes,' he answered gleefully; 'often I says to myself, "Meggy will be thinking I'm with the fishes," and then I chuckles.'

"'Where have you been all this time?' I demanded sternly.

"'Gavin,' he said effusively, 'your hand. And don't look so feared, man; I bear no malice for

what you've done. I heard all about it at the Cross Anchors.'

"'Where have you been these five years and a half?' I repeated.

"'Where have I no been, lad?' he replied.

"'At Harvie,' I said.

"'Right you are,' said he good-naturedly. 'Meggy, I had no intention of leaving you that day, though I was yawning myself to death in Harvie, but I sees a whaler, and I thinks, "That's a tidy boat and I'm a tidy man, and if they'll take me and the dog, off we go."'

"'You never wrote to me,' Margaret said.

"'I meant to send you some scrapes,' he answered, 'but it wasna till I changed ships that I had the chance, and then I minds, "Meggy kens I'm no hand with the pen." But I swear I often thought of you, lass; and look you here, that's better than letters, and so is that, and every penny of it is yours.'

"He flung two bags of gold upon the table, and their chink brought you out from behind your mother.

"'Hallo!' Adam cried.

"'He is mine,' I said. 'Gavin, come here.' But Margaret held you back.

"'Here's a go,' Adam muttered, and scratched his head. Then be slapped his thigh. 'Gavin,' he said, in his friendliest way, 'we'll toss for him.'

"He pulled the knife that is now in my desk from his pocket, spat on it, and flung it up. 'Dry, the kid's ours, Meggy,' he explained; 'wet, he goes to Gavin.' I clenched my fist to —— But what was the use? He caught the knife, and showed it to me.

"'Dry,' he said triumphantly; 'so he is ours, Meggy. Kiddy, catch the knife. It is yours; and, mind, you have changed dads. And now that we have settled that, Gavin, there's my hand again.'

"I went away and left them, and I never saw Margaret again until the day you brought her to Thrums. But I saw you once, a few days after Adam came back. I was in the school-house, packing my books, and you were playing on the waste ground. I asked you how your mother was, and you said, 'She's fleid to come to the door till you gang awa, and my father's buying a boat.'

"'I'm your father,' I said; but you answered confidently —

"'You're no a living man. You're just a man I dreamed about; and I promised my mother no to dream about you again.'

"'I am your father,' I repeated.

"'My father's awa buying a fishing-boat,' you insisted; 'and when I speir at my mother whaur my first father is, she says I'm havering.'

"'Gavin Ogilvy is your name,' I said. 'No,'

you answered, 'I have a new name. My mother telled me my name is aye to be Gavin Dishart now. She telled me, too, to fling awa this knife my father gave me, and I've flung it awa a lot o' times, but I aye pick it up again.'

"'Give it to me,' I said, with the wicked thoughts of a fool in my head.

"That is how your knife came into my possession. I left Harvie that night in the carrier's cart. but I had not the heart to return to college. Accident brought me here, and I thought it a fitting place in which to bury myself from Margaret."

CHAPTER XXXVII

SECOND JOURNEY OF THE DOMINIE TO THRUMS DURING THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

HERE was a nauseous draught for me. Having finished my tale, I turned to Gavin for sympathy; and, behold, he had been listening for the cannon instead of to my final words. So, like an old woman at her hearth, we warm our hands at our sorrows and drop in faggots, and each thinks his own fire a sun, in presence of which all other fires should go out. I was soured to see Gavin prove this, and then I could have laughed without mirth, for had not my bitterness proved it too?

"And now," I said, rising, "whether Margaret is to hold up her head henceforth lies no longer with me, but with you."

It was not to that he replied.

"You have suffered long, Mr. Ogilvy," he said. "Father," he added, wringing my hand. I called him son; but it was only an exchange of musty words that we had found too late. A father is a poor estate to come into at two-and-twenty.

"I should have been told of this," he said.

"Your mother did right, sir," I answered slowly, but he shook his head.

"I think you have misjudged her," he said. "Doubtless while my fa——, while Adam Dishart lived, she could only think of you with pain, but after his death ——"

"After his death," I said quietly, "I was still so horrible to her that she left Harvie without letting a soul know whither she was bound. She dreaded my following her."

"Stranger to me," he said, after a pause, "than even your story is her being able to keep it from me. I believed no thought ever crossed her mind that she did not let me share."

"And none, I am sure, ever did," I answered, "save that, and such thoughts as a woman has with God only. It was my lot to bring disgrace on her. She thought it nothing less, and she has hidden it all these years for your sake, until now it is not burdensome. I suppose she feels that God has taken the weight off her. Now you are to put a heavier burden in its place."

He faced me boldly, and I admire him for it now.

"I cannot admit," he said, "that I did wrong in forgetting my mother for that fateful quarter of an hour. Babbie and I loved each other, and I was given the opportunity of making her mine or losing her for ever. Have you forgotten that all

this tragedy you have told me of only grew out of your own indecision? I took the chance that you let slip by."

"I had not forgotten it," I replied. "What else made me tell you last night that Babbie was in Nanny's house?"

"But now you are afraid — now when the deed is done, when for me there can be no turning back. Whatever be the issue, I should be a cur to return to Thrums without my wife. Every minute I feel my strength returning, and before you reach Thrums I will have set out to the Spittal."

There was nothing to say after that. He came with me in the rain as far as the dyke, warning me against telling his people what was not true.

"My first part," I answered, "will be to send word to your mother that you are in safety. After that I must see Whamond. Much depends on him."

"You will not go to my mother?"

"Not so long as she has a roof over her head," I said, "but that may not be for long."

So, I think, we parted — each soon to forget the other in a woman.

But I had not gone far when I heard something that stopped me as sharply as if it had been McKenzie's hand once more on my shoulder. For a second the noise appalled me, and then, before the echo began, I knew it must be the Spittal cannon.

My only thought was one of thankfulness. Now Gavin must see the wisdom of my reasoning. I would wait for him until he was able to come with me to Thrums. I turned back, and in my haste I ran through water I had gone round before.

I was too late. He was gone, and into the rain. I shouted his name in vain; that he had started for the Spittal there could be no doubt, that he would ever reach it was less certain. The earl's collie was still crouching by the fire, and, thinking it might be a guide to him, I drove the brute to the door, and chased it in the direction he probably had taken. Not until it had run from me did I resume my own journey. I do not need to be told that you who read would follow Gavin now rather than me; but you must bear with the dominie for a little while yet, as I see no other way of making things clear.

In some ways I was not ill-equipped for my attempt. I do not know any one of our hillsides as it is known to the shepherd, to whom every rabbit-hole and glimmer of mica is a landmark; but he, like his flock, has only to cross a dyke to find himself in a strange land, while I have been everywhere in the glen.

In the foreground the rain slanted, transparent till it reached the ground, where a mist seemed to blow it along as wind ruffles grass. In the distance all was a driving mist. I have been out for per-

haps an hour in rains as wetting, and I have watched floods from my window, but never since have I known the fifth part of a season's rainfall in eighteen hours; and if there should be the like here again, we shall be found better prepared for it. Men have been lost in the glen in mists so thick that they could plunge their fingers out of sight in it as into a meal girnel; but this mist never came within twenty yards of me. I was surrounded by it, however, as if I was in a round tent; and out of this tent I could not walk, for it advanced with me. On the other side of this screen were horrible noises, at whose cause I could only guess, save now and again when a tongue of water was shot at my feet, or great stones came crashing through the canvas of mist. Then I ran wherever safety prompted, and thus tangled my bearings, until I was like that one in the child's game who is blindfolded and turned round three times that he may not know east from west.

Once I stumbled over a dead sheep and a living lamb; and in a clump of trees which puzzled me — for they were where I thought no trees should be — a wood-pigeon flew to me, but struck my breast with such force that I picked it up dead. I saw no other living thing, though half a dozen times I must have passed within cry of farmhouses. At one time I was in a corn-field, where I had to lift my hands to keep them out of water, and a dread

filled me that I had wandered in a circle, and was still on Waster Lunny's land. I plucked some corn and held it to my eyes to see if it was green; but it was yellow, and so I knew that at last I was out of the glen.

People up here will complain if I do not tell how I found the farmer of Green Brae's fifty pounds. It is one of the best-remembered incidents of the flood, and happened shortly after I got out of the corn-field. A house rose suddenly before me, and I was hastening to it when as suddenly three of its walls fell. Before my mind could give a meaning to what my eyes told it, the water that had brought down the house had lifted me off my feet and flung me among waves. That would have been the last of the dominie had I not struck against a chest, then halfway on its voyage to the sea. I think the lid gave way under me; but that is surmise, for from the time the house fell till I was on the river in a kist that was like to be my coffin, is almost a blank. After what may have been but a short journey, though I had time in it to say my prayers twice, we stopped, jammed among fallen trees; and seeing a bank within reach, I tried to creep up it. In this there would have been little difficulty had not the contents of the kist caught in my feet and held on to them, like living things afraid of being left behind. I let down my hands to disentangle my feet, but

failed; and then, grown desperate, I succeeded in reaching firm ground, dragging I knew not what after me. It proved to be a pillow-slip. Green Brae still shudders when I tell him that my first impulse was to leave the pillow-slip unopened. However, I ripped it up, for to undo the wet strings that had ravelled round my feet would have wearied even a man with a needle to pick open the knots; and among broken gimlets, the head of a grape, and other things no beggar would have stolen, I found a tin canister containing fifty pounds. Waster Lunny says that this should have made a religious man of Green Brae, and it did to this extent, that he called the fall of the cottar's house providential. Otherwise the cottar, at whose expense it may be said the money was found, remains the more religious man of the two.

At last I came to the Kelpie's Brig, and I could have wept in joy (and might have been better employed), when, like everything I saw on that journey, it broke suddenly through the mist, and seemed to run at me like a living monster. Next moment I ran back, for as I stepped upon the bridge I saw that I had been about to walk into the air. What was left of the Kelpie's Brig ended in mid-stream. Instead of thanking God for the light without which I should have gone abruptly to my death, I sat down, miserable and hopeless.

Presently I was up, and trudging to the Loups

of Malcolm. At the Loups the river runs narrow and deep between cliffs, and the spot is so called because one Malcolm jumped across it when pursued by wolves. Next day he returned boastfully to look at his jump, and gazing at it turned dizzy and fell into the river. Since that time chains have been hung across the Loups, to reduce the distance between the farms of Carwhimple and Keep-What-You-Can from a mile to a hundred yards. You must cross the chains on your breast. They were suspended there by Rob Angus, who was also the first to breast them.

But I never was a Rob Angus. When my pupils practise what they call the high jump, two small boys hold a string aloft, and the bigger ones run at it gallantly until they reach it, when they stop meekly and creep beneath. They will repeat this twenty times, and yet never, when they start for the string, seem to know where their courage will fail. Nay, they will even order the small boys to hold the string higher. I have smiled at this, but it was the same courage while the difficulty is far off that took me to the Loups. At sight of them I turned away.

I prayed to God for a little of the mettle of other men, and He heard me, for with my eyes shut I seemed to see Margaret beckoning from across the abyss as if she had need of me. Then I rose calmly and tested the chains, and crossed them on my

breast. Many have done it with the same danger, at which they laugh, but without that vision I should have held back.

I was now across the river, and so had left the chance of drowning behind, but I was farther from Thrums than when I left the school-house, and this countryside was almost unknown to me. The mist had begun to clear, so that I no longer wandered into fields; but though I kept to the roads, I could not tell that they led toward Thrums, and in my exhaustion I had often to stand still. Then to make a new start in the mud was like pulling stakes out of the ground. So long as the rain faced me I thought I could not be straying far; but after an hour I lost this guide, for a wind rose that blew it in all directions.

In another hour, when I should have been drawing near Thrums, I found myself in a wood, and here I think my distress was greatest; nor is this to be marvelled at, for instead of being near Thrums, I was listening to the monotonous roar of the sea. I was too spent to reason, but I knew that I must have travelled direct east, and must be close to the German Ocean. I remember putting my back against a tree and shutting my eyes, and listening to the lash of the waves against the beach, and hearing the faint toll of a bell, and wondering listlessly on what lighthouse it was ringing. Doubtless I would have lain down to sleep for

ever had I not heard another sound near at hand. It was the knock of a hammer on wood, and might have been a fisherman mending his boat. The instinct of self-preservation carried me to it, and presently I was at a little house. A man was standing in the rain, hammering new hinges to the door; and though I did not recognise him, I saw with bewilderment that the woman at his side was Nanny.

"It's the dominie," she cried, and her brother added —

"Losh, sir, you hinna the look o' a living man."

"Nanny," I said, in perplexity, "what are you doing here?"

"Whaur else should I be?" she asked.

I pressed my hands over my eyes, crying, "Where am I?"

Nanny shrank from me, but Sanders said, "Has the rain driven you gyte man? You're in Thrums."

"But the sea," I said, distrusting him. "I hear it. Listen!"

"That's the wind in Windyghoul," Sanders answered, looking at me queerly. "Come awa into the house."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THRUMS DURING THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS—DEFENCE OF THE MANSE

HARDLY had I crossed the threshold of the mud house when such a sickness came over me that I could not have looked up, though Nanny's voice had suddenly changed to Margaret's. Vaguely I knew that Nanny had put the kettle on the fire—a woman's first thought when there is illness in the house—and as I sat with my hands over my face I heard the water dripping from my clothes to the floor.

"Why is that bell ringing?" I asked at last, ignoring all questions and speaking through my fingers. An artist, I suppose, could paint all expression out of a human face. The sickness was having that effect on my voice.

"It's the Auld Licht bell," Sanders said; "and it's almost as fearsome to listen to as last nicht's rain. I wish I kent what they're ringing it for."

"Wish no sic things," said Nanny nervously. "There's things it's best to put off kenning as lang as we can."

"It's that ill-cleakit witch, Effie McBean, that

makes Nanny speak so doleful," Sanders told me. "There was to be a prayer-meeting last nicht, but Mr. Dishart never came to 't, though they rang till they wraxed their arms; and now Effie says it'll ring on by itsel' till he's brocht hame a corp. The hellicat says the rain's a dispensation to drown him in for neglect o' duty. Sal, I would think little o' the Lord if He needed to create a new sea to drown one man in. Nanny, you cuttie, that's no swearing; I defy you to find a single lonely oath in what I've said."

"Never mind Effie McBean," I interposed. "What are the congregation saying about the minister's absence?"

"We ken little except what Effie telled us," Nanny answered. "I was at Tilliedrum yestreen, meeting Sanders as he got out o' the gaol, and that awfu on-ding began when we was on the Bellies Braes. We focht our way through it, but not a soul did we meet; and wha would gang out the day that can bide at hame? Ay, but Effie says it's kent in Thrums that Mr. Dishart has run off wi' —wi' an Egyptian."

"You're waur than her, Nanny," Sanders said roughly, "for you hae twa reasons for kenning better. In the first place, has Mr. Dishart no keeped you in siller a' the time I was awa? and for another, have I no been at the manse?"

My head rose now.

"He gaed to the manse," Nanny explained, "to thank Mr. Dishart for being so good to me. Ay, but Jean wouldna let him in. I'm thinking that looks gey grey."

"Whatever was her reason," Sanders admitted, "Jean wouldna open the door; but I keeked in at the parlour window, and saw Mrs. Dishart in't looking very cosy-like and lauching; and do you think I would hae seen that if ill had come ower the minister?"

"Not if Margaret knew of it," I said to myself, and wondered at Whamond's forbearance.

"She had a skein o' worsted stretched out on her hands," Sanders continued, "and a young leddy was winding it. I didna see her richt, but she wasna a Thrums leddy."

"Effie McBean says she's his intended, come to call him to account," Nanny said; but I hardly listened, for I saw that I must hurry to Tammas Whamond's. Nanny followed me to the gate with her gown pulled over her head, and said excitedly—

"Oh, dominie, I warrant it's true. It'll be Babbie. Sanders doesna suspect, because I've telled him nothing about her. Oh, what's to be done? They were baith so good to me."

I could only tell her to keep what she knew to herself.

"Has Rob Dow come back?" I called out after I had started.

"Whaur frae?" she replied; and then I remembered that all these things had happened while Nanny was at Tilliedrum. In this life some of the seven ages are spread over two decades, and others pass as quickly as a stage play. Though a fifth of a season's rain had fallen in a night and a day, it had scarcely kept pace with Gavin.

I hurried to the town by the Roods. That brae was as deserted as the country roads, except where children had escaped from their mothers to wade in it. Here and there dams were keeping the water away from one door to send it with greater volume to another, and at points the ground had fallen in. But this I noticed without interest. I did not even realise that I was holding my head painfully to the side where it had been blown by the wind and glued by the rain. I have never held my head straight since that journey.

Only a few looms were going, their peddles in water. I was addressed from several doors and windows; once by Charles Yuill.

"Dinna pretend," he said, "that you've walked in frae the school-house alane. The rain chased me into this house yestreen, and here it has keeped me, though I bide no further awa than Tillyloss."

"Charles," I said in a low voice, "why is the Auld Licht bell ringing?"

"Hae you no heard about Mr. Dishart?" he asked. "Oh, man! that's Lang Tammas in the

kirk by himsel', tearing at the bell to bring the folk thegither to depose the minister."

Instead of going to Whamond's house in the school wynd I hastened down the Banker's close to the kirk, and had almost to turn back, so choked was the close with floating refuse. I could see the bell swaying, but the kirk was locked, and I battered on the door to no purpose. Then, remembering that Hendry Munn lived in Coutt's trance, I set off for his house. He saw me crossing the square, but would not open his door until I was close to it.

"When I open," he cried, "squeeze through quick;" but though I did his bidding, a rush of water darted in before me. Hendry re-closed the door by flinging himself against it.

"When I saw you crossing the square," he said, "it was surprise enough to cure the hiccup."

"Hendry," I replied instantly, "why is the Auld Licht bell ringing?"

He put his finger to his lip. "I see," he said imperturbably, "you've met our folk in the glen and heard frae them about the minister."

"What folk?"

"Mair than half the congregation," he replied, "started for Glen Quharity twa hours syne to help the farmers. You didna see them?"

"No; they must have been on the other side of the river." Again that question forced my lips, "Why is the bell ringing?"

"Canny, dominie," he said, "till we're up the stair. Mysy Moncur's lug's at her key-hole listening to you."

"You lie, Hendry Munn," cried an invisible woman. The voice became more plaintive: "I ken a heap, Hendry, so you may as well tell me a'."

"Lick away at the bone you hae," the shoemaker replied heartlessly, and conducted me to his room up one of the few inside stairs then in Thrums. Hendry's oldest furniture was five boxes, fixed to the wall at such a height that children could climb into them from a high stool. In these his bairns slept, and so space was economised. I could never laugh at the arrangement, as I knew that Betty had planned it on her death-bed for her man's sake. Five little heads bobbed up in their beds as I entered, but more vexing to me was Wearyworld on a stool.

"In by, dominie," he said sociably. "Sal, you needna fear burning wi' a' that water on you. You're in mair danger o' coming a-boil."

"I want to speak to you alone, Hendry," I said bluntly.

"You winna put me out, Hendry?" the alarmed policeman entreated. "Mind, you said in sic weather you would be friendly to a brute beast. Ay, ay, dominie, what's your news? It's welcome, be it good or bad. You would meet the townsfolk

in the glen, and they would tell you about Mr. Dishart. What, you hinna heard? Oh, sirs, he's a lost man. There would hae been a meeting the day to depose him if so many hadna gaen to the glen. But the morn'll do as weel. The very women is cursing him, and the laddies has begun to gather stanes. He's married on an Egyp——"

"Hendry!" I cried, like one giving an order.

"Wearyworld, step!" said Hendry sternly, and then added soft-heartedly, "Here's a bit news that'll open Mysy Moncur's door to you. You can tell her frae me that the bell's ringing just because I forgot to tie it up last nicht, and the wind's shaking it, and I winna gang out in the rain to stop it."

"Ay," the policeman said, looking at me sulkily, "she may open her door for that, but it'll no let me in. Tell me mair. Tell me wha the leddy at manse is."

"Out you go," answered Hendry. "Once she opens the door, you can shove your foot in, and syne she's in your power." He pushed Wearyworld out, and came back to me, saying, "It was best to tell him the truth, to keep him frae making up lies."

"But is it the truth? I was told Lang Tammas——"

"Ay, I ken that story; but Tammas has other work on hand."

"Then tie up the bell at once, Hendry," I urged.

"I canna," he answered gravely. "Tammas took the keys o' the kirk frae me yestreen, and winna gie them up. He says the bell's being rung by the hand o' God."

"Has he been at the manse? Does Mrs. Dishart know——?"

"He's been at the manse twa or three times, but Jean barred him out. She'll let nobody in till the minister comes back, and so the mistress kens nothing. But what's the use o' keeping it frae her ony langer?"

"Every use," I said.

"None," answered Hendry sadly. "Dominie, the minister was married to the Egyptian on the hill last nicht, and Tammas was witness. Not only were they married, but they've ran aff thegither."

"You are wrong, Hendry," I assured him, telling as much as I dared. "I left Mr. Dishart in my house."

"What! But if that is so, how did he no come back wi' you?"

"Because he was nearly drowned in the flood."

"She'll be wi' him?"

"He was alone."

Hendry's face lit up dimly with joy, and then he shook his head. "Tammas was witness," he said. "Can you deny the marriage?"

"All I ask of you," I answered guardedly, "is to suspend judgment until the minister returns."

"There can be nothing done, at ony rate," he said, "till the folk themsel's come back frae the glen; and I needna tell you how glad we would a' be to be as fond o' him as ever. But Tammas was witness."

"Have pity on his mother, man."

"We've done the best for her we could," he replied. "We prigged wi' Tammas no to gang to the manse till he was sure the minister was living. 'For if he has been drowned,' we said, 'his mother need never ken what we were thinking o' doing.' Ay, and we are sorry for the young leddy, too."

"What young lady is this you all talk of?" I asked.

"She's his intended. Ay, you needna start. She has come a' the road frae Glasgow to challenge him about the gypsy. The pitiful thing is that Mrs. Dishart lauched awa her fears, and now they're baith waiting for his return, as happy as ignorance can make them."

"There is no such lady," I said.

"But there is," he answered, doggedly, "for she came in a machine late last nicht, and I was ane o' a dozen that baith heard and saw it through my window. It stopped at the manse near half an hour. What's mair, the lady hersel' was at

Sam'l Farquharson's in the Tenements the day for twa hours."

I listened in bewilderment and fear.

"Sam'l's bairn's down wi' scarlet fever and like to die, and him being a widow-man he has gone useless. You mauna blame the wives in the Tenements for hauding back. They're fleid to smit their ain litlins; and as it happens, Sam'l's friends is a' aff to the glen. Weel, he ran greeting to the manse for Mr. Dishart, and the lady heard him crying to Jean through the door, and what does she do but gang straucht to the Tenements wi' Sam'l. Her goodness has naturally put the folk on her side against the minister."

"This does not prove her his intended," I broke in.

"She was heard saying to Sam'l," answered the kirk-officer, "that the minister being awa, it was her duty to take his place. Yes, and though she little kent it, he was already married."

"Hendry," I said, rising, "I must see this lady at once. Is she still at Farquharson's house?"

"She may be back again by this time. Tammas set off for Sam'l's as soon as he heard she was there, but he just missed her. I left him there an hour syne. He was waiting for her, determined to tell her all."

I set off for the Tenements at once, declining Hendry's company. The wind had fallen, so that

the bell no longer rang, but the rain was falling doggedly. The streets were still deserted. I pushed open the precentor's door in the school wynd, but there was no one in the house. Tibbie Birse saw me, and shouted from her door —

"Hae you heard o' Mr. Dishart? He'll never daur show face in Thrums again."

Without giving her a word I hastened to the Tenements.

"The leddy's no here," Sam'l Farquharson told me, "and Tammas is back at the manse again, trying to force his way in."

From Sam'l, too, I turned, with no more than a groan; but he cried after me, "Perdition on the man that has played that leddy false."

Had Margaret been at her window she must have seen me, so recklessly did I hurry up the minister's road, with nothing in me but a passion to take Whamond by the throat. He was not in the garden. The kitchen door was open. Jean was standing at it with her apron to her eyes.

"Tammas Whamond?" I demanded, and my face completed the question.

"You're ower late," she wailed. "He's wi' her. Oh, dominie, whaur's the minister?"

"You base woman!" I cried, "why did you unbar the door?"

"It was the mistress," she answered. "She heard him shaking it, and I had to tell her wha it

was. Dominie, it's a' my wite! He tried to get in last nicht, and roared threats through the door, and after he had gone awa she speired wha I had been speaking to. I had to tell her, but I said he had come to let her ken that the minister was taking shelter frae the rain in a farmhouse. Ay, I said he was to bide there till the flood gaed down, and that's how she has been easy a' day. I acted for the best, but I'm sair punished now; for when she heard Tammas at the door twa or three minutes syne, she ordered me to let him in, so that she could thank him for bringing the news last nicht, despite the rain. They're in the parlour. Oh, dominie, gang in and stop his mouth."

This was hard. I dared not go to the parlour. Margaret might have died at sight of me. I turned my face from Jean.

"Jean," said someone, opening the inner kitchen door, "why did you ——?"

She stopped, and that was what turned me round. As she spoke I thought it was the young lady; when I looked I saw it was Babbie, though no longer in a gypsy's dress. Then I knew that the young lady and Babbie were one.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW BABBIE SPENT THE NIGHT OF AUGUST FOURTH

How had the Egyptian been spirited here from the Spittal? I did not ask the question. To interest myself in Babbie at that dire hour of Margaret's life would have been as impossible to me as to sit down to a book. To others, however, it is only an old woman on whom the parlour door of the manse has closed, only a garrulous dominie that is in pain outside it. Your eyes are on the young wife.

When Babbie was plucked off the hill, she thought as little as Gavin that her captor was Rob Dow. Close as he was to her, he was but a shadow until she screamed the second time, when he pressed her to the ground and tied his neckerchief over her mouth. Then, in the moment that power of utterance was taken from her, she saw the face that had startled her at Nanny's window. Half-carried, she was borne forward rapidly, until someone seemed to rise out of the broom and strike them both. They had only run against the doctor's trap; and huddling her into it, Dow jumped up beside her.

He tied her hands together with a cord. For a time the horse feared the darkness in front more than the lash behind; but when the rains became terrific, it rushed ahead wildly — probably with its eyes shut.

In three minutes Babbie went through all the degrees of fear. In the first she thought Lord Rintoul had kidnapped her; but no sooner had her captor resolved himself into Dow, drunk with the events of the day and night, than in the earl's hands would have lain safety. Next, Dow was forgotten in the dread of a sudden death which he must share. And lastly, the rain seemed to be driving all other horrors back, that it might have her for its own. Her perils increased to the unbearable as quickly as an iron in the fire passes through the various stages between warmth and white heat. Then she had to do something; and as she could not cry out, she flung herself from the dog-cart. She fell heavily in Caddam Wood, but the rain would not let her lie there stunned. It beat her back to consciousness, and she sat up on her knees and listened breathlessly, staring in the direction the trap had taken, as if her eyes could help her ears.

All night, I have said, the rain poured, but those charges only rode down the deluge at intervals, as now and again one wave greater than the others stalks over the sea. In the first lull it appeared to

Babbie that the storm had swept by, leaving her to Dow. Now she heard the rubbing of the branches, and felt the torn leaves falling on her gown. She rose to feel her way out of the wood with her bound hands, then sank in terror, for someone had called her name. Next moment she was up again, for the voice was Gavin's, who was hurrying after her, as he thought, down Windyghoul. He was no farther away than a whisper might have carried on a still night, but she dared not pursue him, for already Dow was coming back. She could not see him, but she heard the horse whinny and the rocking of the dog-cart. Dow was now at the brute's head, and probably it tried to bite him, for he struck it, crying —

"Would you? Stand still till I find her. I heard her move this minute."

Babbie crouched upon a big stone, and sat motionless while he groped for her. Her breathing might have been tied now, as well as her mouth. She heard him feeling for her, first with his feet and then with his hands, and swearing when his head struck against a tree.

"I ken you're within hearing," he muttered, "and I'll hae you yet. I have a gully-knife in my hand. Listen!"

He severed a whin stalk with the knife, and Babbie seemed to see the gleam of the blade.

"What do I mean by wanting to kill you?" he

said, as if she had asked the question. "Do you no ken wha said to me, 'Kill this woman'? It was the Lord. 'I winna kill her,' I said, 'but I'll cart her out o' the country.' 'Kill her,' says He; 'why encumbereth she the ground?'"

He resumed his search, but with new tactics. "I see you now," he would cry, and rush forward, perhaps within a yard of her. Then she must have screamed had she had the power. When he tied that neckerchief round her mouth he prolonged her life.

Then came the second hurricane of rain, so appalling that had Babbie's hands been free she would have pressed them to her ears. For a full minute she forgot Dow's presence. A living thing touched her face. The horse had found her. She recoiled from it, but its frightened head pressed heavily on her shoulder. She rose and tried to steal away, but the brute followed, and as the rain suddenly exhausted itself she heard the dragging of the dog-cart. She had to halt.

Again she heard Dow's voice. Perhaps he had been speaking throughout the roar of the rain. If so, it must have made him deaf to his own words. He groped for the horse's head, and presently his hand touched Babbie's dress, then jumped from it, so suddenly had he found her. No sound escaped him, and she was beginning to think it possible that he had mistaken her for a bush, when his hand

went over her face. He was making sure of his discovery.

"The Lord has delivered you into my hands," he said in a low voice, with some awe in it. Then he pulled her to the ground, and, sitting down beside her, rocked himself backwards and forwards, his hands round his knees. She would have bartered the world for power to speak to him.

"He wouldna hear o' my just carting you to some other countryside," he said confidentially. "'The devil would just blaw her back again,' says He, 'therefore kill her.' 'And if I kill her,' I says, 'they'll hang me.' 'You can hang yoursel',' says He. 'What wi'?' I speirs. 'Wi' the reins o' the dog-cart,' says He. 'They would break,' says I. 'Weel, weel,' says He, 'though they do hang you, nobody'll miss you.' 'That's true,' says I, 'and You are a just God.'"

He stood up and confronted her.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, "hae ye onything to say why sentence of death shouldna be pronounced against you? She doesna answer. She kens death is her deserts."

By this time he had forgotten probably why his victim was dumb.

"Prisoner at the bar, hand back to me the soul o' Gavin Dishart. You winna? Did the devil, your master, summon you to him and say, 'Either that noble man or me maun leave Thrums?' He

did. And did you, or did you no, drag that minister, when under your spell, to the hill, and there marry him ower the tongs? You did. Witnesses, Rob Dow and Tammas Whamond."

She was moving from him on her knees, meaning when out of arm's reach to make a dash for life.

"Sit down," he grumbled, "or how can you expect a fair trial? Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of witchcraft."

For the first time his voice faltered.

"That's the difficulty, for witches canna die, except by burning or drowning. There's no blood in you for my knife, and your neck wouldna twist. Your master has brocht the rain to put out a' the fires, and we'll hae to wait till it runs into a pool deep enough to drown you.

"I wonder at You, God. Do You believe her master'll mak' the pool for her? He'll rather stop his rain. Mr. Dishart said You was mair powerful than the devil, but it doesna look like it. If You had the power, how did You no stop this woman working her will on the minister? You kent what she was doing, for You ken a' things. Mr. Dishart says You ken a' things. If You do, the mair shame to You. Would a shepherd, that could help it, let dogs worry his sheep? Kill her! It's fine to cry 'Kill her,' but whaur's the bonfire, whaur's the pool? You that made the heaven and

the earth and all that in them is, can You no set fire to some wet whins, or change this stane into a mill-dam?"

He struck the stone with his fist, and then gave a cry of exultation. He raised the great slab in his arms and flung it from him. In that moment Babbie might have run away, but she fainted. Almost simultaneously with Dow she knew this was the stone which covered the Caddam well. When she came to, Dow was speaking, and his voice had become solemn.

"You said your master was mair powerful than mine, and I said it too, and all the time you was sitting here wi' the very pool aneath you that I have been praying for. Listen!"

He dropped a stone into the well, and she heard it strike the water.

"What are you shaking at?" he said in reproof. "Was it no yoursel' that chose the spot? Lassie, say your prayers. Are you saying them?"

He put his hand over her face, to feel if her lips were moving, and tore off the neckerchief.

And then again the rain came between them. In that rain one could not think. Babbie did not know that she had bitten through the string that tied her hands. She planned no escape. But she flung herself at the place where Dow had been standing. He was no longer there, and she fell heavily, and was on her feet again in an instant

and running recklessly. Trees intercepted her, and she thought they were Dow, and wrestled with them. By-and-by she fell into Windyghoul, and there she crouched until all her senses were restored to her, when she remembered that she had been married lately.

How long Dow was in discovering that she had escaped, and whether he searched for her, no one knows. After a time he jumped into the dog-cart again, and drove aimlessly through the rain. That wild journey probably lasted two hours, and came to an abrupt end only when a tree fell upon the trap. The horse galloped off, but one of Dow's legs was beneath the tree, and there he had to lie helpless; for though the leg was little injured, he could not extricate himself. A night and day passed, and he believed that he must die; but even in this plight he did not forget the man he loved. He found a piece of slate, and in the darkness cut these words on it with his knife:—

"Me being about to die, I solemnly swear I didna see the minister marrying an Egyptian on the hill this nicht. May I burn in Hell if this is no true. (Signed) "Rob Dow."

This document he put in his pocket, and so preserved proof of what he was perjuring himself to deny.

CHAPTER XL

BABBIE AND MARGARET—DEFENCE OF THE MANSE CONTINUED

THE Egyptian was mournful in Windyghoul, up which she had once danced and sung; but you must not think that she still feared Dow. I felt McKenzie's clutch on my arm for hours after he left me, but she was far braver than I; indeed, dangers at which I should have shut my eyes only made hers gleam, and I suppose it was sheer love of them that first made her play the coquette with Gavin. If she cried now, it was not for herself; it was because she thought she had destroyed him. Could I have gone to her then, and said that Gavin wanted to blot out the gypsy wedding, that throbbing little breast would have frozen at once, and the drooping head would have been proud again, and she would have gone away for ever without another tear.

What do I say? I am doing a wrong to the love these two bore each other. Babbie would not have taken so base a message from my lips. He would have had to say the words to her himself

before she believed them his. What would he want her to do now? was the only question she asked herself. To follow him was useless, for in that rain and darkness two people might have searched for each other all night in a single field. That he would go to the Spittal, thinking her in Rintoul's dog-cart, she did not doubt; and his distress was painful to her to think of. But not knowing that the burns were in flood, she under-estimated his danger.

Remembering that the mud house was near, she groped her way to it, meaning to pass the night there; but at the gate she turned away hastily, hearing from the door the voice of a man she did not know to be Nanny's brother. She wandered recklessly a short distance, until the rain began to threaten again, and then, falling on her knees in the broom, she prayed to God for guidance. When she rose, she set off for the manse.

The rain that followed the flash of lightning had brought Margaret to the kitchen.

"Jean, did you ever hear such a rain? It is trying to break into the manse."

"I canna hear you, ma'am; is it the rain you're feared at?"

"What else could it be?"

Jean did not answer.

"I hope the minister won't leave the church, Jean, till this is over?"

"Nobody would daur, ma'am. The rain'll turn the key on them all."

Jean forced out these words with difficulty, for she knew that the church had been empty, and the door locked for over an hour.

"This rain has come as if in answer to the minister's prayer, Jean."

"It wasna rain like this they wanted."

"Jean, you would not attempt to guide the Lord's hand. The minister will have to reprove the people for thinking too much of him again, for they will say that he induced God to send the rain. To-night's meeting will be remembered long in Thrums."

Jean shuddered, and said, "It's mair like an ordinary rain now, ma'am."

"But it has put out your fire, and I wanted another heater. Perhaps the one I have is hot enough, though."

Margaret returned to the parlour, and from the kitchen Jean could hear the heater tilted backward and forward in the box-iron — a pleasant, homely sound when there is happiness in the house. Soon she heard a step outside, however, and it was followed by a rough shaking of the barred door.

"Is it you, Mr. Dishart?" Jean asked nervously.

"It's me, Tammas Whamond," the precentor answered. "Unbar the door."

"What do you want? Speak low."

"I winna speak low. Let me in. I have news for the minister's mother."

"What news?" demanded Jean.

"Jean Proctor, as chief elder of the kirk I order you to let me do my duty."

"Whaur's the minister?"

"He's a minister no longer. He's married a gypsy woman and run awa wi' her."

"You lie, Tammas Whamond. I believe——"

"Your belief's of no consequence. Open the door, and let me in to tell your mistress what I hae seen."

"She'll hear it first frae his ain lips if she hears it ava. I winna open the door."

"Then I'll burst it open."

Whamond flung himself at the door, and Jean, her fingers rigid with fear, stood waiting for its fall. But the rain came to her rescue by lashing the precentor until even he was forced to run from it.

"I'll be back again," he cried. "Woe to you, Jean Proctor, that hae denied your God this nicht."

"Who was that speaking to you, Jean?" asked Margaret, re-entering the kitchen. Until the rain abated, Jean did not attempt to answer.

"I thought it was the precentor's voice," Margaret said.

Jean was a poor hand at lying, and she stuttered in her answer.

"There is nothing wrong, is there?" cried Margaret, in sudden fright. "My son ——"

"Nothing, nothing."

The words jumped from Jean to save Margaret from falling. Now she could not take them back. "I winna believe it o' him," said Jean to herself. "Let them say what they will, I'll be true to him; and when he comes back he'll find her as he left her."

"It was Lang Tammas," she answered his mistress; "but he just came to say that ——"

"Quick, Jean! what?"

"—— Mr. Dishart has been called to a sick-bed in the country, ma'am — to the farm o' Look-About-You; and as it's sic a rain, he's to bide there a' nicht."

"And Whamond came through that rain to tell me this? How good of him. Was there any other message?"

"Just that the minister hoped you would go straight to your bed, ma'am," said Jean, thinking to herself, "There can be no great sin in giving her one mair happy nicht; it may be her last."

The two women talked for a short time, and then read verse about in the parlour from the third chapter of Mark.

"This is the first night we have been left alone in the manse," Margaret said, as she was retiring to her bedroom, "and we must not grudge the

minister to those who have sore need of him. I notice that you have barred the doors."

"Ay, they're barred. Nobody can win in the nicht."

"Nobody will want in, Jean," Margaret said, smiling.

"I dinna ken about that," answered Jean below her breath. "Ay, ma'am, may you sleep for baith o' us this nicht, for I daurna gang to my bed."

Jean was both right and wrong, for two persons wanted in within the next half-hour, and she opened the door to both of them. The first to come was Babbie.

So long as women sit up of nights listening for a footstep, will they flatten their faces at the window, though all without be black. Jean had not been back in the kitchen for two minutes before she raised the blind. Her eyes were close to the glass, when she saw another face almost meet hers, as you may touch your reflection in a mirror. But this face was not her own. It was white and sad. Jean suppressed a cry, and let the blind fall, as if shutting the lid on some uncanny thing.

"Won't you let me in?" said a voice that might have been only the sob of a rain-beaten wind; "I am nearly drowned."

Jean stood like death; but her suppliant would not pass on.

"You are not afraid?" the voice continued;

"raise the blind again, and you will see that no one need fear me."

At this request Jean's hands sought each other's company behind her back.

"Wha are you?" she asked, without stirring. "Are you — the woman?"

"Yes."

"Whaur's the minister?"

The rain again became wild, but this time it only tore by the manse as if to a conflict beyond.

"Are you aye there? I daurna let you in till I'm sure the mistress is bedded. Gang round to the front, and see if there's ony licht burning in the high west window."

"There was a light," the voice said presently, "but it was turned out as I looked."

"Then I'll let you in, and God kens I mean no wrang by it."

Babbie entered shivering, and Jean re-barred the door. Then she looked long at the woman whom her master loved. Babbie was on her knees at the hearth, holding out her hands to the dead fire.

"What a pity it's a fause face."

"Do I look so false?"

"Is it true? You're no married to him?"

"Yes, it is true."

"And yet you look as if you was fond o' him. If you cared for him, how could you do it?"

"That was why I did it."

"And him could hae had wha he liked."

"I gave up Lord Rintoul for him."

"What? Na, na; you're the Egyptian."

"You judge me by my dress."

"And soaking it is. How you're shivering—what neat fingers—what bonny little feet. I could near believe what you tell me. Aff wi' these rags, and I'll gie you on my black frock, if—if you promise me no to gang awa wi't."

So Babbie put on some clothes of Jean's, including the black frock, and stockings and shoes.

"Mr. Dishart cannot be back, Jean," she said, "before morning, and I don't want his mother to see me till he comes."

"I wouldna let you near her the nicht, though you gaed on your knees to me. But whaur is he?"

Babbie explained why Gavin had set off for the Spittal; but Jean shook her head incredulously, saying, "I canna believe you're that grand leddy, and yet ilka time I look at you I could near believe it."

In another minute Jean had something else to think of, for there came a loud rap upon the front door.

"It's Tammas Whamond back again," she moaned; "and if the mistress hears, she'll tell me to let him in."

"You shall open to me," cried a hoarse voice.

"That's no Tammas's word," Jean said in bewilderment.

"It is Lord Rintoul," Babbie whispered.

"What? Then it's truth you telled me."

The knocking continued; a door upstairs opened, and Margaret spoke over the banisters.

"Have you gone to bed, Jean? Someone is knocking at the door, and a minute ago I thought I heard a carriage stop close by. Perhaps the farmer has driven Mr. Dishart home."

"I'm putting on my things, ma'am," Jean answered; then whispered to Babbie, "What's to be done?"

"He won't go away," Babbie answered. "You will have to let him into the parlour, Jean. Can she see the door from up there?"

"No; but though he was in the parlour?"

"I shall go to him there."

"Make haste, Jean," Margaret called. "If it is any persons wanting shelter, we must give it them on such a night."

"A minute, ma'am," Jean answered. To Babbie she whispered, "What shall I say to her?"

"I — I don't know," answered Babbie ruefully. "Think of something, Jean. But open the door now. Stop, let me into the parlour first."

The two women stole into the parlour.

"Tell me what will be the result o' his coming here," entreated Jean.

"The result," Babbie said firmly, "will be that he shall go away and leave me here."

Margaret heard Jean open the front door and speak to some person or persons whom she showed into the parlour.

CHAPTER XLI

RINTOUL AND BABBIE—BREAK-DOWN OF THE DEFENCE OF THE MANSE

"You dare to look me in the face!"

They were Rintoul's words. Yet Babbie had only ventured to look up because he was so long in speaking. His voice was low, but harsh, like a wheel on which the brake is pressed sharply.

"It seems to be more than the man is capable of," he added sourly.

"Do you think," Babbie exclaimed, taking fire, "that he is afraid of you?"

"So it seems; but I will drag him into the light, wherever he is skulking."

Lord Rintoul strode to the door, and the brake was off his tongue already.

"Go," said Babbie coldly, "and shout and stamp through the house; you may succeed in frightening the women, who are the only persons in it."

"Where is he?"

"He has gone to the Spittal to see you."

"He knew I was on the hill."

"He lost me in the darkness, and thought you had run away with me in your trap."

"Ha! So he is off to the Spittal to ask me to give you back to him."

"To compel you," corrected Babbie.

"Pooh!" said the earl nervously, "that was but mummery on the hill."

"It was a marriage."

"With gypsies for witnesses. Their word would count for less than nothing. Babbie, I am still in time to save you."

"I don't want to be saved. The marriage had witnesses no court could discredit."

"What witnesses?"

"Mr. McKenzie and yourself."

She heard his teeth meet. When next she looked at him, there were tears in his eyes as well as in her own. It was perhaps the first time these two had ever been in close sympathy. Both were grieving for Rintoul.

"I am so sorry," Babbie began in a broken voice; then stopped, because they seemed such feeble words.

"If you are sorry," the earl answered eagerly, "it is not yet too late. McKenzie and I saw nothing. Come away with me, Babbie, if only in pity for yourself."

"Ah, but I don't pity myself."

"Because this man has blinded you."

"No, he has made me see."

"This mummery on the hill——"

"Why do you call it so? I believe God approved of that marriage, as He could never have countenanced yours and mine."

"God! I never heard the word on your lips before."

"I know that."

"It is his teaching, doubtless?"

"Yes."

"And he told you that to do to me as you have done was to be pleasing in God's sight?"

"No; he knows that it was so evil in God's sight that I shall suffer for it always."

"But he has done no wrong, so there is no punishment for him?"

"It is true that he has done no wrong, but his punishment will be worse, probably, than mine."

"That," said the earl, scoffing, "is not just."

"It is just. He has accepted responsibility for my sins by marrying me."

"And what form is his punishment to take?"

"For marrying me he will be driven from his church and dishonoured in all men's eyes, unless —unless God is more merciful to us than we can expect."

Her sincerity was so obvious that the earl could no longer meet it with sarcasm.

"It is you I pity now," he said, looking wonderingly at her. "Do you not see that this man has deceived you? Where was his boasted purity

in meeting you by stealth, as he must have been doing, and plotting to take you from me?"

"If you knew him," Babbie answered, "you would not need to be told that he is incapable of that. He thought me an ordinary gypsy until an hour ago."

"And you had so little regard for me that you waited until the eve of what was to be our marriage, and then, laughing at my shame, ran off to marry him."

"I am not so bad as that," Babbie answered, and told him what had brought her to Thrums. "I had no thought but of returning to you, nor he of keeping me from you. We had said good-bye at the mud house door — and then we heard your voice."

"And my voice was so horrible to you that it drove you to this!"

"I — I love him so much."

What more could Babbie answer? These words told him that, if love commands, home, the friendships of a life-time, kindnesses incalculable, are at once as nought. Nothing is so cruel as love if a rival challenges it to combat.

"Why could you not love me, Babbie?" said the earl sadly. "I have done so much for you."

It was little he had done for her that was not selfish. Men are deceived curiously in such matters. When they add a new wing to their house,

they do not call the action virtue; but if they give to a fellow-creature for their own gratification, they demand of God a good mark for it. Babbie, however, was in no mood to make light of the earl's gifts, and at his question she shook her head sorrowfully.

"Is it because I am too — old?"

This was the only time he ever spoke of his age to her.

"Oh no, it is not that," she replied hastily, "I love Mr. Dishart — because he loves me, I think."

"Have I not loved you always?"

"Never," Babbie answered simply. "If you had, perhaps then I should have loved you."

"Babbie," he exclaimed, "if ever man loved woman, and showed it by the sacrifices he made for her, I ——"

"No," Babbie said, "you don't understand what it is. Ah! I did not mean to hurt you."

"If I don't know what it is, what is it?" he asked, almost humbly. "I scarcely know you now."

"That is it," said Babbie.

She gave him back his ring, and then he broke down pitifully. Doubtless there was good in him, but I saw him only once, and with nothing to contrast against it I may not now attempt to breathe life into the dust of his senile passion. These were the last words that passed between him and Babbie:—

"There was nothing," he said wistfully, "in this wide world that you could not have had by asking me for it. Was not that love?"

"No," she answered. "What right have I to everything I cry for?"

"You should never have had a care had you married me. That is love."

"It is not. I want to share my husband's cares, as I expect him to share mine."

"I would have humoured you in everything."

"You always did: as if a woman's mind were for laughing at, like a baby's passions."

"You had your passions, too, Babbie. Yet did I ever chide you for them? That was love."

"No, it was contempt. Oh," she cried passionately, "what have not you men to answer for who talk of love to a woman when her face is all you know of her; and her passions, her aspirations, are for kissing to sleep, her very soul a plaything? I tell you, Lord Rintoul, and it is all the message I send back to the gentleman at the Spittal who made love to me behind your back, that this is a poor folly, and well calculated to rouse the wrath of God."

Now Jean's ear had been to the parlour keyhole for a time, but some message she had to take to Margaret, and what she risked saying was this—

"It's Lord Rintoul and a party that has been catched in the rain, and he would be obliged to

you if you could gie his bride shelter for the nicht."

Thus the distracted servant thought to keep Margaret's mind at rest until Gavin came back.

"Lord Rintoul!" exclaimed Margaret. "What a pity Gavin has missed him. Of course she can stay here. Did you say I had gone to bed? I should not know what to say to a lord. But ask her to come up to me after he has gone—and, Jean, is the parlour looking tidy?"

Lord Rintoul having departed, Jean told Babbie how she had accounted to Margaret for his visit. "And she telled me to gie you dry claethes and her compliments, and would you gang up to the bedroom and see her?"

Very slowly Babbie climbed the stairs. I suppose she is the only person who was ever afraid of Margaret. Her first knock on the bedroom door was so soft that Margaret, who was sitting up in bed, did not hear it. When Babbie entered the room, Margaret's first thought was that there could be no other so beautiful as this, and her second was that the stranger seemed even more timid than herself. After a few minutes' talk she laid aside her primness, a weapon she had drawn in self-defence lest this fine lady should not understand the grandeur of a manse, and at a "Call me Babbie, won't you?" she smiled.

"That is what some other person calls you!"

said Margaret archly. "Do you know that he took twenty minutes to say good-night? My dear," she added hastily, misinterpreting Babbie's silence, "I should have been sorry had he taken one second less. Every tick of the clock was a gossip, telling me how he loves you."

In the dim light a face that begged for pity was turned to Margaret.

"He does love you, Babbie?" she asked, suddenly doubtful.

Babbie turned away her face, then shook her head.

"But you love him?"

Again Babbie shook her head.

"Oh, my dear," cried Margaret, in distress, "if this is so, are you not afraid to marry him?"

She knew now that Babbie was crying, but she did not know why Babbie could not look her in the face.

"There may be times," Babbie said, most woeful that she had not married Rintoul, "when it is best to marry a man though we do not love him."

"You are wrong, Babbie," Margaret answered gravely; "if I know anything at all, it is that."

"It may be best for others."

"Do you mean for one other?" Margaret asked, and the girl bowed her head. "Ah, Babbie, you speak like a child."

"You do not understand."

"I do not need to be told the circumstances to know this—that if two people love each other, neither has any right to give the other up."

Babbie turned impulsively to cast herself on the mercy of Gavin's mother, but no word could she say; a hot tear fell from her eyes upon the coverlet, and then she looked at the door, as if to run away.

"But I have been too inquisitive," Margaret began; whereupon Babbie cried, "Oh no, no, no: you are very good. I have no one who cares whether I do right or wrong."

"Your parents——"

"I have had none since I was a child."

"It is the more reason why I should be your friend," Margaret said, taking the girl's hand.

"You do not know what you are saying. You cannot be my friend."

"Yes, dear, I love you already. You have a good face, Babbie, as well as a beautiful one."

Babbie could remain in the room no longer. She bade Margaret good-night and bent forward to kiss her; then drew back, like a Judas ashamed.

"Why did you not kiss me?" Margaret asked in surprise, but poor Babbie walked out of the room without answering.

Of what occurred at the manse on the following day until I reached it, I need tell little more.

When Babbie was tending Sam'l Farquharson's child in the Tenements, she learned of the flood in Glen Quharity, and that the greater part of the congregation had set off to the assistance of the farmers; but fearful as this made her for Gavin's safety, she kept the new anxiety from his mother. Deceived by another story of Jean's, Margaret was the one happy person in the house.

"I believe you had only a lover's quarrel with Lord Rintoul last night," she said to Babbie in the afternoon. "Ah, you see I can guess what is taking you to the window so often. You must not think him long in coming for you. I can assure you that the rain which keeps my son from me must be sufficiently severe to separate even true lovers. Take an old woman's example, Babbie. If I thought the minister's absence alarming, I should be in anguish; but as it is, my mind is so much at ease that, see, I can thread my needle."

It was in less than an hour after Margaret spoke thus tranquilly to Babbie that the precentor got into the manse.

CHAPTER XLII

MARGARET, THE PRECENTOR, AND GOD BETWEEN

UNLESS Andrew Luke, who went to Canada, be still above ground, I am now the only survivor of the few to whom Lang Tammas told what passed in the manse parlour after the door closed on him and Margaret. With the years the others lost the details, but before I forget them the man who has been struck by lightning will look at his arm without remembering what shrivelled it. There even came a time when the scene seemed more vivid to me than to the precentor, though that was only after he began to break up.

"She was never the kind o' woman," Whamond said, "that a body need be nane feared at. You can see she is o' the timid sort. I couldna hae selected a woman easier to speak bold out to, though I had ha'en my pick o' them."

He was a gaunt man, sour and hard, and he often paused in his story with a puzzled look on his forbidding face.

"But, man, she was so michty windy o' him. If he had wanted to put a knife into her, I believe

that woman would just hae telled him to take care not to cut his hands. Ay, and what innocent-like she was. If she had heard enough, afore I saw her, to make her uneasy, I could hae begun at once; but here she was, shaking my hand and smiling to me, so that aye when I tried to speak I gaed through ither. Nobody can despise me for it, I tell you, mair than I despise mysel'.

"I thocht to mysel', 'Let her hae her smile out, Tammas Whamond; it's her hinmost.' Syne wi' shame at my cowardiness I tried to yoke to my duty as chief elder o' the kirk, and I said to her, as thrawn as I could speak, 'Dinna thank me; I've done nothing for you.'

"'I ken it wasna for me you did it,' she said, 'but for him; but oh, Mr. Whamond, will that make me think the less o' you? He's my all,' she says, wi' that smile back in her face, and a look mixed up wi't that said as plain, 'and I need no more.' I thocht o' saying that some builds their house upon the sand, but—dagont, dominie, it's a solemn thing the pride mithers has in their laddies. I mind aince my ain mither—what the devil are you glowering at, Andrew Luke? Do you think I'm greeting?

"'You'll sit down, Mr. Whamond,' she says, next.

"'No, I winna,' I said, angry-like. 'I didna come here to sit.'

"I could see she thocht I was shy at being in the manse-parlour; ay, and I thocht she was pleased at me looking shy. Weel, she took my hat out o' my hand, and she put it on the chair at the door, whaur there's aye an auld chair in grand houses for the servant to sit on at family exercise.

"'You're a man, Mr. Whamond,' says she, 'that the minister delights to honour, and so you'll oblige me by sitting in his own arm-chair.'"

Gavin never quite delighted to honour the precentor, of whom he was always a little afraid, and perhaps Margaret knew it. But you must not think less of her for wanting to gratify her son's chief elder. She thought, too, that he had just done her a service. I never yet knew a good woman who did not enjoy flattering men she liked.

"I saw my chance at that," Whamond went on, "and I says to her sternly, 'In worldly position,' I says, 'I'm a common man, and it's no for the like o' sic to sit in a minister's chair; but it has been God's will,' I says, 'to wrap around me the mantle o' chief elder o' the kirk, and if the minister falls awa frae grace, it becomes my duty to take his place.'

"If she had been looking at me, she maun hae grown feared at that, and syne I could hae gone on though my ilka word was a knock-down blow. But she was picking some things aff the chair to let me down on't.

"'It's a pair o' mittens I'm working for the minister,' she says, and she handed them to me. Ay, I tried no to take them, but —— Oh, lads, it's queer to think how saft I was.

"'He's no to ken about them till they're finished,' she says, terrible fond-like.

"The words came to my mouth, 'They'll never be finished,' and I could hae cursed myself for no saying them. I dinna ken how it was, but there was something pitiful in seeing her take up the mittens and begin working cheerily at one, and me kenning all the time that they would never be finished. I watched her fingers, and I said to mysel', 'Another stitch, and that maun be your last.' I said that to mysel' till I thocht it was the needle that said it, and I wondered at her no hearing.

"In the tail of the day I says, 'You needna bother; he'll never wear them,' and they sounded sic words o' doom that I rose up off the chair. Ay, but she took me up wrang, and she said, 'I see you have noticed how careless o' his ain comforts he is, and that in his zeal he forgets to put on his mittens, though they may be in his pocket a' the time. Ay,' says she, confident-like, 'but he winna forget these mittens, Mr. Whamond, and I'll tell you the reason; it's because they're his mother's work.'

"I stamped my foot, and she gae me an apologetic look, and she says, 'I canna help boasting about his being so fond o' me.'

"Ay, but here was me saying to mysel', 'Do your duty, Tammas Whamond; you sluggard, do your duty,' and without lifting my een frae her fingers I said sternly, 'The chances are,' I said, 'that these mittens will never be worn by the hands they are worked for.'

"'You mean,' says she, 'that he'll gie them awa to some ill-off body, as he gies near a' thing he has? Ay, but there's one thing he never parts wi', and that's my work. There's a young lady in the manse the now,' says she, 'that offered to finish the mittens for me, but he would value them less if I let ony other body put a stitch into them.'

"I thocht to mysel', 'Tammas Whamond, the Lord has opened a door to you, and you'll be disgraced for ever if you dinna walk straucht in.' So I rose again, and I says, boldly this time, 'Whaur's that young leddy? I hae something to say to her that canna be kept waiting.'

"'She's up the stair,' she says, surprised, 'but you canna ken her, Mr. Whamond, for she just came last nicht.'

"'I ken mair o' her than you think,' says I; 'I ken what brocht her here, and I ken wha she thinks she is to be married to, and I've come to tell her that she'll never get him.'

"'How no?' she said, amazed-like.

"'Because,' said I, wi' my teeth thegither, 'he is already married.'

"Lads, I stood waiting to see her fall, and when she didna fall I just waited langer, thinking she was slow in taking it a' in.

"'I see you ken wha she is,' she said, looking at me, 'and yet I canna credit your news.'

"'They're true,' I cries.

"'Even if they are,' says she, considering, 'it may be the best thing that could happen to baith o' them.'

"I sank back in the chair in fair bewilderment, for I didna ken at that time, as we a' ken now, that she was thinking o' the earl when I was thinking o' her son. Dominie, it looked to me as if the Lord had opened a door to me, and syne shut it in my face.

"Syne wi' me sitting there in a kind o' awe o' the woman's simpleness, she began to tell me what the minister was like when he was a bairn, and I was saying a' the time to mysel', 'You're chief elder o' the kirk, Tammas Whamond, and you maun speak out the next time she stops to draw breath.' They were terrible sma', common things she telled me, sic as near a' mithers minds about their bairns, but the kind o' holy way she said them drove my words down my throat, like as if I was some infidel man trying to break out wi' blasphemy in a kirk.

"'I'll let you see something,' says she, 'that I ken will interest you.' She brocht it out o' a

drawer, and what do you think it was? As sure as death it was no more than some o' his hair when he was a litlin, and it was tied up sic carefully in paper that you would hae thocht it was some valuable thing.

"'Mr. Whamond,' she says solemnly, 'you've come thrice to the manse to keep me frae being uneasy about my son's absence, and you was the chief instrument under God in bringing him to Thrums, and I'll gie you a little o' that hair.'

"Dagont, what did I care about his hair? and yet to see her fondling it! I says to mysel', 'Mrs. Dishart,' I says to mysel', 'I was the chief instrument under God in bringing him to Thrums, and I've come here to tell you that I'm to be the chief instrument under God in driving him out o't.' Ay, but when I focht to bring out these words, my mouth snecked like a box.

"'Dinna gie me his hair,' was a' I could say, and I wouldna take it frae her; but she laid it in my hand, and — and syne what could I do? Ay, it's easy to speak about thae things now, and to wonder how I could hae so disgraced the position o' chief elder o' the kirk, but I tell you I was near greeting for the woman. Call me names, dominie; I deserve them all."

I did not call Whamond names for being reluctant to break Margaret's heart. Here is a confession I may make. Sometimes I say my prayers

at night in a hurry, going on my knees indeed, but with as little reverence as I take a drink of water before jumping into bed, and for the same reason, because it is my nightly habit. I am only pattering words I have by heart to a chair then, and should be as well employed writing a comic Bible. At such times I pray for the earthly well-being of the precentor, though he has been dead for many years. He crept into my prayers the day he told me this story, and was part of them for so long that when they are only a recitation he is part of them still.

"She said to me," Whamond continued, "that the women o' the congregation would be fond to handle the hair. Could I tell her that the women was waur agin him than the men? I shivered to hear her.

"'Syne when they're a' sitting breathless listening to his preaching,' she says, 'they'll be able to picture him as a bairn, just as I often do in the kirk mysel'.'

"Andrew Luke, you're sneering at me, but I tell you if you had been there and had begun to say, 'He'll preach in our kirk no more,' I would hae struck you. And I'm chief elder o' the kirk.

"She says, 'Oh, Mr. Whamond, there's times in the kirk when he is praying and the glow on his face is hardly mortal, so that I fall a shaking, wi' a mixture o' fear and pride, me being his mother;

and sinful though I am to say it, I canna help thinking at sic times that I ken what the mother o' Jesus had in her heart when she found Him in the temple.'

"Dominie, it's sax-and-twenty years since I was made an elder o' the kirk. I mind the day as if it was yestreen. Mr. Carfrae made me walk hame wi' him, and he took me into the manse parlour, and he set me in that very chair. It was the first time I was ever in the manse. Ay, he little thocht that day in his earnestness, and I little thocht mysel' in the pride o' my lusty youth, that the time was coming when I would swear in that reverenced parlour. I say swear, dominie, for when she had finished I jumped to my feet, and I cried, 'Hell!' and I lifted up my hat. And I was chief elder.

"She fell back frae my oath," he said, "and syne she took my sleeve and speired, 'What has come ower you, Mr. Whamond? Hae you onything on your mind?'

"'I've sin on it,' I roared at her. 'I have neglect o' duty on it. I am one o' them that cries "Lord, Lord," and yet do not the things which He commands. He has pointed out the way to me, and I hinna followed it.'

"'What is it you hinna done that you should hae done?' she said. 'Oh, Mr. Whamond, if you want my help, it's yours.'

"'Your son's a' the earth to you,' I cried, 'but my eldership's as muckle to me. Sax-and-twenty years hae I been an elder, and now I maun gie it up.'

"'Wha says that?' she speirs.

"'I say it,' I cried. 'I've shirked my duty. I gie up my eldership now. Tammas Whamond is na langer an elder o' the kirk;' ay, and I was chief elder.

"Dominie, I think she began to say that when the minister came hame he wouldna accept my resignation, but I paid no heed to her. You ken what was the sound that keeped my ears frae her words; it was the sound o' a machine coming yont the Tenements. You ken what was the sicht that made me glare through the window instead o' looking at her; it was the sight o' Mr. Dishart in the machine. I couldna speak, but I got my body atween her and the window, for I heard shouting, and I couldna doubt that it was the folk cursing him.

"But she heard too, she heard too, and she squeezed by me to the window. I couldna look out; I just walked saft-like to the parlour door, but afore I reached it she cried joyously —

"'It's my son come back, and see how fond o' him they are. They are running at the side o' the machine, and the laddies are tossing their bonnets in the air.'

"'God help you, woman!' I said to mysel', 'it canna be bonnets — it's stanes and divits mair likely that they're flinging at him.' Syne I creeped out o' the manse. Dominie, you mind I passed you in the kitchen, and didna say a word?"

Yes, I saw the precentor pass through the kitchen, with such a face on him as no man ever saw him wear again. Since Tammas Whamond died we have had to enlarge the Thrums cemetery twice; so it can matter not at all to him, and but little to me, what you who read think of him. All his life children ran from him. He was the dourest, the most unlovable man in Thrums. But may my right hand wither, and may my tongue be cancer-bitten, and may my mind be gone into a dry rot, before I forget what he did for me and mine that day.

CHAPTER XLIII

RAIN—MIST—THE JAWS

To this day we argue in the glen about the sound mistaken by many of us for the firing of the Spittal cannon, some calling it thunder and others the tearing of trees in the torrent. I think it must have been the roll of stones into the Quharity from Silver Hill, of which a corner has been missing since that day. Silver Hill is all stones, as if creation had been riddled there, and in the sun the mica on them shines like many pools of water.

At the roar, as they thought, of the cannon, the farmers looked up from their struggle with the flood to say, "That's Rintoul married," as clocks pause simultaneously to strike the hour. Then every one in the glen save Gavin and myself was done with Rintoul. Before the hills had answered the noise, Gavin was on his way to the Spittal. The dog must have been ten minutes in overtaking him, yet he maintained afterwards that it was with him from the start. From this we see that the shock he had got carried him some distance before he knew that he had left the school-house.

It also gave him a new strength, that happily lasted longer than his daze of mind.

Gavin moved northward quicker than I came south, climbing over or wading through his obstacles, while I went round mine. After a time, too, the dog proved useful, for on discovering that it was going homeward it took the lead, and several times drew him to the right road to the Spittal by refusing to accompany him on the wrong road. Yet in two hours he had walked perhaps nine miles without being four miles nearer the Spittal. In that flood the glen milestones were three miles apart.

For some time he had been following the dog doubtfully, for it seemed to be going too near the river. When they struck a cart-track, however, he concluded rightly that they were nearing a bridge. His faith in his guide was again tested before they had been many minutes on this sloppy road. The dog stopped, whined, looked irresolute, and then ran to the right, disappearing into the mist in an instant. He shouted to it to come back, and was surprised to hear a whistle in reply. This was sufficient to make him dash after the dog, and in less than a minute he stopped abruptly by the side of a shepherd.

"Have you brocht it?" the man cried, almost into Gavin's ear; yet the roar of the water was so tremendous that the words came faintly, as if from

a distance. "Wae is me; is it only you, Mr. Dishart?"

"Is it only you!" No one in the glen would have addressed a minister thus except in a matter of life or death, and Gavin knew it.

"He'll be ower late," the shepherd exclaimed, rubbing his hands together in distress. "I'm speaking o' Whinbusses' grieve. He has run for ropes, but he'll be ower late."

"Is there someone in danger?" asked Gavin, who stood, he knew not where, with this man, enveloped in mist.

"Is there no? Look!"

"There is nothing to be seen but mist; where are we?"

"We're on the high bank o' the Quharity. Take care, man; you was stepping ower into the roaring water. Lie down and tell me if he's there yet. Maybe I just think that I see him, for the sicht is painted on my een."

Gavin lay prone and peered at the river, but the mist came up to his eyes. He only knew that the river was below, from the sound,

"Is there a man down there?" he asked, shuddering.

"There was a minute syne; on a bit island."

"Why does he not speak?"

"He's senseless. Dinna move; the mist's clearing, and you'll see if he's there syne. The mist has

been lifting and falling that way ilka minute since me and the grieve saw him."

The mist did not rise. It only shook like a blanket, and then again remained stationary. But in that movement Gavin had seen twice, first incredulously, and then with conviction.

"Shepherd," he said, rising, "it is Lord Rintoul."

"Ay, it's him; and you saw his feet was in the water. They were dry when the grieve left me. Mr. Dishart, the ground he is on is being washed awa bit by bit. I tell you, the flood's greddy for him and it'll hae him —— Look, did you see him again?"

"Is he living?"

"We saw him move. Hst! Was that a cry?"

It was only the howling of the dog, which had recognised its master and was peering over the bank, the body quivering to jump, but the legs restless with indecision.

"If we were down there," Gavin said, "we could hold him secure till rescue comes. It is no great jump."

"How far would you make it? I saw him again!"

"It looked further that time."

"That's it! Sometimes the ground he is on looks so near that you think you could almost drop on it, and the next time it's yards and yards awa. I've

stood ready for the spring, Mr. Dishart, a dozen times, but I aye sickened. I daurna do it. Look at the dog; just when it's starting to jump, it pulls itsel' back."

As it had heard the shepherd, the dog jumped at that instant.

"It sprang too far," Gavin said.

"It didna spring far enough."

They waited, and presently the mist thinned for a moment, as if it was being drawn out. They saw the earl, but there was no dog.

"Poor brute," said the shepherd, and looked with awe at Gavin.

"Rintoul is slipping into the water," Gavin answered. "You won't jump?"

"No, I'm wae for him, and ——"

"Then I will," Gavin was about to say, but the shepherd continued, "And him only married twa hours syne."

That kept the words in Gavin's mouth for half a minute, and then he spoke them.

"Dinna think o't,' cried the shepherd, taking him by the coat. "The ground he is on is slippery. I've flung a dozen stanes at it, and them that hit it slithered off. Though you landed in the middle o't, you would slide into the water."

"He shook himsel' free o' me," the shepherd told afterwards, "and I saw him bending down and measuring the distance wi' his een as cool as

if he was calculating a drill o' tatties. Syne I saw his lips moving in prayer. It wasna spunk he needed to pray for, though. Next minute there was me, my very arms prigging wi' him to think better o't, and him standing ready to loup, his knees bent, and not a tremble in them. The mist lifted, and I —— Lads, I couldna gie a look to the earl. Mr. Dishart jumped; I hardly saw him, but I kent, I kent, for I was on the bank alane. What did I do? I flung mysel' down in a sweat, and if een could bore mist mine would hae done it. I thocht I heard the minister's death-cry, and may I be struck if I dinna believe now that it was a skirl o' my ain. After that there was no sound but the jaw o' the water; and I prayed, but no to God, to the mist to rise, and after an awful time it rose, and I saw the minister was safe; he had pulled the earl into the middle o' the bit island, and was rubbing him back to consciousness. I sweat when I think o't yet."

The Little Minister's jump is always spoken of as a brave act in the glen, but at such times I am silent. This is not because, being timid myself, I am without admiration for courage. My little maid says that three in every four of my poems are to the praise of prowess, and she has not forgotten how I carried her on my shoulder once to Tilliedrum to see a soldier who had won the Victoria Cross, and made her shake hands with him,

though he was very drunk. Only last year one of my scholars declared to me that Nelson never said "England expects every man this day to do his duty," for which I thrashed the boy and sent him to the cooling stone. But was it brave of Gavin to jump? I have heard some maintain that only misery made him so bold, and others that he jumped because it seemed a fine thing to risk his life for an enemy. But these are really charges of cowardice, and my boy was never a coward. Of the two kinds of courage, however, he did not then show the nobler. I am glad that he was ready for such an act, but he should have remembered Margaret and Babbie. As it was, he may be said to have forced them to jump with him. Not to attempt a gallant deed for which one has the impulse may be braver than the doing of it.

"Though it seemed as lang time," the shepherd says, "as I could hae run up a hill in, I dinna suppose it was many minutes afore I saw Rintoul opening and shutting his een. The next glint I had o' them they were speaking to ane another; ay, and mair than speaking. They were quarrelling. I couldna hear their words, but there was a moment when I thocht they were to grapple. Lads, the memory o' that'll hing about my death-bed. There was twa men, edicated to the highest pitch, ane a lord and the other minister, and the flood was taking awa a mouthful o' their footing ilka minute,

and the jaws o' destruction was gaping for them, and yet they were near fechting. We ken now it was about a woman. Ay, but does that make it less awful?"

No, that did not make it less awful. It was even awful that Gavin's first words when Rintoul opened his eyes and closed them hastily were "Where is she?" The earl did not answer; indeed for the moment the words had no meaning to him.

"How did I come here?" he asked feebly.

"You should know better than I. Where is my wife?"

"I remember now," Rintoul repeated several times. "Yes, I had left the Spittal to look for you — you were so long in coming. How did I find you?"

"It was I who found you," Gavin answered. "You must have been swept away by the flood."

"And you too?"

In a few words Gavin told how he came to be beside the earl.

"I suppose they will say you have saved my life," was Rintoul's commentary.

"It is not saved yet. If help does not come, we shall be dead men in an hour. What have you done with my wife?"

Rintoul ceased to listen to him, and shouted sums of money to the shepherd, who shook his head and bawled an answer that neither Gavin nor

the earl heard. Across that thundering water only Gavin's voice could carry, the most powerful ever heard in a Thrums pulpit, the one voice that could be heard all over the Commonty during the time of the tent-preaching. Yet he never roared, as some preachers do of whom we say, "Ah, if they could hear the Little Minister's word!"

Gavin caught the gesticulating earl by the sleeve, and said, "Another man has gone for ropes. Now, listen to me; how dared you go through a marriage ceremony with her, knowing her already to be my wife?"

Rintoul did listen this time.

"How do you know I married her?" he asked sharply.

"I heard the cannon."

Now the earl understood, and the shadow on his face shook and lifted, and his teeth gleamed. His triumph might be short-lived, but he would enjoy it while he could.

"Well," he answered, picking the pebbles for his sling with care, "you must know that I could not have married her against her will. The frolic on the hill amused her, but she feared you might think it serious, and so pressed me to proceed with her marriage to-day, despite the flood."

This was the point at which the shepherd saw the minister raise his fist. It fell, however, without striking.

"Do you really think that I could doubt her?" Gavin said compassionately, and for the second time in twenty-four hours the earl learned that he did not know what love is.

For a full minute they had forgotten where they were. Now, again, the water seemed to break loose, so that both remembered their danger simultaneously, and looked up. The mist parted for long enough to show them that where had only been the shepherd, was now a crowd of men, with here and there a woman. Before the mist again came between, the minister had recognised many members of his congregation.

In his unsuccessful attempt to reach Whinbusses, the grieve had met the relief party from Thrums. Already the weavers had helped Waster Lunny to stave off ruin, and they were now on their way to Whinbusses, keeping together through fear of mist and water. Every few minutes Snecky Hobart rang his bell to bring in stragglers.

"Follow me," was all the panting grieve could say at first, but his agitation told half his story. They went with him patiently, only stopping once, and then excitedly, for they had come suddenly on Rob Dow. Rob was still lying a prisoner beneath the tree, and the grieve now remembered that he had fallen over this tree, and neither noticed the man under it, nor been noticed by the

man. Fifty hands released poor Dow, and two men were commissioned to bring him along slowly while the others hurried to the rescue of the earl. They were amazed to learn from the shepherd that Mr. Dishart also was in danger, and after "Is there a woman wi' him?" some cried, "He'll get off cheap wi' drowning," and "It's the judgment o' God."

The island on which the two men stood was now little bigger than the round tables common in Thrums, and its centre was some feet farther from the bank than when Gavin jumped. A woman, looking down at it, sickened, and would have toppled into the water, had not John Spens clutched her. Others were so stricken with awe that they forgot they had hands.

Peter Tosh, the elder, cast a rope many times, but it would not carry. The one end was then weighted with a heavy stone, and the other tied round the waists of two men. But the force of the river had been under-estimated. The stone fell short into the torrent, which rushed off with it so furiously that the men were flung upon their faces and trailed to the verge of the precipice. A score of persons sprang to their rescue, and the rope snapped. There was only one other rope, and its fate was not dissimilar. This time the stone fell into the water beyond the island, and immediately rushed down stream. Gavin seized the

rope, but it pressed against his body, and would have pushed him off his feet, had not Tosh cut it. The trunk of the tree that had fallen on Rob Dow was next dragged to the bank and an endeavour made to form a sloping bridge of it. The island, however, was now soft and unstable, and, though the trunk was successfully lowered, it only knocked lumps off the island, and finally it had to be let go, as the weavers could not pull it back. It splashed into the water, and was at once whirled out of sight. Some of the party on the bank began hastily to improvise a rope of cravats and the tags of the ropes still left, but the mass stood helpless and hopeless.

"You may wonder that we could have stood still, waiting to see the last o' them," Birse, the post, has said to me in the school-house, "but, dominie, I couldna hae moved, magre my neck. I'm a hale man, but if this minute we was to hear the voice o' the Almighty saying solemnly, 'Afore the clock strikes again, Birse, the post, will fall down dead of heart disease,' what do you think you would do? I'll tell you. You would stand whaur you are, and stare, tongue-tied, at me till I dropped. How do I ken? By the teaching o' that nicht. Ay, but there's a mair important thing I dinna ken, and that is whether I would be palsied wi' fear like the earl, or face death with the calmness o' the minister."

Indeed, the contrast between Rintoul and Gavin was now impressive. When Tosh signed that the weavers had done their all and failed, the two men looked in each other's faces, and Gavin's face was firm and the earl's working convulsively. The people had given up attempting to communicate with Gavin save by signs, for though they heard his sonorous voice, when he pitched it at them, they saw that he caught few words of theirs. "He heard our skirls," Birse said, "but couldna grip the words ony mair than we could hear the earl. And yet we screamed, and the minister didna. I've heard o' Highlandmen wi' the same gift, so that they could be heard across a glen."

"We must prepare for death," Gavin said solemnly to the earl, "and it is for your own sake that I again ask you to tell me the truth. Worldly matters are nothing to either of us now, but I implore you not to carry a lie into your Maker's presence."

"I will not give up hope," was all Rintoul's answer, and he again tried to pierce the mist with offers of reward. After that he became doggedly silent, fixing his eyes on the ground at his feet. I have a notion that he had made up his mind to confess the truth about Babbie when the water had eaten the island as far as the point at which he was now looking.

CHAPTER XLIV

END OF THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

Out of the mist came the voice of Gavin, clear and strong —

"If you hear me, hold up your hands as a sign."

They heard, and none wondered at his voice crossing the chasm while theirs could not. When the mist cleared, they were seen to have done as he bade them. Many hands remained up for a time because the people did not remember to bring them down, so great was the awe that had fallen on all, as if the Lord was near.

Gavin took his watch from his pocket, and he said —

"I am to fling this to you. You will give it to Mr. Ogilvy, the schoolmaster, as a token of the love I bear him."

The watch was caught by James Langlands, and handed to Peter Tosh, the chief elder present.

"To Mr. Ogilvy," Gavin continued, "you will also give the chain. You will take it off my neck when you find the body.

"To each of my elders, and to Hendry Munn,

kirk-officer, and to my servant Jean, I leave a book, and they will go to my study and choose it for themselves.

"I also leave a book for Nanny Webster, and I charge you, Peter Tosh, to take it to her, though she be not a member of my church.

"The pictorial Bible with 'To my son on his sixth birthday' on it, I bequeath to Rob Dow. No, my mother will want to keep that. I give to Rob Dow my Bible with the brass clasp.

"It is my wish that every family in the congregation should have some little thing to remember me by. This you will tell my mother.

"To my successor I leave whatsoever of my papers he may think of any value to him, including all my notes on Revelation, of which I meant to make a book. I hope he will never sing the paraphrases.

"If Mr. Carfrae's health permits, you will ask him to preach the funeral sermon; but if he be too frail, then you will ask Mr. Trail, under whom I sat in Glasgow. The illustrated 'Pilgrim's Progress' on the drawers in my bedroom belongs to Mr. Trail, and you will return it to him with my affection and compliments.

"I owe five shillings to Hendry Munn for mending my boots, and a smaller sum to Baxter, the mason. I have two pounds belonging to Rob Dow, who asked me to take charge of them for

him. I owe no other man anything, and this you will bear in mind if Matthew Cargill, the flying stationer, again brings forward a claim for the price of Whiston's 'Josephus,' which I did not buy from him.

"Mr. Moncur, of Aberbrothock, had agreed to assist me at the Sacrament, and will doubtless still lend his services. Mr. Carfrae or Mr. Trail will take my place if my successor is not elected by that time. The Sacrament cups are in the vestry press, of which you will find the key beneath the clock in my parlour. The tokens are in the top-most drawer in my bedroom.

"The weekly prayer-meeting will be held as usual on Thursday at eight o'clock, and the elders will officiate.

"It is my wish that the news of my death be broken to my mother by Mr. Ogilvy, the school-master, and by no other. You will say to him that this is my solemn request, and that I bid him discharge it without faltering and be of good cheer.

"But if Mr. Ogilvy be not now alive, the news of my death will be broken to my mother by my beloved wife. Last night I was married on the hill, over the tongs, but with the sanction of God, to her whom you call the Egyptian, and despite what has happened since then, of which you will soon have knowledge, I here solemnly declare that

she is my wife, and you will seek for her at the Spittal or elsewhere till you find her, and you will tell her to go to my mother and remain with her always, for these are the commands of her husband."

It was then that Gavin paused, for Lord Rintoul had that to say to him which no longer could be kept back. All the women were crying sore, and also some men whose eyes had been dry at the coffining of their children.

"Now I ken," said Cruickshanks, who had been an atheist, "that it's only the fool wha' says in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

Another said, "That's a man."

Another said, "That man has a religion to last him all through."

A fourth said, "Behold, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

A fifth said, "That's our minister. He's the minister o' the Auld Licht Kirk o' Thrums. Woe is me, we're to lose him."

Many cried, "Our hearts was set hard against him. O Lord, are You angry wi' Your servants that You're taking him frae us just when we ken what he is?"

Gavin did not hear them, and again he spoke:—

"My brethren, God is good. I have just learned that my wife is with my dear mother at the manse. I leave them in your care and in His."

No more he said of Babbie, for the island was become very small.

"The Lord calls me hence. It is only for a little time I have been with you, and now I am going away, and you will know me no more. Too great has been my pride because I was your minister, but He who sent me to labour among you is slow to wrath; and He ever bore in mind that you were my first charge. My people, I must say to you, 'Farewell.'"

Then, for the first time, his voice faltered, and wanting to go on he could not. "Let us read," he said, quickly, "in the Word of God in the fourteenth of Matthew, from the twenty-eighth verse."

He repeated these four verses:—

"'And Peter answered Him and said, Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water.

"'And He said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

"'But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

"'And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

After this Gavin's voice was again steady, and he said, "The sand-glass is almost run out. Dearly beloved, with what words shall I bid you good-bye?"

Many thought that these were to be the words, for the mist parted, and they saw the island tremble and half of it sink.

"My people," said the voice behind the mist, "this is the text I leave with you: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.' That text I read in the flood, where the hand of God has written it. All the pound-notes in the world would not dam this torrent for a moment, so that we might pass over to you safely. Yet it is but a trickle of water, soon to be dried up. Verily, I say unto you, only a few hours ago the treasures of earth stood between you and this earl, and what are they now compared to this trickle of water? God only can turn rivers into a wilderness, and the water-springs into dry ground. Let His Word be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path; may He be your refuge and your strength. Amen."

This amen he said quickly, thinking death was now come. He was seen to raise his hands, but whether to Heaven, or involuntarily to protect his face as he fell, none was sure, for the mist again filled the chasm. Then came a clap of stillness. No one breathed.

But the two men were not yet gone, and Gavin spoke once more.

"Let us sing in the twenty-third Psalm."

He himself raised the tune, and so long as they heard his voice they sang—

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

"My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk in Death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff——"

But some had lost the power to sing in the first verse, and others at "Death's dark vale," and when one man found himself singing alone he stopped abruptly. This was because they no longer heard the minister.

"O Lord!" Peter Tosh cried, "lift the mist, for it's mair than we can bear."

The mist rose slowly, and those who had courage to look saw Gavin praying with the earl. Many could not look, and some of them did not even see Rob Dow jump.

For it was Dow, the man with the crushed leg,

who saved Gavin's life, and flung away his own for it. Suddenly he was seen on the edge of the bank, holding one end of the improvised rope in his hand. As Tosh says —

"It all happened in the opening and shutting o' an eye. It's a queer thing to say, but though I prayed to God to take awa the mist, when He did raise it I couldna look. I shut my een tight, and held my arm afore my face, like ane feared o' being struck. Even when I daured to look, my arm was shaking so that I could see Rob both above it and below it. He was on the edge, crouching to leap. I didna see wha had haud o' the other end o' the rope. I heard the minister cry, 'No, Dow, no!' and it gaed through me as quick as a stab that if Rob jumped he would knock them both into the water. But he did jump, and you ken how it was that he didna knock them off."

It was because he had no thought of saving his own life. He jumped, not at the island, now little bigger than the seat of a chair, but at the edge of it, into the foam, and with his arm outstretched. For a second the hand holding the rope was on the dot of land. Gavin tried to seize the hand; Rintoul clutched the rope. The earl and the minister were dragged together in safety, and both left the water senseless. Gavin was never again able to lift his left hand higher than his head. Dow's body was found next day near the school-house.

CHAPTER XLV

TALK OF A LITTLE MAID SINCE GROWN TALL

My scholars have a game they call "The Little Minister," in which the boys allow the girls as a treat to join. Some of the characters in the real drama are omitted as of no importance — the dominie, for instance — and the two best fighters insist on being Dow and Gavin. I notice that the game is finished when Dow dives from a haystack, and Gavin and the earl are dragged to the top of it by a rope. Though there should be another scene, it is only a marriage, which the girls have, therefore, to go through without the help of the boys. This warns me that I have come to an end of my story for all except my little maid. In the days when she sat on my knee and listened, it had no end, for after I told her how her father and mother were married a second time, she would say, "And then I came, didn't I? Oh, tell me about me!" So it happened that when she was no higher than my staff she knew more than I could write in another book, and many a time she solemnly told me what I had told her, as —

"Would you like me to tell you a story? Well, it's about a minister, and the people wanted to be bad to him, and then there was a flood, and a flood is lochs falling instead of rain, and so of course he was nearly drownded, and he preached to them till they liked him again, and so they let him marry her, and they like her awful too, and, just think! it was my father; and that's all. Now tell me about grandmother when father came home."

I told her once again that Margaret never knew how nearly Gavin was driven from his kirk. For Margaret was as one who goes to bed in the day-time and wakes in it, and is not told that there has been a black night while she slept. She had seen her son leave the manse the idol of his people, and she saw them rejoicing as they brought him back. Of what occurred at the Jaws, as the spot where Dow had saved two lives is now called, she learned, but not that these Jaws snatched him, and her, from an ignominy more terrible than death; for she never knew that the people had meditated driving him from his kirk. This Thrums is bleak and perhaps forbidding, but there is a moment of the day when a setting sun dyes it pink, and the people are like their town. Thrums was never colder in times of snow than were his congregation to their minister when the Great Rain began, but his fortitude rekindled their hearts. He was an obstinate minister, and love had led him a dance,

but in the hour of trial he had proved himself a man.

When Gavin reached the manse, and saw not only his mother but Babbie, he would have kissed them both; but Babbie could only say, "She does not know," and then run away crying. Gavin put his arm round his mother, and drew her into the parlour, where he told her who Babbie was. Now Margaret had begun to love Babbie already, and had prayed to see Gavin happily married; but it was a long time before she went upstairs to look for his wife, and kiss her and bring her down. "Why was it a long time?" my little maid would ask, and I had to tell her to wait until she was old, and had a son, when she would find out for herself.

While Gavin and the earl were among the waters, two men were on their way to Mr. Carfrae's home, to ask him to return with them and preach the Auld Licht kirk of Thrums vacant; and he came, though now so done that he had to be wheeled about in a little coach. He came in sorrow, yet resolved to perform what was asked of him if it seemed God's will; but, instead of banishing Gavin, all he had to do was to re-marry him and kirk him, both of which things he did, sitting in his coach, as many can tell. Lang Tammas spoke no more against Gavin, but he would not go to the marriage, and he insisted on resigning his eldership for a year and a day. I think he

only once again spoke to Margaret. She was in the manse garden when he was passing, and she asked him if he would tell her now why he had been so agitated when he visited her on the day of the flood. He answered gruffly, "It's no business o' yours." Dr. McQueen was Gavin's best man. He died long ago of scarlet fever. So severe was the epidemic that for a week he was never in bed. He attended fifty cases without suffering, but as soon as he had bent over Hendry Munn's youngest boys, who both had it, he said, "I'm smitted," and went home to die. You may be sure that Gavin proved a good friend to Micah Dow. I have the piece of slate on which Rob proved himself a good friend to Gavin; it was in his pocket when we found the body. Lord Rintoul returned to his English estates, and never revisited the Spittal. The last thing I heard of him was that he had been offered the Lord-Lieutenantship of a county, and had accepted it in a long letter, in which he began by pointing out his unworthiness. This undid him, for the Queen, or her councillors, thinking from his first page that he had declined the honour, read no further, and appointed another man. Waster Lunny is still alive, but has gone to another farm. Sanders Webster, in his gratitude, wanted Nanny to become an Auld Licht, but she refused, saying, "Mr. Dishart is worth a dozen o' Mr. Duthie, and I'm

terrible fond o' Mrs. Dishart, but Established I was born, and Established I'll remain till I'm carried out o' this house feet foremost."

"But Nanny went to Heaven for all that," my little maid told me. "Jean says people can go to Heaven though they are not Auld Lichts, but she says it takes them all their time. Would you like me to tell you a story about my mother putting glass on the manse dyke? Well, my mother and my father is very fond of each other, and once they was in the garden, and my father kissed my mother, and there was a woman watching them over the dyke, and she cried out — something naughty."

"It was Tibbie Birse," I said, and what she cried was, 'Mercy on us, that's the third time in half an hour!' So your mother, who heard her, was annoyed, and put glass on the wall."

"But it's me that is telling you the story. You are sure you don't know it? Well, they asked father to take the glass away, and he wouldn't, but he once preached at mother for having a white feather in her bonnet, and at another time he preached at her for being too fond of him. Jean told me. That's all."

No one seeing Babbie going to church demurely on Gavin's arm could guess her history. Sometimes I wonder whether the desire to be a gypsy again ever comes over her for a mad hour, and

whether, if so, Gavin takes such measures to cure her as he threatened in Caddam Wood. I suppose not; but here is another story:—

"When I ask mother to tell me about her once being a gypsy she says I am a bad 'quisitive little girl, and to put on my hat and come with her to the prayer-meeting; and when I asked father to let me see mother's gypsy frock he made me learn Psalm forty-eight by heart. But once I see'd it, and it was a long time ago, as long as a week ago. Micah Dow gave me rowans to put in my hair, and I like Micah, because he calls me Miss, and so I woke in my bed because there was noises, and I ran down to the parlour, and there was my mother in her gypsy frock, and my rowans was in her hair, and my father was kissing her, and when they saw me they jumped; and that's all.

"Would you like me to tell you another story? It is about a little girl. Well, there was once a minister and his wife, and they hadn't no little girls, but just little boys, and God was sorry for them, so He put a little girl in a cabbage in the garden, and when they found her they were glad. Would you like me to tell you who the little girl was? Well, it was me, and, ugh! I was awful cold in the cabbage. Do you like that story?"

"Yes; I like it best of all the stories I know."

"So do I like it, too. Couldn't nobody help

loving me, 'cause I'm so nice? Why am I so fearful nice?"

"Because you are like your grandmother."

"It was clever of my father to know when he found me in the cabbage that my name was Margaret. Are you sorry grandmother is dead?"

"I am glad your mother and father were so good to her and made her so happy."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"But when I am happy I laugh."

"I am old, you see, and you are young."

"I am nearly six. Did you love grandmother? Then why did you never come to see her? Did grandmother know you was here? Why not? Why didn't I know about you till after grandmother died?"

"I'll tell you when you are big."

"Shall I be big enough when I am six?"

"No, not till your eighteenth birthday."

"But birthdays comes so slow. Will they come quicker when I am big?"

"Much quicker."

On her sixth birthday Micah Dow drove my little maid to the school-house in the doctor's gig, and she crept beneath the table and whispered—

"Grandfather!"

"Father told me to call you that if I liked, and I like," she said when I had taken her upon my

knee. "I know why you kissed me just now. It was because I looked like grandmother. Why do you kiss me when I look like her?"

"Who told you I did that?"

"Nobody didn't tell me. I just found out. I loved grandmother too. She told me all the stories she knew."

"Did she ever tell you a story about a black dog?"

"No. Did she know one?"

"Yes, she knew it."

"Perhaps she had forgotten it?"

"No, she remembered it."

"Tell it to me."

"Not till you are eighteen."

"But will you not be dead when I am eighteen? When you go to Heaven, will you see grandmother?"

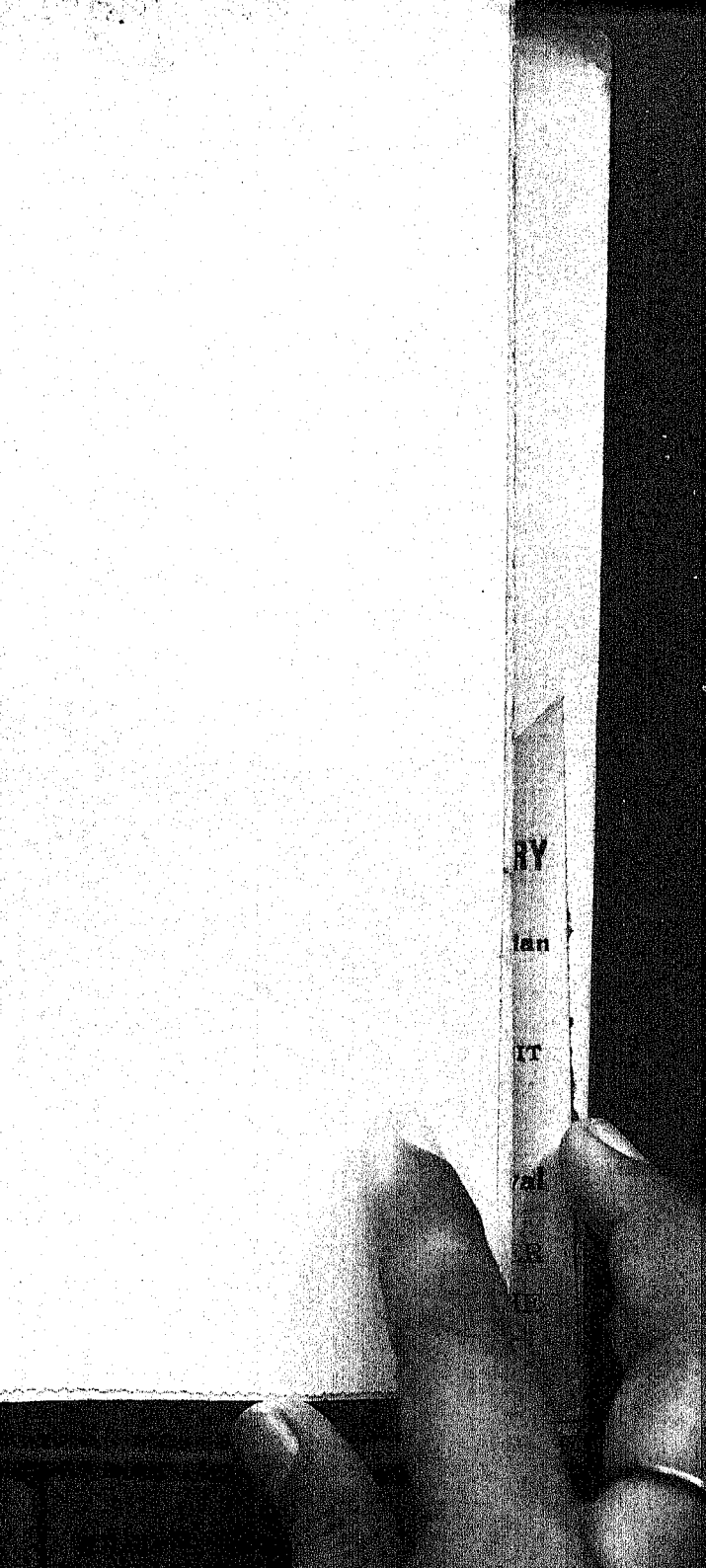
"Yes."

"Will she be glad to see you?"

My little maid's eighteenth birthday has come, and I am still in Thrums, which I love, though it is beautiful to none, perhaps, save to the very done, who lean on their staves and look long at it, having nothing else to do till they die. I have lived to rejoice in the happiness of Gavin and Babbie; and if at times I have suddenly had to turn away my head after looking upon them in their home sur-

rounded by their children, it was but a moment's envy that I could not help. Margaret never knew of the dominie in the glen. They wanted to tell her of me, but I would not have it. She has been long gone from this world; but sweet memories of her still grow, like honeysuckle, up the white walls of the manse, smiling in at the parlour window and beckoning from the door, and for some filling all the air with fragrance. It was not she who raised the barrier between her and me, but God Himself; and to those who maintain otherwise, I say they do not understand the purity of a woman's soul. During the years she was lost to me her face ever came between me and ungenerous thoughts, and now I can say, all that is carnal in me is my own, and all that is good I got from her. Only one bitterness remains. When I found Gavin in the rain, when I was fighting my way through the flood, when I saw how the hearts of the people were turned against him — above all, when I found Whamond in the manse — I cried to God, making promises to Him, if He would spare the lad for Margaret's sake, and He spared him; but these promises I have not kept.

THE END.









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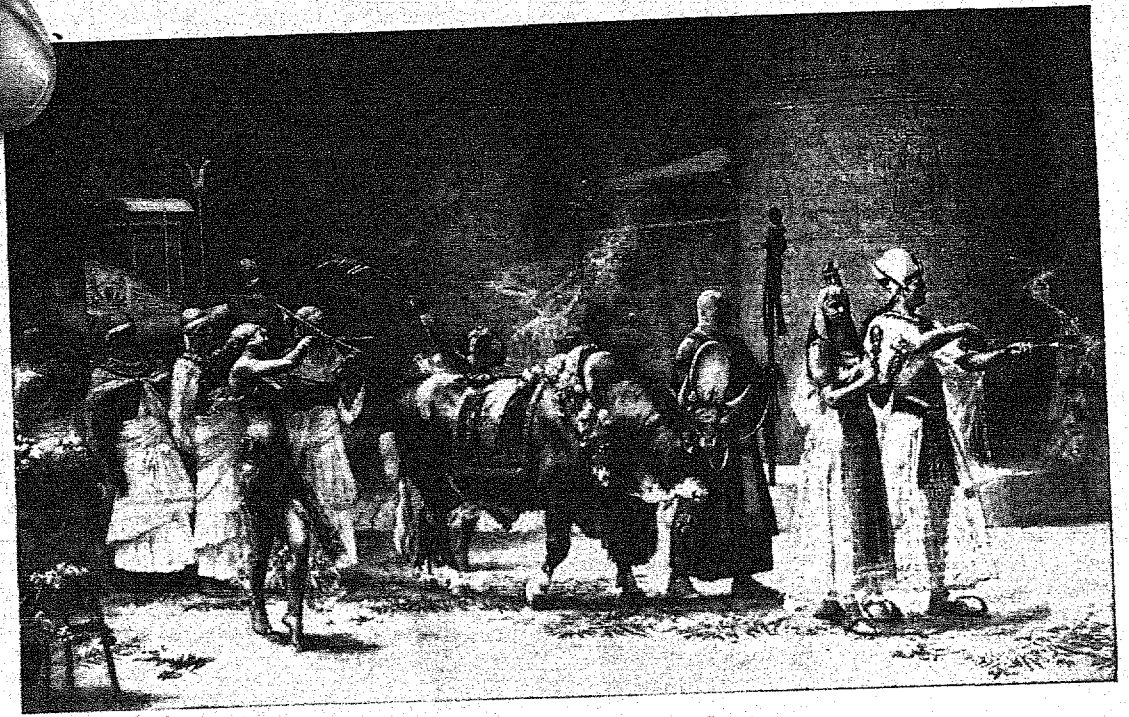
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Procession of the Bull Apis-Osiris

From the painting by F. A. Bridgman in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C.

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

HERODOTUS *was born at Halicarnassus, on the southwest coast of Asia Minor, toward the end of the fifth century, B. C. Of his life we know almost nothing, except that he spent much of it traveling, to collect the material for his writings, and that he finally settled down at Thurii, in southern Italy, where his great work was composed. He died in 424 B. C.*

The subject of the history of Herodotus is the struggle between the Greeks and the barbarians, which he brings down to the battle of Mycale in 479 B. C. The work, as we have it, is divided into nine books, named after the nine Muses, but this division is probably due to the Alexandrine grammarians. His information he gathered mainly from oral sources, as he traveled through Asia Minor, down into Egypt, round the Black Sea, and into various parts of Greece and the neighboring countries. The chronological narrative halts from time to time to give opportunity for descriptions of the country, the people, and their customs and previous history; and the political account is constantly varied by rare tales and wonders.

Among these descriptions of countries the most fascinating to the modern, as it was to the ancient, reader is his account of the marvels of the land of Egypt. From the priests at Memphis, Heliopolis, and the Egyptian Thebes he learned what he reports of the size of the country, the wonders of the Nile, the ceremonies of their religion, the sacredness of their animals. He tells also of the strange ways of the crocodile and of that marvelous bird, the Phenix; of dress and funerals and embalming; of the eating of lotos and papyrus; of the pyramids and the great labyrinth; of their kings and queens and courtesans.

Yet Herodotus is not a mere teller of strange tales. However credulous he may appear to a modern judgment, he takes care to keep separate what he knows by his own observation from what he has merely inferred and from what he has been told. He is candid about acknowledging ignorance, and when versions differ he gives both. Thus the modern scientific historian, with other means of corroboration, can sometimes learn from Herodotus more than Herodotus himself knew.

There is abundant evidence, too, that Herodotus had a phi-

losophy of history. The unity which marks his work is due not only to the strong Greek national feeling running through it, the feeling that rises to a height in such passages as the descriptions of the battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis, but also to his profound belief in Fate and in Nemesis. To his belief in Fate is due the frequent quoting of oracles and their fulfilment, the frequent references to things foreordained by Providence. The working of Nemesis he finds in the disasters that befall men and nations whose towering prosperity awakens the jealousy of the gods. The final overthrow of the Persians, which forms his main theme, is only one specially conspicuous example of the operation of this force from which human life can never free itself.

But, above all, he is the father of story-tellers. "Herodotus is such simple and delightful reading," says Jevons; "he is so unaffected and entertaining, his story flows so naturally and with such ease that we have a difficulty in bearing in mind that, over and above the hard writing which goes to make easy reading, there is a perpetual marvel in the work of Herodotus. It is the first artistic work in prose that Greek literature produced. This prose work, which for pure literary merit no subsequent work has surpassed, than which later generations, after using the pen for centuries, have produced no prose more easy or more readable, this was the first of histories and of literary prose."

AN ACCOUNT OF EGYPT

By Herodotus

BEING THE SECOND BOOK OF HIS HISTORIES CALLED EUTĔRPE

WHEN Cyrus had brought his life to an end, Cambyses received the royal power in succession, being the son of Cyrus and of Cassandanē the daughter of Pharnaspes, for whose death, which came about before his own, Cyrus had made great mourning himself and also had proclaimed to all those over whom he bore rule that they should make mourning for her: Cambyses, I say, being the son of this woman and of Cyrus, regarded the Ionians and Aiolians as slaves inherited from his father; and he proceeded to march an army against Egypt, taking with him as helpers not only the other nations of which he was ruler, but also those of the Hellenes over whom he had power besides.

Now the Egyptians, before the time when Psammetichos became king over them, were wont to suppose that they had come into being first of all men; but since the time when Psammetichos having become king desired to know what men had come into being first, they suppose that the Phrygians came into being before themselves, but they themselves before all other men. Now Psammetichos, when he was not able by inquiry to find out any means of knowing who had come into being first of all men, contrived a device of the following kind:—Taking two new-born children belonging to persons of the common sort he gave them to a shepherd to bring up at the place where his flocks were, with a manner of bringing up such as I shall say, charging him

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namely that no man should utter any word in their presence, and that they should be placed by themselves in a room where none might come, and at the proper time he should bring to them she-goats, and when he had satisfied them with milk he should do for them whatever else was needed. These things Psammetichos did and gave him this charge wishing to hear what word the children would let break forth first, after they had ceased from wailings without sense. And accordingly so it came to pass; for after a space of two years had gone by, during which the shepherd went on acting so, at length, when he opened the door and entered, both the children fell before him in entreaty and uttered the word *bekos,* stretching forth their hands. At first when he heard this the shepherd kept silence; but since this word was often repeated, as he visited them constantly and attended to them, at last he declared the matter to his master, and at his command he brought the children before his face. Then Psammetichos having himself also heard it, began to inquire what nation of men named anything *bekos,* and inquiring he found that the Phrygians had this name for bread. In this manner and guided by an indication such as this, the Egyptians were brought to allow that the Phrygians were a more ancient people than themselves. That so it came to pass I heard from the priests of that Hephaistos who dwells at Memphis; but the Hellenes relate, besides many other idle tales, that Psammetichos cut out the tongues of certain women and then caused the children to live with these women.

With regard then to the rearing of the children they related so much as I have said: and I heard also other things at Memphis when I had speech with the priests of Hephaistos. Moreover I visited both Thebes and Heliopolis for this very cause, namely because I wished to know whether the priests at these places would agree in their accounts with those at Memphis; for the men of Heliopolis are said to be the most learned in records of the Egyptians. Those of their narrations which I heard with regard to the gods I am not earnest to relate in full, but I shall name them only, because I consider that all men are equally ignorant of these matters: and whatever things of them I may record,

I shall record only because I am compelled by the course of the story. But as to those matters which concern men, the priests agreed with one another in saying that the Egyptians were the first of all men on earth to find out the course of the year, having divided the seasons into twelve parts to make up the whole; and this they said they found out from the stars: and they reckon to this extent more wisely than the Hellenes, as it seems to me, inasmuch as the Hellenes throw in an intercalated month every other year, to make the seasons right, whereas the Egyptians, reckoning the twelve months at thirty days each, bring in also every year five days beyond the number, and thus the circle of their seasons is completed and comes round to the same point whence it set out. They said moreover that the Egyptians were the first who brought into use appellations for the twelve gods and the Hellenes took up the use from them; and that they were the first who assigned altars and images and temples to the gods, and who engraved figures on stones; and with regard to the greater number of these things they showed me by actual facts that they had happened so. They said also that the first man who became king of Egypt was Min; and that in his time all Egypt except the district of Thebes was a swamp, and none of the regions were then above water which now lie below the lake of Moiris, to which lake it is a voyage of seven days up the river from the sea: and I thought that they said well about the land; for it is manifest in truth even to a person who has not heard it beforehand but has only seen, at least if he have understanding, that the Egypt to which the Hellenes come in ships is a land which has been won by the Egyptians as an addition, and that it is a gift of the river: moreover the regions which lie above this lake also for a distance of three days' sail, about which they did not go on to say anything of this kind, are nevertheless another instance of the same thing: for the nature of the land of Egypt is as follows:—First when you are still approaching it in a ship and are distant a day's run from the land, if you let down a sounding-line you will bring up mud and you will find yourself in eleven fathoms. This then so far shows that there is a silting forward of the land. Then secondly, as to Egypt

itself, the extent of it along the sea is sixty *schoines*, according to our definition of Egypt as extending from the Gulf of Plinthinē to the Serbonian lake, along which stretches Mount Casion; from this lake then the sixty *schoines* are reckoned: for those of men who are poor in land have their country measured by fathoms, those who are less poor by furlongs, those who have much land by parasangs, and those who have land in very great abundance by *schoines:* now the parasang is equal to thirty furlongs, and each *schoine,* which is an Egyptian measure, is equal to sixty furlongs. So there would be an extent of three thousand six hundred furlongs for the coast-land of Egypt. From thence and as far as Heliopolis inland Egypt is broad, and the land is all flat and without springs of water and formed of mud: and the road as one goes inland from the sea to Heliopolis is about the same in length as that which leads from the altar of the twelve gods at Athens to Pisa and the temple of Olympian Zeus: reckoning up you would find the difference very small by which these roads fail of being equal in length, not more indeed than fifteen furlongs; for the road from Athens to Pisa wants fifteen furlongs of being fifteen hundred, while the road to Heliopolis from the sea reaches that number completely. From Heliopolis however, as you go up, Egypt is narrow; for on the one side a mountain-range belonging to Arabia stretches along by the side of it, going in a direction from the North towards the midday and the South Wind, tending upwards without a break to that which is called the Erythraian Sea, in which range are the stone-quarries which were used in cutting stone for the pyramids at Memphis. On this side then the mountain ends where I have said, and then takes a turn back; and where it is widest, as I was informed, it is a journey of two months across from East to West; and the borders of it which turn towards the East are said to produce frankincense. Such then is the nature of this mountain-range; and on the side of Egypt towards Libya another range extends, rocky and enveloped in sand: in this are the pyramids, and it runs in the same direction as those parts of the Arabian mountains which go towards the midday. So then, I say, from Heliopolis the land has no longer a great extent

so far as it belongs to Egypt, and for about four days' sail up the river Egypt properly so called is narrow: and the space between the mountain-ranges which have been mentioned is plain-land, but where it is narrowest it did not seem to me to exceed two hundred furlongs from the Arabian mountains to those which are called the Libyan. After this again Egypt is broad. Such is the nature of this land: and from Heliopolis to Thebes is a voyage up the river of nine days, and the distance of the journey in furlongs is four thousand eight hundred and sixty, the number of *schoines* being eighty-one. If these measures of Egypt in furlongs be put together, the result is as follows:—I have already before this shown that the distance along the sea amounts to three thousand six hundred furlongs, and I will now declare what the distance is inland from the sea to Thebes, namely six thousand one hundred and twenty furlongs: and again the distance from Thebes to the city called Elephantinē is one thousand eight hundred furlongs.

Of this land then, concerning which I have spoken, it seemed to myself also, according as the priests said, that the greater part had been won as an addition by the Egyptians; for it was evident to me that the space between the aforesaid mountain-ranges, which lie above the city of Memphis, once was a gulf of the sea, like the regions about Ilion and Teuthrania and Ephesos and the plain of the Maiander, if it be permitted to compare small things with great; and small these are in comparison, for of the rivers which heaped up the soil in those regions none is worthy to be compared in volume with a single one of the mouths of the Nile, which has five mouths. Moreover there are other rivers also, not in size at all equal to the Nile, which have performed great feats; of which I can mention the names of several, and especially the Acheloös, which flowing through Acarnania and so issuing out into the sea has already made half of the Echinades from islands into mainland. Now there is in the land of Arabia, not far from Egypt, a gulf of the sea running in from that which is called the Erythraian Sea, very long and narrow, as I am about to tell. With respect to the length of the voyage along it, one who set out from the innermost point to sail

out through it into the open sea, would spend forty days upon the voyage, using oars; and with respect to breadth, where the gulf is broadest it is half a day's sail across: and there is in it an ebb and flow of tide every day. Just such another gulf I suppose that Egypt was, and that the one ran in towards Ethiopia from the Northern Sea, and the other, the Arabian, of which I am about to speak, tended from the South towards Syria, the gulfs boring in so as almost to meet at their extreme points, and passing by one another with but a small space left between. If then the stream of the Nile should turn aside into this Arabian gulf, what would hinder that gulf from being filled up with silt as the river continued to flow, at all events within a period of twenty thousand years? indeed for my part I am of opinion that it would be filled up even within ten thousand years. How, then, in all the time that has elapsed before I came into being should not a gulf be filled up even of much greater size than this by a river so great and so active? As regards Egypt then, I both believe those who say that things are so, and for myself also I am strongly of opinion that they are so; because I have observed that Egypt runs out into the sea further than the adjoining land, and that shells are found upon the mountains of it, and an efflorescence of salt forms upon the surface, so that even the pyramids are being eaten away by it, and moreover that of all the mountains of Egypt, the range which lies above Memphis is the only one which has sand: besides which I notice that Egypt resembles neither the land of Arabia, which borders upon it, nor Libya, nor yet Syria (for they are Syrians who dwell in the parts of Arabia lying along the sea), but that it has soil which is black and easily breaks up, seeing that it is in truth mud and silt brought down from Ethiopia by the river: but the soil of Libya, we know, is reddish in colour and rather sandy, while that of Arabia and Syria is somewhat clayey and rocky. The priests also gave me a strong proof concerning this land as follows, namely that in the reign of king Moiris, whenever the river reached a height of at least eight cubits it watered Egypt below Memphis; and not yet nine hundred years had gone by since the death of Moiris, when I heard these things from the priests: now

however, unless the river rises to sixteen cubits, or fifteen at the least, it does not go over the land. I think too that those Egyptians who dwell below the lake of Moiris and especially in that region which is called the Delta, if that land continues to grow in height according to this proportion and to increase similarly in extent, will suffer for all remaining time, from the Nile not overflowing their land, that same thing which they themselves said that the Hellenes would at some time suffer: for hearing that the whole land of the Hellenes has rain and is not watered by rivers as theirs is, they said that the Hellenes would at some time be disappointed of a great hope and would suffer the ills of famine. This saying means that if the god shall not send them rain, but shall allow drought to prevail for a long time, the Hellenes will be destroyed by hunger; for they have in fact no other supply of water to save them except from Zeus alone. This has been rightly said by the Egyptians with reference to the Hellenes: but now let me tell how matters are with the Egyptians themselves in their turn. If, in accordance with what I before said, their land below Memphis (for this is that which is increasing) shall continue to increase in height according to the same proportion as in the past time, assuredly those Egyptians who dwell here will suffer famine, if their land shall not have rain nor the river be able to go over their fields. It is certain however that now they gather in fruit from the earth with less labour than any other men and also with less than the other Egyptians; for they have no labour in breaking up furrows with a plough nor in hoeing nor in any other of those labours which other men have about a crop; but when the river has come up of itself and watered their fields and after watering has left them again, then each man sows his own field and turns into it swine, and when he has trodden the seed into the ground by means of the swine, after that he waits for the harvest, and when he has threshed the corn by means of the swine, then he gathers it in.

If we desire to follow the opinions of the Ionians as regards Egypt, who say that the Delta alone is Egypt, reckoning its sea-coast to be from the watch-tower called of Per-

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seus to the fish-curing houses of Pelusion, a distance of forty *schoines*, and counting it to extend inland as far as the city of Kercasoros, where the Nile divides and runs to Pelusion and Canobos, while as for the rest of Egypt, they assign it partly to Libya and partly to Arabia,—if, I say, we should follow this account, we should thereby declare that in former times the Egyptians had no land to live in; for, as we have seen, their Delta at any rate is alluvial, and has appeared (so to speak) lately, as the Egyptians themselves say and as my opinion is. If then at the first there was no land for them to live in, why did they waste their labour to prove that they had come into being before all other men? They needed not to have made trial of the children to see what language they would first utter. However I am not of opinion that the Egyptians came into being at the same time as that which is called by the Ionians the Delta, but that they existed always ever since the human race came into being, and that as their land advanced forwards, many of them were left in their first abodes and many came down gradually to the lower parts. At least it is certain that in old times Thebes had the name of Egypt, and of this the circumference measures six thousand one hundred and twenty furlongs.

If then we judge aright of these matters, the opinion of the Ionians about Egypt is not sound: but if the judgment of the Ionians is right, I declare that neither the Hellenes nor the Ionians themselves know how to reckon since they say that the whole earth is made up of three divisions, Europe, Asia, and Libya: for they ought to count in addition to these the Delta of Egypt, since it belongs neither to Asia nor to Libya; for at least it cannot be the river Nile by this reckoning which divides Asia from Libya, but the Nile is cleft at the point of this Delta so as to flow round it, and the result is that this land would come between Asia and Libya.

We dismiss then the opinion of the Ionians, and express a judgment of our own on this matter also, that Egypt is all that land which is inhabited by Egyptians, just as Kilikia is that which is inhabited by Kilikians and Assyria that which is inhabited by Assyrians, and we know of no boun-

dary properly speaking between Asia and Libya except the borders of Egypt. If however we shall adopt the opinion which is commonly held by the Hellenes, we shall suppose that the whole of Egypt, beginning from the Cataract and the city of Elephantinē, is divided into two parts and that it thus partakes of both the names, since one side will thus belong to Libya and the other to Asia; for the Nile from the Cataract onwards flows to the sea cutting Egypt through in the midst; and as far as the city of Kercasoros the Nile flows in one single stream, but from this city onwards it is parted into three ways; and one, which is called the Pelusian mouth, turns towards the East; the second of the ways goes towards the West, and this is called the Canobic mouth; but that one of the ways which is straight runs thus,—when the river in its course downwards comes to the point of the Delta, then it cuts the Delta through the midst and so issues out to the sea. In this we have a portion of the water of the river which is not the smallest nor the least famous, and it is called the Sebennytic mouth. There are also two other mouths which part off from the Sebennytic and go to the sea, and these are called, one the Saïtic, the other the Mendesian mouth. The Bolbitinitic, and Bucolic mouths, on the other hand, are not natural but made by digging. Moreover also the answer given by the Oracle of Ammon bears witness in support of my opinion that Egypt is of the extent which I declare it to be in my account; and of this answer I heard after I had formed my own opinion about Egypt. For those of the city of Marea and of Apis, dwelling in the parts of Egypt which border on Libya, being of opinion themselves that they were Libyans and not Egyptians, and also being burdened by the rules of religious service, because they desired not to be debarred from the use of cows' flesh, sent to Ammon saying that they had nought in common with the Egyptians, for they dwelt outside the Delta and agreed with them in nothing; and they said they desired that it might be lawful for them to eat everything without distinction. The god however did not permit them to do so, but said that that land was Egypt which the Nile came over and watered, and that those were Egyptians who dwelling below the city of Elephantinē drank of that river. Thus was it answered to

them by the Oracle about this: and the Nile, when it is in flood, goes over not only the Delta but also of the land which is called Libyan and of that which is called Arabian sometimes as much as two days' journey on each side, and at times even more than this or at times less.

As regards the nature of the river, neither from the priests nor yet from any other man was I able to obtain any knowledge: and I was desirous especially to learn from them about these matters, namely why the Nile comes down increasing in volume from the summer solstice onwards for a hundred days, and then, when it has reached the number of these days, turns and goes back, failing in its stream, so that through the whole winter season it continues to be low, and until the summer solstice returns. Of none of these things was I able to receive any account from the Egyptians, when I inquired of them what power the Nile has whereby it is of a nature opposite to that of all other rivers. And I made inquiry, desiring to know both this which I say and also why, unlike all other rivers, it does not give rise to any breezes blowing from it. However some of the Hellenes who desired to gain distinction for cleverness have given an account of this water in three different ways: two of these I do not think it worth while even to speak of except only to indicate their nature; of which the one says that the Etesian Winds are the cause that makes the river rise, by preventing the Nile from flowing out into the sea. But often the Etesian Winds fail and yet the Nile does the same work as it is wont to do; and moreover, if these were the cause, all the other rivers also which flow in a direction opposed to the Etesian Winds ought to have been affected in the same way as the Nile, and even more, in as much as they are smaller and present to them a feebler flow of streams: but there are many of these rivers in Syria and many also in Libya, and they are affected in no such manner as the Nile. The second way shows more ignorance than that which has been mentioned, and it is more marvellous to tell; for it says that the river produces these effects because it flows from the Ocean, and that the Ocean flows round the whole earth. The third of the ways is much the most specious, but neverthe-

less it is the most mistaken of all: for indeed this way has no more truth in it than the rest, alleging as it does that the Nile flows from melting snow; whereas it flows out of Libya through the midst of the Ethiopians, and so comes out into Egypt. How then should it flow from snow, when it flows from the hottest parts to those which are cooler? And indeed most of the facts are such as to convince a man (one at least who is capable of reasoning about such matters), that it is not at all likely that it flows from snow. The first and greatest evidence is afforded by the winds, which blow hot from these regions; the second is that the land is rainless always and without frost, whereas after snow has fallen rain must necessarily come within five days, so that if it snowed in those parts rain would fall there; the third evidence is afforded by the people dwelling there, who are of a black colour by reason of the burning heat. Moreover kites and swallows remain there through the year and do not leave the land; and cranes flying from the cold weather which comes on in the region of Scythia come regularly to these parts for wintering: if then it snowed ever so little in that land through which the Nile flows and in which it has its rise, none of these things would take place, as necessity compels us to admit. As for him who talked about the Ocean, he carried his tale into the region of the unknown, and so he need not be refuted; since I for my part know of no river Ocean existing, but I think that Homer or one of the poets who were before him invented the name and introduced it into his verse.

If however after I have found fault with the opinions proposed, I am bound to declare an opinion of my own about the matters which are in doubt, I will tell what to my mind is the reason why the Nile increases in the summer. In the winter season the Sun, being driven away from his former path through the heaven by the stormy winds, comes to the upper parts of Libya. If one would set forth the matter in the shortest way, all has now been said; for whatever region this god approaches most and stands directly above, this it may reasonably be supposed is most in want of water, and its native streams of rivers are dried up most. However, to set it forth at greater

length, thus it is:—the Sun passing in his course by the upper parts of Libya, does thus, that is to say, since at all times the air in those parts is clear and the country is warm, because there are no cold winds, in passing through it the Sun does just as he was wont to do in the summer, when going through the midst of the heaven, that is he draws to himself the water, and having drawn it he drives it away to the upper parts of the country, and the winds take it up and scattering it abroad melt it into rain; so it is natural that the winds which blow from this region, namely the South and South-west Winds, should be much the most rainy of all the winds. I think however that the Sun does not send away from himself all the water of the Nile of each year, but that he also lets some remain behind with himself. Then when the winter becomes milder, the Sun returns back again to the midst of the heaven, and from that time onwards he draws equally from all rivers; but in the meanwhile they flow in large volume, since water of rain mingles with them in great quantity, because their country receives rain then and is filled with torrent streams. In summer however they are weak, since not only the showers of rain fail then, but also they are drawn by the Sun. The Nile however, alone of all rivers, not having rain and being drawn by the Sun, naturally flows during this time of winter in much less than its proper volume, that is much less than in summer; for then it is drawn equally with all the other waters, but in winter it bears the burden alone. Thus I suppose the Sun to be the cause of these things. He also is the cause in my opinion that the air in these parts is dry, since he makes it so by scorching up his path through the heaven: thus summer prevails always in the upper parts of Libya. If however the station of the seasons had been changed, and where now in the heaven are placed the North Wind and winter, there was the station of the South Wind and of the midday, and where now is placed the South Wind, there was the North, if this had been so, the Sun being driven from the midst of the heaven by the winter and the North Wind would go to to the upper parts of Europe, just as now he comes to the upper parts of Libya, and passing in his course through-

out the whole of Europe I suppose that he would do to the Ister that which he now works upon the Nile. As to the breeze, why none blows from the river, my opinion is that from very hot places it is not natural that anything should blow, and that a breeze is wont to blow from something cold.

Let these matters then be as they are and as they were at the first: but as to the sources of the Nile, not one either of the Egyptians or of the Libyans or of the Hellenes, who came to speech with me, professed to know anything, except the scribe of the sacred treasury of Athenē at the city of Saïs in Egypt. To me however this man seemed not to be speaking seriously when he said that he had certain knowledge of it; and he said as follows, namely that there were two mountains of which the tops ran up to a sharp point, situated between the city of Syenē, which is in the district of Thebes, and Elephantinē, and the names of the mountains were, of the one Crophi and of the other Mophi. From the middle between these mountains flowed (he said) the sources of the Nile, which were fathomless in depth, and half of the water flowed to Egypt and towards the North Wind, the other half to Ethiopia and the South Wind. As for the fathomless depth of the source, he said that Psammetichos king of Egypt came to a trial of this matter; for he had a rope twisted of many thousand fathoms and let it down in this place, and it found no bottom. By this the scribe (if this which he told was really as he said) gave me to understand that there were certain strong eddies there and a backward flow, and that since the water dashed against the mountains, therefore the sounding-line could not come to any bottom when it was let down. From no other person was I able to learn anything about this matter; but for the rest I learnt so much as here follows by the most diligent inquiry; for I went myself as an eye-witness as far as the city of Elephantinē and from that point onwards I gathered knowledge by report. From the city of Elephantinē as one goes up the river there is country which slopes steeply; so that here one must attach ropes to the vessel on both sides, as one fastens an ox, and so make one's way onward; and if the rope break, the vessel is gone at once, carried away by the violence of the stream. Through

this country it is a voyage of about four days in length, and in this part the Nile is winding like the river Maiander, and the distance amounts to twelve *schoines*, which one must traverse in this manner. Then you will come to a level plain, in which the Nile flows round an island named Tachompso. (Now in the regions above Elephantinē there dwell Ethiopians at once succeeding, who also occupy half of the island, and Egyptians the other half.) Adjoining this island there is a great lake, round which dwell Ethiopian nomad tribes; and when you have sailed through this you will come to the stream of the Nile again, which flows into this lake. After this you will disembark and make a journey by land of forty days; for in the Nile sharp rocks stand forth out of the water, and there are many reefs, by which it is not possible for a vessel to pass. Then after having passed through this country in the forty days which I have said, you will embark again in another vessel and sail for twelve days; and after this you will come to a great city called Meroē. This city is said to be the mother-city of all the other Ethiopians: and they who dwell in it reverence of the gods Zeus and Dionysos alone, and these they greatly honour; and they have an Oracle of Zeus established, and make warlike marches whensoever this god commands them by prophesyings and to whatsoever place he commands. Sailing from this city you will come to the "Deserters" in another period of time equal to that in which you came from Elephantinē to the mother-city of the Ethiopians. Now the name of these "Deserters" is *Asmach*, and this word signifies, when translated into the tongue of the Hellenes, "those who stand on the left hand of the king." These were two hundred and forty thousand Egyptians of the warrior class, who revolted and went over to these Ethiopians for the following cause:— In the reign of Psammetichos garrisons were set, one towards the Ethiopians at the city of Elephantinē, another towards the Arabians and Assyrians at Daphnai of Pelusion, and another towards Libya at Marea: and even in my own time the garrisons of the Persians too are ordered in the same manner as these were in the reign of Psammetichos, for both at Elephantinē and at Daphnai the

Persians have outposts. The Egyptians then of whom I speak had served as outposts for three years and no one relieved them from their guard; accordingly they took counsel together, and adopting a common plan they all in a body revolted from Psammetichos and set out for Ethiopia. Hearing this Psammetichos set forth in pursuit, and when he came up with them he entreated them much and endeavoured to persuade them not to desert the gods of their country and their children and wives: upon which it is said that one of them pointed to his privy member and said that wherever this was, there would they have both children and wives. When these came to Ethiopia they gave themselves over to the king of the Ethiopians; and he rewarded them as follows:—there were certain of the Ethiopians who had come to be at variance with him; and he bade them drive these out and dwell in their land. So since these men settled in the land of the Ethiopians, the Ethiopians have come to be of milder manners, from having learnt the customs of the Egyptians.

The Nile then, besides that part of its course which is in Egypt, is known as far as a four months' journey by river and land: for that is the number of months which are found by reckoning to be spent in going from Elephantinē to these "Deserters": and the river runs from the West and the setting of the sun. But what comes after that point no one can clearly say; for this land is desert by reason of the burning heat. Thus much however I heard from men of Kyrenē, who told me that they had been to the Oracle of Ammon, and had come to speech with Etearchos king of the Ammonians: and it happened that after speaking of other matters they fell to discourse about the Nile and how no one knew the sources of it; and Etearchos said that once there came to him men of the Nasamonians (this is a Libyan race which dwells in the Syrtis, and also in the land to the East of the Syrtis reaching to no great distance), and when the Nasamonians came and were asked by him whether they were able to tell him anything more than he knew about the desert parts of Libya, they said that there had been among them certain sons of chief men, who were of unruly disposition; and these when they grew up to be

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men had devised various other extravagant things and also they had told off by lot five of themselves to go to see the desert parts of Libya and to try whether they could discover more than those who had previously explored furthest: for in those parts of Libya which are by the Northern Sea, beginning from Egypt and going as far as the headland of Soloeis, which is the extreme point of Libya, Libyans (and of them many races) extend along the whole coast, except so much as the Hellenes and Phenicians hold; but in the upper parts, which lie above the sea-coast and above those people whose land comes down to the sea, Libya is full of wild beasts; and in the parts above the land of wild beasts it is full of sand, terribly waterless and utterly desert. These young men then (said they), being sent out by their companions well furnished with supplies of water and provisions, went first through the inhabited country, and after they had passed through this they came to the country of wild beasts, and after this they passed through the desert, making their journey towards the West Wind; and having passed through a great tract of sand in many days, they saw at last trees growing in a level place; and having come up to them, they were beginning to pluck the fruit which was upon the trees: but as they began to pluck it, there came upon them small men, of less stature than men of the common size, and these seized them and carried them away; and neither could the Nasamonians understand anything of their speech nor could those who were carrying them off understand anything of the speech of the Nasamonians: and they led them (so it was said) through very great swamps, and after passing through these they came to a city in which all the men were in size like those who carried them off and in colour of skin black; and by the city ran a great river, which ran from the West towards the sunrising, and in it were seen crocodiles. Of the account given by Etearchos the Ammonian let so much suffice as is here said, except that, as the men of Kyrenē told me, he alleged that the Nasamonians returned safe home, and that the people to whom they had come were all wizards. Now this river which ran by the city, Etearchos conjectured to be the Nile, and more-

over reason compels us to think so; for the Nile flows from Libya and cuts Libya through in the midst, and as I conjecture, judging of what is not known by that which is evident to the view, it starts at a distance from its mouth equal to that of the Ister: for the river Ister begins from the Keltoi and the city of Pyrenē and so runs that it divides Europe in the midst (now the Keltoi are outside the Pillars of Heracles and border upon the Kynesians, who dwell furthest towards the sunset of all those who have their dwelling in Europe); and the Ister ends, having its course through the whole of Europe, by flowing into the Euxine Sea at the place where the Milesians have their settlement of Istria. Now the Ister, since it flows through land which is inhabited, is known by the reports of many; but of the sources of the Nile no one can give an account, for the part of Libya through which it flows is uninhabited and desert. About its course however so much as it was possible to learn by the most diligent inquiry has been told; and it runs out into Egypt. Now Egypt lies nearly opposite to the mountain districts of Kilikia; and from thence to Sinopē, which lies upon the Euxine Sea, is a journey in the same straight line of five days for a man without encumbrance; and Sinopē lies opposite to the place where the Ister runs out into the sea: thus I think that the Nile passes through the whole of Libya and is of equal measure with the Ister.

Of the Nile then let so much suffice as has been said. Of Egypt however I shall make my report at length, because it has wonders more in number than any other land, and works too it has to show as much as any land, which are beyond expression great: for this reason then more shall be said concerning it.

The Egyptians in agreement with their climate, which is unlike any other, and with the river, which shows a nature different from all other rivers, established for themselves manners and customs in a way opposite to other men in almost all matters: for among them the women frequent the market and carry on trade, while the men remain at home and weave; and whereas others weave pushing the

woof upwards, the Egyptians push it downwards: the men carry their burdens upon their heads and the women upon their shoulders: the women make water standing up and the men crouching down: they ease themselves in their houses and they eat without in the streets, alleging as reason for this that it is right to do secretly the things that are unseemly though necessary, but those which are not unseemly, in public: no woman is a minister either of male or female divinity, but men of all, both male and female: to support their parents the sons are in no way compelled, if they do not desire to do so, but the daughters are forced to do so, be they never so unwilling. The priests of the gods in other lands wear long hair, but in Egypt they shave their heads: among other men the custom is that in mourning those whom the matter concerns most nearly have their hair cut short, but the Egyptians, when deaths occur, let their hair grow long, both that on the head and that on the chin, having before been close shaven: other men have their daily living separated from beasts, but the Egyptians have theirs together with beasts: other men live on wheat and on barley, but to any one of the Egyptians who makes his living on these it is a great reproach; they make their bread of maize, which some call spelt: they knead dough with their feet and clay with their hands, with which also they gather up dung: and whereas other men, except such as have learnt otherwise from the Egyptians, have their members as nature made them, the Egyptians practice circumcision; as to garments, the men wear two each and the women but one: and whereas others make fast the rings and ropes of the sails outside the ship, the Egyptians do this inside: finally in the writing of characters and reckoning with pebbles, while the Hellenes carry the hand from the left to the right, the Egyptians do this from the right to the left; and doing so they say that they do it themselves rightwise and the Hellenes leftwise: and they use two kinds of characters for writing, of which the one kind is called sacred and the other common.

They are religious excessively beyond all other men, and with regard to this they have customs as follows:—they drink from cups of bronze and rinse them out every

day, and not some only do this but all: they wear garments of linen always newly washed, and this they make a special point of practice: they circumcise themselves for the sake of cleanliness, preferring to be clean rather than comely. The priests shave themselves all over their body every other day, so that no lice or any other foul thing may come to be upon them when they minister to the gods; and the priests wear garments of linen only and sandals of papyrus, and any other garment they may not take nor other sandals; these wash themselves in cold water twice in a day and twice again in the night; and other religious services they perform (one may almost say) of infinite number. They enjoy also good things not a few, for they do not consume or spend anything of their own substance, but there is sacred bread baked for them and they have each great quantity of flesh of oxen and geese coming in to them each day, and also wine of grapes is given to them; but it is not permitted to them to taste of fish: beans moreover the Egyptians do not at all sow in their land, and those which grow they neither eat raw nor boil for food; nay the priests do not endure even to look upon them, thinking this to be an unclean kind of pulse: and there is not one priest only for each of the gods but many, and of them one is chief-priest, and whenever a priest dies his son is appointed to his place.

The males of the ox kind they consider to belong to Epaphos, and on account of him they test them in the following manner:—If the priest sees one single black hair upon the beast he counts it not clean for sacrifice; and one of the priests who is appointed for the purpose makes investigation of these matters, both when the beast is standing upright and when it is lying on its back, drawing out its tongue moreover, to see if it is clean in respect of the appointed signs, which I shall tell of in another part of the history: he looks also at the hairs of the tail to see if it has them growing in the natural manner; and if it be clean in respect of all these things, he marks it with a piece of papyrus, rolling this round the horns, and then when he has plastered sealing-earth over it he sets upon it the seal of his signet-ring, and after that they take the

animal away. But for one who sacrifices a beast not sealed the penalty appointed is death. In this way then the beast is tested; and their appointed manner of sacrifice is as follows:—they lead the sealed beast to the altar where they happen to be sacrificing, and then kindle a fire: after that, having poured libations of wine over the altar so that it runs down upon the victim and having called upon the god, they cut its throat, and having cut its throat they sever the head from the body. The body then of the beast they flay, but upon the head they make many imprecations first, and then they who have a market and Hellenes sojourning among them for trade, these carry it to the market-place and sell it, while they who have no Hellenes among them cast it away into the river: and this is the form of imprecation which they utter upon the heads, praying that if any evil be about to befall either themselves who are offering sacrifice or the land of Egypt in general, it may come rather upon this head. Now as regards the heads of the beasts which are sacrificed and the pouring over them of the wine, all the Egyptians have the same customs equally for all their sacrifices; and by reason of this custom none of the Egyptians eat of the head either of this or of any other kind of animal: but the manner of disembowelling the victims and of burning them is appointed among them differently for different sacrifices; I shall speak however of the sacrifices to that goddess whom they regard as the greatest of all, and to whom they celebrate the greatest feast.—When they have flayed the bullock and made imprecation, they take out the whole of its lower entrails but leave in the body the upper entrails and the fat; and they sever from it the legs and the end of the loin and the shoulders and the neck: and this done, they fill the rest of the body of the animal with consecrated loaves and honey and raisins and figs and frankincense and myrrh and every other kind of spices, and having filled it with these they offer it, pouring over it great abundance of oil. They make their sacrifice after fasting, and while the offerings are being burnt, they all beat themselves for mourning, and when they have finished beating themselves they set forth as a feast that which they left unburnt of the sacrifice.

The clean males then of the ox kind, both full-grown animals and calves, are sacrificed by all the Egyptians; the females however they may not sacrifice, but these are sacred to Isis; for the figure of Isis is in the form of a woman with cow's horns, just as the Hellenes present Io in pictures, and all the Egyptians without distinction reverence cows far more than any other kind of cattle; for which reason neither man nor woman of Egyptian race would kiss a man who is a Hellene on the mouth, nor will they use a knife or roasting-spits or a caldron belonging to a Hellene, nor taste of the flesh even of a clean animal if it has been cut with the knife of a Hellene. And the cattle of this kind which die they bury in the following manner:—the females they cast into the river, but the males they bury, each people in the suburb of their town, with one of the horns, or sometimes both, protruding to mark the place; and when the bodies have rotted away and the appointed time comes on, then to each city comes a boat from that which is called the island of Prosopitis (this is in the Delta, and the extent of its circuit is nine *schoines*). In this island of Prosopitis is situated, besides many other cities, that one from which the boats come to take up the bones of the oxen, and the name of the city is Atarbechis, and in it there is set up a holy temple of Aphroditē. From this city many go abroad in various directions, some to one city and others to another, and when they have dug up the bones of the oxen they carry them off, and coming together they bury them in one single place. In the same manner as they bury the oxen they bury also their other cattle when they die; for about them also they have the same law laid down, and these also they abstain from killing.

Now all who have a temple set up to the Theban Zeus or who are of the district of Thebes, these, I say, all sacrifice goats and abstain from sheep: for not all the Egyptians equally reverence the same gods, except only Isis and Osiris (who they say is Dionysos), these they all reverence alike: but they who have a temple of Mendes or belong to the Mendesian district, these abstain from goats and sacrifice sheep. Now the men of Thebes and those

who after their example abstain from sheep, say that this custom was established among them for the cause which follows:—Heracles (they say) had an earnest desire to see Zeus, and Zeus did not desire to be seen of him; and at last when Heracles was urgent in entreaty Zeus contrived this device, that is to say, he flayed a ram and held in front of him the head of the ram which he had cut off, and he put on over him the fleece and then showed himself to him. Hence the Egyptians make the image of Zeus with the face of a ram; and the Ammonians do so also after their example, being settlers both from the Egyptians and from the Ethiopians, and using a language which is a medley of both tongues: and in my opinion it is from this god that the Ammonians took the name which they have, for the Egyptians call Zeus *Amun*. The Thebans then do not sacrifice rams but hold them sacred for this reason; on one day however in the year, on the feast of Zeus, they cut up in the same manner and flay one single ram and cover with its skin the image of Zeus, and then they bring up to it another image of Heracles. This done, all who are in the temple beat themselves in lamentation for the ram, and then they bury it in a sacred tomb.

About Heracles I heard the account given that he was of the number of the twelve gods; but of the other Heracles whom the Hellenes know I was not able to hear in any part of Egypt: and moreover to prove that the Egyptians did not take the name of Heracles from the Hellenes, but rather the Hellenes from the Egyptians,—that is to say those of the Hellenes who gave the name Heracles to the son of Amphitryon,—of that, I say, besides many other evidences there is chiefly this, namely that the parents of this Heracles, Amphitryon and Alcmenē, were both of Egypt by descent, and also that the Egyptians say that they do not know the names either of Poseidon or of the Dioscuroi, nor have these been accepted by them as gods among the other gods; whereas if they had received from the Hellenes the name of any divinity, they would naturally have preserved the memory of these most of all, assuming that in those times as now some of the Hellenes were wont to make voyages and were seafaring folk, as I suppose and as

my judgment compels me to think; so that the Egyptians would have learnt the names of these gods even more than that of Heracles. In fact however Heracles is a very ancient Egyptian god; and (as they say themselves) it is seventeen thousand years to the beginning of the reign of Amasis from the time when the twelve gods, of whom they count that Heracles is one, were begotten of the eight gods. I moreover, desiring to know something certain of these matters so far as might be, made a voyage also to Tyre of Phenicia, hearing that in that place there was a holy temple of Heracles; and I saw that it was richly furnished with many votive offerings besides, and especially there were in it two pillars, the one of pure gold and the other of an emerald stone of such size as to shine by night: and having come to speech with the priests of the god, I asked them how long a time it was since their temple had been set up: and these also I found to be at variance with the Hellenes, for they said that at the same time when Tyre was founded, the temple of the god also had been set up, and that it was a period of two thousand three hundred years since their people began to dwell at Tyre. I saw also at Tyre another temple of Heracles, with the surname Thasian; and I came to Thasos also and there I found a temple of Heracles set up by the Phenicians, who had sailed out to seek for Europa and had colonised Thasos; and these things happened full five generations of men before Heracles the son of Amphitryon was born in Hellas. So then my inquiries show clearly that Heracles is an ancient god, and those of the Hellenes seem to me to act most rightly who have two temples of Heracles set up, and who sacrifice to the one as an immortal god and with the title Olympian, and make offerings of the dead to the other as a hero. Moreover, besides many other stories which the Hellenes tell without due consideration, this tale is especially foolish which they tell about Heracles, namely that when he came to Egypt, the Egyptians put on him wreaths and led him forth in procession to sacrifice him to Zeus; and he for some time kept quiet, but when they were beginning the sacrifice of him at the altar, he betook himself to prowess and slew them all. I for my part am of opinion

that the Hellenes when they tell this tale are altogether without knowledge of the nature and customs of the Egyptians; for how should they for whom it is not lawful to sacrifice even beasts, except swine and the males of oxen and calves (such of them as are clean) and geese, how should these sacrifice human beings? Besides this, how is it in nature possible that Heracles, being one person only and moreover a man (as they assert), should slay many myriads? Having said so much of these matters, we pray that we may have grace from both the gods and the heroes for our speech.

Now the reason why those of the Egyptians whom I have mentioned do not sacrifice goats, female or male, is this:—the Mendesians count Pan to be one of the eight gods (now these eight gods they say came into being before the twelve gods), and the painters and image-makers represent in painting and in sculpture the figure of Pan, just as the Hellenes do, with goat's face and legs, not supposing him to be really like this but to resemble the other gods; the cause however why they represent him in this form I prefer not to say. The Mendesians then reverence all goats and the males more than the females (and the goatherds too have greater honour than other herdsmen), but of the goats one especially is reverenced, and when he dies there is great mourning in all the Mendesian district: and both the goat and Pan are called in the Egyptian tongue *Mendes*. Moreover in my lifetime there happened in that district this marvel, that is to say a he-goat had intercourse with a woman publicly, and this was so done that all men might have evidence of it.

The pig is accounted by the Egyptians an abominable animal; and first, if any of them in passing by touch a pig, he goes into the river and dips himself forthwith in the water together with his garments; and then too swineherds, though they be native Egyptians, unlike all others do not enter any of the temples in Egypt, nor is anyone willing to give his daughter in marriage to one of them or to take a wife from among them; but the swineherds both give in marriage to one another and take from one another. Now to the other gods the Egyptians do not think it right to

sacrifice swine; but to the Moon and to Dionysos alone at the same time and on the same full-moon they sacrifice swine, and then eat their flesh: and as to the reason why, when they abominate swine at all their other feasts, they sacrifice them at this, there is a story told by the Egyptians; and this story I know, but it is not a seemly one for me to tell. Now the sacrifice of the swine to the Moon is performed as follows:—when the priest has slain the victim, he puts together the end of the tail and the spleen and the caul, and covers them up with the whole of the fat of the animal which is about the paunch, and then he offers them with fire; and the rest of the flesh they eat on that day of full moon upon which they have held the sacrifice, but on any day after this they will not taste of it: the poor however among them by reason of the scantiness of their means shape pigs of dough and having baked them they offer these as a sacrifice. Then for Dionysos on the eve of the festival each one kills a pig by cutting its throat before his own doors, and after that he gives the pig to the swineherd who sold it to him, to carry away again; and the rest of the feast of Dionysos is celebrated by the Egyptians in the same way as by the Hellenes in almost all things except choral dances, but instead of the *phallos* they have invented another contrivance, namely figures of about a cubit in height worked by strings, which women carry about the villages, with the privy member made to move and not much less in size than the rest of the body: and a flute goes before and they follow singing the praises of Dionysos. As to the reason why the figure has this member larger than is natural and moves it, though it moves no other part of the body, about this there is a sacred story told. Now I think that Melampus the son of Amytheon was not without knowledge of these rites of sacrifice, but was acquainted with them: for Melampus is he who first set forth to the Hellenes the name of Dionysos and the manner of sacrifice and the procession of the *phallos*. Strictly speaking indeed, he when he made it known did not take in the whole, but those wise men who came after him made it known more at large. Melampus then is he who taught of the *phallos* which is carried in procession for Dionysos, and from him the Hellenes learnt to

do that which they do. I say then that Melampus being a man of ability contrived for himself an art of divination, and having learnt from Egypt he taught the Hellenes many things, and among them those that concern Dionysos, making changes in some few points of them: for I shall not say that that which is done in worship of the god in Egypt came accidentally to be the same with that which is done among the Hellenes, for then these rites would have been in character with the Hellenic worship and not lately brought in; nor certainly shall I say that the Egyptians took from the Hellenes either this or any other customary observance: but I think it most probable that Melampus learnt the matters concerning Dionysos from Cadmos the Tyrian and from those who came with him from Phenicia to the land which we now call Bœotia.

Moreover the naming of almost all the gods has come to Hellas from Egypt: for that it has come from the Barbarians I find by inquiry is true, and I am of opinion that most probably it has come from Egypt, because, except in the case of Poseidon and the Dioscuroi (in accordance with that which I have said before), and also of Hera and Hestia and Themis and the Charites and Nereïds, the Egyptians have had the names of all the other gods in their country for all time. What I say here is that which the Egyptians say themselves: but as for the gods whose names they profess that they do not know, these I think received their naming from the Pelasgians, except Poseidon; but about this god the Hellenes learnt from the Libyans, for no people except the Libyans have had the name of Poseidon from the first and have paid honour to this god always. Nor, it may be added, have the Egyptians any custom of worshipping heroes. These observances then, and others besides these which I shall mention, the Hellenes have adopted from the Egyptians; but to make, as they do, the images of Hermes with the *phallos* they have learnt not from the Egyptians but from the Pelasgians, the custom having been received by the Athenians first of all the Hellenes and from these by the rest; for just at the time when the Athenians were beginning to rank among the Hellenes, the Pelasgians became dwellers with them in their

land, and from this very cause it was that they began to be counted as Hellenes. Whosoever has been initiated in the mysteries of the Cabeiroi, which the Samothrakians perform having received them from the Pelasgians, that man knows the meaning of my speech; for these very Pelasgians who became dwellers with the Athenians used to dwell before that time in Samothrakē, and from them the Samothrakians received their mysteries. So then the Athenians were the first of the Hellenes who made the images of Hermes with the *phallos,* having learnt from the Pelasgians; and the Pelasgians told a sacred story about it, which is set forth in the mysteries in Samothrakē. Now the Pelasgians formerly were wont to make all their sacrifices calling upon the gods in prayer, as I know from that which I heard at Dodona, but they gave no title or name to any of them, for they had not yet heard any, but they called them gods (*θεούς*) from some such notion as this, that they had set (*θέντες*) in order all things and so had the distribution of everything. Afterwards when much time had elapsed, they learnt from Egypt the names of the gods, all except Dionysos, for his name they learnt long afterwards; and after a time the Pelasgians consulted the Oracle at Dodona about the names, for this prophetic seat is accounted to be the most ancient of the Oracles which are among the Hellenes, and at that time it was the only one. So when the Pelasgians asked the Oracle at Dodona whether they should adopt the names which had come from the Barbarians, the Oracle in reply bade them make use of the names. From this time they sacrificed using the names of the gods, and from the Pelasgians the Hellenes afterwards received them: but whence the several gods had their birth, or whether they all were from the beginning, and of what form they are, they did not learn till yesterday, as it were, or the day before: for Hesiod and Homer I suppose were four hundred years before my time and not more, and these are they who made a theogony for the Hellenes and gave the titles to the gods and distributed to them honours and arts, and set forth their forms: but the poets who are said to have been before these men were really in my opinion after them. Of these things the first

are said by the priestesses of Dodona, and the latter things, those namely which have regard to Hesiod and Homer, by myself.

As regards the Oracles both that among the Hellenes and that in Libya, the Egyptians tell the following tale. The priests of the Theban Zeus told me that two women in the service of the temple had been carried away from Thebes by Phenicians, and that they had heard that one of them had been sold to go into Libya and the other to the Hellenes; and these women, they said, were they who first founded the prophetic seats among the nations which have been named: and when I inquired whence they knew so perfectly of this tale which they told, they said in reply that a great search had been made by the priests after these women, and that they had not been able to find them, but they had heard afterwards this tale about them which they were telling. This I heard from the priests at Thebes, and what follows is said by the prophetesses of Dodona. They say that two black doves flew from Thebes in Egypt, and came one of them to Libya and the other to their land. And this latter settled upon an oak-tree and spoke with human voice, saying that it was necessary that a prophetic seat of Zeus should be established in that place; and they supposed that that was of the gods which was announced to them, and made one accordingly: and the dove which went away to the Libyans, they say, bade the Libyans make an Oracle of Ammon; and this also is of Zeus. The priestesses of Dodona told me these things, of whom the eldest was named Promeneia, the next after her Timaretē, and the youngest Nicandra; and the other people of Dodona who were engaged about the temple gave accounts agreeing with theirs. I however have an opinion about the matter as follows:—If the Phenicians did in truth carry away the consecrated women and sold one of them into Libya and the other into Hellas, I suppose that in the country now called Hellas, which was formerly called Pelasgia, this woman was sold into the land of the Thesprotians; and then being a slave there she set up a sanctuary of Zeus under a real oak-tree; as indeed it was natural that being an attendant of the sanctuary of Zeus at Thebes, she should there, in the place to which she had come, have a

memory of him; and after this, when she got understanding of the Hellenic tongue, she established an Oracle, and she reported, I suppose, that her sister had been sold in Libya by the same Phenicians by whom she herself had been sold. Moreover, I think that the women were called doves by the people of Dodona for the reason that they were Barbarians and because it seemed to them that they uttered voice like birds; but after a time (they say) the dove spoke with human voice, that is when the woman began to speak so that they could understand; but so long as she spoke a Barbarian tongue she seemed to them to be uttering voice like a bird: for if it had been really a dove, how could it speak with human voice? And in saying that the dove was black, they indicate that the woman was Egyptian. The ways of delivering oracles too at Thebes in Egypt and at Dodona closely resemble one another, as it happens, and also the method of divination by victims has come from Egypt.

Moreover, it is true also that the Egyptians were the first of men who made solemn assemblies and processions and approaches to the temples, and from them the Hellenes have learnt them, and my evidence for this is that the Egyptian celebrations of these have been held from a very ancient time, whereas the Hellenic were introduced but lately. The Egyptians hold their solemn assemblies not once in the year but often, especially and with the greatest zeal and devotion at the city of Bubastis for Artemis, and next at Busiris for Isis; for in this last-named city there is a very great temple of Isis, and this city stands in the middle of the Delta of Egypt; now Isis is in the tongue of the Hellenes Demeter: thirdly, they have a solemn assembly at the city of Saïs for Athenē, fourthly at Heliopolis for the Sun (Helios), fifthly at the city of Buto in honour of Leto, and sixthly at the city of Papremis for Ares. Now, when they are coming to the city of Bubastis they do as follows:—they sail men and women together, and a great multitude of each sex in every boat; and some of the women have rattles and rattle with them, while some of the men play the flute during the whole time of the voyage, and the rest, both women and men, sing and clap their hands; and when as they sail they come opposite to any city on the way they bring the boat to land,

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and some of the women continue to do as I have said, others cry aloud and jeer at the women in that city, some dance, and some stand up and pull up their garments. This they do by every city along the river-bank; and when they come to Bubastis they hold festival celebrating great sacrifices, and more wine of grapes is consumed upon that festival than during the whole of the rest of the year. To this place (so say the natives) they come together year by year even to the number of seventy myriads of men and women, besides children. Thus it is done here; and how they celebrate the festival in honour of Isis at the city of Busiris has been told by me before: for, as I said, they beat themselves in mourning after the sacrifice, all of them both men and women, very many myriads of people; but for whom they beat themselves it is not permitted to me by religion to say; and so many as there are of the Carians dwelling in Egypt do this even more than the Egyptians themselves, inasmuch as they cut their foreheads also with knives; and by this it is manifested that they are strangers and not Egyptians. At the times when they gather together at the city of Saïs for their sacrifices, on a certain night they all kindle lamps many in number in the open air round about the houses; now the lamps are saucers full of salt and oil mixed, and the wick floats by itself on the surface, and this burns during the whole night; and to the festival is given the name *Lychnocaia* (the lighting of lamps). Moreover those of the Egyptians who have not come to this solemn assembly observe the night of the festival and themselves also light lamps all of them, and thus not in Saïs alone are they lighted, but over all Egypt: and as to the reason why light and honour are allotted to this night, about this there is a sacred story told. To Heliopolis and Buto they go year by year and do sacrifice only: but at Papremis they do sacrifice and worship as elsewhere, and besides that, when the sun begins to go down, while some few of the priests are occupied with the image of the god, the greater number of them stand in the entrance of the temple with wooden clubs, and other persons to the number of more than a thousand men with purpose to perform a vow, these also having all of them staves of wood, stand in a body opposite to those: and the image, which is

in a small shrine of wood covered over with gold, they take out on the day before to another sacred building. The few then who have been left about the image, draw a wain with four wheels, which bears the shrine and the image that is within the shrine, and the other priests standing in the gateway try to prevent it from entering, and the men who are under a vow come to the assistance of the god and strike them, while the others defend themselves. Then there comes to be a hard fight with staves, and they break one another's heads, and I am of opinion that many even die of the wounds they receive; the Egyptians however told me that no one died. This solemn assembly the people of the place say that they established for the following reason:—the mother of Ares, they say, used to dwell in this temple, and Ares, having been brought up away from her, when he grew up came thither desiring to visit his mother, and the attendants of his mother's temple, not having seen him before, did not permit him to pass in, but kept him away; and he brought men to help him from another city and handled roughly the attendants of the temple, and entered to visit his mother. Hence, they say, this exchange of blows has become the custom in honour of Ares upon his festival.

The Egyptians were the first who made it a point of religion not to lie with women in temples, nor to enter into temples after going away from women without first bathing: for almost all other men except the Egyptians and the Hellenes lie with women in temples and enter into a temple after going away from women without bathing, since they hold that there is no difference in this respect between men and beasts: for they say that they see beasts and the various kinds of birds coupling together both in the temples and in the sacred enclosures of the gods; if then this were not pleasing to the god, the beasts would not do so.

Thus do these defend that which they do, which by me is disallowed: but the Egyptians are excessively careful in their observances, both in other matters which concern the sacred rites and also in those which follow:—Egypt, though it borders upon Libya, does not very much abound in wild animals, but such as they have are one and all accounted by them sacred, some of them living with men and others not.

But if I should say for what reasons the sacred animals have been thus dedicated, I should fal' into discourse of matters pertaining to the gods, of which I most desire not to speak; and what I have actually said touching slightly upon them, I said because I was constrained by necessity. About these animals there is a custom of this kind:—persons have been appointed of the Egyptians, both men and women, to provide the food for each kind of beast separately, and their office goes down from father to son; and those who dwell in the various cities perform vows to them thus, that is, when they make a vow to the god to whom the animal belongs, they shave the head of their children either the whole or the half or the third part of it, and then set the hair in the balance against silver, and whatever it weighs, this the man gives to the person who provides for the animals, and she cuts up fish of equal value and gives it for food to the animals. Thus food for their support has been appointed: and if any one kill any of these animals, the penalty, if he do it with his own will, is death, and if against his will, such penalty as the priests may appoint: but whosoever shall kill an ibis or a hawk, whether it be with his will or against his will, must die. Of the animals that live with men there are great numbers, and would be many more but for the accidents which befall the cats. For when the females have produced young they are no longer in the habit of going to the males, and these seeking to be united with them are not able. To this end then they contrive as follows,—they either take away by force or remove secretly the young from the females and kill them (but after killing they do not eat them), and the females being deprived of their young and desiring more, therefore come to the males, for it is a creature that is fond of its young. Moreover when a fire occurs, the cats seem to be divinely possessed; for while the Egyptians stand at intervals and look after the cats, not taking any care to extinguish the fire, the cats slipping through or leaping over the men, jump into the fire; and when this happens, great mourning comes upon the Egyptians. And in whatever houses a cat has died by a natural death, all those who dwell in this house shave their eyebrows only, but those in whose houses a dog has died shave their whole body and also their

head. The cats when they are dead are carried away to sacred buildings in the city of Bubastis, where after being embalmed they are buried; but the dogs they bury each people in their own city in sacred tombs; and the ichneumons are buried just in the same way as the dogs. The shrew-mice however and the hawks they carry away to the city of Buto, and the ibises to Hermopolis; the bears (which are not commonly seen) and the wolves, not much larger in size than foxes, they bury on the spot where they are found lying.

Of the crocodile the nature is as follows:—during the four most wintry months this creature eats nothing: she has four feet and is an animal belonging to the land and the water both; for she produces and hatches eggs on the land, and the most part of the day she remains upon dry land, but the whole of the night in the river, for the water in truth is warmer than the unclouded open air and the dew. Of all the mortal creatures of which we have knowledge this grows to the greatest bulk from the smallest beginning; for the eggs which she produces are not much larger than those of geese and the newly-hatched young one is in proportion to the egg, but as he grows he becomes as much as seventeen cubits long and sometimes yet larger. He has eyes like those of a pig and teeth large and tusky, in proportion to the size of his body; but unlike all other beasts he grows no tongue, neither does he move his lower jaw, but brings the upper jaw towards the lower, being in this too unlike all other beasts. He has moreover strong claws and a scaly hide upon his back which cannot be pierced; and he is blind in the water, but in the air he is of a very keen sight. Since he has his living in the water he keeps his mouth all full within of leeches; and whereas all other birds and beasts fly from him, the trochilus is a creature which is at peace with him, seeing that from her he receives benefit; for the crocodile having come out of the water to the land and then having opened his mouth (this he is wont to do generally towards the West Wind), the trochilus upon that enters into his mouth and swallows down the leeches, and he being benefited is pleased and does no harm to the trochilus. Now for some of the Egyptians the crocodiles are sacred animals, and for others

not so, but they treat them on the contrary as enemies: those however who dwell about Thebes and about the lake of Moiris hold them to be most sacred, and each of these two peoples keeps one crocodile selected from the whole number, which has been trained to tameness, and they put hanging ornaments of molten stone and of gold into the ears of these and anklets round the front feet, and they give them food appointed and victims of sacrifices and treat them as well as possible while they live, and after they are dead they bury them in sacred tombs, embalming them: but those who dwell about the city of Elephantinē even eat them, not holding them to be sacred. They are called not crocodiles but *champsai,* and the Ionians gave them the name of crocodile, comparing their form to that of the crocodiles (lizards) which appear in their country in the stone walls. There are many ways in use of catching them and of various kinds: I shall describe that which to me seems the most worthy of being told. A man puts the back of a pig upon a hook as bait, and lets it go into the middle of the river, while he himself upon the bank of the river has a young live pig, which he beats; and the crocodile hearing its cries makes for the direction of the sound, and when he finds the pig's back he swallows it down: then they pull, and when he is drawn out to land, first of all the hunter forthwith plasters up his eyes with mud, and having so done he very easily gets the mastery of him, but if he does not do so he has much trouble.

The river-horse is sacred in the district of Papremis, but for the other Egyptians he is not sacred; and this is the appearance which he presents: he is four-footed, cloven-hoofed like an ox, flat-nosed, with a mane like a horse and showing teeth like tusks, with a tail and voice like a horse, and in size as large as the largest ox; and his hide is so exceedingly thick that when it has been dried shafts of javelins are made of it. There are moreover otters in the river, which they consider to be sacred; and of fish also they esteem that which is called the *lepidotos* to be sacred, and also the eel; and these they say are sacred to the Nile: and of birds the fox-goose.

There is also another sacred bird called the phœnix which I did not myself see except in painting, for in truth he comes

to them very rarely, at intervals, as the people of Heliopolis say, of five hundred years; and these say that he comes regularly when his father dies; and if he be like the painting, he is of this size and nature, that is to say, some of his feathers are of gold colour and others red, and in outline and size he is as nearly as possible like an eagle. This bird they say (but I cannot believe the story) contrives as follows:—setting forth from Arabia he conveys his father, they say, to the temple of the Sun (Helios) plastered up in myrrh, and buries him in the temple of the Sun; and he conveys him thus:—he forms first an egg of myrrh as large as he is able to carry, and then he makes trial of carrying it, and when he has made trial sufficiently, then he hollows out the egg and places his father within it and plasters over with other myrrh that part of the egg where he hollowed it out to put his father in, and when his father is laid in it, it proves (they say) to be of the same weight as it was; and after he has plastered it up, he conveys the whole to Egypt to the temple of the Sun. Thus they say that this bird does.

There are also about Thebes sacred serpents, not at all harmful to men, which are small in size and have two horns growing from the top of the head: these they bury when they die in the temple of Zeus, for to this god they say that they are sacred. There is a region moreover in Arabia, situated nearly over against the city of Buto, to which place I came to inquire about the winged serpents; and when I came thither I saw bones of serpents and spines in quantity so great that it is impossible to make report of the number, and there were heaps of spines, some heaps large and others less large and others smaller still than these, and these heaps were many in number. This region in which the spines are scattered upon the ground is of the nature of an entrance from a narrow mountain pass to a great plain, which plain adjoins the plain of Egypt; and the story goes that at the beginning of spring winged serpents from Arabia fly towards Egypt, and the birds called ibises meet them at the entrance to this country and do not suffer the serpents to go by but kill them. On account of this deed it is (say the Arabians) that the ibis has come to be greatly honoured by the

Egyptians, and the Egyptians also agree that it is for this reason that they honour these birds. The outward form of the ibis is this:—it is a deep black all over, and has legs like those of a crane and a very curved beak, and in size it is about equal to a rail: this is the appearance of the black kind which fight with the serpents, but of those which most crowd round men's feet (for there are two several kinds of ibises) the head is bare and also the whole of the throat, and it is white in feathering except the head and neck and the extremities of the wings and the rump (in all these parts of which I have spoken it is a deep black), while in legs and in the form of the head it resembles the other. As for the serpent its form is like that of the watersnake; and it has wings not feathered but most nearly resembling the wings of the bat. Let so much suffice as has been said now concerning sacred animals.

Of the Egyptians themselves, those who dwell in the part of Egypt which is sown for crops practise memory more than any other men and are the most learned in history by far of all those of whom I have had experience: and their manner of life is as follows:—For three successive days in each month they purge, hunting after health with emetics and clysters, and they think that all the diseases which exist are produced in men by the food on which they live: for the Egyptians are from other causes also the most healthy of all men next after the Libyans (in my opinion on account of the seasons, because the seasons do not change, for by the changes of things generally, and especially of the seasons, diseases are most apt to be produced in men), and as to their diet, it is as follows:—they eat bread, making loaves of maize, which they call *kyllestis,* and they use habitually a wine made out of barley, for vines they have not in their land. Of their fish some they dry in the sun and then eat them without cooking, others they eat cured in brine. Of birds they eat quails and ducks and small birds without cooking, after first curing them; and everything else which they have belonging to the class of birds or fishes, except such as have been set apart by them as sacred, they eat roasted or boiled. In the entertainments of the rich among them, when they have

finished eating, a man bears round a wooden figure of a dead body in a coffin, made as like the reality as may be both by painting and carving, and measuring about a cubit or two cubits each way; and this he shows to each of those who are drinking together, saying: "When thou lookest upon this, drink and be merry, for thou shalt be such as this when thou art dead." Thus they do at their carousals. The customs which they practise are derived from their fathers and they do not acquire others in addition; but besides other customary things among them which are worthy of mention, they have one song, that of Linos, the same who is sung of both in Phenicia and in Cyprus and elsewhere, having however a name different according to the various nations. This song agrees exactly with that which the Hellenes sing calling on the name of Linos, so that besides many other things about which I wonder among those matters which concern Egypt, I wonder especially about this, namely whence they got the song of Linos. It is evident however that they have sung this song from immemorial time, and in the Egyptian tongue Linos is called Manerōs. The Egyptians told me that he was the only son of him who first became king of Egypt, and that he died before his time and was honoured with these lamentations by the Egyptians, and that this was their first and only song. In another respect the Egyptians are in agreement with some of the Hellenes, namely with the Lacedemonians, but not with the rest, that is to say, the younger of them when they meet the elder give way and move out of the path, and when their elders approach, they rise out of their seat. In this which follows however they are not in agreement with any of the Hellenes,—instead of addressing one another in the roads they do reverence, lowering their hand down to their knee. They wear tunics of linen about their legs with fringes, which they call *calasiris;* above these they have garments of white wool thrown over: woolen garments however are not taken into the temples, nor are they buried with them, for this is not permitted by religion. In these points they are in agreement with the observances called Orphic and Bacchic (which are really Egyptian), and also with those of the Pythagoreans, for one who takes part in these mysteries is also forbidden by re-

ligious rule to be buried in woolen garments; and about this there is a sacred story told.

Besides these things the Egyptians have found out also to what god each month and each day belongs, and what fortunes a man will meet with who is born on any particular day, and how he will die, and what kind of a man he will be: and these inventions were taken up by those of the Hellenes who occupied themselves about poesy. Portents too have been found out by them more than by all other men besides; for when a portent has happened, they observe and write down the event which comes of it, and if ever afterwards anything resembling this happens, they believe that the event which comes of it will be similar. Their divination is ordered thus:—the art is assigned not to any man but to certain of the gods, for there are in their land Oracles of Heracles, of Apollo, of Athenē, of Artemis, of Ares, and of Zeus, and moreover that which they hold most in honour of all, namely the Oracle of Leto which is in the city of Buto. The manner of divination however is not established among them according to the same fashion everywhere, but is different in different places. The art of medicine among them is distributed thus:—each physician is a physician of one disease and of no more; and the whole country is full of physicians, for some profess themselves to be physicians of the eyes, others of the head, others of the teeth, others of the affections of the stomach, and others of the more obscure ailments.

Their fashions of mourning and of burial are these:—Whenever any household has lost a man who is of any regard amongst them, the whole number of women of that house forthwith plaster over their heads or even their faces with mud. Then leaving the corpse within the house they go themselves to and fro about the city and beat themselves, with their garments bound up by a girdle and their breasts exposed, and with them go all the women who are related to the dead man, and on the other side the men beat themselves, they too having their garments bound up by a girdle; and when they have done this, they then convey the body to the embalming. In this occupation certain persons employ themselves regularly and inherit this as a craft. These, whenever

a corpse is conveyed to them, show to those who brought it wooden models of corpses made like reality by painting, and the best of the ways of embalming they say is that of him whose name I think it impiety to mention when speaking of a matter of such a kind; the second which they show is less good than this and also less expensive; and the third is the least expensive of all. Having told them about this, they inquire of them in which way they desire the corpse of their friend to be prepared. Then they after they have agreed for a certain price depart out of the way, and the others being left behind in the buildings embalm according to the best of these ways thus:—First with a crooked iron tool they draw out the brain through the nostrils, extracting it partly thus and partly by pouring in drugs; and after this with a sharp stone of Ethiopia they make a cut along the side and take out the whole contents of the belly, and when they have cleared out the cavity and cleansed it with palm-wine they cleanse it again with spices pounded up: then they fill the belly with pure myrrh pounded up and with cassia and other spices except frankincense, and sew it together again. Having so done they keep it for embalming covered up in natron for seventy days, but for a longer time than this it is not permitted to embalm it; and when the seventy days are past, they wash the corpse and roll its whole body up in fine linen cut into bands, smearing these beneath with gum, which the Egyptians use generally instead of glue. Then the kinsfolk receive it from them and have a wooden figure made in the shape of a man, and when they have had this made they enclose the corpse, and having shut it up within, they store it then in a sepulchral chamber, setting it to stand upright against the wall. Thus they deal with the corpses which are prepared in the most costly way; but for those who desire the middle way and wish to avoid great cost they prepare the corpse as follows:—having filled their syringes with the oil which is got from cedar-wood, with this they forthwith fill the belly of the corpse, and this they do without having either cut it open or taken out the bowels, but they inject the oil by the breech, and having stopped the drench from returning back they keep it then the appointed number of days for embalming, and on the last of the days they let

the cedar oil come out from the belly, which they before put in; and it has such power that it brings out with it the bowels and interior organs of the body dissolved; and the natron dissolves the flesh, so that there is left of the corpse only the skin and the bones. When they have done this they give back the corpse at once in that condition without working upon it any more. The third kind of embalming, by which are prepared the bodies of those who have less means, is as follows:—they cleanse out the belly with a purge and then keep the body for embalming during the seventy days, and at once after that they give it back to the bringers to carry away. The wives of men of rank when they die are not given at once to be embalmed, nor such women as are very beautiful or of greater regard than others, but on the third or fourth day after their death (and not before) they are delivered to the embalmers. They do so about this matter in order that the embalmers may not abuse their women, for they say that one of them was taken once doing so to the corpse of a woman lately dead, and his fellow-craftsman gave information. Whenever any one, either of the Egyptians themselves or of strangers, is found to have been carried off by a crocodile or brought to his death by the river itself, the people of any city by which he may have been cast up on land must embalm him and lay him out in the fairest way they can and bury him in a sacred burial-place, nor may any of his relations or friends besides touch him, but the priests of the Nile themselves handle the corpse and bury it as that of one who was something more than man.

Hellenic usages they will by no means follow, and to speak generally they follow those of no other men whatever. This rule is observed by most of the Egyptians; but there is a large city named Chemmis in the Theban district near Neapolis, and in this city there is a temple of Perseus the son of Danaë which is of a square shape, and round it grow date-palms: the gateway of the temple is built of stone and of very great size, and at the entrance of it stand two great statues of stone. Within this enclosure is a temple-house and in it stands an image of Perseus. These people of Chemmis say that Perseus is wont often to appear in their

land and often within the temple, and that a sandal which has been worn by him is found sometimes, being in length two cubits, and whenever this appears all Egypt prospers. This they say, and they do in honour of Perseus after Hellenic fashion thus,—they hold an athletic contest, which includes the whole list of games, and they offer in prizes cattle and cloaks and skins: and when I inquired why to them alone Perseus was wont to appear, and wherefore they were separated from all the other Egyptians in that they held an athletic contest, they said that Perseus had been born of their city, for Danaos and Lynkeus were men of Chemmis and had sailed to Hellas, and from them they traced a descent and came down to Perseus: and they told me that he had come to Egypt for the reason which the Hellenes also say, namely to bring from Libya the Gorgon's head, and had then visited them also and recognised all his kinsfolk, and they said that he had well learnt the name of Chemmis before he came to Egypt, since he had heard it from his mother, and that they celebrated an athletic contest for him by his own command.

All these are customs practised by the Egyptians who dwell above the fens: and those who are settled in the fen-land have the same customs for the most part as the other Egyptians, both in other matters and also in that they live each with one wife only, as do the Hellenes; but for economy in respect of food they have invented these things besides:—when the river has become full and the plains have been flooded, there grow in the water great numbers of lilies, which the Egyptians call *lotos;* these they cut with a sickle and dry in the sun, and then they pound that which grows in the middle of the lotos and which is like the head of a poppy, and they make of it loaves baked with fire. The root also of this lotos is edible and has a rather sweet taste: it is round in shape and about the size of an apple. There are other lilies too, in flower resembling roses, which also grow in the river, and from them the fruit is produced in a separate vessel springing from the root by the side of the plant itself, and very nearly resembles a wasp's comb: in this there grow edible seeds in great numbers of the size of an olive-stone, and they are eaten either fresh or dried. Besides this

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CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

they pull up from the fens the papyrus which grows every year, and the upper parts of it they cut off and turn to other uses, but that which is left below for about a cubit in length they eat or sell: and those who desire to have the papyrus at its very best bake it in an oven heated red-hot, and then eat it. Some too of these people live on fish alone, which they dry in the sun after having caught them and taken out the entrails, and then when they are dry, they use them for food.

Fish which swim in shoals are not much produced in the rivers, but are bred in the lakes, and they do as follows:— When there comes upon them the desire to breed, they swim out in shoals towards the sea; and the males lead the way shedding forth their milt as they go, while the females, coming after and swallowing it up, from it become impregnated: and when they have become full of young in the sea they swim up back again, each shoal to its own haunts. The same however no longer lead the way as before, but the lead comes now to the females, and they leading the way in shoals do just as the males did, that is to say they shed forth their eggs by a few grains at a time, and the males coming after swallow them up. Now these grains are fish, and from the grains which survive and are not swallowed, the fish grow which afterwards are bred up. Now those of the fish which are caught as they swim out towards the sea are found to be rubbed on the left side of the head, but those which are caught as they swim up again are rubbed on the right side. This happens to them because as they swim down to the sea they keep close to the land on the left side of the river, and again as they swim up they keep to the same side, approaching and touching the bank as much as they can, for fear doubtless of straying from their course by reason of the stream. When the Nile begins to swell, the hollow places of the land and the depressions by the side of the river first begin to fill, as the water soaks through from the river, and so soon as they become full of water, at once they are all filled with little fishes; and whence these are in all likelihood produced, I think that I perceive. In the preceding year, when the Nile goes down, the fish first lay eggs in the mud and then retire with the last of the

retreating waters; and when the time comes round again, and the water once more comes over the land, from these eggs forthwith are produced the fishes of which I speak.

Thus it is as regards the fish. And for anointing those of the Egyptians who dwell in the fens use oil from the castor-berry, which oil the Egyptians call *kiki*, and thus they do:—they sow along the banks of the rivers and pools these plants, which in a wild form grow of themselves in the land of the Hellenes; these are sown in Egypt and produce berries in great quantity but of an evil smell; and when they have gathered these, some cut them up and press the oil from them, others again roast them first and then boil them down and collect that which runs away from them. The oil is fat and not less suitable for burning than olive-oil, but it gives forth a disagreeable smell. Against the gnats, which are very abundant, they have contrived as follows:—those who dwell above the fen-land are helped by the towers, to which they ascend when they go to rest; for the gnats by reason of the winds are not able to fly up high: but those who dwell in the fen-land have contrived another way instead of the towers, and this it is:—every man of them has got a casting net, with which by day he catches fish, but in the night he uses it for this purpose, that is to say he puts the casting-net round about the bed in which he sleeps, and then creeps in under it and goes to sleep: and the gnats, if he sleeps rolled up in a garment or a linen sheet, bite through these, but through the net they do not even attempt to bite.

Their boats with which they carry cargoes are made of the thorny acacia, of which the form is very like that of the Kyrenian lotos, and that which exudes from it is gum. From this tree they cut pieces of wood about two cubits in length and arrange them like bricks, fastening the boat together by running a great number of long bolts through the two-cubit pieces; and when they have thus fastened the boat together, they lay cross-pieces over the top, using no ribs for the sides; and within they caulk the seams with papyrus. They make one steering-oar for it, which is passed through the bottom of the boat; and they have a mast of acacia and sails of papyrus. These boats cannot sail up the river unless there be a very fresh wind blowing, but are towed from the

shore: down-stream however they travel as follows:—they have a door-shaped crate made of tamarisk wood and reed mats sewn together, and also a stone of about two talents weight bored with a hole; and of these the boatman lets the crate float on in front of the boat, fastened with a rope, and the stone drags behind by another rope. The crate then, as the force of the stream presses upon it, goes on swiftly and draws on the *baris* (for so these boats are called), while the stone dragging after it behind and sunk deep in the water keeps its course straight. These boats they have in great numbers and some of them carry many thousands of talents' burden.

When the Nile comes over the land, the cities alone are seen rising above the water, resembling more nearly than anything else the islands in the Egean Sea; for the rest of Egypt becomes a sea and the cities alone rise above water. Accordingly, whenever this happens, they pass by water not now by the channels of the river but over the midst of the plain: for example, as one sails up from Naucratis to Memphis the passage is then close by the pyramids, whereas the usual passage is not the same even here, but goes by the point of the Delta and the city of Kercasoros; while if you sail over the plain to Naucratis from the sea and from Canobos, you will go by Anthylla and the city called after Archander. Of these Anthylla is a city of note and is especially assigned to the wife of him who reigns over Egypt, to supply her with sandals, (this is the case since the time when Egypt came to be under the Persians): the other city seems to me to have its name from Archander the son-in-law of Danaos, who was the son of Phthios, the son of Achaios; for it is called the City of Archander. There might indeed be another Archander, but in any case the name is not Egyptian.

Hitherto my own observation and judgment and inquiry are the vouchers for that which I have said; but from this point onwards I am about to tell the history of Egypt according to that which I heard, to which will be added also something of that which I have myself seen.

Of Min, who first became king of Egypt, the priests said

that on the one hand he banked off the site of Memphis from the river: for the whole stream of the river used to flow along by the sandy mountain-range on the side of Libya, but Min formed by embankments that bend of the river which lies to the South about a hundred furlongs above Memphis, and thus he dried up the old stream and conducted the river so that it flowed in the middle between the mountains: and even now this bend of the Nile is by the Persians kept under very careful watch, that it may flow in the channel to which it is confined, and the bank is repaired every year; for if the river should break through and overflow in this direction, Memphis would be in danger of being overwhelmed by flood. When this Min, who first became king, had made into dry land the part which was dammed off, on the one hand, I say, he founded in it that city which is now called Memphis; for Memphis too is in the narrow part of Egypt; and outside the city he dug round it on the North and West a lake communicating with the river, for the side towards the East is barred by the Nile itself. Then secondly he established in the city the temple of Hephaistos a great work and most worthy of mention. After this man the priests enumerated to me from a papyrus roll the names of other kings, three hundred and thirty in number; and in all these generations of men eighteen were Ethiopians, one was a woman, a native Egyptian, and the rest were men and of Egyptian race: and the name of the woman who reigned was the same as that of the Babylonian queen, namely Nitocris. Of her they said that desiring to take vengeance for her brother, whom the Egyptians had slain when he was their king and then, after having slain him, had given his kingdom to her,—desiring, I say, to take vengeance for him, she destroyed by craft many of the Egyptians. For she caused to be constructed a very large chamber under ground, and making as though she would handsel it but in her mind devising other things, she invited those of the Egyptians whom she knew to have had most part in the murder, and gave a great banquet. Then while they were feasting, she let in the river upon them by a secret conduit of large size. Of her they told no more than this, except that, when this had been accomplished, she threw herself

into a room full of embers, in order that she might escape vengeance. As for the other kings, they could tell me of no great works which had been produced by them, and they said that they had no renown except only the last of them, Moiris: he (they said) produced as a memorial of himself the gateway of the temple of Hephaistos which is turned towards the North Wind, and dug a lake, about which I shall set forth afterwards how many furlongs of circuit it has, and in it built pyramids of the size which I shall mention at the same time when I speak of the lake itself. He, they said, produced these works, but of the rest none produced any.

Therefore passing these by I shall make mention of the king who came after these, whose name was Sesostris. He (the priests said) first of all set out with ships of war from the Arabian gulf and subdued those who dwelt by the shores of the Erythraian Sea, until as he sailed he came to a sea which could no further be navigated by reason of shoals: then secondly, after he had returned to Egypt, according to the report of the priests he took a great army and marched over the continent, subduing every nation which stood in his way: and those of them whom he found valiant and fighting desperately for their freedom, in their lands he set up pillars which told by inscriptions his own name and the name of his country, and how he had subdued them by his power; but as to those of whose cities he obtained possession without fighting or with ease, on their pillars he inscribed words after the same tenor as he did for the nations which had shown themselves courageous, and in addition he drew upon them the hidden parts of a woman, desiring to signify by this that the people were cowards and effeminate. Thus doing he traversed the continent, until at last he passed over to Europe from Asia and subdued the Scythians and also the Thracians. These, I am of opinion, were the furthest people to which the Egyptian army came, for in their country the pillars are found to have been set up, but in the land beyond this they are no longer found. From this point he turned and began to go back; and when he came to the river Phasis, what happened then I cannot say for certain, whether the king Sesostris himself divided off a

certain portion of his army and left the men there as settlers in the land, or whether some of his soldiers were wearied by his distant marches and remained by the river Phasis. For the people of Colchis are evidently Egyptian, and this I perceived for myself before I heard it from others. So when I had come to consider the matter I asked them both; and the Colchians had remembrance of the Egyptians more than the Egyptians of the Colchians; but the Egyptians said they believed that the Colchians were a portion of the army of Sesostris. That this was so I conjectured myself not only because they are dark-skinned and have curly hair (this of itself amounts to nothing, for there are other races which are so), but also still more because the Colchians, Egyptians, and Ethiopians alone of all the races of men have practised circumcision from the first. The Phenicians and the Syrians who dwell in Palestine confess themselves that they have learnt it from the Egyptians, and the Syrians about the river Thermodon and the river Parthenios, and the Macronians, who are their neighbours, say that they have learnt it lately from the Colchians. These are the only races of men who practise circumcision, and these evidently practise it in the same manner as the Egyptians. Of the Egyptians themselves however and the Ethiopians, I am not able to say which learnt from the other, for undoubtedly it is a most ancient custom; but that the other nations learnt it by intercourse with the Egyptians, this among others is to me a strong proof, namely that those of the Phenicians who have intercourse with Hellas cease to follow the example of the Egyptians in this matter, and do not circumcise their children. Now let me tell another thing about the Colchians to show how they resemble the Egyptians:—they alone work flax in the same fashion as the Egyptians, and the two nations are like one another in their whole manner of living and also in their language: now the linen of Colchis is called by the Hellenes Sardonic, whereas that from Egypt is called Egyptian. The pillars which Sesostris king of Egypt set up in the various countries are for the most part no longer to be seen extant; but in Syria Palestine I myself saw them existing with the inscription upon them which I have mentioned and the emblem. Moreover in Ionia there

are two figures of this man carved upon rocks, one on the road by which one goes from the land of Ephesos to Phocaia, and the other on the road from Sardis to Smyrna. In each place there is a figure of a man cut in the rock, of four cubits and a span in height, holding in his right hand a spear and in his left a bow and arrows, and the other equipment which he has is similar to this, for it is both Egyptian and Ethiopian: and from the one shoulder to the other across the breast runs an inscription carved in sacred Egyptian characters, saying thus, "This land with my shoulders I won for myself." But who he is and from whence, he does not declare in these places, though in other places he has declared this. Some of those who have seen these carvings conjecture that the figure is that of Memnon, but herein they are very far from the truth.

As this Egyptian Sesostris was returning and bringing back many men of the nations whose lands he had subdued, when he came (said the priests) to Daphnai in the district of Pelusion on his journey home, his brother to whom Sesostris had entrusted the charge of Egypt invited him and with him his sons to a feast; and then he piled the house round with brushwood and set it on fire: and Sesostris when he discovered this forthwith took counsel with his wife, for he was bringing with him (they said) his wife also; and she counselled him to lay out upon the pyre two of his sons, which were six in number, and so to make a bridge over the burning mass, and that they passing over their bodies should thus escape. This, they said, Sesostris did, and two of his sons were burnt to death in this manner, but the rest got away safe with their father. Then Sesostris, having returned to Egypt and having taken vengeance on his brother, employed the multitude which he had brought in of those whose lands he had subdued, as follows:—these were they who drew the stones which in the reign of this king were brought to the temple of Hephaistos, being of very great size; and also these were compelled to dig all the channels which now are in Egypt; and thus (having no such purpose) they caused Egypt, which before was all fit for riding and driving, to be no longer fit for this from thenceforth: for from that time forward Egypt, though it is plain land, has

become all unfit for riding and driving, and the cause has been these channels, which are many and run in all directions. But the reason why the king cut up the land was this, namely because those of the Egyptians who had their cities not on the river but in the middle of the country, being in want of water when the river went down from them, found their drink brackish because they had it from wells. For this reason Egypt was cut up: and they said that this king distributed the land to all the Egyptians, giving an equal square portion to each man, and from this he made his revenue, having appointed them to pay a certain rent every year: and if the river should take away anything from any man's portion, he would come to the king and declare that which had happened, and the king used to send men to examine and to find out by measurement how much less the piece of land had become, in order that for the future the man might pay less, in proportion to the rent appointed: and I think that thus the art of geometry was found out and afterwards came into Hellas also. For as touching the sun-dial and the gnomon and the twelve divisions of the day, they were learnt by the Hellenes from the Babylonians. He moreover alone of all the Egyptian kings had rule over Ethiopia; and he left as memorials of himself in front of the temple of Hephaistos two stone statues of thirty cubits each, representing himself and his wife, and others of twenty cubits each representing his four sons: and long afterwards the priest of Hephaistos refused to permit Dareios the Persian to set up a statue of himself in front of them, saying that deeds had not been done by him equal to those which were done by Sesostris the Egyptian; for Sesostris had subdued other nations besides, not fewer than he, and also the Scythians; but Dareios had not been able to conquer the Scythians: wherefore it was not just that he should set up a statue in front of those which Sesostris had dedicated, if he did not surpass him in his deeds. Which speech, they say, Dareios took in good part.

Now after Sesostris had brought his life to an end, his son Pheros, they told me, received in succession the kingdom, and he made no warlike expedition, and moreover it chanced to him to become blind by reason of the following accident:—when the river had come down in flood rising

to a height of eighteen cubits, higher than ever before that time, and had gone over the fields, a wind fell upon it and the river became agitated by waves: and this king (they say) moved by presumptuous folly took a spear and cast it into the midst of the eddies of the stream; and immediately upon this he had a disease of the eyes and was by it made blind. For ten years then he was blind, and in the eleventh year there came to him an oracle from the city of Buto saying that the time of his punishment had expired, and that he should see again if he washed his eyes with the water of a woman who had accompanied with her own husband only and had not had knowledge of other men: and first he made trial of his own wife, and then, as he continued blind, he went on to try all the women in turn; and when he had at last regained his sight he gathered together all the women of whom he had made trial, excepting her by whose means he had regained his sight, to one city which now is named Erythrabolos, and having gathered them to this he consumed them all by fire, as well as the city itself; but as for her by whose means he had regained his sight, he had her himself to wife. Then after he had escaped the malady of his eyes he dedicated offerings at each one of the temples which were of renown, and especially (to mention only that which is most worthy of mention) he dedicated at the temple of the Sun works which are worth seeing, namely two obelisks of stone, each of a single block, measuring in length a hundred cubits each one and in breadth eight cubits.

After him, they said, there succeeded to the throne a man of Memphis, whose name in the tongue of the Hellenes was Proteus; for whom there is now a sacred enclosure at Memphis, very fair and well ordered, lying on that side of the temple of Hephaistos which faces the North Wind. Round about this enclosure dwell Phenicians of Tyre, and this whole region is called the Camp of the Tyrians. Within the enclosure of Proteus there is a temple called the temple of the "foreign Aphroditē," which temple I conjecture to be one of Helen the daughter of Tyndareus, not only because I have heard the tale how Helen dwelt with Proteus, but also especially because it is called by the name of the "foreign Aphroditē," for the other temples of Aphroditē which there

are have none of them the addition of the word "foreign" to the name.

And the priests told me, when I inquired, that the things concerning Helen happened thus:—Alexander having carried off Helen was sailing away from Sparta to his own land, and when he had come to the Egean Sea contrary winds drove him from his course to the Sea of Egypt; and after that, since the blasts did not cease to blow, he came to Egypt itself, and in Egypt to that which is now named the Canobic mouth of the Nile and to Taricheiai. Now there was upon the shore, as still there is now, a temple of Heracles, in which if any man's slave take refuge and have the sacred marks set upon him, giving himself over to the god, it is not lawful to lay hands upon him; and this custom has continued still unchanged from the beginning down to my own time. Accordingly the attendants of Alexandria, having heard of the custom which existed about the temple, ran away from him, and sitting down as suppliants of the god, accused Alexander, because they desired to do him hurt, telling the whole tale how things were about Helen and about the wrong done to Menelaos; and this accusation they made not only to the priests but also to the warden of this river-mouth, whose name was Thonis. Thonis then having heard their tale sent forthwith a message to Proteus at Memphis, which said as follows: "There hath come a stranger, a Teucrian by race, who hath done in Hellas an unholy deed; for he hath deceived the wife of his own host, and is come hither bringing with him this woman herself and very much wealth, having been carried out of his way by winds to thy land. Shall we then allow him to sail out unharmed, or shall we first take away from him that which he brought with him?" In reply to this Proteus sent back a messenger who said thus: "Seize this man, whosoever he may be, who has done impiety to his own host, and bring him away into my presence, that I may know what he will find to say." Hearing this, Thonis seized Alexander and detained his ships, and after that he brought the man himself up to Memphis and with him Helen and the wealth he had, and also in addition to them the suppliants. So when all had been conveyed up thither, Proteus began to ask Alexander who he was

and from whence he was voyaging; and he both recounted to him his descent and told him the name of his native land, and moreover related of his voyage, from whence he was sailing. After this Proteus asked him whence he had taken Helen; and when Alexander went astray in his account and did not speak the truth, those who had become suppliants convicted him of falsehood, relating in full the whole tale of the wrong done. At length Proteus declared to them this sentence, saying, "Were it not that I count it a matter of great moment not to slay any of those strangers who being driven from their course by winds have come to my land hitherto, I should have taken vengeance on thee on behalf of the man of Hellas, seeing that thou, most base of men, having received from him hospitality, didst work against him a most impious deed. For thou didst go in to the wife of thine own host; and even this was not enough for thee, but thou didst stir her up with desire and hast gone away with her like a thief. Moreover not even this by itself was enough for thee, but thou art come hither with plunder taken from the house of thy host. Now therefore depart, seeing that I have counted it of great moment not to be a slayer of strangers. This woman indeed and the wealth which thou hast I will not allow thee to carry away, but I shall keep them safe for the Hellene who was thy host, until he come himself and desire to carry them off to his home; to thyself however and thy fellow-voyagers I proclaim that ye depart from your anchoring within three days and go from my land to some other; and if not, that ye will be dealt with as enemies."

This the priests said was the manner of Helen's coming to Proteus; and I suppose that Homer also had heard this story, but since it was not so suitable to the composition of his poem as the other which he followed, he dismissed it finally, making it clear at the same time that he was acquainted with that story also: and according to the manner in which he described the wanderings of Alexander in the Iliad (nor did he elsewhere retract that which he had said) it is clear that when he brought Helen he was carried out of his course, wandering to various lands, and that he came among other places to Sidon in Phenicia. Of this the poet

has made mention in the "prowess of Diomede," and the verses run thus:

"There she had robes many-coloured, the works of women of Sidon,
Those whom her son himself the god-like of form Alexander
Carried from Sidon, what time the broad sea-path he sailed over
Bringing back Helenē home, of a noble father begotten."

And in the Odyssey also he has made mention of it in these verses:

"Such had the daughter of Zeus, such drugs of exquisite cunning,
Good, which to her the wife of Thon, Polydamna, had given,
Dwelling in Egypt, the land where the bountiful meadow produces
Drugs more than all lands else, many good being mixed, many evil."

And thus too Menelaos says to Telemachos:

"Still the gods stayed me in Egypt, to come back hither desiring,
Stayed me from voyaging home, since sacrifice due I performed not."

In these lines he makes it clear that he knew of the wandering of Alexander to Egypt, for Syria borders upon Egypt and the Phenicians, of whom is Sidon, dwell in Syria. By these lines and by this passage it is also most clearly shown that the "Cyprian Epic" was not written by Homer but by some other man: for in this it is said that on the third day after leaving Sparta Alexander came to Ilion bringing with him Helen, having had a "gently-blowing wind and a smooth sea," whereas in the Iliad it says that he wandered from his course when he brought her.

Let us now leave Homer and the "Cyprian Epic"; but this I will say, namely that I asked the priests whether it is but an idle tale which the Hellenes tell of that which they say happened about Ilion; and they answered me thus, saying that they had their knowledge by inquiries from Menelaos himself. After the rape of Helen there came indeed, they said, to the Teucrian land a large army of Hellenes to help Menelaos; and when the army had come out of the ships to land and had pitched its camp there, they sent messengers to Ilion, with whom went also Menelaos himself; and when these entered within the wall they demanded back Helen and the wealth which Alexander had stolen from Menelaos

and had taken away; and moreover they demanded satisfaction for the wrongs done: and the Teucrians told the same tale then and afterwards, both with oath and without oath, namely that in deed and in truth they had not Helen nor the wealth for which demand was made, but that both were in Egypt; and that they could not justly be compelled to give satisfaction for that which Proteus the king of Egypt had. The Hellenes however thought that they were being mocked by them and besieged the city, until at last they took it; and when they had taken the wall and did not find Helen, but heard the same tale as before, then they believed the former tale and sent Menelaos himself to Proteus. And Menelaos having come to Egypt and having sailed up to Memphis, told the truth of these matters, and not only found great entertainment, but also received Helen unhurt, and all his own wealth besides. Then, however, after he had been thus dealt with, Menelaos showed himself ungrateful to the Egyptians; for when he set forth to sail away, contrary winds detained him, and as this condition of things lasted long, he devised an impious deed; for he took two children of natives and made sacrifice of them. After this, when it was known that he had done so, he became abhorred, and being pursued he escaped and got away in his ships to Libya; but whither he went besides after this, the Egyptians were not able to tell. Of these things they said that they found out part by inquiries, and the rest, namely that which happened in their own land, they related from sure and certain knowledge.

Thus the priests of the Egyptians told me; and I myself also agree with the story which was told of Helen, adding this consideration, namely that if Helen had been in Ilion she would have been given up to the Hellenes, whether Alexander consented or no; for Priam assuredly was not so mad, nor yet the others of his house, that they were desirous to run risk of ruin for themselves and their children and their city, in order that Alexander might have Helen as his wife: and even supposing that during the first part of the time they had been so inclined, yet when many others of the Trojans besides were losing their lives as often as they fought with the Hellenes, and of the sons of Priam

himself always two or three or even more were slain when a battle took place (if one may trust at all to the Epic poets),—when, I say, things were coming thus to pass, I consider that even if Priam himself had had Helen as his wife, he would have given her back to the Achaians, if at least by so doing he might be freed from the evils which oppressed him. Nor even was the kingdom coming to Alexander next, so that when Priam was old the government was in his hands; but Hector, who was both older and more of a man than he, would certainly have received it after the death of Priam; and him it behoved not to allow his brother to go on with his wrong-doing, considering that great evils were coming to pass on his account both to himself privately and in general to the other Trojans. In truth however they lacked the power to give Helen back; and the Hellenes did not believe them, though they spoke the truth; because, as I declare my opinion, the divine power was purposing to cause them utterly to perish, and so make it evident to men that for great wrongs great also are the chastisements which come from the gods. And thus have I delivered my opinion concerning these matters.

After Proteus, they told me, Rhampsinitos received in succession the kingdom, who left as a memorial of himself that gateway to the temple of Hephaistos which is turned towards the West, and in front of the gateway he set up two statues, in height five-and-twenty cubits, of which the one which stands on the North side is called by the Egyptians Summer and the one on the South side Winter; and to that one which they call Summer they do reverence and make offerings, while to the other which is called Winter they do the opposite of these things. This king, they said, got great wealth of silver, which none of the kings born after him could surpass or even come near to; and wishing to store his wealth in safety he caused to be built a chamber of stone, one of the walls whereof was towards the outside of his palace: and the builder of this, having a design against it, contrived as follows, that is, he disposed one of the stones in such a manner that it could be taken out easily from the wall either by two men or even by one. So when the chamber was finished, the king stored his

money in it, and after some time the builder, being near the end of his life, called to him his sons (for he had two) and to them he related how he had contrived in building the treasury of the king, and all in forethought for them, that they might have ample means of living. And when he had clearly set forth to them everything concerning the taking out of the stone, he gave them the measurements, saying that if they paid heed to this matter they would be stewards of the king's treasury. So he ended his life, and his sons made no long delay in setting to work, but went to the palace by night, and having found the stone in the wall of the chamber they dealt with it easily and carried forth for themselves great quantity of the wealth within. And the king happening to open the chamber, he marvelled when he saw the vessels falling short of the full amount, and he did not know on whom he should lay the blame, since the seals were unbroken and the chamber had been close shut; but when upon his opening the chamber a second and a third time the money was each time seen to be diminished, for the thieves did not slacken in their assaults upon it, he did as follows:—having ordered traps to be made he set these round about the vessels in which the money was; and when the thieves had come as at former times and one of them had entered, then so soon as he came near to one of the vessels he was straightway caught in the trap: and when he perceived in what evil case he was, straightway calling his brother he showed him what the matter was, and bade him enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, for fear lest being seen and known he might bring about the destruction of his brother also. And to the other it seemed that he spoke well, and he was persuaded and did so; and fitting the stone into its place he departed home bearing with him the head of his brother. Now when it became day, the king entered into the chamber and was very greatly amazed, seeing the body of the thief held in the trap without his head, and the chamber unbroken, with no way to come in by or go out: and being at a loss he hung up the dead body of the thief upon the wall and set guards there, with charge if they saw any one weeping or bewailing himself to seize him and bring him before the

king. And when the dead body had been hung up, the mother was greatly grieved, and speaking with the son who survived she enjoined him, in whatever way he could, to contrive means by which he might take down and bring home the body of his brother; and if he should neglect to do this, she earnestly threatened that she would go and give information to the king that he had the money. So as the mother dealt hardly with the surviving son, and he though saying many things to her did not persuade her, he contrived for his purpose a device as follows:—Providing himself with asses he filled some skins with wine and laid them upon the asses, and after that he drove them along: and when he came opposite to those who were guarding the corpse hung up, he drew towards him two or three of the necks of the skins and loosened the cords with which they were tied. Then when the wine was running out, he began to beat his head and cry out loudly, as if he did not know to which of the asses he should first turn; and when the guards saw the wine flowing out in streams, they ran together to the road with drinking vessels in their hands and collected the wine that was poured out, counting it so much gain; and he abused them all violently, making as if he were angry, but when the guards tried to appease him, after a time he feigned to be pacified and to abate his anger, and at length he drove his asses out of the road and began to set their loads right. Then more talk arose among them, and one or two of them made jests at him and brought him to laugh with them; and in the end he made them a present of one of the skins in addition to what they had. Upon that they lay down there without more ado, being minded to drink, and they took him into their company and invited him to remain with them and join them in their drinking: so he (as may be supposed) was persuaded and stayed. Then as they in their drinking bade him welcome in a friendly manner, he made a present to them also of another of the skins; and so at length having drunk liberally the guards became completely intoxicated; and being overcome by sleep they went to bed on the spot where they had been drinking. He then, as it was now far on in the night, first took down the body of his brother, and then in mockery

shaved the right cheeks of all the guards; and after that he put the dead body upon the asses and drove them away home, having accomplished that which was enjoined him by his mother. Upon this the king, when it was reported to him that the dead body of the thief had been stolen away, displayed great anger; and desiring by all means that it should be found out who it might be who devised these things, did this (so at least they said, but I do not believe the account),—he caused his own daughter to sit in the stews, and enjoined her to receive all equally, and before having commerce with any one to compel him to tell her what was the most cunning and what the most unholy deed which had been done by him in all his life-time; and whosoever should relate that which had happened about the thief, him she must seize and not let him go out. Then as she was doing that which was enjoined by her father, the thief, hearing for what purpose this was done and having a desire to get the better of the king in resource, did thus:—from the body of one lately dead he cut off the arm at the shoulder and went with it under his mantle: and having gone in to the daughter of the king, and being asked that which the others also were asked, he related that he had done the most unholy deed when he cut off the head of his brother, who had been caught in a trap in the king's treasure-chamber, and the most cunning deed in that he made drunk the guards and took down the dead body of his brother hanging up; and she when she heard it tried to take hold of him, but the thief held out to her in the darkness the arm of the corpse, which she grasped and held, thinking that she was holding the arm of the man himself; but the thief left it in her hands and departed, escaping through the door. Now when this also was reported to the king, he was at first amazed at the ready invention and daring of the fellow, and then afterwards he sent round to all the cities and made proclamation granting a free pardon to the thief, and also promising a great reward if he would come into his presence. The thief accordingly trusting to the proclamation came to the king, and Rhampsinitos greatly marvelled at him, and gave him this daughter of his to wife, counting him to be the most knowing of all men; for as the Egyptians were

distinguished from all other men, so was he from the other Egyptians.

After these things they said this king went down alive to that place which by the Hellenes is called Hades, and there played at dice with Demeter, and in some throws he overcame her and in others he was overcome by her; and he came back again having as a gift from her a handkerchief of gold: and they told me that because of the going down of Rhampsinitos the Egyptians after he came back celebrated a feast, which I know of my own knowledge also that they still observe even to my time; but whether it is for this cause that they keep the feast or for some other, I am not able to say. However, the priests weave a robe completely on the very day of the feast, and forthwith they bind up the eyes of one of them with a fillet, and having led him with the robe to the way by which one goes to the temple of Demeter, they depart back again themselves. This priest, they say, with his eyes bound up is led by two wolves to the temple of Demeter, which is distant from the city twenty furlongs, and then afterwards the wolves lead him back again from the temple to the same spot. Now as to the tales told by the Egyptians, any man may accept them to whom such things appear credible; as for me, it is to be understood throughout the whole of the history that I write by hearsay that which is reported by the people in each place. The Egyptians say that Demeter and Dionysos are rulers of the world below; and the Egyptians are also the first who reported the doctrine that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body dies, the soul enters into another creature which chances then to be coming to the birth, and when it has gone the round of all the creatures of land and sea and of the air, it enters again into a human body as it comes to the birth; and that it makes this round in a period of three thousand years. This doctrine certain Hellenes adopted, some earlier and some later, as if it were of their own invention, and of these men I know the names but I abstain from recording them.

Down to the time when Rhampsinitos was king, they told me there was in Egypt nothing but orderly rule, and

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Egypt prospered greatly; but after him Cheops became king over them and brought them to every kind of evil: for he shut up all the temples, and having first kept them from sacrifices there, he then bade all the Egyptians work for him. So some were appointed to draw stones from the stone-quarries in the Arabian mountains to the Nile, and others he ordered to receive the stones after they had been carried over the river in boats, and to draw them to those which are called the Libyan mountains; and they worked by a hundred thousand men at a time, for each three months continually. Of this oppression there passed ten years while the causeway was made by which they drew the stones, which causeway they built, and it is a work not much less, as it appears to me, than the pyramid; for the length of it is five furlongs and the breadth ten fathoms and the height, where it is highest, eight fathoms, and it is made of stone smoothed and with figures carved upon it. For this they said, the ten years were spent, and for the underground chambers on the hill upon which the pyramids stand, which he caused to be made as sepulchral chambers for himself in an island, having conducted thither a channel from the Nile. For the making of the pyramid itself there passed a period of twenty years; and the pryamid is square, each side measuring eight hundred feet, and the height of it is the same. It is built of stone smoothed and fitted together in the most perfect manner, not one of the stones being less than thirty feet in length. This pyramid was made after the manner of steps, which some called "rows" and others "bases": and when they had first made it thus, they raised the remaining stones with machines made of short pieces of timber, raising them first from the ground to the first stage of the steps, and when the stone got up to this it was placed upon another machine standing on the first stage, and so from this it was drawn to the second upon another machine; for as many as were the courses of the steps, so many machines there were also, or perhaps they transferred one and the same machine, made so as easily to be carried, to each stage successively, in order that they might take up the stones; for let it be told in both ways, according as it is reported. However that may be, the highest parts of it were finished first, and afterwards

they proceeded to finish that which came next to them, and lastly they finished the parts of it near the ground and the lowest ranges. On the pyramid it is declared in Egyptian writing how much was spent on radishes and onions and leeks for the workmen, and if I rightly remember that which the interpreter said in reading to me this inscription, a sum of one thousand six hundred talents of silver was spent; and if this is so, how much besides is likely to have been expended upon the iron with which they worked, and upon bread and clothing for the workmen, seeing that they were building the works for the time which has been mentioned and were occupied for no small time besides, as I suppose, in the cutting and bringing of the stones and in working at the excavation under the ground? Cheops moreover came, they said, to such a pitch of wickedness, that being in want of money he caused his own daughter to sit in the stews, and ordered her to obtain from those who came a certain amount of money (how much it was they did not tell me); and she not only obtained the sum appointed by her father, but also she formed a design for herself privately to leave behind her a memorial, and she requested each man who came in to her to give her one stone upon her building: and of these stones, they told me, the pyramid was built which stands in front of the great pyramid in the middle of the three, each side being one hundred and fifty feet in length.

This Cheops, the Egyptians said, reigned fifty years; and after he was dead his brother Chephren succeeded to the kingdom. This king followed the same manner of dealing as the other, both in all the rest and also in that he made a pyramid, not indeed attaining to the measurements of that which was built by the former (this I know, having myself also measured it), and moreover there are no underground chambers beneath nor does a channel come from the Nile flowing to this one as to the other, in which the water coming through a conduit built for it flows round an island within, where they say that Cheops himself is laid: but for a basement he built the first course of Ethiopian stone of divers colours; and this pyramid he made forty feet lower than the other as regards size, building it close to the great pyramid. These stand both upon the same hill, which is

about a hundred feet high. And Chephren they said reigned fifty and six years. Here then they reckon one hundred and six years, during which they say that there was nothing but evil for the Egyptians, and the temples were kept closed and not opened during all that time. These kings the Egyptians by reason of their hatred of them are not very willing to name; nay, they even call the pyramids after the name of Philitis the shepherd, who at that time pastured flocks in those regions. After him, they said, Mykerinos became king over Egypt, who was the son of Cheops; and to him his father's deeds were displeasing, and he both opened the temples and gave liberty to the people, who were ground down to the last extremity of evil, to return to their own business and to their sacrifices: also he gave decisions of their causes juster than those of all the other kings besides. In regard to this then they commend this king more than all the other kings who had arisen in Egypt before him; for he not only gave good decisions, but also when a man complained of the decision, he gave him recompense from his own goods and thus satisfied his desire. But while Mykerinos was acting mercifully to his subjects and practising this conduct which has been said, calamities befell him, of which the first was this, namely that his daughter died, the only child whom he had in his house: and being above measure grieved by that which had befallen him, and desiring to bury his daughter in a manner more remarkable than others, he made a cow of wood, which he covered over with gold, and then within it he buried this daughter who, as I said, had died. This cow was not covered up in the ground, but it might be seen even down to my own time in the city of Saïs, placed within the royal palace in a chamber which was greatly adorned; and they offer incense of all kinds before it every day, and each night a lamp burns beside it all through the night. Near this cow in another chamber stand images of the concubines of Mykerinos, as the priests at Saïs told me; for there are in fact colossal wooden statues, in number about twenty, made with naked bodies; but who they are I am not able to say, except only that which is reported. Some however tell about this cow and the colossal statues the following tale, namely that

Mykerinos was enamoured of his own daughter and afterwards ravished her; and upon this they say that the girl strangled herself for grief, and he buried her in this cow; and her mother cut off the hands of the maids who had betrayed the daughter to her father; wherefore now the images of them have suffered that which the maids suffered in their life. In thus saying they speak idly, as it seems to me, especially in what they say about the hands of the statues; for as to this, even we ourselves saw that their hands had dropped off from lapse of time, and they were to be seen still lying at their feet even down to my time. The cow is covered up with a crimson robe, except only the head and the neck, which are seen, overlaid with gold very thickly; and between the horns there is the disc of the sun figured in gold. The cow is not standing up but kneeling, and in size it is equal to a large living cow. Every year it is carried forth from the chamber, at those times, I say, the Egyptians beat themselves for that god whom I will not name upon occasion of such a matter; at these times, I say, they also carry forth the cow to the light of day, for they say that she asked of her father Mykerinos, when she was dying, that she might look upon the sun once in the year.

After the misfortune of his daughter it happened, they said, secondly to this king as follows:—An oracle came to him from the city of Buto, saying that he was destined to live but six years more, in the seventh year to end his life: and he being indignant at it sent to the Oracle a reproach against the god, making complaint in reply that whereas his father and uncle, who had shut up the temples and had not only not remembered the gods, but also had been destroyers of men, had lived for a long time, he himself, who practised piety, was destined to end his life so soon: and from the Oracle there came a second message, which said that it was for this very cause that he was bringing his life to a swift close; for he had not done that which it was appointed for him to do, since it was destined that Egypt should suffer evils for a hundred and fifty years, and the two kings who had arisen before him had perceived this, but he had not. Mykerinos having heard this, and considering that this sentence had passed upon him beyond recall, procured many lamps,

and whenever night came on he lighted these and began to drink and take his pleasure, ceasing neither by day nor by night; and he went about to the fen-country and to the woods and wherever he heard there were the most suitable places of enjoyment. This he devised (having a mind to prove that the Oracle spoke falsely) in order that he might have twelve years of life instead of six, the nights being turned into days.

This king also left behind him a pyramid, much smaller than that of his father, of a square shape and measuring on each side three hundred feet lacking twenty, built moreover of Ethiopian stone up to half the height. This pyramid some of the Hellenes say was built by the courtesan Rhodopis, not therein speaking rightly: and besides this it is evident to me that they who speak thus do not even know who Rhodopis was, for otherwise they would not have attributed to her the building of a pyramid like this, on which have been spent (so to speak) innumerable thousands of talents: moreover they do not know that Rhodopis flourished in the reign of Amasis, and not in this king's reign; for Rhodopis lived very many years later than the kings who left behind them these pyramids. By descent she was of Thrace, and she was a slave of Iadmon the son of Hephaistopolis a Samian, and a fellow-slave of Esop the maker of fables; for he too was once the slave of Iadmon, as was proved especially by this fact, namely that when the people of Delphi repeatedly made proclamation in accordance with an oracle, to find some one who would take up the blood-money for the death of Esop, no one else appeared, but at length the grandson of Iadmon, called Iadmon also, took it up; and thus it is shown that Esop too was the slave of Iadmon. As for Rhodopis, she came to Egypt brought by Xanthes the Samian, and having come thither to exercise her calling she was redeemed from slavery for a great sum by a man of Mytilenē, Charaxos son of Scamandronymos and brother of Sappho the lyric poet. Thus was Rhodopis set free, and she remained in Egypt and by her beauty won so much liking that she made great gain of money for one like Rhodopis, though not enough to suffice for the cost of such a pyramid as this. In truth there is no need to ascribe

to her very great riches, considering that the tithe of her wealth may still be seen even to this time by any one who desires it: for Rhodopis wished to leave behind her a memorial of herself in Hellas, namely to cause a thing to be made such as happens not to have been thought of or dedicated in a temple by any besides, and to dedicate this at Delphi as a memorial of herself. Accordingly with the tithe of her wealth she caused to be made spits of iron of size large enough to pierce a whole ox, and many in number, going as far therein as her tithe allowed her, and she sent them to Delphi: these are even at the present time lying there, heaped all together behind the altar which the Chians dedicated, and just opposite to the cell of the temple. Now at Naucratis, as it happens, the courtesans are rather apt to win credit; for this woman first, about whom the story to which I refer is told, became so famous that all the Hellenes without exception came to know the name of Rhodopis, and then after her one whose name was Archidichē became a subject of song all over Hellas, though she was less talked of than the other. As for Charaxos, when after redeeming Rhodopis he returned back to Mytilenē, Sappho in an ode violently abused him. Of Rhodopis then I shall say no more.

After Mykerinos the priests said Asychis became king of Egypt, and he made for Hephaistos the temple gateway which is towards the sunrising, by far the most beautiful and the largest of the gateways; for while they all have figures carved upon them and innumerable ornaments of building besides, this has them very much more than the rest. In this king's reign they told me that, as the circulation of money was very slow, a law was made for the Egyptians that a man might have that money lent to him which he needed, by offering as security the dead body of his father; and there was added moreover to this law another, namely that he who lent the money should have a claim also to the whole of the sepulchral chamber belonging to him who received it, and that the man who offered that security should be subject to this penalty, if he refused to pay back the debt, namely that neither the man himself should be allowed to have burial, when he died, either in that family burial-place or in any other, nor should he be allowed to bury any

of his kinsmen whom he lost by death. This king desiring to surpass the kings of Egypt who had arisen before him left as a memorial of himself a pyramid which he made of bricks, and on it there is an inscription carved in stone and saying thus: "Despise not me in comparison with the pyramids of stone, seeing that I excel them as much as Zeus excels the other gods; for with a pole they struck into the lake, and whatever of the mud attached itself to the pole, this they gathered up and made bricks, and in such manner they finished me."

Such were the deeds which this king performed: and after him reigned a blind man of the city of Anysis, whose name was Anysis. In his reign the Ethiopians and Sabacōs the king of the Ethiopians marched upon Egypt with a great host of men; so this blind man departed, flying to the fen-country, and the Ethiopian was king over Egypt for fifty years, during which he performed deeds as follows:—whenever any man of the Egyptians committed any transgression, he would never put him to death, but he gave sentence upon each man according to the greatness of the wrong-doing, appointing them to work at throwing up an embankment before that city from whence each man came of those who committed wrong. Thus the cities were made higher still than before; for they were embanked first by those who dug the channels in the reign of Sesostris, and then secondly in the reign of the Ethiopian, and thus they were made very high: and while other cities in Egypt also stood high, I think in the town at Bubastis especially the earth was piled up. In this city there is a temple very well worthy of mention, for though there are other temples which are larger and built with more cost, none more than this is a pleasure to the eyes. Now Bubastis in the Hellenic tongue is Artemis, and her temple is ordered thus:—Except the entrance it is completely surrounded by water; for channels come in from the Nile, not joining one another, but each extending as far as the entrance of the temple, one flowing round on the one side and the other on the other side, each a hundred feet broad and shaded over with trees; and the gateway has a height of ten fathoms, and it is adorned with figures six cubits high, very noteworthy. This temple is in

the middle of the city and is looked down upon from all sides as one goes round, for since the city has been banked up to a height, while the temple has not been moved from the place where it was at the first built, it is possible to look down into it: and round it runs a stone wall with figures carved upon it, while within it there is a grove of very large trees planted round a large temple-house, within which is the image of the goddess: and the breadth and length of the temple is a furlong every way. Opposite the entrance there is a road paved with stone for about three furlongs, which leads through the market-place towards the East, with a breadth of about four hundred feet; and on this side and on that grow trees of height reaching to heaven: and the road leads to the temple of Hermes. This temple then is thus ordered.

The final deliverance from the Ethiopian came about (they said) as follows:—he fled away because he had seen in his sleep a vision, in which it seemed to him that a man came and stood by him and counselled him to gather together all the priests in Egypt and cut them asunder in the midst. Having seen this dream, he said that it seemed to him that the gods were foreshowing him this to furnish an occasion against him, in order that he might do an impious deed with respect to religion, and so receive some evil either from the gods or from men: he would not however do so, but in truth (he said) the time had expired, during which it had been prophesied to him that he should rule Egypt before he departed thence. For when he was in Ethiopia the Oracles which the Ethiopians consult had told him that it was fated for him to rule Egypt fifty years: since then this time was now expiring, and the vision of the dream also disturbed him, Sabacōs departed out of Egypt of his own free will.

Then when the Ethiopian had gone away out of Egypt, the blind man came back from the fen-country and began to rule again, having lived there during fifty years upon an island which he had made by heaping up ashes and earth: for whenever any of the Egyptians visited him bringing food, according as it had been appointed to them severally to do without the knowledge of the Ethiopian, he bade them bring also some ashes for their gift. This island none was

able to find before Amyrtaios; that is, for more than seven hundred years the kings who arose before Amyrtaios were not able to find it. Now the name of this island is Elbo, and its size is ten furlongs each way.

After him there came to the throne the priest of Hephaistos, whose name was Sethōs. This man, they said, neglected and held in no regard the warrior class of the Egyptians, considering that he would have no need of them; and besides other slights which he put upon them, he also took from them the yokes of corn-land which had been given to them as a special gift in the reigns of the former kings, twelve yokes to each man. After this, Sanacharib king of the Arabians and of the Assyrians marched a great host against Egypt. Then the warriors of the Egyptians refused to come to the rescue, and the priest, being driven into a strait, entered into the sanctuary of the temple and bewailed to the image of the god the danger which was impending over him; and as he was thus lamenting, sleep came upon him, and it seemed to him in his vision that the god came and stood by him and encouraged him, saying that he should suffer no evil if he went forth to meet the army of the Arabians; for he would himself send him helpers. Trusting in these things seen in sleep, he took with him, they said, those of the Egyptians who were willing to follow him, and encamped in Pelusion, for by this way the invasion came: and not one of the warrior class followed him, but shop-keepers and artisans and men of the market. Then after they came, there swarmed by night upon their enemies mice of the fields, and ate up their quivers and their bows, and moreover the handles of their shields, so that on the next day they fled, and being without defence of arms great numbers fell. And at the present time this king stands in the temple of Hephaistos in stone, holding upon his hand a mouse, and by letters inscribed he says these words: "Let him who looks upon me learn to fear the gods."

So far in the story the Egyptians and the priests were they who made the report, declaring that from the first king down to this priest of Hephaistos who reigned last, there had been three hundred and forty-one generations of men, and that in them there had been the same number of chief-

priests and of kings: but three hundred generations of men are equal to ten thousand years, for a hundred years is three generations of men; and in the one-and-forty generations which remain, those I mean which were added to the three hundred, there are one thousand three hundred and forty years. Thus in the period of eleven thousand three hundred and forty years they said that there had arisen no god in human form; nor even before that time or afterwards among the remaining kings who arose in Egypt, did they report that anything of that kind had come to pass. In this time they said that the sun had moved four times from his accustomed place of rising, and where he now sets he had thence twice had his rising, and in the place from whence he now rises he had twice had his setting; and in the meantime nothing in Egypt had been changed from its usual state, neither that which comes from the earth nor that which comes to them from the river nor that which concerns diseases or deaths. And formerly when Hecataios the historian was in Thebes, and had traced his descent and connected his family with a god in the sixteenth generation before, the priests of Zeus did for him much the same as they did for me (though I had not traced my descent). They led me into the sanctuary of the temple, which is of great size, and they counted up the number, showing colossal wooden statues in number the same as they said; for each chief-priest there sets up in his lifetime an image of himself: accordingly the priests, counting and showing me these, declared to me that each one of them was a son succeeding his own father, and they went up through the series of images from the image of the one who had died last, until they had declared this of the whole number. And when Hecataios had traced his descent and connected his family with a god in the sixteenth generation, they traced a descent in opposition to his, besides their numbering, not accepting it from him that a man had been born from a god; and they traced their counter-descent thus, saying that each one of the statues had been *piromis* son of *piromis,* until they had declared this of the whole three hundred and forty-five statues, each one being surnamed *piromis;* and neither with a god nor a hero did they connect their descent. Now *piromis*

means in the tongue of Hellas "honourable and good man." From their declaration then it followed, that they of whom the images were had been of form like this, and far removed from being gods: but in the time before these men they said that gods were the rulers in Egypt, not mingling with men, and that of these always one had power at a time; and the last of them who was king over Egypt was Oros the son of Osiris, whom the Hellenes call Apollo: he was king over Egypt last, having deposed Typhon. Now Osiris in the tongue of Hellas is Dionysos.

Among the Hellenes Heracles and Dionysos and Pan are accounted the latest-born of the gods; but with the Egyptians Pan is a very ancient god, and he is one of those which are called the eight gods, while Heracles is of the second rank, who are called the twelve gods, and Dionysos is of the third rank, namely of those who were born of the twelve gods. Now as to Heracles I have shown already how many years old he is according to the Egyptians themselves, reckoning down to the reign of Amasis, and Pan is said to have existed for yet more years than these, and Dionysos for the smallest number of years as compared with the others; and even for this last they reckon down to the reign of Amasis fifteen thousand years. This the Egyptians say that they know for a certainty, since they always kept a reckoning and wrote down the years as they came. Now the Dionysos who is said to have been born of Semelē the daughter of Cadmos, was born about sixteen hundred years before my time, and Heracles who was the son of Alcmenē, about nine hundred years, and that Pan who was born of Penelopē, for of her and of Hermes Pan is said by the Hellenes to have been born, came into being later than the wars of Troy, about eight hundred years before my time. Of these two accounts every man may adopt that one which he shall find the more credible when he hears it. I however, for my part, have already declared my opinion about them. For if these also, like Heracles the son of Amphitryon, had appeared before all men's eyes and had lived their lives to old age in Hellas, I mean Dionysos the son of Semelē and Pan the son of Penelopē, then one would have said that these also had been born mere men, having the names of those gods who

had come into being long before: but as it is, with regard to Dionysos the Hellenes say that as soon as he was born Zeus sewed him up in his thigh and carried him to Nysa, which is above Egypt in the land of Ethiopia; and as to Pan, they cannot say whither he went after he was born. Hence it has become clear to me that the Hellenes learnt the names of these gods later than those of the other gods, and trace their descent as if their birth occurred at the time when they first learnt their names.

Thus far then the history is told by the Egyptians themselves; but I will now recount that which other nations also tell, and the Egyptians in agreement with the others, of that which happened in this land: and there will be added to this also something of that which I have myself seen.

Being set free after the reign of the priest of Hephaistos, the Egyptians, since they could not live any time without a king, set up over them twelve kings, having divided all Egypt into twelve parts. These made intermarriages with one another and reigned, making agreement that they would not put down one another by force, nor seek to get an advantage over one another, but would live in perfect friendship: and the reason why they made these agreements, guarding them very strongly from violation, was this, namely that an oracle had been given to them at first when they began to exercise their rule, that he of them who should pour a libation with a bronze cup in the temple of Hephaistos, should be king of all Egypt (for they used to assemble together in all the temples). Moreover they resolved to join all together and leave a memorial of themselves; and having so resolved they caused to be made a labyrinth, situated a little above the lake of Moiris and nearly opposite to that which is called the City of Crocodiles. This I saw myself, and I found it greater than words can say. For if one should put together and reckon up all the buildings and all the great works produced by Hellenes, they would prove to be inferior in labour and expense to this labyrinth, though it is true that both the temple at Ephesos and that at Samos are works worthy of note. The pyramids also were greater than words can say, and each one of them is equal to many works of the Hellenes, great as they may be; but the laby-

rinth surpasses even the pyramids. It has twelve courts covered in, with gates facing one another, six upon the North side and six upon the South, joining on one to another, and the same wall surrounds them all outside; and there are in it two kinds of chambers, the one kind below the ground and the other above upon these, three thousand in number, of each kind fifteen hundred. The upper set of chambers we ourselves saw, going through them, and we tell of them having looked upon them with our own eyes; but the chambers under ground we heard about only; for the Egyptians who had charge of them were not willing on any account to show them, saying that here were the sepulchres of the kings who had first built this labyrinth and of the sacred crocodiles. Accordingly we speak of the chambers below by what we received from hearsay, while those above we saw ourselves and found them to be works of more than human greatness. For the passages through the chambers, and the goings this way and that way through the courts, which were admirably adorned, afforded endless matter for marvel, as we went through from a court to the chambers beyond it, and from the chambers to colonnades, and from the colonnades to other rooms, and then from the chambers again to other courts. Over the whole of these is a roof made of stone like the walls; and the walls are covered with figures carved upon them, each court being surrounded with pillars of white stone fitted together most perfectly; and at the end of the labyrinth, by the corner of it, there is a pyramid of forty fathoms, upon which large figures are carved, and to this there is a way made under ground.

Such is this labyrinth: but a cause for marvel even greater than this is afforded by the lake, which is called the lake of Moiris, along the side of which this labyrinth is built. The measure of its circuit is three thousand six hundred furlongs (being sixty *schoines*), and this is the same number of furlongs as the extent of Egypt itself along the sea. The lake lies extended lengthwise from North to South, and in depth where it is deepest it is fifty fathoms. That this lake is artificial and formed by digging is self-evident, for about in the middle of the lake stand two pyramids, each rising above the water to a height of fifty fathoms, the part which

is built below the water being of just the same height; and upon each is placed a colossal statue of stone sitting upon a chair. Thus the pyramids are a hundred fathoms high; and these hundred fathoms are equal to a furlong of six hundred feet, the fathom being measured as six feet or four cubits, the feet being four palms each, and the cubits six. The water in the lake does not come from the place where it is, for the country there is very deficient in water, but it has been brought thither from the Nile by a canal; and for six months the water flows into the lake, and for six months out into the Nile again; and whenever it flows out, then for the six months it brings into the royal treasury a talent of silver a day from the fish which are caught, and twenty pounds when the water comes in. The natives of the place moreover said that this lake had an outlet under ground to the Syrtis which is in Libya, turning towards the interior of the continent upon the Western side and running along by the mountain which is above Memphis. Now since I did not see anywhere existing the earth dug out of this excavation (for that was a matter which drew my attention), I asked those who dwelt nearest to the lake where the earth was which had been dug out. These told me to what place it had been carried away; and I readily believed them, for I knew by report that a similar thing had been done at Nineveh, the city of the Assyrians. There certain thieves formed a design once to carry away the wealth of Sardanapallos son of Ninos, the king, which wealth was very great and was kept in treasure-houses under the earth. Accordingly they began from their own dwelling, and making estimate of their direction they dug under ground towards the king's palace; and the earth which was brought out of the excavation they used to carry away, when night came on, to the river Tigris which flows by the city of Nineveh, until at last they accomplished that which they desired. Similarly, as I heard, the digging of the lake in Egypt was effected, except that it was done not by night but during the day; for as they dug the Egyptians carried to the Nile the earth which was dug out; and the river, when it received it, would naturally bear it away and disperse it. Thus is this lake said to have been dug out.

Now the twelve kings continued to rule justly, but in course of time it happened thus:—After sacrifice in the temple of Hephaistos they were about to make libation on the last day of the feast, and the chief-priest, in bringing out for them the golden cups with which they had been wont to pour libations, missed his reckoning and brought eleven only for the twelve kings. Then that one of them who was standing last in order, namely Psammetichos, since he had no cup took off from his head his helmet, which was of bronze, and having held it out to receive the wine he proceeded to make libation: likewise all the other kings were wont to wear helmets and they happened to have them then. Now Psammetichos held out his helmet with no treacherous meaning; but they taking note of that which had been done by Psammetichos and of the oracle, namely how it had been declared to them that whosoever of them should make libation with a bronze cup should be sole king of Egypt, recollecting, I say, the saying of the Oracle, they did not indeed deem it right to slay Psammetichos, since they found by examination that he had not done it with any fore-thought, but they determined to strip him of almost all his power and to drive him away into the fen-country, and that from the fen-country he should not hold any dealings with the rest of Egypt. This Psammetichos had formerly been a fugitive from the Ethiopian Sabacōs who had killed his father Necōs, from him, I say, he had then been a fugitive in Syria; and when the Ethiopian had departed in consequence of the vision of the dream, the Egyptians who were of the district of Saïs brought him back to his own country. Then afterwards, when he was king, it was his fate to be a fugitive a second time on account of the helmet, being driven by the eleven kings into the fen-country. So then holding that he had been grievously wronged by them, he thought how he might take vengeance on those who had driven him out: and when he had sent to the Oracle of Leto in the city of Buto, where the Egyptians have their most truthful Oracle, there was given to him the reply that vengeance would come when men of bronze appeared from the sea. And he was strongly disposed not to believe that bronze men would come to help him; but after no long time had passed, certain

Ionians and Carians who had sailed forth for plunder were compelled to come to shore in Egypt, and they having landed and being clad in bronze armour, one of the Egyptians, not having before seen men clad in bronze armour, came to the fen-land and brought a report to Psammetichos that bronze men had come from the sea and were plundering the plain. So he, perceiving that the saying of the Oracle was coming to pass, dealt in a friendly manner with the Ionians and Carians, and with large promises he persuaded them to take his part. Then when he had persuaded them, with the help of those Egyptians who favoured his cause and of these foreign mercenaries he overthrew the kings. Having thus got power over all Egypt, Psammetichos made for Hephaistos that gateway of the temple at Memphis which is turned towards the South Wind; and he built a court for Apis, in which Apis is kept when he appears, opposite to the gateway of the temple, surrounded all with pillars and covered with figures; and instead of columns there stand to support the roof of the court colossal statues twelve cubits high. Now Apis is in the tongue of the Hellenes Epaphos. To the Ionians and to the Carians who had helped him Psammetichos granted portions of land to dwell in, opposite to one another with the river Nile between, and these were called "Encampments"; these portions of land he gave them, and he paid them besides all that he had promised: moreover he placed with them Egyptian boys to have them taught the Hellenic tongue; and from these, who learnt the language thoroughly, are descended the present class of interpreters in Egypt. Now the Ionians and Carians occupied these portions of land for a long time, and they are towards the sea a little below the city of Bubastis, on that which is called the Pelusian mouth of the Nile. These men king Amasis afterwards removed from thence and established them at Memphis, making them into a guard for himself against the Egyptians: and they being settled in Egypt, we who are Hellenes know by intercourse with them the certainty of all that which happened in Egypt beginning from king Psammetichos and afterwards; for these were the first men of foreign tongue who settled in Egypt: and in the land from which they were removed there still remained

down to my time the sheds where their ships were drawn up and the ruins of their houses.

Thus then Psammetichos obtained Egypt: and of the Oracle which is in Egypt I have made mention often before this, and now I will give an account of it, seeing that it is worthy to be described. This Oracle which is in Egypt is sacred to Leto, and it is established in a great city near that mouth of the Nile which is called Sebennytic, as one sails up the river from the sea; and the name of this city where the Oracle is found is Buto, as I have said before in mentioning it. In this Buto there is a temple of Apollo and Artemis; and the temple-house of Leto, in which the Oracle is, is both great in itself and has a gateway of the height of ten fathoms: but that which caused me most to marvel of the things to be seen there, I will now tell. There is in this sacred enclosure a house of Leto made of one single stone as regards both height and length, and of which all the walls are in these two directions equal, each being forty cubits; and for the covering in of the roof there lies another stone upon the top, the cornice measuring four cubits. This house then of all the things that were to be seen by me in that temple is the most marvellous, and among those which come next in the island called Chemmis. This is situated in a deep and broad lake by the side of the temple at Buto, and it is said by the Egyptians that this island is a floating island. I myself did not see it either floating about or moved from its place, and I feel surprise at hearing of it, wondering if it be indeed a floating island. In this island of which I speak there is a great temple-house of Apollo, and three several altars are set up within, and there are planted in the island many palm-trees and other trees, both bearing fruit and not bearing fruit. And the Egyptians, when they say that it is floating, add this story, namely that in this island, which formerly was not floating, Leto, being one of the eight gods who came into existence first, and dwelling in the city of Buto where she has this Oracle, received Apollo from Isis as a charge and preserved him, concealing him in the island which is said now to be a floating island, at that time when Typhon came after him seeking everywhere and desiring to find the son of Osiris. Now they say that Apollo

and Artemis are children of Dionysos and of Isis, and that Leto became their nurse and preserver; and in the Egyptian tongue Apollo is Oros, Demeter is Isis, and Artemis is Bubastis. From this story and from no other Æschylus the son of Euphorion took this which I shall say, wherein he differs from all the preceding poets; he represented namely that Artemis was the daughter of Demeter. For this reason then, they say, it became a floating island.

Such is the story which they tell; but as for Psammetichos, he was king over Egypt for four-and-fifty years, of which for thirty years save one he was sitting before Azotos, a great city of Syria, besieging it, until at last he took it: and this Azotos of all cities about which we have knowledge held out for the longest time under a siege.

The son of Psammetichos was Necōs, and he became king of Egypt. This man was the first who attempted the channel leading to the Erythraian Sea, which Dareios the Persian afterwards completed: the length of this is a voyage of four days, and in breadth it was so dug that two triremes could go side by side driven by oars; and the water is brought into it from the Nile. The channel is conducted a little above the city of Bubastis by Patumos the Arabian city, and runs into the Erythraian Sea: and it is dug first along those parts of the plain of Egypt which lie towards Arabia, just above which run the mountains which extend opposite Memphis, where are the stone-quarries,—along the base of these mountains the channel is conducted from West to East for a great way; and after that it is directed towards a break in the hills and tends from these mountains towards the *noon-day and the South Wind to the Arabian gulf.* Now in the place where the journey is least and shortest from the Northern to the Southern Sea (which is also called Erythraian), that is from Mount Casion, which is the boundary between Egypt and Syria, the distance is exactly a thousand furlongs to the Arabian gulf; but the channel is much longer, since it is more winding; and in the reign of Necōs there perished while digging it twelve myriads of the Egyptians. Now Necōs ceased in the midst of his digging, because the utterance of an Oracle impeded him, which was to the effect that he was working for the Barbarian: and the

Egyptians call all men Barbarians who do not agree with them in speech. Thus having ceased from the work of the channel, Necōs betook himself to waging wars, and triremes were built by him, some for the Northern Sea and others in the Arabian gulf for the Erythraian Sea; and of these the sheds are still to be seen. These ships he used when he needed them; and also on land Necōs engaged battle at Magdolos with the Syrians, and conquered them; and after this he took Cadytis, which is a great city of Syria: and the dress which he wore when he made these conquests he dedicated to Apollo, sending it to Branchidai of the Milesians. After this, having reigned in all sixteen years, he brought his life to an end, and handed on the kingdom to Psammis his son.

While this Psammis was king of Egypt, there came to him men sent by the Eleians, who boasted that they ordered the contest at Olympia in the most just and honourable manner possible and thought that not even the Egyptians, the wisest of men, could find out anything besides, to be added to their rules. Now when the Eleians came to Egypt and said that for which they had come, then this king called together those of the Egyptians who were reputed the wisest, and when the Egyptians had come together they heard the Eleians tell of all that which it was their part to do in regard to the contest; and when they had related everything, they said that they had come to learn in addition anything which the Egyptians might be able to find out besides, which was juster than this. They then having consulted together asked the Eleians whether their own citizens took part in the contest; and they said that it was permitted to any one who desired it, both of their own people and of the other Hellenes equally, to take part in the contest: upon which the Egyptians said that in so ordering the games they had wholly missed the mark of justice; for it could not be but that they would take part with the man of their own State, if he was contending, and so act unfairly to the stranger: but if they really desired, as they said, to order the games justly, and if this was the cause for which they had come to Egypt, they advised them to order the contest so as to be for strangers alone to contend in, and that no Eleian should be permitted

to contend. Such was the suggestion made by the Egyptians to the Eleians.

When Psammis had been king of Egypt for only six years and had made an expedition to Ethiopia and immediately afterwards had ended his life, Apries the son of Psammis received the kingdom in succession. This man came to be the most prosperous of all the kings up to that time except only his forefather Psammetichos; and he reigned five-and-twenty years, during which he led an army against Sidon and fought a sea-fight with the king of Tyre. Since however it was fated that evil should come upon him, it came by occasion of a matter which I shall relate at greater length in the Libyan history, and at present but shortly. Apries having sent a great expedition against the Kyrenians, met with correspondingly great disaster; and the Egyptians considering him to blame for this revolted from him, supposing that Apries had with forethought sent them out to evident calamity, in order (as they said) that there might be a slaughter of them, and he might the more securely rule over the other Egyptians. Being indignant at this, both these men who had returned from the expedition and also the friends of those who had perished made revolt openly. Hearing this Apries sent to them Amasis, to cause them to cease by persuasion; and when he had come and was seeking to restrain the Egyptians, as he was speaking and telling them not to do so, one of the Egyptians stood up behind him and put a helmet upon his head, saying as he did so that he put it on to crown him king. And to him this that was done was in some degree not unwelcome, as he proved by his behaviour; for as soon as the revolted Egyptians had set him up as king, he prepared to march against Apries: and Apries hearing this sent to Amasis one of the Egyptians who were about his own person, a man of reputation, whose name was Patarbemis, enjoining him to bring Amasis alive into his presence. When this Patarbemis came and summoned Amasis, the latter, who happened to be sitting on horseback, lifted up his leg and behaved in an unseemly manner, bidding him take that back to Apries. Nevertheless, they say, Patarbemis made demand of him that he should go to the king, seeing that the king had sent to

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summon him; and he answered him that he had for some time past been preparing to do so, and that Apries would have no occasion to find fault with him, for he would both come himself and bring others with him. Then Patarbemis both perceiving his intention from that which he said, and also seeing his preparations, departed in haste, desiring to make known as quickly as possible to the king the things which were being done: and when he came back to Apries not bringing Amasis, the king paying no regard to that which he said, but being moved by violent anger, ordered his ears and his nose to be cut off. And the rest of the Egyptians who still remained on his side, when they saw the man of most repute among them thus suffering shameful outrage, waited no longer but joined the others in revolt, and delivered themselves over to Amasis. Then Apries having heard this also, armed his foreign mercenaries and marched against the Egyptians: now he had about him Carian and Ionian mercenaries to the number of thirty thousand; and his royal palace was in the city of Saïs, of great size and worthy to be seen. So Apries and his army were going against the Egyptians, and Amasis and those with him were going against the mercenaries; and both sides came to the city of Momemphis and were about to make trial of one another in fight.

Now of the Egyptians there are seven classes, and of these one class is called that of the priests, and another that of the warriors, while the others are the cowherds, swineherds, shopkeepers, interpreters, and boatmen. This is the number of the classes of the Egyptians, and their names are given them from the occupations which they follow. Of them the warriors are called Calasirians and Hermotybians, and they are of the following districts,—for all Egypt is divided into districts. The districts of the Hermotybians are those of Busiris, Saïs, Chemmis, Papremis, the island called Prosopitis, and the half of Natho,—of these districts are the Hermotybians, who reached when most numerous the number of sixteen myriads. Of these not one has learnt anything of handicraft, but they are given up to war entirely. Again the districts of the Calasirians are those of Thebes, Bubastis, Aphthis, Tanis, Mendes, Sebennytos, Athribis,

Pharbaithos, Thmuïs, Onuphis, Anytis, Myecphoris,—this last is on an island opposite to the city of Bubastis. These are the districts of the Calasirians; and they reached, when most numerous, to the number of five-and-twenty myriads of men; nor is it lawful for these, any more than for the others, to practise any craft; but they practise that which has to do with war only, handing down the tradition from father to son. Now whether the Hellenes have learnt this also from the Egyptians, I am not able to say for certain, since I see that the Thracians also and Scythians and Persians and Lydians and almost all the Barbarians esteem those of their citizens who learn the arts, and the descendants of them, as less honourable than the rest; while those who have got free from all practice of manual arts are accounted noble, and especially those who are devoted to war: however that may be, the Hellenes have all learnt this, and especially the Lacedemonians; but the Corinthians least of all cast slight upon those who practise handicraft.

The following privilege was specially granted to this class and to none others of the Egyptians except the priests, that is to say, each man had twelve yokes of land specially granted to him free from imposts: now the yoke of land measures a hundred Egyptian cubits every way, and the Egyptian cubit is, as it happens, equal to that of Samos. This, I say, was a special privilege granted to all, and they also had certain advantages in turn and not the same men twice; that is to say, a thousand of the Calasirians and a thousand of the Hermotybians acted as body-guard to the king during each year; and these had besides their yokes of land an allowance given them for each day of five pounds weight of bread to each man, and two pounds of beef, and four half-pints of wine. This was the allowance given to those who were serving as the king's body-guard for the time being.

So when Apries leading his foreign mercenaries, and Amasis at the head of the whole body of the Egyptians, in their approach to one another had come to the city of Momemphis, they engaged battle: and although the foreign troops fought well, yet being much inferior in number they were worsted by reason of this. But Apries is said to have

supposed that not even a god would be able to cause him to cease from his rule, so firmly did he think that it was established. In that battle then, I say, he was worsted, and being taken alive was brought away to the city of Saïs, to that which had formerly been his own dwelling but from thenceforth was the palace of Amasis. There for some time he was kept in the palace, and Amasis dealt well with him but at last, since the Egyptians blamed him, saying that he acted not rightly in keeping alive him who was the greatest foe both to themselves and to him, therefore he delivered Apries over to the Egyptians; and they strangled him, and after that buried him in the burial-place of his fathers: this is in the temple of Athenē, close to the sanctuary, on the left hand as you enter. Now the men of Saïs buried all those of this district who had been kings, within the temple; for the tomb of Amasis also, though it is further from the sanctuary than that of Apries and his forefathers, yet this too is within the court of the temple, and it consists of a colonnade of stone of great size, with pillars carved to imitate date-palms, and otherwise sumptuously adorned; and within the colonnade are double doors, and inside the doors a sepulchral chamber. Also at Saïs there is the burial-place of him whom I account it not pious to name in connexion with such a matter, which is in the temple of Athenē behind the house of the goddess, stretching along the whole wall of it; and in the sacred enclosure stand great obelisks of stone, and near them is a lake adorned with an edging of stone and fairly made in a circle, being in size, as it seemed to me, equal to that which is called the "Round Pool" in Delos. On this lake they perform by night the show of his sufferings, and this the Egyptians call Mysteries. Of these things I know more fully in detail how they take place, but I shall leave this unspoken; and of the mystic rites of Demeter, which the Hellenes call *thesmophoria*, of these also, although I know, I shall leave unspoken all except so much as piety permits me to tell. The daughters of Danaos were they who brought this rite out of Egypt and taught it to the women of the Pelasgians; then afterwards when all the inhabitants of Peloponnese were driven out by the Dorians, the rite was lost, and only those who were left behind of the

Peloponnesians and not driven out, that is to say the Arcadians, preserved it.

Apries having thus been overthrown, Amasis became king, being of the district of Saïs, and the name of the city whence he was Siuph. Now at the first the Egyptians despised Amasis and held him in no great regard, because he had been a man of the people and was of no distinguished family; but afterwards Amasis won them over to himself by wisdom and not wilfulness. Among innumerable other things of price which he had, there was a foot-basin of gold in which both Amasis himself and all his guests were wont always to wash their feet. This he broke up, and of it he caused to be made the image of a god, and set it up in the city, where it was most convenient; and the Egyptians went continually to visit the image and did great reverence to it. Then Amasis, having learnt that which was done by the men of the city, called together the Egyptians and made known to them the matter, saying that the image had been produced from the foot-basin, into which formerly the Egyptians used to vomit and make water, and in which they washed their feet, whereas now they did to it great reverence; and just so, he continued, had he himself now fared, as the foot-basin; for though formerly he was a man of the people, yet now he was their king, and he bade them accordingly honour him and have regard for him. In such manner he won the Egyptians to himself, so that they consented to be his subjects; and his ordering of affairs was this:—In the early morning, and until the time of the filling of the market he did with a good will the business which was brought before him; but after this he passed the time in drinking and in jesting at his boon-companions, and was frivolous and playful. And his friends being troubled at it admonished him in some such words as these: "O king, thou dost not rightly govern thyself in thus letting thyself descend to behaviour so trifling; for thou oughtest rather to have been sitting throughout the day stately upon a stately throne and administering thy business; and so the Egyptians would have been assured that they were ruled by a great man, and thou wouldest have had a better report: but as it is, thou art acting by no means in a kingly fashion." And he answered them thus: "They who

have bows stretch them at such time as they wish to use them, and when they have finished using them they loose them again; for if they were stretched tight always they would break, so that the men would not be able to use them when they needed them. So also is the state of man: if he should always be in earnest and not relax himself for sport at the due time, he would either go mad or be struck with stupor before he was aware; and knowing this well, I distribute a portion of the time to each of the two ways of living." Thus he replied to his friends. It is said however that Amasis, even when he was in a private station, was a lover of drinking and of jesting, and not at all seriously disposed; and whenever his means of livelihood failed him through his drinking and luxurious living, he would go about and steal; and they from whom he stole would charge him with having their property, and when he denied it would bring him before the judgment of an Oracle, whenever there was one in their place; and many times he was convicted by the Oracles and many times he was absolved: and then when finally he became king he did as follows:—as many of the gods as had absolved him and pronounced him not to be a thief, to their temples he paid no regard, nor gave anything for the further adornment of them, nor even visited them to offer sacrifice, considering them to be worth nothing and to possess lying Oracles; but as many as had convicted him of being a thief, to these he paid very great regard, considering them to be truly gods, and to present Oracles which did not lie. First in Saïs he built and completed for Athenē a temple-gateway which is a great marvel, and he far surpassed herein all who had done the like before, both in regard to height and greatness, so large are the stones and of such quality. Then secondly he dedicated great colossal statues and man-headed sphinxes very large, and for restoration he brought other stones of monstrous size. Some of these he caused to be brought from the stone-quarries which are opposite Memphis, others of very great size from the city of Elephantinē, distant a voyage of not less than twenty days from Saïs: and of them all I marvel most at this, namely a monolith chamber which he brought from the city of Elephantinē; and they were three years engaged in bring-

ing this, and two thousand men were appointed to convey it, who all were of the class of boatmen. Of this house the length outside is one-and-twenty cubits, the breadth is fourteen cubits, and the height eight. These are the measures of the monolith house outside; but the length inside is eighteen cubits and five-sixths of a cubit, the breadth twelve cubits, and the height five cubits. This lies by the side of the entrance to the temple; for within the temple they did not draw it, because, as it is said, while the house was being drawn along, the chief artificer of it groaned aloud, seeing that much time had been spent and he was wearied by the work; and Amasis took it to heart as a warning and did not allow them to draw it further onwards. Some say on the other hand that a man was killed by it, of those who were heaving it with levers, and that it was not drawn in for that reason. Amasis also dedicated in all the other temples which were of repute, works which are worth seeing for their size, and among them also at Memphis the colossal statue which lies on its back in front of the temple of Hephaistos, whose length is five-and-seventy feet; and on the same base made of the same stone are set two colossal statues, each of twenty feet in length, one on this side and the other on that side of the large statue. There is also another of stone of the same size in Saïs, lying in the same manner as that at Memphis. Moreover Amasis was he who built and finished for Isis her temple at Memphis, which is of great size and very worthy to be seen.

In the reign of Amasis it is said that Egypt became more prosperous than at any other time before, both in regard to that which comes to the land from the river and in regard to that which comes from the land to its inhabitants, and that at this time the inhabited towns in it numbered in all twenty thousand. It was Amasis too who established the law that every year each one of the Egyptians should declare to the ruler of his district, from what source he got his livelihood, and if any man did not do this or did not make declaration of an honest way of living, he should be punished with death. Now Solon the Athenian received from Egypt this law and had it enacted for the Athenians, and they have continued to observe it, since it is a law with which none can find fault.

Moreover Amasis became a lover of the Hellenes; and besides other proofs of friendship which he gave to several among them, he also granted the city of Naucratis for those of them who came to Egypt to dwell in; and to those who did not desire to stay, but who made voyages thither, he granted portions of land to set up altars and make sacred enclosures for their gods. Their greatest enclosure and that one which has most name and is most frequented is called the Hellenion, and this was established by the following cities in common:—of the Ionians Chios, Teos, Phocaia, Clazomenai, of the Dorians Rhodes, Cnidos, Halicarnassos, Phaselis, and of the Aiolians Mytilenē alone. To these belongs this enclosure and these are the cities which appoint superintendents of the port; and all other cities which claim a share in it, are making a claim without any right. Besides this the Eginetans established on their own account a sacred enclosure dedicated to Zeus, the Samians one to Hera, and the Milesians one to Apollo. Now in old times Naucratis alone was an open trading-place, and no other place in Egypt: and if any one came to any other of the Nile mouths, he was compelled to swear that he came not thither of his own will, and when he had thus sworn his innocence he had to sail with his ship to the Canobic mouth, or if it were not possible to sail by reason of contrary winds, then he had to carry his cargo round the head of the Delta in boats to Naucratis: thus highly was Naucratis privileged. Moreover when the Amphictyons had let out the contract for building the temple which now exists at Delphi, agreeing to pay a sum of three hundred talents (for the temple which formerly stood there had been burnt down of itself), it fell to the share of the people of Delphi to provide the fourth part of the payment; and accordingly the Delphians went about to various cities and collected contributions. And when they did this they got from Egypt as much as from any place, for Amasis gave them a thousand talents' weight of alum, while the Hellenes who dwelt in Egypt gave them twenty pounds of silver.

Also with the people of Kyrenē Amasis made an agreement for friendship and alliance; and he resolved too to marry a wife from thence, whether because he desired to have a wife of Hellenic race, or, apart from that, on ac-

count of friendship for the people of Kyrenē: however that may be, he married, some say the daughter of Battos, others of Arkesilaos, and others of Critobulos, a man of repute among the citizens; and her name was Ladikē. Now whenever Amasis lay with her he found himself unable to have intercourse, but with his other wives he associated as he was wont; and as this happened repeatedly, Amasis said to his wife, whose name was Ladikē: "Woman, thou hast given me drugs, and thou shalt surely perish more miserably than any other." Then Ladikē, when by her denials Amasis was not at all appeased in his anger against her, made a vow in her soul to Aphroditē, that if Amasis on that night had intercourse with her (seeing that this was the remedy for her danger), she would send an image to be dedicated to her at Kyrenē; and after the vow immediately Amasis had intercourse, and from thenceforth whenever Amasis came in to her he had intercourse with her; and after this he became very greatly attached to her. And Ladikē paid the vow that she had made to the goddess; for she had an image made and sent it to Kyrenē, and it was still preserved even to my own time, standing with its face turned away from the city of the Kyrenians. This Ladikē Cambyses, having conquered Egypt and heard from her who she was, sent back unharmed to Kyrenē.

Amasis also dedicated offerings in Hellas, first at Kyrenē an image of Athenē covered over with gold and a figure of himself made like by painting; then in the temple of Athenē at Lindos two images of stone and a corslet of linen worthy to be seen; and also at Samos two wooden figures of himself dedicated to Hera, which were standing even to my own time in the great temple, behind the doors. Now at Samos he dedicated offerings because of the guest-friendship between himself and Polycrates the son of Aiakes; at Lindos for no guest-friendship but because the temple of Athenē at Lindos is said to have been founded by the daughters of Danaos, who had touched land there at the time when they were fleeing from the sons of Aigyptos. These offerings were dedicated by Amasis; and he was the first of men who conquered Cyprus and subdued it so that it paid him tribute.

TACITUS ON GERMANY

TRANSLATED BY
THOMAS GORDON

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE *dates of the birth and death of Tacitus are uncertain, but it is probable that he was born about 54 A. D. and died after 117. He was a contemporary and friend of the younger Pliny, who addressed to him some of his most famous epistles, to be found in another volume of the Harvard Classics. Tacitus was apparently of the equestrian class, was an advocate by training, and had a reputation as an orator, though none of his speeches has survived. He held a number of important public offices, and married the daughter of Agricola, the conqueror of Britain, whose life he wrote.*

The two chief works of Tacitus, the "Annals" and the "Histories," covered the history of Rome from the death of Augustus to A. D. 96; but the greater part of the "Histories" is lost, and the fragment that remains deals only with the year 69 and part of 70. In the "Annals" there are several gaps, but what survives describes a large part of the reigns of Tiberius, Claudius, and Nero. His minor works, besides the life of Agricola, already mentioned, are a "Dialogue on Orators" and the account of Germany, its situation, its inhabitants, their character and customs, which is here printed.

Tacitus stands in the front rank of the historians of antiquity for the accuracy of his learning, the fairness of his judgments, the richness, concentration, and precision of his style. His great successor, Gibbon, called him a "philosophical historian, whose writings will instruct the last generations of mankind"; and Montaigne knew no author "who, in a work of history, has taken so broad a view of human events or given a more just analysis of particular characters."

The "Germany" is a document of the greatest interest and importance, since it gives us by far the most detailed account of the state of culture among the tribes that are the ancestors of the modern Teutonic nations, at the time when they first came into contact with the civilization of the Mediterranean.

TACITUS ON GERMANY

THE whole of Germany is thus bounded; separated from Gaul, from Rhœtia and Pannonia, by the rivers Rhine and Danube; from Sarmatia and Dacia by mutual fear, or by high mountains: the rest is encompassed by the ocean, which forms huge bays, and comprehends a tract of islands immense in extent: for we have lately known certain nations and kingdoms there, such as the war discovered. The Rhine rising in the Rhœtian Alps from a summit altogether rocky and perpendicular, after a small winding towards the west, is lost in the Northern Ocean. The Danube issues out of the mountain Abnoba, one very high but very easy of ascent, and traversing several nations, falls by six streams into the Euxine Sea; for its seventh channel is absorbed in the Fenns.

The Germans, I am apt to believe, derive their original from no other people; and are nowise mixed with different nations arriving amongst them: since anciently those who went in search of new dwellings, travelled not by land, but were carried in fleets; and into that mighty ocean so boundless, and, as I may call it, so repugnant and forbidding, ships from our world rarely enter. Moreover, besides the dangers from a sea tempestuous, horrid and unknown, who would relinquish Asia, or Africa, or Italy, to repair to Germany, a region hideous and rude, under a rigorous climate, dismal to behold or to manure[1] unless the same were his native country? In their old ballads (which amongst them are the only sort of registers and history) they celebrate *Tuisto*, a God sprung from the earth, and *Mannus* his son, as the fathers and founders of the nation. To *Mannus* they assign three sons, after whose names so many people are called; the Ingævones, dwelling next the ocean; the Herminones,

[1] To cultivate.

in the middle country; and all the rest, Instævones. Some, borrowing a warrant from the darkness of antiquity, maintain that the God had more sons, that thence came more denominations of people, the Marsians, Gambrians, Suevians, and Vandalians, and that these are the names truly genuine and original. For the rest, they affirm Germany to be a recent word, lately bestowed: for that those who first passed the Rhine and expulsed the Gauls, and are now named Tungrians, were then called Germans: and thus by degrees the name of a tribe prevailed, not that of the nation; so that by an appellation at first occasioned by terror and conquest, they afterwards chose to be distinguished, and assuming a name lately invented were universally called *Germans*.

They have a tradition that Hercules also had been in their country, and him above all other heroes they extol in their songs when they advance to battle. Amongst them too are found that kind of verses by the recital of which (by them called *Barding*) they inspire bravery; nay, by such chanting itself they divine the success of the approaching fight. For, according to the different din of the battle, they urge furiously, or shrink timorously. Nor does what they utter, so much seem to be singing as the voice and exertion of valour. They chiefly study a tone fierce and harsh, with a broken and unequal murmur, and therefore apply their shields to their mouths, whence the voice may by rebounding swell with greater fulness and force. Besides there are some of opinion, that Ulysses, whilst he wandered about in his long and fabulous voyages, was carried into this ocean and entered Germany, and that by him Asciburgium was founded and named, a city at this day standing and inhabited upon the bank of the Rhine: nay, that in the same place was formerly found an altar dedicated to Ulysses, with the name of his father Laertes added to his own, and that upon the confines of Germany and Rhœtia are still extant certain monuments and tombs inscribed with Greek characters. Traditions these which I mean not either to confirm with arguments of my own or to refute. Let every one believe or deny the same according to his own bent.

For myself, I concur in opinion with such as suppose the people of Germany never to have mingled by inter-marriages with other nations, but to have remained a people pure, and independent, and resembling none but themselves. Hence amongst such a mighty multitude of men, the same make and form is found in all, eyes stern and blue, yellow hair, huge bodies, but vigorous only in the first onset. Of pains and labour they are not equally patient, nor can they at all endure thrift and heat. To bear hunger and cold they are hardened by their climate and soil.

Their lands, however somewhat different in aspect, yet taken all together consist of gloomy forests or nasty marshes; lower and moister towards the confines of Gaul, more mountainous and windy towards Noricum and Pannonia; very apt to bear grain, but altogether unkindly to fruit trees; abounding in flocks and herds, but generally small of growth. Nor even in their oxen is found the usual stateliness, no more than the natural ornaments and grandeur of head. In the number of their herds they rejoice; and these are their only, these their most desirable riches. Silver and gold the Gods have denied them, whether in mercy or in wrath, I am unable to determine. Yet I would not venture to aver that in Germany no vein of gold or silver is produced; for who has ever searched? For the use and possession, it is certain they care not. Amongst them indeed are to be seen vessels of silver, such as have been presented to their Princes and Ambassadors, but holden in no other esteem than vessels made of earth. The Germans however adjoining to our frontiers value gold and silver for the purposes of commerce, and are wont to distinguish and prefer certain of our coins. They who live more remote are more primitive and simple in their dealings, and exchange one commodity for another. The money which they like is the old and long known, that indented,[2] or that impressed with a chariot and two horses. Silver too is what they seek more than gold, from no fondness or preference, but because small pieces are more ready in purchasing things cheap and common.

Neither in truth do they abound in iron, as from the

[2] With milled edges.

fashion of their weapons may be gathered. Swords they rarely use, or the larger spear. They carry javelins or, in their own language, *framms*, pointed with a piece of iron short and narrow, but so sharp and manageable, that with the same weapon they can fight at a distance or hand to hand, just as need requires. Nay, the horsemen also are content with a shield and a javelin. The foot throw likewise weapons missive, each particular is armed with many, and hurls them a mighty space, all naked or only wearing a light cassock. In their equipment they show no ostentation; only that their shields are diversified and adorned with curious colours. With coats of mail very few are furnished, and hardly upon any is seen a headpiece or helmet. Their horses are nowise signal either in fashion or in fleetness; nor taught to wheel and bound, according to the practice of the Romans: they only move them forward in a line, or turn them right about, with such compactness and equality that no one is ever behind the rest. To one who considers the whole it is manifest, that in their foot their principal strength lies, and therefore they fight intermixed with the horse: for such is their swiftness as to match and suit with the motions and engagements of the cavalry. So that the infantry are elected from amongst the most robust of their youth, and placed in front of the army. The number to be sent is also ascertained, out of every village *an hundred*, and by this very name they continue to be called at home, *those of the hundred band:* thus what was at first no more than a number, becomes thenceforth a title and distinction of honour. In arraying their army, they divide the whole into distinct battalions formed sharp in front. To recoil in battle, provided you return again to the attack, passes with them rather for policy than fear. Even when the combat is no more than doubtful, they bear away the bodies of their slain. The most glaring disgrace that can befall them, is to have quitted their shield; nor to one branded with such ignominy is it lawful to join in their sacrifices, or to enter into their assemblies; and many who had escaped in the day of battle, have hanged themselves to put an end to this their infamy.

In the choice of kings they are determined by the splen-

dour of their race, in that of generals by their bravery. Neither is the power of their kings unbounded or arbitrary: and their generals procure obedience not so much by the force of their authority as by that of their example, when they appear enterprising and brave, when they signalise themselves by courage and prowess; and if they surpass all in admiration and pre-eminence, if they surpass all at the head of an army. But to none else but the Priests is it allowed to exercise correction, or to inflict bonds or stripes. Nor when the Priests do this, is the same considered as a punishment, or arising from the orders of the general, but from the immediate command of the Deity, Him whom they believe to accompany them in war. They therefore carry with them when going to fight, certain images and figures taken out of their holy groves. What proves the principal incentive to their valour is, that it is not at random nor by the fortuitous conflux of men that their troops and pointed battalions are formed, but by the conjunction of whole families, and tribes of relations. Moreover, close to the field of battle are lodged all the nearest and most interesting pledges of nature. Hence they hear the doleful howlings of their wives, hence the cries of their tender infants. These are to each particular the witnesses whom he most reverences and dreads; these yield him the praise which affect him most. Their wounds and maims they carry to their mothers, or to their wives, neither are their mothers or wives shocked in telling, or in sucking their bleeding sores.[3] Nay, to their husbands and sons whilst engaged in battle, they administer meat and encouragement.

In history we find, that some armies already yielding and ready to fly, have been by the women restored, through their inflexible importunity and entreaties, presenting their breasts, and showing their impending captivity; an evil to the Germans then by far most dreadful when it befalls their women. So that the spirit of such cities as amongst their hostages are enjoined to send their damsels of quality, is always engaged more effectually than that of others. They even believe them endowed with something celestial

[3] Nec illæ numerare aut exigere plagas pavent.

and the spirit of prophecy. Neither do they disdain to consult them, nor neglect the responses which they return. In the reign of the deified Vespasian, we have seen *Veleda* for a long time, and by many nations, esteemed and adored as a divinity. In times past they likewise worshipped *Aurinia* and several more, from no complaisance or effort of flattery, nor as Deities of their own creating.

Of all the Gods, Mercury is he whom they worship most. To him on certain stated days it is lawful to offer even human victims. Hercules and Mars they appease with beasts usually allowed for sacrifice. Some of the Suevians make likewise immolations to *Isis*. Concerning the cause and original of this foreign sacrifice I have found small light; unless the figure of her image formed like a galley, show that such devotion arrived from abroad. For the rest, from the grandeur and majesty of beings celestial, they judge it altogether unsuitable to hold the Gods enclosed within walls, or to represent them under any human likeness. They consecrate whole woods and groves, and by the names of the Gods they call these recesses; divinities these, which only in contemplation and mental reverence they behold.

To the use of lots and auguries, they are addicted beyond all other nations. Their method of divining by lots is exceeding simple. From a tree which bears fruit they cut a twig, and divide it into two small pieces. These they distinguish by so many several marks, and throw them at random and without order upon a white garment. Then the Priest of the community, if for the public the lots are consulted, or the father of a family if about a private concern, after he has solemnly invoked the Gods, with eyes lifted up to heaven, takes up every piece thrice, and having done thus forms a judgment according to the marks before made. If the chances have proved forbidding, they are no more consulted upon the same affair during the same day: even when they are inviting, yet, for confirmation, the faith of auguries too is tried. Yea, here also is the known practice of divining events from the voices and flight of birds. But to this nation it is peculiar, to learn presages and admonitions divine from horses also. These are nourished

by the State in the same sacred woods and groves, all milk-white and employed in no earthly labour. These yoked in the holy chariot, are accompanied by the Priest and the King, or the Chief of the community, who both carefully observed his actions and neighing. Nor in any sort of augury is more faith and assurance reposed, not by the populace only, but even by the nobles, even by the Priests. These account themselves the ministers of the Gods, and the horses privy to his will. They have likewise another method of divination, whence to learn the issue of great and mighty wars. From the nation with whom they are at war they contrive, it avails not how, to gain a captive: him they engage in combat with one selected from amongst themselves, each armed after the manner of his country, and according as the victory falls to this or to the other, gather a presage of the whole.

Affairs of smaller moment the chiefs determine: about matters of higher consequence the whole nation deliberates; yet in such sort, that whatever depends upon the pleasure and decision of the people, is examined and discussed by the chiefs. Where no accident or emergency intervenes, they assemble upon stated days, either, when the moon changes, or is full: since they believe such seasons to be the most fortunate for beginning all transactions. Neither in reckoning of time do they count, like us, the number of days but that of nights. In this style their ordinances are framed, in this style their diets appointed; and with them the night seems to lead and govern the day. From their extensive liberty this evil and default flows, that they meet not at once, nor as men commanded and afraid to disobey; so that often the second day, nay often the third, is consumed through the slowness of the members in assembling. They sit down as they list, promiscuously, like a crowd, and all armed. It is by the Priests that silence is enjoined, and with the power of correction the Priests are then invested. Then the King or Chief is heard, as are others, each according to his precedence in age, or in nobility, or in warlike renown, or in eloquence; and the influence of every speaker proceeds rather from his ability to persuade than from any authority to command. If the proposition

displease, they reject it by an inarticulate murmur: if it be pleasing, they brandish their javelins. The most honourable manner of signifying their assent, is to express their applause by the sound of their arms.

In the assembly it is allowed to present accusations, and to prosecute capital offences. Punishments vary according to the quality of the crime. Traitors and deserters they hang upon trees. Cowards, and sluggards, and unnatural prostitutes they smother in mud and bogs under an heap of hurdles. Such diversity in their executions has this view, that in punishing of glaring iniquities, it behoves likewise to display them to sight; but effeminacy and pollution must be buried and concealed. In lighter transgressions too the penalty is measured by the fault, and the delinquents upon conviction are condemned to pay a certain number of horses or cattle. Part of this mulct accrues to the King or to the community, part to him whose wrongs are vindicated, or to his next kindred. In the same assemblies are also chosen their chiefs or rulers, such as administer justice in their villages and boroughs. To each of these are assigned an hundred persons chosen from amongst the populace, to accompany and assist him, men who help him at once with their authority and their counsel.

Without being armed they transact nothing, whether of public or private concernment. But it is repugnant to their custom for any man to use arms, before the community has attested his capacity to wield them. Upon such testimonial, either one of the rulers, or his father, or some kinsman dignify the young man in the midst of the assembly, with a shield and javelin. This amongst them is the *manly robe,* this the first degree of honour conferred upon their youth. Before this they seem no more than part of a private family, but thenceforward part of the Commonweal. The princely dignity they confer even upon striplings, whose race is eminently noble, or whose fathers have done great and signal services to the State. For about the rest, who are more vigorous and long since tried, they crowd to attend: nor is it any shame to be seem amongst the followers of these. Nay, there are likewise degrees of followers, higher or lower, just as he whom they follow judges fit. Mighty

too is the emulation amongst these followers, of each to be first in favour with his Prince; mighty also the emulation of the Princes, to excel in the number and valour of followers. This is their principal state, this their chief force, to be at all times surrounded with a huge band of chosen young men, for ornament and glory in peace, for security and defence in war. Nor is it amongst his own people only, but even from the neighbouring communities, that any of their Princes reaps so much renown and a name so great, when he surpasses in the number and magnanimity of his followers. For such are courted by Embassies, and distinguished with presents, and by the terror of their fame alone often dissipate wars.

In the day of battle, it is scandalous to the Prince to be surpassed in feats of bravery, scandalous to his followers to fail in matching the bravery of the Prince. But it is infamy during life, and indelible reproach, to return alive from a battle where their Prince was slain. To preserve their Prince, to defend him, and to ascribe to his glory all their own valorous deeds, is the sum and most sacred part of their oath. The Princes fight for victory; for the Prince his followers fight. Many of the young nobility, when their own community comes to languish in its vigour by long peace and inactivity, betake themselves through impatience to other States which then prove to be in war. For, besides that this people cannot brook repose, besides that by perilous adventures they more quickly blazon their fame, they cannot otherwise than by violence and war support their huge train of retainers. For from the liberality of their Prince, they demand and enjoy that *war-horse* of theirs, with that *victorious javelin* dyed in the blood of their enemies. In the place of pay, they are supplied with a daily table and repasts; though grossly prepared, yet very profuse. For maintaining such liberality and munificence, a fund is furnished by continual wars and plunder. Nor could you so easily persuade them to cultivate the ground, or to await the return of the seasons and produce of the year, as to provoke the foe and to risk wounds and death: since stupid and spiritless they account it, to acquire by their sweat what they can gain by their blood.

Upon any recess from war, they do not much attend the chase. Much more of their time they pass in indolence, resigned to sleep and repasts.[4] All the most brave, all the most warlike, apply to nothing at all; but to their wives, to the ancient men, and to every the most impotent domestic, trust all the care of their house, and of their lands and possessions. They themselves loiter.[5] Such is the amazing diversity of their nature, that in the same men is found so much delight in sloth, with so much enmity to tranquillity and repose. The communities are wont, of their own accord and man by man, to bestow upon their Princes a certain number of beasts, or a certain portion of grain; a contribution which passes indeed for a mark of reverence and honour, but serves also to supply their necessities. They chiefly rejoice in the gifts which come from the bordering countries, such as are sent not only by particulars but in the name of the State; curious horses, splendid armour, rich harness, with collars of silver and gold. Now too they have learnt, what we have taught them, to receive money.

That none of the several people in Germany live together in cities, is abundantly known; nay, that amongst them none of their dwellings are suffered to be contiguous. They inhabit apart and distinct, just as a fountain, or a field, or a wood happened to invite them to settle. They raise their villages in opposite rows, but not in our manner with the houses joined one to another. Every man has a vacant space quite round his own, whether for security against accidents from fire, or that they want the art of building. With them in truth, is unknown even the use of mortar and of tiles. In all their structures they employ materials quite gross and unhewn, void of fashion and comeliness. Some parts they besmear with an earth so pure and resplendent, that it resembles painting and colours. They are likewise wont to scoop caves deep in the ground, and over them to lay great heaps of dung. Thither they retire for shelter in the winter, and thither convey their grain: for by such close places they mollify the rigorous and ex-

[4] "Dediti somno, ciboque:" handed over to sloth and gluttony.
[5] Are rude and lazy.

cessive cold. Besides when at any time their enemy invades them, he can only ravage the open country, but either knows not such recesses as are invisible and subterraneous; or must suffer them to escape him, on this very account that he is uncertain where to find them.

For their covering a mantle is what they all wear, fastened with a clasp or, for want of it, with a thorn. As far as this reaches not they are naked, and lie whole days before the fire. The most wealthy are distinguished with a vest, not one large and flowing like those of Sarmatians and Parthians, but girt close about them and expressing the proportion of every limb. They likewise wear the skins of savage beasts, a dress which those bordering upon the Rhine use without any fondness or delicacy, but about which such who live further in the country are more curious, as void of all apparel introduced by commerce. They choose certain wild beasts, and, having flayed them, diversify their hides with many spots, as also with the skins of monsters from the deep, such as are engendered in the distant ocean and in seas unknown. Neither does the dress of the women differ from that of the men, save that the women are orderly attired in linen embroidered with purple, and use no sleeves, so that all their arms are bare. The upper part of their breast is withal exposed.

Yet the laws of matrimony are severely observed there; nor in the whole of their manners is aught more praiseworthy than this: for they are almost the only Barbarians contented with one wife, excepting a very few amongst them; men of dignity who marry divers wives, from no wantonness or lubricity, but courted for the lustre of their family into many alliances.

To the husband, the wife tenders no dowry; but the husband, to the wife. The parents and relations attend and declare their approbation of the presents, not presents adapted to feminine pomp and delicacy, nor such as serve to deck the new married woman; but oxen and horse accoutred, and a shield, with a javelin and sword. By virtue of these gifts, she is espoused. She too on her part brings her husband some arms. This they esteem the highest tie, these the holy mysteries, and matrimonial Gods. That the

woman may not suppose herself free from the considerations of fortitude and fighting, or exempt from the casualties of war, the very first solemnities of her wedding serve to warn her, that she comes to her husband as a partner in his hazards and fatigues, that she is to suffer alike with him, to adventure alike, during peace or during war. This the oxen joined in the same yoke plainly indicate, this the horse ready equipped, this the present of arms. 'Tis thus she must be content to live, thus to resign life. The arms which she then receives she must preserve inviolate, and to her sons restore the same, as presents worthy of them, such as their wives may again receive, and still resign to her grandchildren.

They therefore live in a state of chastity well secured; corrupted by no seducing shows and public diversions, by no irritations from banqueting. Of learning and of any secret intercourse by letters, they are all equally ignorant, men and women. Amongst a people so numerous, adultery is exceeding rare; a crime instantly punished, and the punishment left to be inflicted by the husband. He, having cut off her hair, expells her from his house naked, in presence of her kindred, and pursues her with stripes throughout the village. For, to a woman who has prostituted her person, no pardon is ever granted. However beautiful she be, however young, however abounding in wealth, a husband she can never find. In truth, nobody turns vices into mirth there, nor is the practice of corrupting and of yielding to corruption, called the custom of the Age. Better still do those communities, in which none but virgins marry, and where to a single marriage all their views and inclinations are at once confined. Thus, as they have but one body and one life, they take but one husband, that beyond him they may have no thought, no further wishes, nor love him only as their husband but as their marriage.[6] To restrain generation and the increase of children, is esteemed an abominable sin, as also to kill infants newly born. And more powerful with them are good manners, than with other people are good laws.

In all their houses the children are reared naked and

[6] "Sed tamquam matrimonium ament."

nasty; and thus grow into those limbs, into that bulk, which with marvel we behold. They are all nourished with the milk of their own mothers, and never surrendered to handmaids and nurses. The lord you cannot discern from the slave, by any superior delicacy in rearing. Amongst the same cattle they promiscuously live, upon the same ground they without distinction lie, till at a proper age the free-born are parted from the rest, and their bravery recommend them to notice. Slow and late do the young men come to the use of women, and thus very long preserve the vigour of youth. Neither are the virgins hastened to wed. They must both have the same sprightly youth, the like stature, and marry when equal and able-bodied. Thus the robustness of the parents is inherited by the children. Children are holden in the same estimation with their mother's brother, as with their father. Some hold this tie of blood to be most inviolable and binding, and in receiving of hostages, such pledges are most considered and claimed, as they who at once possess affections the most unalienable, and the most diffuse interest in their family. To every man, however, his own children are heirs and successors: wills they make none: for want of children his next akin inherits; his own brothers, those of his father, or those of his mother. To ancient men, the more they abound in descendants, in relations and affinities, so much the more favour and reverence accrues. From being childless, no advantage nor estimation is derived.

All the enmities of your house, whether of your father or of your kindred, you must necessarily adopt; as well as all their friendships. Neither are such enmities unappeasable and permanent: since even for so great a crime as homicide, compensation is made by a fixed number of sheep and cattle, and by it the whole family is pacified to content. A temper this, wholesome to the State; because to a free nation, animosities and faction are always more menacing and perilous. In social feasts, and deeds of hospitality, no nation upon earth was ever more liberal and abounding. To refuse admitting under your roof any man whatsoever, is held wicked and inhuman. Every man receives every comer, and treats him with repasts as large

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as his ability can possibly furnish. When the whole stock is consumed, he who had treated so hospitably guides and accompanies his guest to a new scene of hospitality; and both proceed to the next house, though neither of them invited. Nor avails it, that they were not: they are there received, with the same frankness and humanity. Between a stranger and an acquaintance, in dispensing the rules and benefits of hospitality, no difference is made. Upon your departure, if you ask anything, it is the custom to grant it; and with the same facility, they ask of you. In gifts they delight, but neither claim merit from what they give, nor own any obligation for what they receive. Their manner of entertaining their guests is familiar and kind.

The moment they rise from sleep, which they generally prolong till late in the day, they bathe, most frequently in warm water; as in a country where the winter is very long and severe. From bathing, they sit down to meat; every man apart, upon a particular seat, and at a separate table. They then proceed to their affairs, all in arms; as in arms, they no less frequently go to banquet. To continue drinking night and day without intermission, is a reproach to no man. Frequent then are their broils, as usual amongst men intoxicated with liquor; and such broils rarely terminate in angry words, but for the most part in maimings and slaughter. Moreover in these their feasts, they generally deliberate about reconciling parties at enmity, about forming affinities, choosing of Princes, and finally about peace and war. For they judge, that at no season is the soul more open to thoughts that are artless and upright, or more fired with such as are great and bold. This people, of themselves nowise subtile or politic, from the freedom of the place and occasion acquire still more frankness to disclose the most secret motions and purposes of their hearts. When therefore the minds of all have been once laid open and declared, on the day following the several sentiments are revised and canvassed; and to both conjectures of time, due regard is had. They consult, when they know not how to dissemble; they determine, when they cannot mistake.

For their drink, they draw a liquor from barley or other grain; and ferment the same, so as to make it resemble wine. Nay, they who dwell upon the bank of the Rhine deal in wine. Their food is very simple; wild fruit, fresh venison, or coagulated milk. They banish hunger without formality, without curious dressing and curious fare. In extinguishing thirst, they use not equal temperance. If you will but humour their excess in drinking, and supply them with as much as they covet, it will be no less easy to vanquish them by vices than by arms.

Of public diversions they have but one sort, and in all their meetings the same is still exhibited. Young men, such as make it their pastime, fling themselves naked and dance amongst sharp swords and the deadly points of javelins. From habit they acquire their skill, and from their skill a graceful manner; yet from hence draw no gain or hire: though this adventurous gaiety has its reward, namely, that of pleasing the spectators. What is marvellous, playing at dice is one of their most serious employments; and even sober, they are gamesters: nay, so desperately do they venture upon the chance of winning or losing, that when their whole substance is played away, they stake their liberty and their persons upon one and the last throw. The loser goes calmly into voluntary bondage. However younger he be, however stronger, he tamely suffers himself to be bound and sold by the winner. Such is their perseverance in an evil course: they themselves call it honour.

Slaves of this class, they exchange away in commerce, to free themselves too from the shame of such a victory. Of their other slaves they make not such use as we do of ours, by distributing amongst them the several offices and employments of the family. Each of them has a dwelling of his own, each a household to govern. His lord uses him like a tenant, and obliges him to pay a quantity of grain, or of cattle, or of cloth. Thus far only the subserviency of the slave extends. All the other duties in a family, not the slaves, but the wives and children discharge. To inflict stripes upon a slave, or to put him in chains, or to doom him to severe labour, are things rarely seen. To kill them they sometimes are wont, not through correction or govern-

ment, but in heat and rage, as they would an enemy, save that no vengeance or penalty follows. The freedmen very little surpass the slaves, rarely are of moment in the house; in the community never, excepting only such nations where arbitrary dominion prevails. For there they bear higher sway than the free-born, nay, higher than the nobles. In other countries the inferior condition of freedmen is a proof of public liberty.

To the practice of usury and of increasing money by interest, they are strangers; and hence is found a better guard against it, than if it were forbidden. They shift from land to land; and, still appropriating a portion suitable to the number of hands for manuring, anon parcel out the whole amongst particulars according to the condition and quality of each. As the plains are very spacious, the allotments are easily assigned. Every year they change, and cultivate a fresh soil; yet still there is ground to spare. For they strive not to bestow labour proportionable to the fertility and compass of their lands, by planting orchards, by enclosing meadows, by watering gardens. From the earth, corn only is exacted. Hence they quarter not the year into so many seasons. Winter, Spring, and Summer, they understand; and for each have proper appellations. Of the name and blessings of Autumn, they are equally ignorant.

In performing their funerals, they show no state or vainglory. This only is carefully observed, that with the corpses of their signal men certain woods be burned. Upon the funeral pile they accumulate neither apparel nor perfumes. Into the fire, are always thrown the arms of the dead, and sometimes his horse. With sods of earth only the sepulchre is raised. The pomp of tedious and elaborate monuments they contemn, as things grievous to the deceased. Tears and wailings they soon dismiss: their affliction and woe they long retain. In women, it is reckoned becoming to bewail their loss; in men, to remember it. This is what in general we have learned, in the original and customs of the whole people of Germany. I shall now deduce the institutions and usages of the several people, as far as they vary one from another; as also an account of what nations from thence removed, to settle themselves in Gaul.

That the Gauls were in times past more puissant and formidable, is related by the Prince of authors, the deified Julius;[7] and hence it is probable that they too have passed into Germany. For what a small obstacle must be a river, to restrain any nation, as each grew more potent, from seizing or changing habitations; when as yet all habitations were common, and not parted or appropriated by the founding and terror of Monarchies? The region therefore between the Hercynian Forest and the rivers Mœnus[8] and Rhine, was occupied by the Helvetians; as was that beyond it by the Boians, both nations of Gaul. There still remains a place called *Boiemum,* which denotes the primitive name and antiquity of the country, although the inhabitants have been changed. But whether the Araviscans are derived from the Osians, a nation of Germans passing into Pannonia, or the Osians from the Araviscans removing from thence into Germany, is a matter undecided; since they both still use the language, the same customs and the same laws. For, as of old they lived alike poor and alike free, equal proved the evils and advantages on each side the river, and common to both people. The Treverians and Nervians aspire passionately to the reputation of being descended from the Germans; since by the glory of this original, they would escape all imputation of resembling the Gauls in person and effeminacy. Such as dwell upon the bank of the Rhine, the Vangiones, the Tribocians, and the Nemetes, are without doubt all Germans. The Ubians are ashamed of their original; though they have a particular honour to boast, that of having merited an establishment as a Roman Colony, and still delight to be called *Agrippinensians,* after the name of their founder: they indeed formerly came from beyond the Rhine, and, for the many proofs of their fidelity, were settled upon the very bank of the river; not to be there confined or guarded themselves, but to guard and defend that boundary against the rest of the Germans.

Of all these nations, the Batavians are the most signal in bravery. They inhabit not much territory upon the Rhine, but possess an island in it. They were formerly part of the Cattans, and by means of feuds at home removed to these

[7] Julius Cæsar. [8] Main.

dwellings; whence they might become a portion of the Roman Empire. With them this honour still remains, as also the memorials of their ancient association with us: for they are not under the contempt of paying tribute, nor subject to be squeezed by the farmers of the revenue. Free from all impositions and payments, and only set apart for the purposes of fighting, they are reserved wholly for the wars, in the same manner as a magazine of weapons and armour. Under the same degree of homage are the nation of the Mattiacians. For such is the might and greatness of the Roman People, as to have carried the awe and esteem of their Empire beyond the Rhine and the ancient boundaries. Thus the Mattiacians, living upon the opposite banks, enjoy a settlement and limits of their own; yet in spirit and inclination are attached to us: in other things resembling the Batavians, save that as they still breathe their original air, still possess their primitive soil, they are thence inspired with superior vigour and keenness. Amongst the people of Germany I would not reckon those who occupy the lands which are under decimation, though they be such as dwell beyond the Rhine and the Danube. By several worthless and vagabond Gauls, and such as poverty rendered daring, that region was seized as one belonging to no certain possessor: afterwards it became a skirt of the Empire and part of a province, upon the enlargement of our bounds and the extending of our garrisons and frontier.

Beyond these are the Cattans, whose territories begin at the Hercynian Forest, and consist not of such wide and marshy plains, as those of the other communities contained within the vast compass of Germany; but produce ranges of hills, such as run lofty and contiguous for a long tract, then by degrees sink and decay. Moreover the Hercynian Forest attends for a while its native Cattans, then suddenly forsakes them. This people are distinguished with bodies more hardy and robust, compact limbs, stern countenances, and greater vigour of spirit. For Germans, they are men of much sense and address.[9] They dignify chosen men, listen to such as are set over them, know how to preserve their post, to discern occasions, to rebate their own ardour and

[9] "Leur intelligence et leur finesse étonnent, dans des Germains."

impatience; how to employ the day, how to entrench themselves by night. They account fortune amongst things slippery and uncertain, but bravery amongst such as are never-failing and secure; and, what is exceeding rare nor ever to be learnt but by a wholesome course of discipline, in the conduct of the general they repose more assurance than in the strength of the army. Their whole forces consist of foot, who besides their arms carry likewise instruments of iron and their provisions. You may see other Germans proceed equipped to battle, but the Cattans so as to conduct a war.[10] They rarely venture upon excursions or casual encounters. It is in truth peculiar to cavalry, suddenly to conquer, or suddenly to fly. Such haste and velocity rather resembles fear. Patience and deliberation are more akin to intrepidity.

Moreover a custom, practised indeed in other nations of Germany, yet very rarely and confined only to particulars more daring than the rest, prevails amongst the Cattans by universal consent. As soon as they arrive to maturity of years, they let their hair and beards continue to grow, nor till they have slain an enemy do they ever lay aside this form of countenance by vow sacred to valour. Over the blood and spoil of a foe they make bare their face. They allege, that they have now acquitted themselves of the debt and duty contracted by their birth, and rendered themselves worthy of their country, worthy of their parents. Upon the spiritless, cowardly and unwarlike, such deformity of visage still remains.[11] All the most brave likewise wear an iron ring (a mark of great dishonour this in that nation) and retain it as a chain; till by killing an enemy they become released. Many of the Cattans delight always to bear this terrible aspect; and, when grown white through age, become awful and conspicuous by such marks, both to the enemy and their own countrymen. By them in all engagements the first assault is made: of them the front of the battle is always composed, as men who in their looks are singular and tremendous. For even during peace they abate nothing in the grimness and horror of their countenance. They have no

[10] "Alios ad prœlium ire videas, Chattos ad bellum."
[11] "Manet squalor."

house to inhabit, no land to cultivate, nor any domestic charge or care. With whomsoever they come to sojourn, by him they are maintained; always very prodigal of the substance of others, always despising what is their own, till the feebleness of old age overtakes them, and renders them unequal to the efforts of such rigid bravery.

Next to the Cattans, dwell the Usipians and Tencterians; upon the Rhine now running in a channel uniform and certain, such as suffices for a boundary. The Tencterians, besides their wonted glory in war, surpass in the service and discipline of their cavalry. Nor do the Cattans derive higher applause from their foot, than the Tencterians from their horse. Such was the order established by their forefathers, and what their posterity still pursue. From riding and exercising of horses, their children borrow their pastimes; in this exercise the young men find matter for emulating one another, and in this the old men take pleasure to persevere. Horses are by the father bequeathed as part of his household and family, horses are conveyed amongst the rights of succession, and as such the son receives them; but not the eldest son, like other effects, by priority of birth, but he who happens to be signal in boldness and superior in war.

Contiguous to the Tencterians formerly dwelt the Bructerians, in whose room it is said the Chamavians and Angrivarians are now settled; they who expulsed and almost extirpated the Bructerians, with the concurrence of the neighbouring nations: whether in detestation of their arrogance, or allured by the love of spoil, or through the special favour of the Gods towards us Romans. They in truth even vouchsafed to gratify us with the sight of the battle. In it there fell above sixty thousand souls, without a blow struck by the Romans; but, what is a circumstance still more glorious, fell to furnish them with a spectacle of joy and recreation. May the Gods continue and perpetuate amongst these nations, if not any love for us, yet by all means this their animosity and hate towards each other: since whilst the destiny of the Empire thus urges it, fortune cannot more signally befriend us, than in sowing strife amongst our foes.

The Angrivarians and Chamavians are enclosed behind, by the Dulgibinians and Chasuarians; and by other nations

not so much noted: before, the Frisians face them. The country of Frisia is divided into two; called the greater and lesser, according to the measure of their strength. Both nations stretch along the Rhine, quite to the ocean; and surround vast lakes such as once have borne Roman fleets. We have moreover even ventured out from thence into the ocean, and upon its coasts common fame has reported the pillars of Hercules to be still standing: whether it be that Hercules ever visited these parts, or that to his renowned name we are wont to ascribe whatever is grand and glorious everywhere. Neither did Drusus who made the attempt, want boldness to pursue it: but the roughness of the ocean withstood him, nor would suffer discoveries to be made about itself, no more than about Hercules. Thenceforward the enterprise was dropped: nay, more pious and reverential it seemed, to believe the marvellous feats of the Gods than to know and to prove them.[12]

Hitherto, I have been describing Germany towards the west. To the northward, it winds away with an immense compass. And first of all occurs the nation of the Chaucians: who though they begin immediately at the confines of the Frisians, and occupy part of the shore, extend so far as to border upon all the several people whom I have already recounted; till at last, by a Circuit, they reach quite to the boundaries of the Cattans. A region so vast, the Chaucians do not only possess but fill; a people of all the Germans the most noble, such as would rather maintain their grandeur by justice than violence. They live in repose, retired from broils abroad, void of avidity to possess more, free from a spirit of domineering over others. They provoke no wars, they ravage no countries, they pursue no plunder. Of their bravery and power, the chief evidence arises from hence, that, without wronging or oppressing others, they are come to be superior to all. Yet they are all ready to arm, and if an exigency require, armies are presently raised, powerful and abounding as they are in men and horses; and even when they are quiet and their weapons laid aside, their credit and name continue equally high.

Along the side of the Chaucians and Cattans dwell the

[12] "Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia."

Cheruscans; a people who finding no enemy to rouse them, were enfeebled by a peace over lasting and uniform, but such as they failed not to nourish. A conduct which proved more pleasing than secure; since treacherous is that repose which you enjoy amongst neighbours that are very powerful and very fond of rule and mastership. When recourse is once had to the sword, modesty and fair dealing will be vainly pleaded by the weaker; names these which are always assumed by the stronger. Thus the Cheruscans, they who formerly bore the character of *good and upright,* are now called *cowards and fools;* and the fortune of the Cattans who subdued them, grew immediately to be wisdom. In the ruin of the Cheruscans, the Fosians, also their neighbours, were involved; and in their calamities bore an equal share, though in their prosperity they had been weaker and less considered.

In the same winding tract of Germany live the Cimbrians, close to the ocean; a community now very small, but great in fame. Nay, of their ancient renown, many and extensive are the traces and monuments still remaining; even their entrenchments upon either shore, so vast in compass that from thence you may even now measure the greatness and numerous bands of that people, and assent to the account of an army so mighty. It was on the six hundred and fortieth year of Rome, when of the arms of the Cimbrians the first mention was made, during the Consulship of Cæcilius Metellus and Papirius Carbo. If from that time we count to the second Consulship of the Emperor Trajan, the interval comprehends near two hundred and ten years; so long have we been conquering Germany. In a course of time, so vast between these two periods, many have been the blows and disasters suffered on each side. In truth neither from the Samnites, nor from the Carthaginians, nor from both Spains, nor from all the nations of Gaul, have we received more frequent checks and alarms; nor even from the Parthians: for, more vigorous and invincible is the liberty of the Germans than the monarchy of the Arsacides. Indeed, what has the power of the East to allege to our dishonour; but the fall of Crassus, that power which was itself overthrown and abased by Ventidius, with the

loss of the great King Pacorus bereft of his life? But by the Germans the Roman People have been bereft of five armies, all commanded by Consuls; by the Germans, the commanders of these armies, Carbo, and Cassius, and Scaurus Aurelius, and Servilius Cæpio, as also Marcus Manlius, were all routed or taken: by the Germans even the Emperor Augustus was bereft of Varus and three legions. Nor without difficulty and loss of men were they defeated by Caius Marius in Italy, or by the deified Julius in Gaul, or by Drusus or Tiberius or Germanicus in their native territories. Soon after, the mighty menaces of Caligula against them ended in mockery and derision. Thenceforward they continued quiet, till taking advantage of our domestic division and civil wars, they stormed and seized the winter entrenchments of the legions, and aimed at the dominion of Gaul; from whence they were once more expulsed, and in the times preceding the present, we gained a triumph over them rather than a victory.

I must now proceed to speak of the Suevians, who are not, like the Cattans and Tencterians, comprehended in a single people; but divided into several nations all bearing distinct names, though in general they are entitled Suevians, and occupy the larger share of Germany. This people are remarkable for a peculiar custom, that of twisting their hair and binding it up in a knot. It is thus the Suevians are distinguished from the other Germans, thus the free Suevians from their slaves. In other nations, whether from alliance of blood with the Suevians, or, as is usual, from imitation, this practice is also found, yet rarely, and never exceeds the years of youth. The Suevians, even when their hair is white through age, continue to raise it backwards in a manner stern and staring; and often tie it upon the top of their head only. That of their Princes, is more accurately disposed, and so far they study to appear agreeable and comely; but without any culpable intention. For by it, they mean not to make love or to incite it: they thus dress when proceeding to war, and deck their heads so as to add to their height and terror in the eyes of the enemy.

Of all the Suevians, the Semnones recount themselves to be the most ancient and most noble. The belief of their

antiquity is confirmed by religious mysteries. At a stated time of the year, all the several people descended from the same stock, assemble by their deputies in a wood; consecrated by the idolatries of their forefathers, and by superstitious awe in times of old. There by publicly sacrificing a man, they begin the horrible solemnity of their barbarous worship. To this grove another sort of reverence is also paid. No one enters it otherwise than bound with ligatures, thence professing his subordination and meanness, and the power of the Deity there. If he fall down, he is not permitted to rise or be raised, but grovels along upon the ground. And of all their superstition, this is the drift and tendency; that from this place the nation drew their original, that here God, the supreme Governor of the world, resides, and that all things else whatsoever are subject to him and bound to obey him. The potent condition of the Semnones has increased their influence and authority, as they inhabit an hundred towns; and from the largeness of their community it comes, that they hold themselves for the head of the Suevians.

What on the contrary ennobles the Langobards is the smallness of their number, for that they, who are surrounded with very many and very powerful nations, derive their security from no obsequiousness or plying; but from the dint of battle and adventurous deeds. There follow in order the Reudignians, and Aviones, and Angles, and Varinians, and Eudoses, and Suardones and Nuithones; all defended by rivers or forests. Nor in one of these nations does aught remarkable occur, only that they universally join in the worship of *Herthum;* that is to say, the Mother Earth. Her they believe to interpose in the affairs of men, and to visit countries. In an island of the ocean stands the wood *Castum:* in it is a chariot dedicated to the Goddess, covered over with a curtain, and permitted to be touched by none but the Priest. Whenever the Goddess enters this her holy vehicle, he perceives her; and with profound veneration attends the motion of the chariot, which is always drawn by yoked cows. Then it is that days of rejoicing always ensue, and in all places whatsoever which she descends to honour with a visit and her company, feasts and

recreation abound. They go not to war; they touch no arms; fast laid up is every hostile weapon; peace and repose are then only known, then only beloved, till to the temple the same priest reconducts the Goddess when well tired with the conversation of mortal beings. Anon the chariot is washed and purified in a secret lake, as also the curtains; nay, the Deity herself too, if you choose to believe it. In this office it is slaves who minister, and they are forthwith doomed to be swallowed up in the same lake. Hence all men are possessed with mysterious terror; as well as with a holy ignorance what that must be, which none see but such as are immediately to perish. Moreover this quarter of the Suevians stretches to the middle of Germany.

The community next adjoining, is that of the Hermondurians; (that I may now follow the course of the Danube, as a little before I did that of the Rhine) a people this, faithful to the Romans. So that to them alone of all the Germans, commerce is permitted; not barely upon the bank of the Rhine, but more extensively, and even in that glorious colony in the province of Rhœtia. They travel everywhere at their own discretion and without a guard; and when to other nations, we show no more than our arms and encampments, to this people we throw open our houses and dwellings, as to men who have no longing to possess them. In the territories of the Hermondurians rises the Elbe, a river very famous and formerly well known to us; at present we only hear it named.

Close by the Hermondurians reside the Nariscans, and next to them the Marcomanians and Quadians. Amongst these the Marcomanians are most signal in force and renown; nay, their habitation itself they acquired by their bravery, as from thence they formerly expulsed the Boians. Nor do the Nariscans or Quadians degenerate in spirit. Now this is as it were the frontier of Germany, as far as Germany is washed by the Danube. To the times within our memory the Marcomanians and Quadians were governed by kings, who were natives of their own, descended from the noble line of Maroboduus and Tudrus. At present they are even subject to such as are foreigners. But the whole strength and sway of their kings is derived from the au-

thority of the Romans. From our arms, they rarely receive any aid; from our money very frequently.

Nor less powerful are the several people beyond them; namely, the Marsignians, the Gothinians, the Osians and the Burians, who altogether enclose the Marcomanians and Quadians behind. Of those, the Marsignians and the Burians in speech and dress resemble the Suevians. From the Gallic language spoken by the Gothinians, and from that of Pannonia by the Osians, it is manifest that neither of these people are Germans; as it is also from their bearing to pay tribute. Upon them as upon aliens their tribute is imposed, partly by the Sarmatians, partly by the Quadians. The Gothinians, to heighten their disgrace, are forced to labour in the iron mines. By all these several nations but little level country is possessed: they are seated amongst forests, and upon the ridges and declivities of mountains. For, Suevia is parted by a continual ridge of mountains; beyond which, live many distinct nations. Of these the Lygians are most numerous and extensive, and spread into several communities. It will suffice to mention the most puissant; even the Arians, Helvicones, Manimians; Elysians and Naharvalians. Amongst the Naharvalians is shown a grove, sacred to devotion extremely ancient. Over it a Priest presides apparelled like a woman; but according to the explication of the Romans, 'tis *Castor* and *Pollux* who are here worshipped. This Divinity is named *Alcis*. There are indeed no images here, no traces of an extraneous superstition: yet their devotion is addressed to young men and to brothers. Now the Aryans, besides their forces, in which they surpass the several nations just recounted, are in their persons stern and truculent; and even humour and improve their natural grimness and ferocity by art and time. They wear black shields, their bodies are painted black, they choose dark nights for engaging in battle; and by the very awe and ghastly hue of their army, strike the enemy with dread, as none can bear this their aspect so surprising and as it were quite infernal. For, in all battles the eyes are vanquished first.

Beyond the Lygians dwell the Gothones, under the rule of a King; and thence held in subjection somewhat stricter than the other German nations, yet not so strict as to extinguish

all their liberty. Immediately adjoining are the Rugians and Lemovians upon the coast of the ocean, and of these several nations the characteristics are a round shield, a short sword and kingly government. Next occur the communities of the Suiones, situated in the ocean itself; and besides their strength in men and arms, very powerful at sea. The form of their vessels varies thus far from ours, that they have prows at each end, so as to be always ready to row to shore without turning nor are they moved by sails, nor on their sides have benches of oars placed, but the rowers ply here and there in all parts of the ship alike, as in some rivers is done, and change their oars from place to place, just as they shift their course hither or thither. To wealth also, amongst them, great veneration is paid, and thence a single ruler governs them, without all restriction of power, and exacting unlimited obedience. Neither here, as amongst other nations of Germany, are arms used indifferently by all, but shut up and warded under the care of a particular keeper, who in truth too is always a slave: since from all sudden invasions and attacks from their foes, the ocean protects them: besides that armed bands, when they are not employed, grow easily debauched and tumultuous. The truth is, it suits not the interest of an arbitrary Prince, to trust the care and power of arms either with a nobleman or with a freeman, or indeed with any man above the condition of a slave.

Beyond the Suiones is another sea, one very heavy and almost void of agitation; and by it the whole globe is thought to be bounded and environed, for that the reflection of the sun, after his setting, continues till his rising, so bright as to darken the stars. To this, popular opinion has added, that the tumult also of his emerging from the sea is heard, that forms divine are then seen, as likewise the rays about his head. Only thus far extend the limits of nature, if what fame says be true. Upon the right of the Suevian Sea the Æstyan nations reside, who use the same customs and attire with the Suevians; their language more resembles that of Britain. They worship the Mother of the Gods. As the characteristic of their national superstition, they wear the images of wild boars. This alone serves them

for arms, this is the safeguard of all, and by this every worshipper of the Goddess is secured even amidst his foes. Rare amongst them is the use of weapons of iron, but frequent that of clubs. In producing of grain and the other fruits of the earth, they labour with more assiduity and patience than is suitable to the usual laziness of Germans. Nay, they even search the deep, and of all the rest are the only people who gather *amber*. They call it *glasing*, and find it amongst the shallows and upon the very shore. But, according to the ordinary incuriosity and ignorance of Barbarians, they have neither learnt, nor do they inquire, what is its nature, or from what cause it is produced. In truth it lay long neglected amongst the other gross discharges of the sea; till from our luxury, it gained a name and value. To themselves it is of no use: they gather it rough, they expose it in pieces coarse and unpolished, and for it receive a price with wonder. You would however conceive it to be a liquor issuing from trees, for that in the transparent substance are often seen birds and other animals, such as at first stuck in the soft gum, and by it, as it hardened, became quite enclosed. I am apt to believe that, as in the recesses of the East are found woods and groves dropping frankincense and balms, so in the isles and continent of the West such gums are extracted by the force and proximity of the sun; at first liquid and flowing into the next sea, then thrown by winds and waves upon the opposite shore. If you try the nature of amber by the application of fire, it kindles like a torch; and feeds a thick and unctuous flame very high scented, and presently becomes glutinous like pitch or rosin.

Upon the Suiones, border the people Sitones; and, agreeing with them in all other things, differ from them in one, that here the sovereignty is exercised by a woman. So notoriously do they degenerate not only from a state of liberty, but even below a state of bondage. Here end the territories of the Suevians.

Whether amongst the Sarmatians or the Germans I ought to account the Peucinians, the Venedians, and the Fennians, is what I cannot determine; though the Peucinians, whom some call Basstarnians, speak the same language with the

Germans, use the same attire, build like them, and live like them, in that dirtiness and sloth so common to all. Somewhat they are corrupted into the fashion of the Sarmatians by the inter-marriages of the principal sort with that nation: from whence the Venedians have derived very many of their customs and a great resemblance. For they are continually traversing and infesting with robberies all the forests and mountains lying between the Peucinians and Fennians. Yet they are rather reckoned amongst the Germans, for that they have fixed houses, and carry shields, and prefer travelling on foot, and excel in swiftness. Usages these, all widely differing from those of the Sarmatians, who live on horseback and dwell in waggons. In wonderful savageness live the nation of the Fennians, and in beastly poverty, destitute of arms, of horses, and of homes; their food, the common herbs; their apparel, skins; their bed, the earth; their only hope in their arrows, which for want of iron they point with bones. Their common support they have from the chase, women as well as men; for with these the former wander up and down, and crave a portion of the prey. Nor other shelter have they even for their babes, against the violence of tempests and ravening beasts, than to cover them with the branches of trees twisted together; this a reception for the old men, and hither resort the young. Such a condition they judge more happy than the painful occupation of cultivating the ground, than the labour of rearing houses, than the agitations of hope and fear attending the defence of their own property or the seizing that of others. Secure against the designs of men, secure against the malignity of the Gods, they have accomplished a thing of infinite difficulty; that to them nothing remains even to be wished.

What further accounts we have are fabulous: as that the Hellusians and Oxiones have the countenances and aspect of men, with the bodies and limbs of savage beasts. This, as a thing about which I have no certain information, I shall leave untouched.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE REVIVED

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sir Francis Drake, the greatest of the naval adventurers of England of the time of Elizabeth, was born in Devonshire about 1540. He went to sea early, was sailing to the Spanish Main by 1565, and commanded a ship under Hawkins in an expedition that was overwhelmed by the Spaniards in 1567. In order to recompense himself for the loss suffered in this disaster, he equipped the expedition against the Spanish treasure-house at Nombre de Dios in 1572, the fortunes of which are described in the first of the two following narratives. It was on this voyage that he was led by native guides to "that goodly and great high tree" on the isthmus of Darien, from which, first of Englishmen, he looked on the Pacific, and "besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea."

The fulfilment of this prayer is described in the second of the voyages here printed, in which it is told how, in 1578, Drake passed through the Straits of Magellan into waters never before sailed by his countrymen, and with a single ship rifled the Spanish settlements on the west coast of South America and plundered the Spanish treasure-ships; how, considering it unsafe to go back the way he came lest the enemy should seek revenge, he went as far north as the Golden Gate, then passed across the Pacific and round by the Cape of Good Hope, and so home, the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe. Only Magellan's ship had preceded him in the feat, and Magellan had died on the voyage. The Queen visited the ship, "The Golden Hind," as she lay at Deptford and knighted the commander on board.

Drake's further adventures were of almost equal interest. Returning from a raid on the Spaniards in 1586, he brought home the despairing Virginian colony, and is said at the same time to have introduced from America tobacco and potatoes. Two years later he led the English fleet in the decisive engagement with the Great Armada. In 1595 he set out on another voyage to the Spanish Main; and in the January of the following year died off Porto Bello and was buried in the waters where he had made his name as the greatest seaman of his day and nation.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE *revived;*

Calling upon this dull or effeminate Age, to follow his noble steps for gold and silver:

By this memorable Relation of the rare occurrences (never yet declared to the world) in a Third Voyage made by him into the West Indies, in the years [15]72 and [15]73; when Nombre de Dios was by him, and fifty-two others only in his company, surprised.

Faithfully taken out of the report of Master CHRISTOPHER CEELY, ELLIS HIXOM, and others, who were in the same Voyage with him;

By PHILIP NICHOLS, Preacher.

Reviewed also by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE himself, before his death; and much holpen and enlarged by divers notes, with his own hand, here and there inserted.

Set forth by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, Baronet, (his nephew) now living.

LONDON:
Printed by E. A. for NICHOLAS BOURNE, dwelling at the South Entrance of the Royal Exchange. 1626.

Facsimile of Title-page of First Edition

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TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY

CHARLES THE FIRST, OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, and IRELAND, KING, all the blessings of this, and a better life.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

THAT this brief Treatise is yours, both by right and by succession, will appear by the Author's and Actor's ensuing *Dedication.* To praise either the Mistress or the Servant, might justly incur the censure of *Quis eos unquam sanus vituperavit;* either's worth having sufficiently blazed their fame.

This Present loseth nothing, by glancing on former actions; and the observation of passed adventures may probably advantage future employments. CÆSAR wrote his own *Commentaries;* and this Doer was partly the Inditor.

Neither is there wanting living testimony to confirm its truth. For his sake, then, cherish what is good! and I shall willingly entertain check for what is amiss. Your favourable acceptance may encourage my collecting of more neglected notes! However, though Virtue, as Lands, be not inheritable; yet hath he left of his Name, one that resolves, and therein joys to approve himself.

Your most humble and loyal subject,

FRANCIS DRAKE [Bart.]

The Dedicatory Epistle, intended to QUEEN ELIZABETH

Written by SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, Deceased.

To the Queen's most excellent Majesty, my most dread Sovereign.

MADAM,

SEEING divers have diversely reported and written of these Voyages and Actions which I have attempted and made, every one endeavouring to bring to light whatsoever inklings or conjectures they have had; whereby many untruths have been published, and the certain truth concealed: as [*so*] I have thought it necessary myself, as in a Card [*chart*] to prick the principal points of the counsels taken, attempts made, and success had, during the whole course of my employment in these services against the Spaniard. Not as setting sail for maintaining my reputation in men's judgement, but only as sitting at helm, if occasion shall be, for conducting the like actions hereafter. So I have accounted it my duty, to present this Discourse to Your Majesty, as of right; either for itself being the firstfruits of your Servant's pen, or for the matter, being service done to Your Majesty by your poor vassal, against your great Enemy: at times, in such places, and after such sort as may seem strange to those that are not acquainted with the whole carriage thereof; but will be a pleasing remembrance to Your Highness, who take the apparent height of the Almighty's favour towards you, by these events, as truest instruments.

Humbly submitting myself to Your gracious censure, both in writing and presenting; that Posterity be not deprived of such help as may happily be gained hereby, and our present Age, at least, may be satisfied, in the rightfulness of these actions, which hitherto have been silenced: and Your Servant's labour not seem altogether lost, not only in travels by sea and land, but also in writing the Report thereof (a work to him no less troublesome) yet made pleasant and sweet, in that it hath been, is, and shall be for Your Majesty's content; to whom I have devoted myself [and] live or die.

FRANCIS DRAKE [Knight].

January 1, 1592 [*i.e.*, 1593].

TO THE COURTEOUS READER

HONEST READER,

WITHOUT apology, I desire thee, in this ensuing Discourse, to observe, with me, the power and justice of the LORD of Hosts, Who could enable so mean a person to right himself upon so mighty a Prince; together with the goodness and providence of GOD very observable in that it pleased Him to raise this man, not only from a low condition, but even from the state of persecution. His father suffered in it, being forced to fly from his house, near South Tavistock in Devon, into Kent: and there to inhabit in the hull of a ship, wherein many of his younger sons were born. He had twelve in all: and as it pleased GOD to give most of them a being upon the water, so the greatest part of them died at sea. The youngest, who though he was [*went*] as far as any, yet died at home; whose posterity inherits that, which by himself and this noble Gentleman the eldest brother, was hardly, yet worthily gotten.

I could more largely acquaint thee, that this Voyage was his Third he made into the West Indies; after that [of] his excellent service, both by sea and land, in Ireland, under WALTER, Earl of ESSEX; his next, about the World; another, wherein he took St. Jago, Cartagena, St. Domingo, St. Augustino; his doings at Cadiz; besides the first Carrack taught by him to sail into England; his stirrings in Eighty-seven; his remarkable actions in Eighty-eight; his endeavours in the Portugal employment; his last enterprise, determined by death; and his filling Plymouth with a plentiful stream of fresh water: but I pass by all these. I had rather thou shouldest inquire of others! then to seem myself a vainglorious man.

I intend not his praise! I strive only to set out the praise of his and our good GOD! that guided him in his truth! and protected him in his courses! My ends are to stir thee up to the worship of GOD, and service of our King and Country, by his example! If anything be worth thy consideration; conclude with me, that the LORD only, can do great things!

FRANCIS DRAKE [Bart.]

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE REVIVED

Calling upon this dull or effeminate Age, to follow his noble steps for gold and silver.

AS THERE is a general Vengeance which secretly pursueth the doers of wrong, and suffereth them not to prosper, albeit no man of purpose empeach them: so is there a particular Indignation, engraffed in the bosom of all that are wronged, which ceaseth not seeking, by all means possible, to redress or remedy the wrong received. Insomuch as those great and mighty men, in whom their prosperous estate hath bred such an overweening of themselves, that they do not only wrong their inferiors, but despise them being injured, seem to take a very unfit course for their own safety, and far unfitter for their rest. For as ESOP teacheth, even the fly hath her spleen, and the emmet [*ant*] is not without her choler; and both together many times find means whereby, though the eagle lays her eggs in JUPITER'S lap, yet by one way or other, she escapeth not requital of her wrong done [to] the emmet.

Among the manifold examples hereof, which former Ages have committed to memory, or our Time yielded to sight: I suppose, there hath not been any more notable then this in hand; either in respect of the greatness of the person by whom the first injury was offered, or the meanness of him who righted himself. The one being, in his own conceit, the mightiest Monarch of all the world! The other, an English Captain, a mean subject of her Majesty's! Who (besides the wrongs received at Rio de [la] Hacha with Captain JOHN LOVELL in the years [15]65 and [15]66) having been grievously endamaged at San Juan de Ulua in the Bay of Mexico, with Captain JOHN HAWKINS, in the years [15]67 and [15]68, not only in the loss of his goods of

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some value, but also of his kinsmen and friends, and that by the falsehood of DON MARTIN HENRIQUEZ then the Vice-roy of Mexico; and finding that no recompense could be recovered out of Spain, by any of his own means, or by Her Majesty's letters; he used such helps as he might, by two several voyages into the West Indies (the first with two ships, the one called the *Dragon*, the other the *Swan*, in the year [15]70: the other in the *Swan* alone in the year [15]71), to gain such intelligences as might further him, to get some amends for his loss.

And having, in those two Voyages, gotten such certain notice of the persons and places aimed at, as he thought requisite, and thereupon with good deliberation resolved on a Third Voyage (the description whereof we have now in hand); he accordingly prepared his ships and company, and then taking the first opportunity of a good wind, had such success in his proceedings, as now follows further to be declared.

On Whitsunday Eve, being the 24th of May, in the year 1572, Captain DRAKE in the *Pascha* of Plymouth of 70 tons, his admiral [*flag-ship*]; with the *Swan* of the same port, of 25 tons, his vice-admiral, in which his brother JOHN DRAKE was Captain (having in both of them, of men and boys seventy-three, all voluntarily assembled; of which the eldest was fifty, all the rest under thirty: so divided that there were forty-seven in the one ship, and twenty-six in the other. Both richly furnished with victuals and apparel for a whole year; and no less heedfully provided of all manner of munition, artillery, artificers, stuff and tools, that were requisite for such a Man-of-war in such an attempt: but especially having three dainty pinnaces made in Plymouth, taken asunder all in pieces, and stowed aboard, to be set up as occasion served), set sail, from out of the Sound of Plymouth, with intent to land at Nombre de Dios.

The wind continued prosperous and favourable at north-east, and gave us a very good passage, without any alteration or change: so that albeit we had sight (3rd June) of Porto Santo, one of the Madeiras, and of the Canaries also within twelve days of our setting forth: yet we never struck sail,

nor came to anchor, nor made any stay for any cause, neither there nor elsewhere, until twenty-five days after; when (28th June) we had sight of the island of Guadaloupe, one of the islands of the West Indies, goodly high land.

The next morning (29th June), we entered between Dominica and Guadaloupe, where we descried two canoes coming from a rocky island, three leagues off Dominica; which usually repair thither to fish, by reason of the great plenty thereof, which is there continually to be found.

We landed on the south side of it, remaining there three days to refresh our men; and to water our ships out of one of those goodly rivers, which fall down off the mountain. There we saw certain poor cottages; built with Palmito boughs and branches; but no inhabitants, at that time, civil or savage: the cottages it may be (for we could know no certain cause of the solitariness we found there) serving, not for continual inhabitation, but only for their uses, that came to that place at certain seasons to fish.

The third day after (1st July), about three in the afternoon, we set sail from thence, toward the continent of *Terra firma.*

And the fifth day after (6th July), we had sight of the high land of Santa Marta; but came not near the shore by ten leagues.

But thence directed our course, for a place called by us, Port Pheasant; for that our Captain had so named it in his former voyage, by reason of the great store of those goodly fowls, which he and his company did then daily kill and feed on, in that place. In this course notwithstanding we had two days calm, yet within six days after we arrived (12th July) at Port Pheasant, which is a fine round bay, of very safe harbour for all winds, lying between two high points, not past half a cable's length over at the mouth, but within, eight or ten cables' length every way, having ten or twelve fathoms of water more or less, full of good fish; the soil also very fruitful, which may appear by this, that our Captain having been in this place, within a year and few days before [*i. e., in July*, 1571] and having rid the place with many alleys and paths made; yet now all was so overgrown

again, as that we doubted, at first, whether this was the same place or not.

At our entrance into this bay, our Captain having given order to his brother what to do, if any occasion should happen in his absence, was on his way, with intent to have gone aland with some few only in his company, because he knew there dwelt no Spaniards within thirty-five leagues of that place. [Santiago de] Tolou being the nearest to the eastwards, and Nombre de Dios to the westwards, where any of that nation dwelt.

But as we were rowing ashore, we saw a smoke in the woods, even near the place where our Captain had aforetime frequented; therefore thinking it fit to take more strength with us, he caused his other boat also to be manned, with certain muskets and other weapons, suspecting some enemy had been ashore.

When we landed, we found by evident marks, that there had been lately there, a certain Englishman of Plymouth, called JOHN GARRET, who had been conducted thither by certain English mariners which had been there with our Captain, in some of his former voyages. He had now left a plate of lead, nailed fast to a mighty great tree (greater than any four men joining hands could fathom about) on which were engraven these words, directed to our Captain.

CAPTAIN DRAKE

IF YOU fortune to come to this Port, make haste away! For the Spaniards which you had with you here, the last year, have bewrayed this place, and taken away all that you left here.

I depart from hence, this present 7th of July, 1572.

Your very loving friend,

John Garret.

The smoke which we saw, was occasioned by a fire, which the said GARRET and his company had made, before their departure, in a very great tree, not far from this which had the lead nailed on it, which had continued burning at least five days before our arrival.

This advertisement notwithstanding, our Captain meant

not to depart before he had built his pinnaces; which were yet aboard in pieces: for which purpose he knew this port to be a most convenient place.

And therefore as soon as we had moored our ships, our Captain commanded his pinnaces to be brought ashore for the carpenters to set up; himself employing all his other company in fortifying a place (which he had chosen out, as a most fit plot) of three-quarters of an acre of ground, to make some strength or safety for the present, as sufficiently as the means he had would afford. Which was performed by felling of great trees; bowsing and hauling them together, with great pulleys and hawsers, until they were enclosed to the water; and then letting others fall upon them, until they had raised with trees and boughs thirty feet in height round about, leaving only one gate to issue at, near the water side; which every night, that we might sleep in more safety and security, was shut up, with a great tree drawn athwart it.

The whole plot was built in pentagonal form, to wit, of five equal sides and angles, of which angles two were toward the sea, and that side between them was left open, for the easy launching of our pinnaces: the other four equal sides were wholly, excepting the gate before mentioned, firmly closed up.

Without, instead of a trench, the ground was rid [*laid bare*] for fifty feet space, round about. The rest was very thick with trees, of which many were of those kinds which are never without green leaves, till they are dead at the root: excepting only one kind of tree amongst them, much like to our Ash, which when the sun cometh right over them, causing great rains, suddenly casteth all its leaves, viz., within three days, and yet within six days after becomes all green again. The leaves of the other trees do also in part fall away, but so as the trees continue still green notwithstanding: being of a marvellous height, and supported as it were with five or six natural buttresses growing out of their bodies so far, that three men may so be hidden in each of them, that they which shall stand in the very next buttress shall not be able to see them. One of them specially was marked to have had seven of those

stays or buttresses, for the supporting of his greatness and height, which being measured with a line close by the bark and near to the ground, as it was indented or extant, was found to be above thirty-nine yards about. The wood of those trees is as heavy or heavier than Brazil or *Lignum vitæ;* and is in colour white.

The next day after we had arrived (13th July), there came also into that bay, an English bark of the Isle of Wight, of Sir EDWARD HORSEY'S; *wherein* JAMES RANSE was Captain and JOHN OVERY, Master, with thirty men: of which, some had been with our Captain in the same place, the year before. They brought in with them a Spanish caravel of Seville, which he had taken the day before, athwart of that place; being a Caravel of *Adviso* [*Despatch boat*] bound for Nombre de Dios; and also one shallop with oars, which he had taken at Cape Blanc. This Captain RANSE understanding our Captain's purpose, was desirous to join in consort with him; and was received upon conditions agreed on between them.

Within seven days after his coming, having set up our pinnaces, and despatched all our business, in providing all things necessary, out of our ships into our pinnaces: we departed (20th July) from that harbour, setting sail in the morning towards Nombre de Dios, continuing our course till we came to the Isles of Pinos: where, being within three days arrived, we found (22nd July) two frigates of Nombre de Dios lading plank and timber from thence.

The Negroes which were in those frigates, gave us some particular understanding of the present state of the town; and besides, told us that they had heard a report, that certain soldiers should come thither shortly, and were daily looked for, from the Governor of Panama, and the country thereabout, to defend the town against the Cimaroons (a black people, which about eighty years past [*i. e.,* 1512] fled from the Spaniards their masters, by reason of their cruelty, and are since grown to a Nation, under two Kings of their own: the one inhabiteth to the West, and the other to the East of the Way from Nombre de Dios to Panama) which had nearly surprised it [*i. e., Nombre de Dios*], about six weeks before [*i. e., about 10th June,* 1572].

Our Captain willing to use those Negroes well (not hurting himself) set them ashore upon the Main, that they might perhaps join themselves to their countrymen the Cimaroons, and gain their liberty if they would; or if they would not, yet by reason of the length and troublesomeness of the way by land to Nombre de Dios, he might prevent any notice of his coming, which they should be able to give. For he was loath to put the town to too much charge (which he knew they would willingly bestow) in providing beforehand for his entertainment; and therefore he hastened his going thither, with as much speed and secrecy as possibly he could.

To this end, disposing of all his companies, according as they inclined most; he left the three ships and the caravel with Captain RANSE; and chose into his four pinnaces (Captain RANSE's shallop made the fourth) beside fifty-three of our men, twenty more of Captain RANSE's company; with which he seemed competently furnished, to achieve what he intended; especially having proportioned, according to his own purpose, and our men's disposition, their several arms, viz., six targets, six firepikes, twelve pikes, twenty-four muskets and calivers, sixteen bows, and six partisans, two drums, and two trumpets.

Thus having parted (23rd July) from our company: we arrived at the island of Cativaas, being twenty-five leagues distant, about five days afterward (28th July). There we landed all in the morning betimes: and our Captain trained his men, delivering them their several weapons and arms which hitherto he had kept very fair and safe in good caske [*casks*]: and exhorting them after his manner, he declared "the greatness of the hope of good things that was there! the weakness of the town, being unwalled! and the hope he had of prevailing to recompense his wrongs! especially now that he should come with such a crew, who were like-minded with himself; and at such a time, as he should be utterly undiscovered."

Therefore, even that afternoon, he causeth us to set sail for Nombre de Dios, so that before sunset we were as far as Rio Francisco. Thence, he led us hard aboard the shore, that we might not be descried of the Watch House, until

that being come within two leagues of the point of the bay, he caused us to strike a hull, and cast our grappers [*grappling irons*], riding so until it was dark night.

Then we weighed again, and set sail, rowing hard aboard the shore, with as much silence as we could, till we recovered the point of the harbour under the high land. There, we stayed, all silent; purposing to attempt the town in the dawning of the day: after that we had reposed ourselves, for a while.

But our Captain with some other of his best men, finding that our people were talking of the greatness of the town, and what their strength might be; especially by the report of the Negroes that we took at the Isle of Pinos: thought it best to put these conceits out of their heads, and therefore to take the opportunity of the rising of the moon that night, persuading them that "it was the day dawning." By this occasion we were at the town a large hour sooner then first was purposed. For we arrived there by three of the clock after midnight. At what time it fortuned that a ship of Spain, of 60 tons, laden with Canary wines and other commodities, which had but lately come into the bay; and had not yet furled her sprit-sail (espying our four pinnaces, being an extraordinary number, and those rowing with many oars) sent away her gundeloe [? *gondola*] towards the town, to give warning. But our Captain perceiving it, cut betwixt her and the town, forcing her to go to the other side of the bay: whereby we landed without impeachment, although we found one gunner upon the Platform [*battery*] in the very place where we landed; being a sandy place and no key [*quay*] at all, not past twenty yards from the houses.

There we found six great pieces of brass ordnance, mounted upon their carriages, some Demy, some Whole-Culvering.

We presently dismounted them. The gunner fled. The town took alarm (being very ready thereto, by reason of their often disquieting by their near neighbours the Cimaroons); as we perceived, not only by the noise and cries of the people, but by the bell ringing out, and drums running up and down the town.

Our Captain, according to the directions which he had

given over night, to such as he had made choice of for the purpose, left twelve to keep the pinnaces; that we might be sure of a safe retreat, if the worst befell. And having made sure work of the Platform before he would enter the town, he thought best, first to view the Mount on the east side of the town: where he was informed, by sundry intelligences the year before, they had an intent to plant ordnance, which might scour round about the town.

Therefore, leaving one half of his company to make a stand at the foot of the Mount, he marched up presently unto the top of it, with all speed to try the truth of the report, for the more safety. There we found no piece of ordnance, but only a very fit place prepared for such use, and therefore we left it without any of our men, and with all celerity returned now down the Mount.

Then our Captain appointed his brother, with JOHN OXNAM [*or* OXENHAM] and sixteen other of his men, to go about, behind the King's Treasure House, and enter near the easter[n] end of the Market Place: himself with the rest, would pass up the broad street into the Market Place, with sound of drum and trumpet. The Firepikes, divided half to the one, and half to the other company, served no less for fright to the enemy than light of our men, who by his means might discern every place very well, as if it were near day: whereas the inhabitants stood amazed at so strange a sight, marvelling what the matter might be, and imagining, by reason of our drums and trumpets sounding in so sundry places, that we had been a far greater number then we were.

Yet, by means of the soldiers of which were in the town, and by reason of the time which we spent in marching up and down the Mount, the soldiers and inhabitants had put themselves in arms, and brought their companies in some order, at the south-east end of the Market Place, near the Governor's House, and not far from the gate of the town, which is the only one, leading towards Panama: having (as it seems) gathered themselves thither, either that in the Governor's sight they might shew their valour, if it might prevail; or else, that by the gate, they might best take their *Vale*, and escape readiest.

And to make a shew of far greater numbers of shot, or else of a custom they had, by the like device to terrify the Cimaroons; they had hung lines with matches lighted, overthwart the wester[n] end of the Market Place, between the Church and the Cross; as though there had been in a readiness some company of shot, whereas indeed there were not past two or three that taught these lines to dance, till they themselves ran away, as soon as they perceived they were discovered.

But the soldiers and such as were joined with them, presented us with a jolly hot volley of shot, beating full upon the full egress of that street, in which we marched; and levelling very low, so as their bullets ofttimes grazed on the sand.

We stood not to answer them in like terms: but having discharged our first volley of shot, and feathered them with our arrows (which our Captain had caused to be made of purpose in England; not great sheaf arrows, but fine roving shafts, very carefully reserved for the service) we came to the push of pike, so that our firepikes being well armed and made of purpose, did us very great service.

For our men with their pikes and short weapons, in short time took such order among these gallants (some using the butt-end of their pieces instead of other weapons), that partly by reason of our arrows which did us there notable service, partly by occasion of this strange and sudden closing with them in this manner unlooked for, and the rather for that at the very instant, our Captain's brother, with the other company, with their firepikes, entered the Market Place by the easter[n] street: they casting down their weapons, fled all out of the town by the gate aforesaid, which had been built for a bar to keep out of the town the Cimaroons, who had often assailed it; but now served for a gap for the Spaniards to fly at.

In following, and returning; divers of our men were hurt with the weapons which the enemy had let fall as he fled; somewhat, for that we marched with such speed, but more for that they lay so thick and cross one on the other.

Being returned, we made our stand near the midst of the Market Place, where a tree groweth hard by the Cross;

whence our Captain sent some of our men to stay the ringing of the alarm bell, which had continued all this while: but the church being very strongly built and fast shut, they could not without firing (which our Captain forbade) get into the steeple where the bell rung.

In the meantime, our Captain having taken two or three Spaniards in their flight, commanded them to shew him the Governor's House, where he understood was the ordinary place of unlading the moiles [*mules*] of all the treasure which came from Panama by the King's appointment. Although the silver only was kept there; the gold, pearl, and jewels (being there once entered by the King's officer) was carried from thence to the King's Treasure House not far off, being a house very strongly built of lime and stone, for the safe keeping thereof.

At our coming to the Governor's House, we found the great door where the mules do usually unlade, even then opened, a candle lighted upon the top of the stairs; and a fair gennet ready saddled, either for the Governor himself, or some other of his household to carry it after him. By means of this light we saw a huge heap of silver in that nether [*lower*] room; being a pile of bars of silver of, as near as we could guess, seventy feet in length, of ten feet in breadth, and twelve feet in height, piled up against the wall, each bar was between thirty-five and forty pounds in weight.

At sight hereof, our Captain commanded straightly that none of us should touch a bar of silver; but stand upon our weapons, because the town was full of people, and there was in the King's Treasure House near the water side, more gold and jewels than all our four pinnaces could carry: which we would presently set some in hand to break open, notwithstanding the Spaniards report the strength of it.

We were no sooner returned to our strength, but there was a report brought by some of our men that our pinnaces were in danger to be taken; and that if we ourselves got not aboard before day, we should be oppressed with multitude both of soldiers and towns-people. This report had his ground from one DIEGO a Negro, who, in the time of the first conflict, came and called to our pinnaces, to know

"whether they were Captain DRAKE's?" And upon answer received, continued entreating to be taken aboard, though he had first three or four shot made at him, until at length they fetched him; and learned by him, that, not past eight days before our arrival, the King had sent thither some 150 soldiers to guard the town against the Cimaroons, and the town at this time was full of people beside: which all the rather believed, because it agreed with the report of the Negroes, which we took before at the Isle of Pinos. And therefore our Captain sent his brother and JOHN OXNAM to understand the truth thereof.

They found our men which we left in our pinnaces much frightened, by reason that they saw great troops and companies running up and down, with matches lighted, some with other weapons, crying *Que gente? que gente?* which not having been at the first conflict, but coming from the utter ends of the town (being at least as big as Plymouth), came many times near us; and understanding that we were English, discharged their pieces and ran away.

Presently after this, a mighty shower of rain, with a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, fell, which poured down so vehemently (as it usually doth in those countries) that before we could recover the shelter of a certain shade or penthouse at the western end of the King's Treasure House, (which seemeth to have been built there of purpose to avoid sun and rain) some of our bow-strings were wet, and some of our match and powder hurt! which while we were careful of, to refurnish and supply; divers of our men harping on the reports lately brought us, were muttering of the forces of the town, which our Captain perceiving, told them, that "He had brought them to the mouth of the Treasure of the World, if they would want it, they might henceforth blame nobody but themselves!"

And therefore as soon as the storm began to assuage of his fury (which was a long half hour) willing to give his men no longer leisure to demur of those doubts, nor yet allow the enemy farther respite to gather themselves together, he stept forward commanding his brother, with JOHN OXNAM and the company appointed them, to break the King's Treasure House: the rest to follow him to keep

the strength of the Market Place, till they had despatched the business for which they came.

But as he stepped forward, his strength and sight and speech failed him, and he began to faint for want of blood, which, as then we perceived, had, in great quantity, issued upon the sand, out of a wound received in his leg in the first encounter, whereby though he felt some pain, yet (for that he perceived divers of the company, having already gotten many good things, to be very ready to take all occasions, of winding themselves out of that conceited danger) would he not have it known to any, till this his fainting, against his will, bewrayed it: the blood having first filled the very prints which our footsteps made, to the greater dismay of all our company, who thought it not credible that one man should be able to spare so much blood and live.

And therefore even they, which were willing to have adventured the most for so fair a booty, would in no case hazard their Captain's life; but (having given him somewhat to drink wherewith he recovered himself, and having bound his scarf about his leg, for the stopping of the blood) entreated him to be content to go with them aboard, there to have his wound searched and dressed, and then to return on shore again if he thought good.

This when they could not persuade him unto (as who knew it to be utterly impossible, at least very unlikely, that ever they should, for that time, return again, to recover the state in which they now were: and was of opinion, that it were more honourable for himself, to jeopard his life for so great a benefit, than to leave off so high an enterprise unperformed), they joined altogether and with force mingled with fair entreaty, they bare him aboard his pinnace, and so abandoned a most rich spoil for the present, only to preserve their Captain's life: and being resolved of him, that while they enjoyed his presence, and had him to command them, they might recover wealth sufficient; but if once they lost him, they should hardly be able to recover home. No, not with that which they had gotten already.

Thus we embarked by break of the day (29th July), having besides our Captain, many of our men wounded,

though none slain but one Trumpeter: whereupon though our surgeons were busily employed, in providing remedies and salves for their wounds: yet the main care of our Captain was respected by all the rest; so that before we departed out of the harbour for the more comfort of our company, we took the aforesaid ship of wines without great resistance.

But before we had her free of the haven, they of the town had made means to bring one of their culverins, which we had dismounted, so as they made a shot at us, but hindered us not from carrying forth the prize to the Isle of *Bastimentos,* or the Isle of Victuals: which is an island that lieth without the bay to the westward, about a league off the town, where we stayed the two next days, to cure our wounded men, and refresh ourselves, in the goodly gardens which we there found abounding with great store of all dainty roots and fruits; besides great plenty of poultry and other fowls, no less strange then delicate.

Shortly upon our first arrival in this island, the Governor and the rest of his Assistants in the town, as we afterwards understood, sent unto our Captain, a proper gentleman, of mean stature, good complexion, and a fair spoken, a principal soldier of the late sent garrison, to view in what state we were. At his coming he protested "He came to us, of mere good will, for that we had attempted so great and incredible a matter with so few men: and that, at the first, they feared that we had been French, at whose hands they knew they should find no mercy: but after they perceived by our arrows, that we were Englishmen, their fears were the less, for that they knew, that though we took the treasure of the place, yet we would not use cruelty toward their persons. But albeit this his affection gave him cause enough, to come aboard such, whose virtue he so honoured: yet the Governor also had not only consented to his coming, but directly sent him, upon occasion that divers of the town affirmed, said he, 'that they knew our Captain, who the last two years had been often on our coast, and had always used their persons very well.' And therefore desired to know, first, Whether our Captain was the same Captain DRAKE or not? and next, Because many of their

men were wounded with our arrows, whether they were poisoned or not? and how their wounds might best be cured? lastly, What victuals we wanted, or other necessaries? of which the Governor promised by him to supply and furnish us, as largely as he durst."

Our Captain, although he thought this soldier but a spy: yet used him very courteously, and answered him to his Governor's demands: that "He was the same DRAKE whom they meant! It was never his manner to poison his arrows! They might cure their wounded by ordinary surgery! As for wants, he knew the Island of *Bastimentos* had sufficient, and could furnish him if he listed! but he wanted nothing but some of that special commodity which that country yielded, to content himself and his company." And therefore he advised the Governor "to hold open his eyes! for before he departed, if GOD lent him life and leave, he meant to reap some of their harvest, which they get out of the earth, and send into Spain to trouble all the earth!"

To this answer unlooked for, this gentleman replied, "If he might, without offence, move such a question, what should then be the cause of our departing from that town at this time, where was above 360 tons of silver ready for the Fleet, and much more gold in value, resting in iron chests in the King's Treasure House?"

But when our Captain had shewed him the true cause of his unwilling retreat aboard, he acknowledged that "we had no less reason in departing, than courage in attempting": and no doubt did easily see, that it was not for the town to seek revenge of us, by manning forth such frigates or other vessels as they had; but better to content themselves and provide for their own defence.

Thus, with great favour and courteous entertainment, besides such gifts from our Captain as most contented him, after dinner, he was in such sort dismissed, to make report of that he had seen, that he protested, "he was never so much honoured of any in his life."

After his departure, the Negro formentioned, being examined more fully, confirmed this report of the gold and the silver; with many other intelligences of importance: especially how we might have gold and silver enough, if we

would, by means of the Cimaroons, whom though he had betrayed divers times (being used thereto by his Masters) so that he knew they would kill him, if they got him: yet if our Captain would undertake his protection, he durst adventure his life, because he knew our Captain's name was most precious and highly honoured by them.

This report ministered occasion to further consultation: for which, because this place seemed not the safest; as being neither the healthiest nor quietest; the next day, in the morning, we all set our course for the Isle of *Pinos* or Port Plenty, where we had left our ships, continuing all that day, and the next till towards night, before we recovered it.

We were the longer in this course, for that our Captain sent away his brother and ELLIS HIXOM to the westward, to search the River of Chagres, where himself had been the year before, and yet was careful to gain more notice of; it being a river which trendeth to the southward, within six leagues of Panama, where is a little town called Venta Cruz [*Venta de Cruzes*], whence all the treasure, that was usually brought thither from Panama by mules, was embarked in frigates [sailing] down that river into the North sea, and so to Nombre de Dios.

It ebbeth and floweth not far into the land, and therefore it asketh three days' rowing with a fine pinnace to pass [up] from the mouth to Venta Cruz; but one day and a night serveth to return down the river.

At our return to our ships (1st August), in our consultation, Captain RANSE (forecasting divers doubts of our safe continuance upon that coast, being now discovered) was willing to depart; and our Captain no less willing to dismiss him: and therefore as soon as our pinnaces returned from Chagres (7th August) with such advertisement as they were sent for, about eight days before; Captain RANSE took his leave, leaving us at the isle aforesaid, where we had remained five or six days.

In which meantime, having put all things in a readiness, our Captain resolved, with his two ships and three pinnaces to go to Cartagena; whither in sailing, we spent some six days by reason of the calms which came often upon us:

but all this time we attempted nothing that we might have done by the way, neither at [Santiago de] Tolou nor otherwhere, because we would not be discovered.

We came to anchor with our two ships in the evening [13th August], in seven fathom water, between the island of Charesha [*the island of Cartagena, p.* 161] and St. Barnards [*San Bernardo*].

Our Captain led the three pinnaces about the island, into the harbour of Cartagena; where at the very entry, he found a frigate at anchor, aboard which was only one old man; who being demanded, "Where the rest of his company was?" answered, "That they were gone ashore in their gundeloe[? *gondola or ship's boat*], that evening, to fight about a mistress": and voluntarily related to our Captain that, "two hours before night, there past by them a pinnace, with sail and oars, as fast as ever they could row, calling to him 'Whether there had not been any English or Frenchmen there lately?' and upon answer that, 'There had been none!' they bid them 'look to themselves!' That, within an hour that this pinnace was come to the utterside [*outside*] of Cartagena, there were many great pieces shot off, whereupon one going to top, to descry what might be the cause? espied, over the land, divers frigates and small shipping bringing themselves within the Castle."

This report our Captain credited, the rather for that himself had heard the report of the ordnance at sea; and perceived sufficiently, that he was now descried. Notwithstanding in farther examination of this old mariner, having understood, that there was, within the next point, a great ship of Seville, which had here discharged her loading, and rid now with her yards across, being bound the next morning for Santo Domingo: our Captain took this old man into his pinnace to verify that which he had informed, and rowed towards this ship, which as we came near it, hailed us, asking, "Whence our shallops were?"

We answered, "From Nombre de Dios!"

Straightway they railed! and reviled! We gave no heed to their words, but every pinnace, according to our Captain's order, one on the starboard bow, the other on the starboard quarter, and the Captain in the midship on the lar-

board side, forthwith boarded her; though we had some difficulty to enter by reason of her height, being of 240 tons. But as soon as we entered upon the decks, we threw down the grates and spardecks, to prevent the Spaniards from annoying us with their close fights: who then perceiving that we were possessed of their ship, stowed themselves all in hold with their weapons, except two or three yonkers, which were found afore the beetes: when having light out of our pinnaces, we found no danger of the enemy remaining, we cut their cables at halse, and with our three pinnaces, towed her without the island into the sound right afore the town, without [*beyond the*] danger of their great shot.

Meanwhile, the town having intelligence hereof, or by their watch, took the alarm, rang out their bells, shot off about thirty pieces of great ordnance, put all their men in a readiness, horse and foot, came dov · to the very point of the wood, and discharged their calivers, to impeach us if they might, in going forth.

The next morning (14th August) our ships took two frigates, in which there were two, who called themselves King's *Scrivanos,* the one of Cartagena, the other of Veragua, with seven mariners and two Negroes: who had been at Nombre de Dios and were now bound for Cartagena with double [? duplicate] letters of advice, to certify them that Captain DRAKE had been at Nombre de Dios, had taken it; and had it not been that he was hurt with some blessed shot, by all likelihood he had sacked it. He was yet still upon the coast; they should therefore carefully prepare for him!

After that our Captain had brought all his fleet together, at the *Scrivanos'* entreaties, he was content to do them all favour, in setting them and all their companies on shore; and so bare thence with the islands of St. Bernards, about three leagues of the town: where we found great store of fish for our refreshing.

Here, our Captain considering that he was now discovered upon the chieftest places of all the coast, and yet not meaning to leave it till he had found the Cimaroons, and "made" his voyage, as he had conceived; which would require some

length of time, and sure manning of his pinnaces: he determined with himself, to burn one of the ships, and make the other a Storehouse; that his pinnaces (which could not otherwise) might be thoroughly manned, and so he might be able to abide any time.

But knowing the affection of his company, how loath they were to leave either of their ships, being both so good sailers and so well furnished; he purposed in himself by some policy, to make them most willing to effect that he intended. And therefore sent for one THOMAS MOONE, who was Carpenter in the *Swan*, and taking him into his cabin, chargeth him to conceal for a time, a piece of service, which he must in any case consent to do aboard his own ship: that was, in the middle of the second watch, to go down secretly into the well of the ship, and with a spike-gimlet, to bore three holes, as near the keel as he could, and lay something against it, that the force of the water entering, might make no great noise, nor be discovered by a boiling up.

THOMAS MOONE at the hearing hereof, being utterly dismayed, desired to know "What cause there might be, to move him to sink so good a bark of his own, new and strong; and that, by *his* means, who had been in two so rich and gainful voyages in her with himself heretofore: If his brother, the Master, and the rest of the company [*numbering 26, see p. 134*] should know of such his fact, he thought verily they would kill him."

But when our Captain had imparted to him his cause, and had persuaded him with promise that it should not be known, till all of them should be glad of it: he understood it, and did it accordingly.

The next morning [15th August] our Captain took his pinnace very early, purposing to go a fishing, for that there is very great store on the coast; and falling aboard the *Swan*, calleth for his brother to go with him, who rising suddenly, answereth that "He would follow presently, or if it would please him to stay a very little, he would attend him."

Our Captain perceiving the feat wrought, would not hasten him; but in rowing away, demanded of them, "Why

their bark was so deep?" as making no great account of it. But, by occasion of this demand, his brother sent one down to the Steward, to know "Whether there were any water in the ship? or what other cause might be?"

The Steward, hastily stepping down at his usual scuttle, was wet up to his waist, and shifting with more haste to come up again as if the water had followed him, cried out that "The ship was full of water!" There was no need to hasten the company, some to the pump, others to search for the leak, which the Captain of the bark seeing they did, on all hands, very willingly; he followed his brother, and certified him of "the strange chance befallen them that night; that whereas they had not pumped twice in six weeks before, now they had six feet of water in hold: and therefore he desireth leave from attending him in fishing, to intend the search and remedy of the leak." And when our Captain with his company preferred [*offered*] to go to help them; he answered, "They had men enough aboard, and prayed him to continue his fishing, that they might have some part of it for their dinner." Thus returning, he found his company had taken great pain, but had freed the water very little: yet such was their love to the bark, as our Captain well knew, that they ceased not, but to the utmost of their strength, laboured all that they might till three in the afternoon; by which time, the company perceiving, that (though they had been relieved by our Captain himself and many of his company) yet they were not able to free above a foot and a half of water, and could have no likelihood of finding the leak, had now a less liking of her than before, and greater content to hear of some means for remedy.

Whereupon our Captain (consulting them what they thought best to be done) found that they had more desire to have all as he thought fit, than judgement to conceive any means of remedy. And therefore he propounded, that himself would go in the pinnace, till he could provide him some handsome frigate; and that his brother should be Captain in the admiral [*flag-ship*] and the Master should also be there placed with him, instead of this: which seeing they could not save, he would have fired that the enemy might

never recover her: but first all the pinnaces should be brought aboard her, that every one might take out of her whatever they lacked or liked.

This, though the company at the first marvelled at; yet presently it was put in execution and performed that night.

Our Captain had his desire, and men enough for his pinnaces.

The next morning (16th August) we resolved to seek out some fit place, in the Sound of Darien, where we might safely leave our ship at anchor, not discoverable by the enemy, who thereby might imagine us quite departed from the coast, and we the meantime better follow our purposes with our pinnaces; of which our Captain would himself take two to Rio Grande [*Magdalena*], and the third leave with his brother to seek the Cimaroons.

Upon this resolution, we set sail presently for the said Sound; which within five days (21st August), we recovered: abstaining of purpose from all such occasion, as might hinder our determination, or bewray [*betray*] our being upon the coast.

As soon as we arrived where our Captain intended, and had chosen a fit and convenient road out of all trade [*to or from any Mart*] for our purpose; we reposed ourselves there, for some fifteen days, keeping ourselves close, that the bruit of our being upon the coast might cease.

But in the meantime, we were not idle: for beside such ordinary works, as our Captain, every month did usually inure us to, about the trimming and setting of his pinnaces, for their better sailing and rowing: he caused us to rid a large plot of ground, both of trees and brakes, and to build us houses sufficient for all our lodging, and one especially for all our public meetings; wherein the Negro which fled to us before, did us great service, as being well acquainted with the country, and their means of building. Our archers made themselves butts to shoot at, because we had many that delighted in that exercise, and wanted not a fletcher to keep our bows and arrows in order. The rest of the company, every one as he liked best, made his disport at bowls, quoits, keiles, &c. For our Captain allowed one half of the company to pass their time thus,

every other day interchangeable; the other half being enjoined to the necessary works, about our ship and pinnaces, and the providing of fresh victuals, fish, fowl, hogs, deer, conies, &c., whereof there is great plenty. Here our smiths set up their forge, as they used, being furnished out of England, with anvil, iron, coals, and all manner of necessaries, which stood us in great stead.

At the end of these fifteen days (5th September), our Captain leaving his ship in his brother's charge, to keep all things in order; himself took with him, according to his former determination, two pinnaces for Rio Grande, and passing by Cartagena but out of sight, when we were within two leagues of the river, we landed (8th September), to the westward on the Main, where we saw great store of cattle. There we found some Indians, who asking us in friendly sort, in broken Spanish, "What we would have"? and understanding that we desired fresh victuals in traffic; they took such cattle for us as we needed, with ease and so readily, as if they had a special commandment over them, whereas they would not abide us to come near them. And this also they did willingly, because our Captain, according to his custom, contented them for their pains, with such things as they account greatly of; in such sort that they promised, we should have there, of them at any time what we would.

The same day, we departed thence to Rio Grande [*Magdalena*], where we entered about three of the clock in the afternoon. There are two entries into this river, of which we entered the wester[n] most called *Boca Chica*. The freshet [*current*] is so great, that we being half a league from the mouth of it, filled fresh water for our beverage.

From three o'clock till dark at night, we rowed up the stream; but the current was so strong downwards, that we got but two leagues, all that time. We moored our pinnaces to a tree that night: for that presently, with the closing of the evening, there fell a monstrous shower of rain, with such strange and terrible claps of thunder, and flashes of lightning, as made us not a little to marvel at, although our Captain had been acquainted with such like in that

country, and told us that they continue seldom longer than three-quarters of an hour.

This storm was no sooner ceast, but it became very calm, and therewith there came such an innumerable multitude of a kind of flies of that country, called mosquitoes, like our gnats, which bite so spitefully, that we could not rest all that night, nor find means to defend ourselves from them, by reason of the heat of the country. The best remedy we then found against them, was the juice of lemons.

At the break of day (9th Sept.), we departed, rowing in the eddy, and hauling up by the trees where the eddy failed, with great labour, by spells, without ceasing, each company their half-hour glass: without meeting any, till about three o'clock in the afternoon, by which time we could get but five leagues ahead.

Then we espied a canoe, with two Indians fishing in the river; but we spake not to them, least so we might be descried: nor they to us, as taking us to be Spaniards. But within an hour after, we espied certain houses, on the other side of the river, whose channel is twenty-five fathom deep, and its breadth so great, that a man can scantly be discerned from side to side. Yet a Spaniard which kept those houses, had espied our pinnaces; and thinking we had been his countrymen, made a smoke, for a signal to turn that way, as being desirous to speak with us. After that, we espying this smoke, had made with it, and were half the river over, he wheaved [*waved*] to us, with his hat and his long hanging sleeves, to come ashore.

But as we drew nearer to him, and he discerned that we were not those he looked for; he took his heels, and fled from his houses, which we found to be, five in number, all full of white rusk, dried bacon, that country cheese (like Holland cheese in fashion, but far more delicate in taste, of which they send into Spain as special presents) many sorts of sweetmeats, and conserves; with great store of sugar: being provided to serve the Fleet returning to Spain.

With this store of victuals, we loaded our pinnaces; by the shutting in of the day, we were ready to depart; for that we hastened the rather, by reason of an intelligence given us by certain Indian women which we found in

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those houses: that the frigates (these are ordinarily thirty, or upwards, which usually transport the merchandise, sent out of Spain to Cartagena from thence to these houses, and so in great canoes up hence into Nuevo Reyno, for which the river running many hundred of leagues within the land serveth very fitly: and return in exchange, the gold and treasure, silver, victuals, and commodities, which that kingdom yields abundantly) were not yet returned from Cartagena, since the first alarm they took of our being there.

As we were going aboard our pinnaces from these Store-houses (10th Sept.), the Indians of a great town called Villa del Rey, some two miles distant from the water's side where we landed, were brought down by the Spaniards into the bushes, and shot arrows; but we rowed down the stream with the current (for that the wind was against us) only one league; and because it was night, anchored till the morning, when we rowed down to the mouth of the river, where we unloaded all our provisions, and cleansed our pinnaces, according to our Captain's custom, and took it in again, and the same day went to the Westward.

In this return, we descried a ship, a barque, and a frigate, of which the ship and frigate went for Cartagena, but the Barque was bound to the Northwards, with the wind easterly, so that we imagined she had some gold or treasure going for Spain: therefore we gave her chase, but taking her, and finding nothing of importance in her, understanding that she was bound for sugar and hides, we let her go; and having a good gale of wind, continued our former course to our ship and company.

In the way between Cartagena and Tolou, we took [11th September] five or six frigates, which were laden from Tolou, with live hogs, hens, and maize which we call Guinea wheat. Of these, having gotten what intelligence they could give, of their preparations for us, and divers opinions of us, we dismissed all the men; only staying two frigates with us, because they were so well stored with good victuals.

Within three days after, we arrived at the place which our Captain chose, at first, to leave his ship in, which was

called by our Captain, Port Plenty; by reason we brought in thither continually all manner store of good victuals, which we took, going that way by sea, for the victualling of Cartagena and Nombre de Dios as also the Fleets going and coming out of Spain. So that if we had been two thousand, yea three thousand persons, we might with our pinnaces easily have provided them sufficient victuals of wine, meal, rusk; *cassavi* (a kind of bread made of a root called Yucca, whose juice is poison, but the substance good and wholesome), dried beef, dried fish, live sheep, live hogs, abundance of hens, besides the infinite store of dainty flesh fish, very easily to be taken every day; insomuch that we were forced to build four several magazines or store-houses, some ten, some twenty leagues asunder; some in islands, some in the Main, providing ourselves in divers places, that though the enemy should, with force, surprise any one, yet we might be sufficiently furnished, till we had "made" our voyage as we did hope. In building of these, our Negro's help was very much, as having a special skill, in the speedy erection of such houses.

This our store was much, as thereby we relieved not only ourselves and the Cimaroons while they were with us; but also two French ships in extreme want.

For in our absence, Captain JOHN DRAKE, having one of our pinnaces, as was appointed, went in with the Main, and as he rowed aloof the shore, where he was directed by DIEGO the Negro aforesaid, which willingly came unto us at Nombre de Dios, he espied certain of the Cimaroons; with whom he dealt so effectually, that in conclusion he left two of our men with their leader, and brought aboard two of theirs: agreeing that they should meet him again the next day, at a river midway between the Cabezas [*Cabeza is Spanish for Headland*] and our ships; which they named Rio Diego.

These two being very sensible men, chosen out by their commander [*chief*], did, with all reverence and respect, declare unto our Captain, that their nation conceited great joy of his arrival, because they knew him to be an enemy to the Spaniards, not only by his late being in Nombre de Dios, but also by his former voyages; and therefore were

ready to assist and favour his enterprises against his and their enemies to the uttermost: and to that end their captain and company did stay at this present near the mouth of Rio Diego, to attend what answer and order should be given them; that they would have marched by land, even to this place, but that the way is very long, and more troublesome, by reason of many steep mountains, deep rivers, and thick brakes: desiring therefore, that it might please our Captain to take some order, as he thought best, with all convenient speed in this behalf.

Our Captain considering the speech of these persons, and weighing it with his former intelligences had not only by Negroes, but Spaniards also, whereof he was always very careful: as also conferring it with his brother's informations of the great kindness that they shewed him, being lately with them: after he had heard the opinions of those of best service with him, "what were fittest to be done presently?" resolved himself with his brother, and the two Cimaroons, in his two pinnaces, to go toward this river. As he did the same evening, giving order, that the ship and the rest of his fleet should the next morning follow him, because there was a place of as great safety and sufficiency, which his brother had found out near the river. The safety of it consisted, not only in that which is common all along that coast from Tolou to Nombre de Dios, being above sixty leagues, that it is a most goodly and plentiful country, and yet inhabited not with one Spaniard, or any for the Spaniards: but especially in that it lieth among a great many of goodly islands full of trees. Where, though there be channels, yet there are such rocks and shoals, that no man can enter by night without great danger; nor by day without discovery, whereas our ships might lie hidden within the trees.

The next day (14th September) we arrived at this river appointed, where we found the Cimaroons according to promise: the rest of their number were a mile up, in a wood by the river's side. There after we had given them entertainment, and received good testimonies of their joy and good will towards us, we took two more of them into our pinnace, leaving our two men with the rest of theirs, to

march by land, to another river called Rio Guana, with intent there to meet with another company of Cimaroons which were now in the mountains.

So we departed that day from Rio Diego, with our pinnaces, towards our ship, as marvelling that she followed us not as was appointed.

But two days after (16th September), we found her in the place where we left her; but in far other state, being much spoiled and in great danger, by reason of a tempest she had in our absence.

As soon as we could trim our ship, being some two days, our Captain sent away (18th September) one of his pinnaces, towards the bottom of the bay, amongst the shoals and sandy islands, to sound out the channel, for the bringing in of our ship nearer the Main.

The next day (19th September) we followed, and were with wary pilotage, directed safely into the best channel, with much ado to recover the road, among so many flats and shoals. It was near about five leagues from the Cativaas, betwixt an island and the Main, where we moored our ship. The island was not above four cables in length from the Main, being in quantity some three acres of ground, flat and very full of trees and bushes.

We were forced to spend the best part of three days, after our departure from our Port Plenty, before we were quiet in this new found road [*on Rio Diego, see pp.* 157 *and* 158] (22nd September), which we had but newly entered, when our two men and the former troop of Cimaroons, with twelve others whom they had met in the mountains, came (23rd September) in sight over against our ship, on the Main. Whence we fet[ched] them all aboard, to their great comfort and our content: they rejoicing that they should have some fit opportunity to wreak their wrongs on the Spaniards; we hoping that now our voyage should be bettered.

At our first meeting, when our Captain had moved them, to shew him the means which they had to furnish him with gold and silver; they answered plainly, that "had they known gold had been his desire; they would have satisfied him with store, which, for the present, they could not do:

because the rivers, in which they sunk great store (which they had taken from the Spaniards, rather to despite them than for love of gold) were now so high, that they could not get it out of such depths for him; and because the Spaniards, in these rainy months, do not use [*are not accustomed*] to carry their treasure by land."

This answer although it were somewhat unlooked for; yet nothing discontented us, but rather persuaded us farther of their honest and faithful meaning toward us. Therefore our Captain to entertain these five months, commanded all our ordnance and artillery ashore, with all our other provisions: sending his pinnaces to the Main, to bring over great trees, to make a fort upon the same island, for the planting of all our ordnance therein, and for our safeguard, if the enemy, in all this time, should chance to come.

Our Cimaroons (24th September) cut down Palmito boughs and branches, and with wonderful speed raised up two large houses for all our company. Our fort was then made, by reason of the place, triangle-wise, with main timber, and earth of which the trench yielded us good store, so that we made it thirteen feet in height. [*Fort Diego.*]

But after we had continued upon this island fourteen days, our Captain having determined, with three pinnaces, to go for Cartagena left (7th October), his brother JOHN DRAKE, to govern these who remained behind with the Cimaroons to finish the fort which he had begun: for which he appointed him to fetch boards and planks, as many as his pinnaces would carry, from the prize we took at Rio Grande, and left at the Cativaas, where she drove ashore and wrecked in our absence: but now she might serve commodiously, to supply our use, in making platforms for our ordnance. Thus our Captain and his brother took their leave; the one to the Eastward, and the other to the Cativaas.

That night, we came to an isle, which he called Spur-kite land, because we found there great store of such a kind of bird in shape, but very delicate, of which we killed and roasted many; staying there till the next day midnoon (8th October), when we departed thence. And about four

o'clock recovered a big island in our way, where we stayed all night, by reason that there was great store of fish, and especially of a great kind of shell-fish of a foot long. We called them Whelks.

The next morning (9th October), we were clear of these islands and shoals, and hauled off into the sea. About four days after (13th October), near the island of St. Bernards, we chased two frigates ashore; and recovering one of these islands, made our abode there some two days (14th-15th October) to wash our pinnaces and to take of the fish.

Thence we went towards Tolou, and that day (16th October) landed near the town in a garden, where we found certain Indians, who delivered us their bows and arrows, and gathered for us such fruit as the garden did yield, being many sorts of dainty fruits and roots, [we] still contenting them for what we received. Our Captain's principal intent in taking this and other places by the way, not being for any other cause, but only to learn true intelligence of the state of the country and of the Fleets.

Hence we departed presently, and rowed towards Charesha, the island of Cartagena; and entered in at Bocha Chica, and having the wind large, we sailed in towards the city, and let fall our grappers [*grappling irons*] betwixt the island and the Main, right over against the goodly Garden Island. In which, our Captain would not suffer us to land, notwithstanding our importunate desire, because he knew, it might be dangerous: for that they are wont to send soldiers thither, when they know of any Men-of-war on the coast; which we found accordingly. For within three hours after, passing by the point of the island, we had a volley of a hundred shot from them, and yet there was but one of our men hurt.

This evening (16th October) we departed to sea; and the day following (17th October), being some two leagues off the harbour, we took a bark, and found that the captain and his wife with the better sort of the passengers, had forsaken her, and were gone ashore in the Gundeloe [*ship's boat*]: by occasion whereof we boarded without resistance, though they were well provided with swords and targets and some small shot, besides four iron bases. She was 50

tons, having ten mariners, five or six Negroes, great store of soap and sweet meat, bound from St. Domingo to Cartagena. This Captain left behind him a silk ancient [*flag*] with his arms; as might be thought, in hasty departing.

The next day (18th October), we sent all the company ashore to seek their masters, saving a young Negro two or three years old, which we brought away; but kept the bark, and in her, bore into the mouth of Cartagena harbour, where we anchored.

That afternoon, certain horsemen came down to the point by the wood side, and with the *Scrivano* fore-mentioned, came towards our bark with a flag of truce, desiring of our Captain's safe conduct for his coming and going; the which being granted, he came aboard us, giving our Captain "great thanks for his manifold favours, etc., promising that night before daybreak, to bring as much victuals as they would desire, what shift so ever he made, or what danger soever incurred of law and punishment." But this fell out to be nothing but a device of the Governor forced upon the *Scrivano,* to delay time, till they might provide themselves of sufficient strength to entrap us: for which this fellow, by his smooth speech, was thought a fit means. So by sun rising, (19th October), when we perceived his words but words, we put to sea to the westward of the island, some three leagues off, where we lay at hull the rest of all that day and night.

The next day (20th October), in the afternoon, there came out of Cartagena, two frigates bound for St. Domingo, the one of 58, the other of 12 tons, having nothing in them but ballast. We took them within a league of the town, and came to anchor with them within sacre shot of the east Bulwark. There were in those frigates some twelve or thirteen common mariners, which entreated to be set ashore. To them our Captain gave the great[er] frigate's gundeloe, and dismissed them.

The next morning (21st October) when they came down to the wester[n] point with a flag of truce, our Captain manned one of his pinnaces and rowed ashore. When we were within a cable's length of the shore, the Spaniards fled, hiding themselves in the woods, as being afraid of our ord-

nance; but indeed to draw us on to land confidently, and to presume of our strength. Our Captain commanding the grapnell to be cast out of the stern, veered the pinnace ashore, and as soon as she touched the sand, he alone leapt ashore in their sight, to declare that he durst set his foot a land: but stayed not among them, to let them know, that though he had not sufficient forces to conquer them, yet he had sufficient judgment to take heed of them.

And therefore perceiving their intent, as soon as our Captain was aboard, we hauled off upon our grapner and rid awhile.

They presently came forth upon the sand[s], and sent a youth, as with a message from the Governor, to know, "What our intent was, to stay upon the coast?"

Our Captain answered: "He meant to traffic with them; for he had tin, pewter, cloth, and other merchandise that they needed."

The youth swam back again with this answer, and was presently returned, with another message: that, "The King had forbidden to traffic with any foreign nation for any commodities, except powder and shot; of which, if he had any store, they would be his merchants."

He answered, that "He was come from his country, to exchange his commodities for gold and silver, and is not purposed to return without his errand. They are like, in his opinion, to have little rest, if that, by fair means, they would not traffic with him."

He gave this messenger a fair shirt for a reward, and so returned him: who rolled his shirt about his head and swam very speedily.

We heard no answer all that day; and therefore toward night we went aboard our frigates and reposed ourselves, setting and keeping very orderly all that night our watch, with great and small shot.

The next morning (22nd October) the wind, which had been westerly in the evening, altered to the Eastward.

About the dawning of the day, we espied two sails turning towards us, whereupon our Captain weighed with his pinnaces, leaving the two frigates unmanned. But when we were come somewhat nigh them, the wind calmed, and we

were fain to row towards them, till that approaching very nigh, we saw many heads peering over board. For, as we perceived, these two frigates were manned and set forth out of Cartagena, to fight with us, and, at least, to impeach or busy us; whilst by some means or other they might recover the frigates from us.

But our Captain prevented both their drifts. For commanding JOHN OXNAM to stay with the one pinnace, to entertain these two Men-of-war; himself in the other made such speed, that he got to his frigates which he had left at anchor; and caused the Spaniards (who in the meantime had gotten aboard in a small canoe, thinking to have towed them within the danger of their shot) to make greater haste thence, than they did thither.

For he found that in shifting thence, some of them were fain to swim aland (the canoe not being able to receive them) and had left their apparel, some their rapiers and targets, some their flasks and calivers behind them; although they were towing away of one of them.

Therefore considering that we could not man them, we sunk the one, and burnt the other, giving them to understand by this, that we perceived their secret practices.

This being done, he returned to JOHN OXNAM; who all this while lay by the Men-of-war without proffering to fight. And as soon as our Captain was come up to these frigates, the wind blew much from the sea, so that, we being betwixt the shore and them, were in a manner forced to bear room into the harbour before them, to the great joy of the Spaniards; who beheld it; in supposing, that we would still have fled before them. But as soon as we were in the harbour, and felt smooth water, our pinnaces, as we were assured of, getting the wind, we sought with them upon the advantage, so that after a few shot exchanged, and a storm rising, they were contented to press no nearer. Therefore as they let fall their anchors, we presently let drop our grapner in the wind of them: which the Spanish soldiers seeing, considering the disadvantage of the wind, the likelihood of the storm to continue, and small hope of doing any good, they were glad to retire themselves to the town.

But by reason of the foul and tempestuous weather, we

rode therein four days, feeling great cold, by reason we had such sore rains with westerly wind, and so little succour in our pinnaces.

The fifth day (27th October) there came in a frigate from the sea, which seeing us make towards her, ran herself ashore, unhanging her rudder and taking away her sails, that she might not easily be carried away. But when we were come up to her, we perceived about a hundred horse and foot, with their furniture, come down to the point of the Main, where we interchanged some shot with them. One of our great shot passed so near a brave cavalier of theirs, that thereby they were occasioned to advise themselves, and retreat into the woods: where they might sufficiently defend and rescue the frigate from us, and annoy us also, if we stayed long about her.

Therefore we concluded to go to sea again, putting forth through *Boca Chica,* with intent to take down our masts, upon hope of fair weather, and to ride under the rocks called *Las Serenas,* which are two leagues off at sea, as we had usually done aforetime, so that they could not discern us from the rocks. But, there, the sea was mightily grown, that we were forced to take the harbour again; where we remained six days, notwithstanding the Spaniards grieved greatly at our abode there so long.

They put (2nd November) another device in practice to endanger us.

For they sent forth a great shallop, a fine gundeloe, and a great canoe, with certain Spaniards with shot, and many Indians with poisoned arrows, as it seemed, with intent to begin some fight, and then to fly. For as soon as we rowed toward them and interchanged shot, they presently retired and went ashore into the woods, where an ambush of some sixty shot were laid for us: besides two pinnaces and a frigate warping towards us, which were manned as the rest. They attempted us very boldly, being assisted by those others, which from out of the wood, had gotten aboard the gundeloe and canoe, and seeing us bearing from them (which we did in respect of the *ambuscado*), they encouraged themselves and assured their fellows of the day.

But our Captain weighing this their attempt, and being

selves able to endure so long time, with so slender provision as they had, viz., only one gammon of bacon and thirty pounds of biscuit for eighteen men."

Our Captain replied, that "They were better provided than himself was, who had but one gammon of bacon, and forty pounds of biscuit for his twenty-four men; and therefore he doubted not but they would take such part as he did, and willingly depend upon GOD's Almighty providence, which never faileth them that trust in Him."

With that he hoisted his foresail, and set his course for Coriçao; which the rest perceiving with sorrowful hearts in respect of the weak pinnace, yet desirous to follow their Captain, consented to take the same course.

We had not sailed past three leagues, but we had espied a sail plying to the Westward, with her two courses, to our great joy: who vowed together, that we would have her, or else it should cost us dear.

Bearing with her, we found her to be a Spanish ship of above 90 tons, which being wheaved [*waved*] amain by us, despised our summons, and shot off her ordnance at us.

The sea went very high, so that it was not for us to attempt to board her, and therefore we made fit small sail to attend upon her, and keep her company to her small content, till fairer weather might lay the sea. We spent not past two hours in our attendance, till it pleased GOD, after a great shower, to send us a reasonable calm, so that we might use our pieces [*i. e., bases*] and approach her at pleasure, in such sort that in short time we had taken her; finding her laden with victuals well powdered [*salted*] and dried: which at that present we received as sent us of GOD's great mercy.

After all things were set in order, and that the wind increased towards night, we plied off and on, till [illegible]th November), at what time our Captain sent in E[illegible] who had then charge of his pinnace, to sear[illegible] harbour along the coast; who having found ou[illegible] some ten or twelve leagues to the east of S[illegible] where in sounding he had good ground [illegible] presently returned, and our Captain [illegible] prize. Then by promising liberty, and

Spaniards which we had taken, if they would bring us to water and fresh victuals; the rather by their means, we obtained of the inhabitants (Indians) what they had, which was plentiful. These Indians were clothed and governed by a Spaniard, which dwelt in the next town, not past a league off. We stayed there all day, watering and wooding, and providing things necessary, by giving content and satisfaction of the Indians. But towards night our captain called all of us aboard (only leaving the Spaniards lately taken in the prize ashore, according to our promise made them, to their great content; who acknowledged that our Captain did them a far greater favour in setting them freely at liberty, than he had done them displeasure in taking their ship), and so set sail.

The sickness which had begun to kindle among us, two or three days before, did this day shew itself, in CHARLES GLUB, one of our Quarter-Masters, a very tall man, and a right good mariner; taken away, to the great grief both of Captain and company. What the cause of this malady was, we knew not of certainty, we imputed it to the cold which our men had taken, lying without succour in the pinnaces. But howsoever it was, thus it pleased GOD to visit us, and yet in favour to restore unto health all the rest of our company, that were touched with this disease; which were not a few.

The next morning (15th November) being fair weather, though the wind continued contrary, our Captain commanded the *Minion*, his lesser pinnace, to hasten away before him towards his ships at Fort Diego within the Cabeças [*Headlands*] to carry news of his coming, and to put all things in readiness for our land journey, if they heard anything of the Fleet's [illegible] by the Cimaroons; giving the *Minion* charge if they [illegible] wine, to take St. Bernards in their way [illegible] there t[illegible]ome such portion as they thought good [illegible] the wi[illegible] we had there hidden in [illegible]

We [illegible] windwards, as nea[illegible], so within [illegible]ht [illegible] the *Minion* [illegible]n us came [illegible] St. Be[illegible]t t[illegible] *botijos* [illegible] re[illegible] esc[illegible] the cu[illegible] re[illegible] they [illegible]

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Spaniards which we had taken, if they would bring us to water and fresh victuals; the rather by their means, we obtained of the inhabitants (Indians) what they had, which was plentiful. These Indians were clothed and governed by a Spaniard, which dwelt in the next town, not past a league off. We stayed there all day, watering and wooding, and providing things necessary, by giving content and satisfaction of the Indians. But towards night our captain called all of us aboard (only leaving the Spaniards lately taken in the prize ashore, according to our promise made them, to their great content; who acknowledged that our Captain did them a far greater favour in setting them freely at liberty, than he had done them displeasure in taking their ship), and so set sail.

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We plied to windwards, as near as we could, so that within seven-night after the *Minion* departed from us, we came (22nd November) to St. Bernards, finding but twelve *botijos* of wine of all the store we left, which had escaped the curious search of the enemy, who had been there; for they were deep in the ground.

Within four or five days after, we came (27th November) to our ship, where we found all other things in good order; but received very heavy news of the death of JOHN DRAKE, our Captain's brother, and another young man called RICHARD ALLEN, which were both slain at one time (9th October), as they attempted the boarding of a frigate, within two days after our departing from them.

The manner of it, as we learned by examination of the company, was this. When they saw this frigate at sea, as they were going towards their fort with planks to make the platforms, the company were very importunate on him, to give chase and set upon this frigate, which they deemed had been a fit booty for them. But he told them, that they "wanted weapons to assail; they knew not how the frigate was provided, they had their boats loaded with planks, to finish that his brother had commanded." But when this would not satisfy them, but that still they urged him with words and supposals: "If you will needs," said he, "adventure! it shall never be said that I will be hindmost, neither shall you report to my brother, that you lost your voyage by any cowardice you found in me!"

Thereupon every man shifted as they might for the time: and heaving their planks overboard, took them such poor weapons as they had: viz., a broken pointed rapier, one old visgee, and a rusty caliver: JOHN DRAKE took the rapier, and made a gauntlet of his pillow, RICHARD ALLEN the visgee, both standing at the head of the pinnace, called *Eion*. ROBERT took the caliver and so boarded. But they found the frigate armed round about with a close fight of hides, full of pikes and calivers, which were discharged in their faces, and deadly wounded those that were in the fore-ship, JOHN DRAKE in the belly, and RICHARD ALLEN in the head. But notwithstanding their wounds, they with oars shifted off the pinnace, got clear of the frigate, and with all haste recovered their ship: where within an hour after, this young man of great hope, ended his days, greatly lamented of all the company.

Thus having moored our ships fast, our Captain resolved to keep himself close without being descried, until he might

hear of the coming of the Spanish Fleet; and therefore set no more to sea; but supplied his wants, both for his own company and the Cimaroons, out of his foresaid magazine, beside daily out of the woods, with wild hogs, pheasants, and guanas; continuing in health (GOD be praised) all the meantime, which was a month at least; till at length about the beginning of January, half a score of our company fell down sick together (3rd Jan. 1573), and the most of them died within two or three days. So long that we had thirty at a time sick of this *calenture*, which attacked our men, either by reason of the sudden change from cold to heat, or by reason of brackish water which had been taken in by our pinnace, through the sloth of their men in the mouth of the river, not rowing further in where the water was good.

Among the rest, JOSEPH DRAKE, another of his brethren, died in our Captain's arms, of the same disease: of which, that the cause might be the better discerned, and consequently remedied, to the relief of others, by our Captain's appointment he was ripped open by the surgeon, who found his liver swollen, his heart as it were sodden, and his guts all fair. This was the first and last experiment that our Captain made of anatomy in this voyage.

The Surgeon that cut him open, over-lived him not past four days, although he was not touched with that sickness, of which he had been recovered about a month before: but only of an over-bold practice which he would needs make upon himself, by receiving an over-strong purgation of his own device, after which taken, he never spake; nor his Boy recovered the health which he lost by tasting it, till he saw England.

The Cimaroons, who, as is before said, had been entertained by our Captain in September last, and usually repaired to our ship, during all the time of our absence, ranged the country up and down, between Nombre de Dios and us, to learn what they might for us; whereof they gave our Captain advertisement, from time to time; as now particularly, certain of them let him understand, that the Fleet had certainly arrived in Nombre de Dios.

Therefore he sent (30th January) the *Lion*, to the sea-

most islands of the Cativaas, to descry the truth of the report: by reason it must needs be, that if the Fleet were in Nombre de Dios, all frigates of the country would repair thitherward with victuals.

The *Lion,* within a few days descried that she was sent for, espying a frigate, which she presently boarded and took, laden with maize, hens, and pompions from Tolou; who assured us of the whole truth of the arrival of the Fleet: in this frigate were taken one woman and twelve men, of whom one was the *Scrivano* of Tolou. These we used very courteously, keeping them diligently guarded from the deadly hatred of the Cimaroons; who sought daily by all means they could, to get them of our Captain, that they might cut their throats, to revenge their wrongs and injuries which the Spanish nation had done them: but our Captain persuaded them not to touch them, or give them ill countenance, while they were in his charge; and took order for their safety, not only in his presence, but also in his absence. For when he had prepared to take his journey for Panama, by land; he gave ELLIS HIXOM charge of his own ship and company, and especially of those Spaniards whom he had put into the great prize, which was hauled ashore to the island, which we termed Slaughter Island (because so many of our men died there), and used as a storehouse for ourselves, and a prison for our enemies.

All things thus ordered, our Captain conferring with his company, and the chiefest of the Cimaroons, what provisions were to be prepared for this great and long journey, what kind of weapons, what store of victuals, and what manner of apparel: was especially advised, to carry as great store of shoes as possible he might, by reason of so many rivers with stone and gravel as they were to pass. Which, accordingly providing, prepared his company for that journey, entering it upon Shrove-Tuesday (3rd February). At what time, there had died twenty-eight of our men, and a few whole men were left aboard with ELLIS HIXOM to keep the ship, and attend the sick, and guard the prisoners.

At his departure our Captain gave this Master straight charge, in any case not to trust any messenger, that should

come in his name with any tokens, unless he brought his handwriting: which he knew could not be counterfeited by the Cimaroons or Spaniards.

We were in all forty-eight, of which eighteen only were English; the rest were Cimaroons, which beside their arms, bare every one of them, a great quantity of victuals and provision, supplying our want of carriage in so long a march, so that we were not troubled with anything but our furniture. And because they could not carry enough to suffice us altogether; therefore (as they promised before) so by the way with their arrows, they provided for us competent store from time to time.

They have every one of them two sorts of arrows: the one to defend himself and offend the enemy, the other to kill his victuals. These for fight are somewhat like the Scottish arrow; only somewhat longer, and headed with iron, wood, or fish bones. But the arrows for provision are of three sorts, the first serveth to kill any great beast near [at] hand, as ox, stag, or wild boar: this hath a head of iron of a pound and a half weight, shaped in form like the head of a javelin or boar-spear, as sharp as any knife, making so large and deep a wound as can hardly be believed of him that hath not seen it. The second serveth for lesser beasts, and hath a head of three-quarters of a pound: this he most usually shooteth. The third serveth for all manner of birds: it hath a head of an ounce weight. And these heads though they be of iron only, yet are they so cunningly tempered, that they will continue a very good edge a long time: and though they be turned sometimes, yet they will never or seldom break. The necessity in which they stand hereof continually causeth them to have iron in far greater account than gold: and no man among them is of greater estimation, than he that can most perfectly give this temper unto it.

Every day we were marching by sun-rising. We continued till ten in the forenoon: then resting (ever near some river) till past twelve, we marched till four, and then by some river's side, we reposed ourselves in such houses, as either we found prepared heretofore by them, when they

travelled through these woods, or they daily built very readily for us in this manner.

As soon as we came to the place where we intended to lodge, the Cimaroons, presently laying down their burdens, fell to cutting of forks or posts, and poles or rafters, and palmito boughs, or plantain leaves; and with great speed set up to the number of six houses. For every of which, they first fastened deep into the ground, three or four great posts with forks: upon them, they laid one transom, which was commonly about twenty feet, and made the sides, in the manner of the roofs of our country houses, thatching it close with those aforesaid leaves, which keep out water a long time: observing always that in the lower ground, where greater heat was, they left some three or four feet open unthatched below, and made the houses, or rather roofs, so many feet the higher. But in the hills, where the air was more piercing and the nights cold, they made our rooms always lower, and thatched them close to the ground, leaving only one door to enter in, and a lover [*louvre*] hole for a vent, in the midst of the roof. In every [one] of these, they made four several lodgings, and three fires, one in the midst, and one at each end of every house: so that the room was most temperately warm, and nothing annoyed with smoke, partly by reason of the nature of the wood which they use to burn, yielding very little smoke, partly by reason of their artificial making of it: as firing the wood cut in length like our billets at the ends, and joining them together so close, that though no flame or fire did appear, yet the heat continued without intermission.

Near many of the rivers where we stayed or lodged, we found sundry sorts of fruits, which we might use with great pleasure and safety temperately: Mammeas, Guayvas, Palmitos, Pinos, Oranges, Lemons, and divers other; from eating of which, they dissuaded us in any case, unless we eat very few of them, and those first dry roasted, as Plantains, Potato[e]s, and such like.

In journeying, as oft as by chance they found any wild swine, of which those hills and valleys have store, they would ordinarily, six at a time, deliver their burdens to the rest of their fellows, pursue, kill and bring away after us, as much

as they could carry, and time permitted. One day as we travelled, the Cimaroons found an otter, and prepared it to be drest: our Captain marvelling at it, PEDRO, our chief Cimaroon, asked him, "Are you a man of war, and in want; and yet doubt whether this be meat, that hath blood?"

Herewithal our Captain rebuked himself secretly, that he had so slightly considered of it before.

The third day of our journey (6th February), they brought us to a town of their own, seated near a fair river, on the side of a hill, environed with a dyke of eight feet broad, and a thick mud wall of ten feet high, sufficient to stop a sudden surpriser. It had one long and broad street, lying east and west, and two other cross streets of less breadth and length: there were in it some five or six and fifty households; which were kept so clean and sweet, that not only the houses, but the very streets were very pleasant to behold. In this town we saw they lived very civilly and cleanly. For as soon as we came thither, they washed themselves in the river; and changed their apparel, as also their women do wear, which was very fine and fitly made somewhat after the Spanish fashion, though nothing so costly. This town is distant thirty-five leagues from Nombre de Dios and forty-five from Panama. It is plentifully stored with many sorts of beasts and fowl, with plenty of maize and sundry fruits.

Touching their affection in religion, they have no kind of priests, only they held the Cross in great reputation. But at our Captain's persuasion, they were contented to leave their crosses, and to learn the *Lord's Prayer*, and to be instructed in some measure concerning GOD's true worship. They kept a continual watch in four parts, three miles off their town, to prevent the mischiefs, which the Spaniards intend against them, by the conducting of some of their own coats [*i.e., Cimaroons*], which having been taken by the Spaniards have been enforced thereunto: wherein, as we learned, sometimes the Spaniards have prevailed over them, especially when they lived less careful; but since, they [watch] against the Spaniards, whom they killed like beasts, as often as they take them in the woods; having aforehand understood of their coming.

We stayed with them that night, and the next day (7th

February) till noon; during which time, they related unto us divers very strange accidents, that had fallen out between them and the Spaniards, namely [*especially*] one. A gallant gentleman entertained by the Governors of the country, undertook, the year last past [1572], with 150 soldiers, to put this town to the sword, men, women, and children. Being conducted to it by one of them, that had been taken prisoner, and won by great gifts; he surprised it half an hour before day, by which occasion most of the men escaped, but many of their women and children were slaughtered, or taken: but the same morning by sun rising (after that their guide was slain, in following another man's wife, and that the Cimaroons had assembled themselves in their strength) they behaved themselves in such sort, and drove the Spaniards to such extremity, that what with the disadvantage of the woods (having lost their guide and thereby their way), what with famine and want, there escaped not past thirty of them, to return answer to those which sent them.

Their king [*chief*] dwelt in a city within sixteen leagues south-east of Panama; which is able to make 1,700 fighting men.

They all intreated our Captain very earnestly, to make his abode with them some two or three days; promising that by that time, they would double his strength if he thought good. But he thanking them for their offer, told them, that "He could stay no longer! It was more than time to prosecute his purposed voyage. As for strength, he would wish no more than he had, although he might have presently twenty times as much!" Which they took as proceeding not only from kindness, but also from magnanimity; and therefore, they marched forth, that afternoon, with great good will.

This was the order of our march. Four of those Cimaroons that best knew the ways, went about a mile distance before us, breaking boughs as they went, to be a direction to those that followed; but with great silence, which they also required us to keep.

Then twelve of them were as it were our Vanguard, other twelve, our Rearward. We with their two Captains in the midst.

All the way was through woods very cool and pleasant, by

reason of those goodly and high trees, that grow there so thick, that it is cooler travelling there under them in that hot region, than it is in the most parts of England in the summer time. This [also] gave a special encouragement unto us all, that we understood there was a great Tree about the midway, from which, we might at once discern the North Sea from whence we came, and the South Sea whither we were going.

The fourth day following (11th February) we came to the height of the desired hill, a very high hill, lying East and West, like a ridge between the two seas, about ten of the clock: where [PEDRO] the chiefest of these Cimaroons took our Captain by the hand, and prayed him to follow him, if he was desirous to see at once the two seas, which he had so long longed for.

Here was that goodly and great high Tree, in which they had cut and made divers steps, to ascend up near unto the top, where they had also made a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit: and from thence we might, without any difficulty, plainly see the Atlantic Ocean whence now we came, and the South Atlantic [*i.e., Pacific Ocean*] so much desired. South and north of this Tree, they had felled certain trees, that the prospect might be the clearer; and near about the Tree there were divers strong houses, that had been built long before, as well by other Cimaroons as by these, which usually pass that way, as being inhabited in divers places in those waste countries.

After our Captain had ascended to this bower, with the chief Cimaroon, and having, as it pleased GOD, at that time, by reason of the brize [*breeze*], a very fair day, had seen that sea, of which he had heard such golden reports: he "besought Almighty GOD of His goodness, to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship, in that sea!" And then calling up all the rest of our [17 *English*] men, he acquainted JOHN OXNAM especially with this his petition and purpose, if it would please GOD to grant him that happiness. Who understanding it, presently protested, that "unless our Captain did beat him from his company, he would follow him, by GOD's grace!"

Thus all, thoroughly satisfied with the sight of the seas,

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descended; and after our repast, continued our ordinary march through woods, yet two days more as before: without any great variety. But then (13th February) we came to march in a champion country, where the grass groweth, not only in great lengths as the knot grass groweth in many places, but to such height, that the inhabitants are fain to burn it thrice in the year, that it may be able to feed the cattle, of which they have thousands.

For it is a kind of grass with a stalk, as big as a great wheaten reed, which hath a blade issuing from the top of it, on which though the cattle feed, yet it groweth every day higher, until the top be too high for an ox to reach. Then the inhabitants are wont to put fire to it, for the space of five or six miles together; which notwithstanding after it is thus burnt, within three days, springeth up fresh like green corn. Such is the great fruitfulness of the soil: by reason of the evenness of the day and night, and the rich dews which fall every morning.

In these three last days' march in the champion, as we past over the hills, we might see Panama five or six times a day; and the last day (14th February) we saw the ships riding in the road.

But after that we were come within a day's journey of Panama, our Captain (understanding by the Cimaroons that the Dames of Panama are wont to send forth hunters and fowlers for taking of sundry dainty fowl, which the land yieldeth; by whom if we marched not very heedfully, we might be descried) caused all his company to march out of all ordinary way, and that with as great heed, silence, and secrecy, as possibly they might, to the grove (which was agreed on four days before) lying within a league of Panama, where we might lie safely undiscovered near the highway, that leadeth from thence to Nombre de Dios.

Thence we sent a chosen Cimaroon, one that had served a master in Panama before time, in such apparel as the Negroes of Panama do use to wear, to be our espial, to go into the town, to learn the certain night, and time of the night, when the carriers laded the Treasure from the King's Treasure House to Nombre de Dios. For they are wont to take their journey from Panama to Venta Cruz, which is six

leagues, ever by night; because the country is all champion, and consequently by day very hot. But from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios as oft as they travel by land with their treasure, they travel always by day and not by night, because all that way is full of woods, and therefore very fresh and cool; unless the Cimaroons happily encounter them, and made them sweat with fear, as sometimes they have done: whereupon they are glad to guard their *Recoes* [*i.e.*, Recuas, *the Spanish word for a drove of beasts of burden; meaning here, a mule train,*] with soldiers as they pass that way.

This last day, our Captain did behold and view the most of all that fair city, discerning the large street which lieth directly from the sea into the land, South and North.

By three of the clock, we came to this grove; passing for the more secrecy alongst a certain river, which at that time was almost dried up.

Having disposed of ourselves in the grove, we despatched our spy an hour before night, so that by the closing in of the evening, he might be in the city; as he was. Whence presently he returned unto us, that which very happily he understood by companions of his. That the Treasurer of Lima intending to pass into Spain in the first *Adviso* (which was a ship of 350 tons, a very good sailer), was ready that night to take his journey towards Nombre de Dios, with his daughter and family: having fourteen mules in company: of which eight were laden with gold, and one with jewels. And farther, that there were two other *Recuas,* of fifty mules in each, laden with victuals for the most part, with some little quantity of silver, to come forth that night after the other.

There are twenty-eight of these *Recuas;* the greatest of them is of seventy mules, the less of fifty; unless some particular man hire for himself, ten, twenty, or thirty, as he hath need.

Upon this notice, we forthwith marched four leagues, till we came within two leagues of Venta Cruz, in which march two of our Cimaroons which were sent before, by scent of his match, found and brought a Spaniard, whom they had found asleep by the way, by scent of the said match, and drawing near thereby, heard him taking his breath as he

slept; and being but one, they fell upon him, stopped his mouth from crying, put out his match, and bound him so, that they well near strangled him by that time he was brought unto us.

By examining him, we found all that to be true, which our spy had reported to us, and that he was a soldier entertained with others by the Treasurer, for guard and conduct of this treasure, from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios.

This soldier having learned who our Captain was, took courage, and was bold to make two requests unto him. The one that "He would command his Cimaroons which hated the Spaniards, especially the soldiers extremely, to spare his life; which he doubted not but they would do at his charge." The other was, that "seeing he was a soldier, and assured him, that they should have that night more gold, besides jewels, and pearls of great price, then all they could carry (if not, then he was to be dealt with how they would); but if they all found it so, then it might please our Captain to give unto him, as much as might suffice for him and his mistress to live upon, as he had heard our Captain had done to divers others: for which he would make his name as famous as any of them which had received like favour."

Being at the place appointed, our Captain with half his men [8 *English and* 15 *Cimaroons*], lay on one side of the way, about fifty paces off in the long grass; JOHN OXNAM with the Captain of the Cimaroons, and the other half, lay on the other side of the way, at the like distance: but so far behind, that as occasion served, the former company might take the foremost mules by the heads, and the hindmost because the mules tied together, are always driven one after another; and especially that if we should have need to use our weapons that night, we might be sure not to endamage our fellows. We had not lain thus in ambush much above an hour, but we heard the *Recuas* coming both from the city to Venta Cruz, and from Venta Cruz to the city, which hath a very common and great trade, when the fleets are there. We heard them by reason they delight much to have deep-sounding bells, which, in a still night, are heard very far off.

Now though there were as great charge given as might be,

that none of our men should shew or stir themselves, but let all that came from Venta Cruz to pass quietly; yea, their *Recuas* also, because we knew that they brought nothing but merchandise from thence: yet one of our men, called ROBERT PIKE, having drunken too much *aqua vitæ* without water, forgot himself, and enticing a Cimaroon forth with him was gone hard to the way, with intent to have shown his forwardness on the foremost mules. And when a cavalier from Venta Cruz, well mounted, with his page running at his stirrup, passed by, unadvisedly he rose up to see what he was: but the Cimaroon of better discretion pulled him down, and lay upon him, that he might not discover them any more. Yet by this, the gentleman had taken notice by seeing one half all in white: for that we had all put our shirts over our other apparel, that we might be sure to know our own men in the pell mell in the night. By means of this sight, the cavalier putting spurs to his horse, rode a false gallop; as desirous not only himself to be free of this doubt which he imagined, but also to give advertisement to others that they might avoid it.

Our Captain who had heard and observed by reason of the hardness of the ground and stillness of the night, the change of this gentleman's trot to a gallop, suspected that he was discovered, but could not imagine by whose fault, neither did the time give him leisure to search. And therefore considering that it might be, by reason of the danger of the place, well known to ordinary travellers: we lay still in expectation of the Treasurer's coming; and he had come forward to us, but that this horseman meeting him, and (as we afterwards learnt by the other *Recuas*) making report to him, what he had seen presently that night, what he heard of Captain DRAKE this long time, and what he conjectured to be most likely: *viz.*, that the said Captain DRAKE, or some for him, disappointed of his expectation, of getting any great treasure, both at Nombre de Dios and other places, was by some means or other come by land, in covert through the woods, unto this place, to speed of his purpose: and thereupon persuaded him to turn his *Recua* out of the way, and let the other *Recuas* which were coming after to pass on. They were whole *Recuas*, and loaded but with victuals

for the most part, so that the loss of them were far less if the worst befell, and yet they should serve to discover them as well as the best.

Thus by the recklessness of one of our company, and by the carefulness of this traveller; we were disappointed of a most rich booty: which is to be thought GOD would not should be taken, for that, by all likelihood, it was well gotten by that Treasurer.

The other two *Recuas* were no sooner come up to us, but being stayed and seized on. One of the Chief Carriers, a very sensible fellow, told our Captain by what means we were discovered, and counselled us to shift for ourselves betimes, unless we were able to encounter the whole force of the city and country before day would be about us.

It pleased us but little, that we were defeated of our golden *Recua*, and that in these we could find not past some two horse-loads of silver: but it grieved our Captain much more, that he was discovered, and that by one of his own men. But knowing it bootless to grieve at things past, and having learned by experience, that all safety in extremity, consisteth in taking of time [*i. e., by the forelock, making an instant decision*]: after no long consultation with PEDRO the chief of our Cimaroons, who declared that "there were but two ways for him: the one to travel back again the same secret way they came, for four leagues space into the woods, or else to march forward, by the highway to Venta Cruz, being two leagues, and make a way with his sword through the enemies." He resolved, considering the long and weary marches that we had taken, and chiefly that last evening and day before: to take now the shortest and readiest way: as choosing rather to encounter his enemies while he had strength remaining, than to be encountered or chased when we should be worn out with weariness: principally now having the mules to ease them that would, some part of the way.

Therefore commanding all to refresh themselves moderately with such store of victuals as we had here in abundance: he signified his resolution and reason to them all: asking PEDRO by name, "Whether he would give his hand not to forsake him?" because he knew that the rest of the

Cimaroons would also then stand fast and firm, so faithful are they to their captain. He being very glad of his resolution, gave our Captain his hand, and vowed that "He would rather die at his foot, than leave him to the enemies, if he held this course."

So having strengthened ourselves for the time, we took our journey towards Venta Cruz, with help of the mules till we came within a mile of the town, where we turned away the *Recuas,* charging the conductors of them, not to follow us upon pain of their lives.

There, the way is cut through the woods, above ten or twelve feet broad, so as two *Recuas* may pass one by another. The fruitfulness of the soil, causeth that with often shredding and ridding the way, those woods grow as thick as our thickest hedges in England that are oftenest cut.

To the midst of this wood, a company of soldiers, which continually lay in that town, to defend it against the Cimaroons, were come forth, to stop us if they might on the way; if not, to retreat to their strength, and there to expect us. A Convent [*Monastery*] of Friars, of whom one was become a Leader, joined with these soldiers, to take such part as they did.

Our Captain understanding by our two Cimaroons, which with great heedfulness and silence, marched now, but about half a flight-shot before us, that it was time for us to arm and take us to our weapons, for they knew the enemy was at hand, by smelling of their match and hearing of a noise: had given us charge, that no one of us should make any shot, until the Spaniards had first spent their volley: which he thought they would not do before they had spoken, as indeed fell out.

For as soon as we were within hearing, a Spanish Captain cried out, "Hoo!" Our Captain answered him likewise, and being demanded "*Que gente?*" replied "Englishmen!" But when the said Commander charged him, "In the name of the King of Spain, his Master, that we should yield ourselves; promising in the word and faith of a Gentleman Soldier, that if we would so do, he would use us with all courtesy." Our Captain drawing somewhat near him said: "That for the honour of the Queen of England, his Mistress,

he must have passage that way," and therewithal discharged his pistol towards him.

Upon this, they presently shot off their whole volley; which, though it lightly wounded our Captain, and divers of our men, yet it caused death to one only of our company called JOHN HARRIS, who was so powdered with hail-shot, (which they all used for the most part as it seemed, or else "quartered," for that our men were hurt with that kind) that we could not recover his life, though he continued all that day afterwards with us.

Presently as our Captain perceived their shot to come slacking, as the latter drops of a great shower of rain, with his whistle he gave us his usual signal, to answer them with our shot and arrows, and so march onwards upon the enemy, with intent to come to handy-strokes, and to have joined with them; whom when we found retired as to a place of some better strength, he increased his pace to prevent them if he might. Which the Cimaroons perceiving, although by terror of the shot continuing, they were for the time stept aside; yet as soon as they discerned by hearing that we marched onward, they all rushed forward one after another, traversing the way, with their arrows ready in their bows, and their manner of country dance or leap, very singing *Yó pehó! Yó pehó* and so got before us, where they continued their leap and song, after the manner of their own country wars, till they and we overtook some of the enemy, who near the town's end, had conveyed themselves within the woods, to have taken their stand at us, as before.

But our Cimaroons now thoroughly encouraged, when they saw our resolution, brake in through the thickets, on both sides of them, forcing them to fly, Friars and all!: although divers of our men were wounded, and one Cimaroon especially was run through with one of their pikes, whose courage and mind served him so well notwithstanding, that he revenged his own death ere he died, by killing him that had given him that deadly wound.

We, with all speed, following this chase, entered the town of Venta Cruz, being of about forty or fifty houses, which had both a Governor and other officers and some fair

houses, with many storehouses large and strong for the wares, which brought thither from Nombre de Dios, by the river of Chagres, so to be transported by mules to Panama: beside the Monastery, where we found above a thousand bulls and pardons, newly sent from Rome.

In those houses we found three gentlewomen, which had lately been delivered of children there, though their dwellings were in Nombre de Dios; because it hath been observed of long time, as they reported to us, that no Spaniard or white woman could ever be delivered in Nombre de Dios with safety of their children but that within two or three days they died; notwithstanding that being born and brought up in this Venta Cruz or Panama five or six years, and then brought to Nombre de Dios, if they escaped sickness the first or second month, they commonly lived in it as healthily as in any other place: although no stranger (as they say) can endure there any long time, without great danger of death or extreme sickness.

Though at our first coming into the town with arms so suddenly, these ladies were in great fear, yet because our Captain had given straight charge to all the Cimaroons (that while they were in his company, they should never hurt any woman nor man that had not a weapon in his hand to do them hurt; which they earnestly promised, and no less faithfully performed) they had no wrong offered them, nor any thing taken from them, to the worth of a garter; wherein, albeit they had indeed sufficient safety and security, by those of his company, which our Captain sent unto them, of purpose to comfort them: yet they never ceased most earnestly entreating, that our Captain would vouchsafe to come to them himself for their more safety; which when he did, in their presence reporting the charge he had first given, and the assurance of his men, they were comforted.

While the guards which we had, not without great need, set, as well on the bridge which we had to pass over, as at the town's end where we entered (they have no other entrance into the town by land: but from the water's side there is one other to carry up and down their merchandise from their frigates) gained us liberty and quiet to stay in

he must have passage that way," and therewithal discharged his pistol towards him.

Upon this, they presently shot off their whole volley; which, though it lightly wounded our Captain, and divers of our men, yet it caused death to one only of our company called JOHN HARRIS, who was so powdered with hail-shot, (which they all used for the most part as it seemed, or else "quartered," for that our men were hurt with that kind) that we could not recover his life, though he continued all that day afterwards with us.

Presently as our Captain perceived their shot to come slacking, as the latter drops of a great shower of rain, with his whistle he gave us his usual signal, to answer them with our shot and arrows, and so march onwards upon the enemy, with intent to come to handy-strokes, and to have joined with them; whom when we found retired as to a place of some better strength, he increased his pace to prevent them if he might. Which the Cimaroons perceiving, although by terror of the shot continuing, they were for the time stept aside; yet as soon as they discerned by hearing that we marched onward, they all rushed forward one after another, traversing the way, with their arrows ready in their bows, and their manner of country dance or leap, very singing *Yó pehó! Yó pehó* and so got before us, where they continued their leap and song, after the manner of their own country wars, till they and we overtook some of the enemy, who near the town's end, had conveyed themselves within the woods, to have taken their stand at us, as before.

But our Cimaroons now thoroughly encouraged, when they saw our resolution, brake in through the thickets, on both sides of them, forcing them to fly, Friars and all!: although divers of our men were wounded, and one Cimaroon especially was run through with one of their pikes, whose courage and mind served him so well notwithstanding, that he revenged his own death ere he died, by killing him that had given him that deadly wound.

We, with all speed, following this chase, entered the town of Venta Cruz, being of about forty or fifty houses, which had both a Governor and other officers and some fair

houses, with many storehouses large and strong for the wares, which brought thither from Nombre de Dios, by the river of Chagres, so to be transported by mules to Panama: beside the Monastery, where we found above a thousand bulls and pardons, newly sent from Rome.

In those houses we found three gentlewomen, which had lately been delivered of children there, though their dwellings were in Nombre de Dios; because it hath been observed of long time, as they reported to us, that no Spaniard or white woman could ever be delivered in Nombre de Dios with safety of their children but that within two or three days they died; notwithstanding that being born and brought up in this Venta Cruz or Panama five or six years, and then brought to Nombre de Dios, if they escaped sickness the first or second month, they commonly lived in it as healthily as in any other place: although no stranger (as they say) can endure there any long time, without great danger of death or extreme sickness.

Though at our first coming into the town with arms so suddenly, these ladies were in great fear, yet because our Captain had given straight charge to all the Cimaroons (that while they were in his company, they should never hurt any woman nor man that had not a weapon in his hand to do them hurt; which they earnestly promised, and no less faithfully performed) they had no wrong offered them, nor any thing taken from them, to the worth of a garter; wherein, albeit they had indeed sufficient safety and security, by those of his company, which our Captain sent unto them, of purpose to comfort them: yet they never ceased most earnestly entreating, that our Captain would vouchsafe to come to them himself for their more safety; which when he did, in their presence reporting the charge he had first given, and the assurance of his men, they were comforted.

While the guards which we had, not without great need, set, as well on the bridge which we had to pass over, as at the town's end where we entered (they have no other entrance into the town by land: but from the water's side there is one other to carry up and down their merchandise from their frigates) gained us liberty and quiet to stay in

this town some hour and half: we had not only refreshed ourselves, but our company and Cimaroons had gotten some good pillage, which our Captain allowed and gave them (being not the thing he looked for) so that it were not too cumbersome or heavy in respect of our travel, or defence of ourselves.

A little before we departed, some ten or twelve horsemen came from Panama; by all likelihood, supposing that we were gone out of this town, for that all was so still and quiet, came to enter the town confidently: but finding their entertainment such as it was; they that could, rode faster back again for fear than they had ridden forward for hope.

Thus we having ended our business in this town, and the day beginning to spring, we marched over the bridge, observing the same order that we did before. There we were all safe in our opinion, as if we had been environed with wall and trench, for that no Spaniard without his extreme danger could follow us. The rather now, for that our Cimaroons were grown very valiant. But our Captain considering that he had a long way to pass, and that he had been now well near a fortnight from his ship, where he had left his company but weak by reason of their sickness, hastened his journeys as much as he might, refusing to visit the other Cimaroon towns (which they earnestly desired him) and encouraging his own company with such example and speech, that the way seemed much shorter. For he marched most cheerfully, and assured us that he doubted not but ere he left that coast, we should all be bountifully paid and recompensed for all those pains taken: but by reason of this our Captain's haste, and leaving of their towns, we marched many days with hungry stomachs, much against the will of our Cimaroons: who if we would have stayed any day from this continual journeying, would have killed for us victuals sufficient.

In our absence, the rest of the Cimaroons had built a little town within three leagues off the port where our ship lay. There our Captain was contented, upon their great and earnest entreaties to make some stay; for that they alleged, it was only built for his sake. And indeed he consented the

rather, that the want of shoes might be supplied by means of the Cimaroons, who were a great help unto us: all our men complaining of the tenderness of their feet, whom our Captain would himself accompany in their complaint, some times without cause, but some times with cause indeed; which made the rest to bear the burden the more easily.

These Cimaroons, during all the time that we were with burden, did us continually very good service, and in particular in this journey, being unto us instead of intelligencers, to advertise us; of guides in our way to direct us; of purveyors, to provide victuals for us; of house-wrights to build our lodgings; and had indeed able and strong bodies carrying all our necessaries: yea, many times when some of our company fainted with sickness of weariness, two Cimaroons would carry him with ease between them, two miles together, and at other times, when need was, they would shew themselves no less valiant than industrious, and of good judgment.

From this town, at our first entrance in the evening, on Saturday (22nd February), our Captain despatched a Cimaroon with a token and certain order to the Master: who had, these three weeks, kept good watch against the enemy, and shifted in the woods for fresh victual, for the relief and recovery of our men left aboard.

As soon as this messenger was come to the shore, calling to our ship, as bringing some news, he was quickly fet[ched] aboard by those which longed to hear of our Captain's speeding: but when he showed the toothpike of gold, which he said our Captain had sent for a token to ELLIS HIXOM, with charge to meet him at such a river though the Master knew well the Captain's toothpike: yet by reason of his admonition and caveat [*warning*] given him at parting, he (though he bewrayed no sign of distrusting the Cimaroon) yet stood as amazed, least something had befallen our Captain otherwise than well. The Cimaroon perceiving this, told him, that it was night when he was sent away, so that our Captain could not send any letter, but yet with the point of his knife, he wrote something upon the toothpick, "which," he said, "should be sufficient to gain credit to the messenger."

Thereupon, the Master looked upon it, and saw written, *By me,* FRANCIS DRAKE: wherefore he believed, and according to the message, prepared what provision he could, and repaired to the mouth of the river of Tortugos, as the Cimaroons that went with him then named it.

That afternoon towards three a clock, we were come down to that river, not past half-an-hour before we saw our pinnace ready come to receive us: which was unto us all a double rejoicing: first that we saw them, and next, so soon. Our Captain with all our company praised GOD most heartily, for that we saw our pinnace and fellows again.

We all seemed to these, who had lived at rest and plenty all this while aboard, as men strangely changed (our Captain yet not much changed) in countenance and plight: and indeed our long fasting and sore travail might somewhat forepine and waste us; but the grief we drew inwardly, for that we returned without that gold and treasure we hoped for did no doubt show her print and footsteps in our faces.

The rest of our men which were then missed, could not travel so well as our Captain, and therefore were left at the Indian new town: and the next day (23rd February) we rowed to another river in the bottom of the bay and took them all aboard. Thus being returned from Panama, to the great rejoicing of our company, who were thoroughly revived with the report we brought from thence: especially understanding our Captain's purpose, that he meant not to leave off thus, but would once again attempt the same journey, whereof they also might be partakers.

Our Captain would not, in the meantime, suffer this edge and forwardness of his men to be dulled or rebated, by lying still idly unemployed, as knowing right well by continual experience, that no sickness was more noisome to impeach any enterprise than delay and idleness.

Therefore considering deeply the intelligences of other places of importance thereabouts, which he had gotten the former years; and particularly of Veragua, a rich town lying to the Westward, between Nombre de Dios and Nicaragua, where is the richest mine of fine gold that is on this North side: he consulted with his company touching their opinions.

what was to be done in this meantime, and how they stood affected?

Some thought, that "It was most necessary to seek supply of victuals, that we might the better be able to keep our men close and in health till our time came: and this was easy to be compassed, because the frigates with victuals went without great defence, whereas the frigate and barks with treasure, for the most part were wafted with great ships and store of soldiers."

Others yet judged, "We might better bestow our time in intercepting the frigates of treasure; first, for that our magazines and storehouses of victuals were reasonably furnished, and the country itself was so plentiful, that every man might provide for himself if the worst befell: and victuals might hereafter be provided abundantly as well as now: whereas the treasure never floateth upon the sea, so ordinarily as at this time of the Fleets being there, which time in no wise may be neglected."

The Cimaroons being demanded also their opinion (for that they were experienced in the particularities of all the towns thereabouts, as in which some or other of them had served), declared that "by Veragua, Signior PEZORO (some time their master from whom they fled) dwelt; not in the town for fear of some surprise, but yet not far off from the town, for his better relief; in a very strong house of stone, where he had dwelt nineteen years at least, never travelling from home; unless happily once a year to Cartagena, or Nombre de Dios when the Fleets were there. He keepeth a hundred slaves at least in the mines, each slave being bound to bring in daily, clear gain (all charges deducted) three Pesos of Gold for himself and two for his women (8s. 3d. the Peso), amounting in the whole, to above £200 sterling [=£1,600 *now*] each day: so that he hath heaped a mighty mass of treasure together, which he keepeth in certain great chests, of two feet deep, three broad, and four long: being (notwithstanding all his wealth) bad and cruel not only to his slaves, but unto all men, and therefore never going abroad but with a guard of five or six men to defend his person from danger, which he feareth extraordinarily from all creatures."

"And as touching means of compassing this purpose, they would conduct him safely through the woods, by the same ways by which they fled, that he should not need to enter their havens with danger, but might come upon their backs altogether unlooked for. And though his house were of stone, so that it could not be burnt; yet if our Captain would undertake the attempt, they would undermine and overthrow, or otherwise break it open, in such sort, as we might have easy access to his greatest treasure."

Our Captain having heard all their opinions, concluded so that by dividing his company, the two first different sentences were both reconciled, both to be practised and put in use.

JOHN OXNAM appointed in the *Bear*, to be sent Eastward towards Tolou, to see what store of victuals would come athwart his half; and himself would to the Westward in the *Minion*, lie off and on the *Cabezas*, where was the greatest trade and most ordinary passage of those which transported treasure from Veragua and Nicaragua to the Fleet; so that no time might be lost, nor opportunity let slip either for victuals or treasure. As for the attempt of Veragua, or Signior PEZORO's house by land, by marching through the woods; he liked not of, lest it might overweary his men by continual labour; whom he studied to refresh and strengthen for his next service forenamed.

Therefore using our Cimaroons most courteously, dismissing those that were desirous to their wives, with such gifts and favours as were most pleasing, and entertaining those still aboard his ship, which were contented to abide with the company remaining; the pinnaces departed as we determined: the *Minion* to the West, the *Bear* to the East.

The *Minion* about the *Cabeças*, met with a frigate of Nicaragua, in which was some gold, and a Genoese Pilot (of which Nation there are many in those coasts), which had been at Veragua not past eight days before. He being very well entreated, certified our Captain of the state of the town, and of the harbour, and of a frigate that was there ready to come forth within few days, aboard which there was above a million of gold, offering to conduct him to it, if we would do him his right: for that he knew the channel very

perfectly, so that he could enter by night safely without danger of the sands and shallows, though there be but little water, and utterly undescried; for that the town is five leagues within the harbour, and the way by land is so far about and difficult through the woods, that though we should by any casualty be discovered, about the point of the harbour, yet we might despatch our business and depart, before the town could have notice of our coming.

At his being there, he perceived they had heard of DRAKE's being on the coast, which had put them in great fear, as in all other places (PEZORO purposing to remove himself to the South Sea!): but there was nothing done to prevent him, their fear being so great, that, as it is accustomed in such cases, it excluded counsel and bred despair.

Our Captain, conferring with his own knowledge and former intelligences, was purposed to have returned to his ship, to have taken some of those Cimaroons which had dwelt with Signior PEZORO, to be the more confirmed in this point.

But when the Genoese Pilot was very earnest, to have the time gained, and warranted our Captain of good speed, if we delayed not; he dismissed the frigate, somewhat lighter to hasten her journey! and with this Pilot's advice, laboured with sail and oars to get this harbour and to enter it by night accordingly: considering that this frigate might now be gained, and PEZORO's house attempted hereafter notwithstanding.

But when we were come to the mouth of the harbour, we heard the report of two Chambers, and farther off about a league within the bay, two other as it were answering them: whereby the Genoese Pilot conjectured that we were discovered: for he assured us, that this order had been taken since his last being there, by reason of the advertisement and charge, which the Governor of Panama had sent to all the Coasts; which even in their beds lay in great and continual fear of our Captain, and therefore by all likelihood, maintained this kind of watch, at the charge of the rich Gnuffe PEZORO for their security.

Thus being defeated of this expectation, we found it was not GOD'S will that we should enter at that time: the rather

for that the wind, which had all this time been Easterly, came up to the Westward, and invited us to return again to our ship; where, on Sheere Thursday (19th March), we met, according to appointment, with our *Bear*, and found that she had bestowed her time to more profit than we had done.

For she had taken a frigate in which there were ten men (whom they set ashore) great store of maize, twenty-eight fat hogs, and two hundred hens. Our Captain discharged (20th March) this frigate of her lading; and because she was new, strong, and of a good mould, the next day (21st March) he tallowed her to make her a Man-of-war: disposing all our ordnance and provisions that were fit for such use, in her. For we had heard by the Spaniards last taken, that there were two little galleys built in Nombre de Dios, to waft the Chagres Fleet to and fro, but were not yet both launched: wherefore he purposed now to adventure for that Fleet.

And to hearten his company he feasted them that Easter-Day (22nd March) with great cheer and cheerfulness, setting up his rest upon that attempt.

The next day (23rd March) with the new tallowed frigate of Tolou [*not of 20 tons, p. 203; one of the two frigates in which the Expedition returned to England*], and his *Bear*, we set sail towards the Cativaas, where about two days after we landed, and stayed till noon; at what time seeing a sail to the westward, as we deemed making to the island: we set sail and plied towards him, who descrying us, bare with us, till he perceived by our confidence, that we were no Spaniards, and conjectured we were those Englishmen, of whom he had heard long before. And being in great want, and desirous to be relieved by us: he bare up under our lee, and in token of amity, shot off his lee ordnance, which was not unanswered.

We understood that he was TETÛ, a French Captain of Newhaven [*Havre*] a Man-of-war as we were, desirous to be relieved by us. For at our first meeting, the French Captain cast abroad his hands, and prayed our Captain to help him to some water, for that he had nothing but wine and cider aboard him, which had brought his men into great sickness. He had sought us ever since he first heard of our

being upon the coast, about this five weeks. Our Captain sent one aboard him with some relief for the present, willing him to follow us to the next port, where he should have both water and victuals.

At our coming to anchor, he sent our Captain a case of pistols, and a fair gilt scimitar (which had been the late King's of France [HENRY II.], whom Monsieur MONTGOMERY hurt in the eye, and was given him by Monsieur STROZZE). Our Captain requited him with a chain of gold, and a tablet which he wore.

This Captain reported unto us the first news of the Massacre of Paris, at the King of NAVARRE's marriage on Saint Bartholomew's Day last, [24 August, 1572]; of the Admiral of France slain in his chamber, and divers other murders: so that he "thought those Frenchmen the happiest which were farthest from France, now no longer France but Frensy, even as if all Gaul were turned into wormwood and gall: Italian practices having over-mastered the French simplicity." He showed what famous and often reports he had heard of our great riches. He desired to know of our Captain which way he might "compass" his voyage also.

Though we had seen him in some jealousy and distrust, for all his pretence; because we considered more the strength he had than the good-will he might bear us: yet upon consultation among ourselves, "Whether it were fit to receive him or not?" we resolved to take him and twenty of his men, to serve with our Captain for halves. In such sort as we needed not doubt of their forces, being but twenty; nor be hurt by their portions, being no greater than ours: and yet gratify them in their earnest suit, and serve our own purpose, which without more help we could very hardly have achieved. Indeed, he had 70 men, and we now but 31; his ship was above 80 tons, and our frigate not 20, or pinnace nothing near 10 tons. Yet our Captain thought this proportionable, in consideration that not numbers of men, but quality of their judgements and knowledge, were to be the principal actors herein: and the French ship could do no service, nor stand in any stead to this enterprise which we intended, and had agreed upon before, both touching the

time when it should take beginning, and the place where we should meet, namely, at Rio Francisco.

Having thus agreed with Captain TETÛ, we sent for the Cimaroons as before was decreed. Two of them were brought aboard our ships, to give the French assurance of this agreement.

And as soon as we could furnish ourselves and refresh the French company, which was within five or six days (by bringing them to the magazines which were the nearest, where they were supplied by us in such sort, as they protested they were beholding to us for all their lives) taking twenty of the French and fifteen of ours with our Cimaroons, leaving both our ships in safe road, we manned our frigate and two pinnaces (we had formerly sunk our *Lion,* shortly after our return from Panama, because we had not men sufficient to man her), and went towards Rio Francisco: which because it had not water enough for our frigate, caused us to leave her at the Cabeças, manned with English and French, in the charge of ROBERT DOBLE, to stay there without attempting any chase, until the return of our pinnaces.

And then bore to Rio Francisco, where both Captains landed (31st March) with such force as aforesaid [*i.e., 20 French, 15 English, and the Cimaroons*], and charged them that had the charge of the pinnaces to be there the fourth day next following without any fail. And thus knowing that the carriages [*mule loads*] went now daily from Panama to Nombre de Dios; we proceeded in covert through the woods, towards the highway that leadeth between them.

It is five leagues accounted by sea, between Rio Francisco and Nombre de Dios; but that way which we march by land, we found it above seven leagues. We marched as in our former journey to Panama, both for order and silence; to the great wonder of the French Captain and company, who protested they knew not by any means how to recover the pinnaces, if the Cimaroons (to whom what our Captain commanded was a law; though they little regarded the French, as having no trust in them) should leave us: our Captain assured him, "There was no cause of doubt of them, of whom he had had such former trial."

When we were come within an English mile of the way, we stayed all night, refreshing ourselves, in great stillness, in a most convenient place: where we heard the carpenters, being many in number, working upon their ships, as they usually do by reason of the great heat of the day in Nombre de Dios; and might hear the mules coming from Panama, by reason of the advantage of the ground.

The next morning (1st April), upon hearing of that number of bells, the Cimaroons, rejoiced exceedingly, as though there could not have befallen them a more joyful accident chiefly having been disappointed before. Now they all assured us, "We should have more gold and silver than all of us could bear away": as in truth it fell out.

For there came three *Recuas,* one of 50 mules, the other two, of 70 each, every [one] of which carried 300 lbs. weight of silver; which in all amounted to near thirty tons [*i.e.,* 190 *mules, with* 300 *lbs. each=about* 57,000 *lbs. of silver*].

We putting ourselves in readiness, went down near the way to hear the bells; where we stayed not long, but we saw of what metal they were made; and took such hold on the heads of the foremost and hindmost mules, that all the rest stayed and lay down, as their manner is.

These three *Recuas* were guarded with forty-five soldiers or thereabouts, fifteen to each *Recua,* which caused some exchange of bullets and arrows for a time; in which conflict the French Captain was sore wounded with hail-shot in the belly, and one Cimaroon was slain: but in the end, these soldiers thought it the best way to leave their mules with us, and to seek for more help abroad.

In which meantime we took some pain to ease some of the mules which were heaviest loaden of their carriage. And because we ourselves were somewhat weary, we were contented with a few bars and quoits of gold, as we could well carry: burying about fifteen tons of silver, partly in the burrows which the great land crabs had made in the earth, and partly under old trees which were fallen thereabout, and partly in the sand and gravel of a river, not very deep of water.

Thus when about this business, we had spent some two hours, and had disposed of all our matters, and were ready

to march back the very self-same way that we came, we heard both horse and foot coming as it seemed to the mules: for they never followed us, after we were once entered the woods, where the French Captain by reason of his wound, not able to travel farther, stayed, in hope that some rest would recover him better strength.

But after we had marched some two leagues, upon the French soldiers' complaint, that they missed one of their men also, examination being made whether he were slain or not: it was found that he had drunk much wine, and overlading himself with pillage, and hasting to go before us, had lost himself in the woods. And as we afterwards knew, he was taken by the Spaniards that evening; and upon torture, discovered unto them where we had hidden our treasure.

We continued our march all that and the next day (2nd and 3rd April) towards Rio Francisco, in hope to meet with our pinnaces; but when we came thither, looking out to sea, we saw seven Spanish pinnaces, which had been searching all the coast thereabouts: whereupon we mightily suspected that they had taken or spoiled our pinnaces, for that our Captain had given so straight charge, that they should repair to this place this afternoon; from the Cabeças where they rode; whence to our sight these Spaniards' pinnaces did come.

But the night before, there had fallen very much rain, with much westerly wind, which as it enforced the Spaniards to return home the sooner, by reason of the storm: so it kept our pinnaces, that they could not keep the appointment; because the wind was contrary, and blew so strong, that with their oars they could all that day get but half the way. Notwithstanding, if they had followed our Captain's direction in setting forth over night, while the wind served, they had arrived at the place appointed with far less labour, but with far more danger: because that very day at noon, the shallops manned out, of purpose, from Nombre de Dios, were come to this place to take our pinnaces: imagining where we were, after they had heard of our intercepting of the treasure.

Our Captain seeing the shallops, feared least having taken our pinnaces, they had compelled our men by torture to

confess where his frigate and ships were. Therefore in this distress and perplexity, the company misdoubting that all means of return to their country were cut off, and that their treasure then served them to small purpose; our Captain comforted and encouraged us all, saying, "We should venture no farther than he did. It was no time now to fear: but rather to haste[n] to prevent that which was feared! If the enemy have prevailed against our pinnaces, which GOD forbid! yet they must have time to search them, time to examine the mariners, time to execute their resolution after it is determined. Before all these times be taken, we may get to our ships, if ye will! though not possibly by land, because of the hills, thickets, and rivers, yet by water. Let us, therefore, make a raft with the trees that are here in readiness, as offering themselves, being brought down the river, happily this last storm, and put ourselves to sea! I will be one, who will be the other?"

JOHN SMITH offered himself, and two Frenchmen that could swim very well, desired they might accompany our Captain, as did the Cimaroons likewise (who had been very earnest with our Captain to have marched by land, though it were sixteen days' journey, and in case the ship had been surprised, to have abode always with them), especially PEDRO, who yet was fain to be left behind, because he could not row.

The raft was fitted and fast bound; a sail of a biscuit sack prepared; an oar was shaped out of a young tree to serve instead of a rudder, to direct their course before the wind.

At his departure he comforted the company, by promising, that "If it pleased GOD, he should put his foot in safety aboard his frigate, he would, GOD willing, by one means or other get them all aboard, in despite of all the Spaniards in the Indies!"

In this manner pulling off to the sea, he sailed some three leagues, sitting up to the waist continually in water, and at every surge of the wave to the arm-pits, for the space of six hours, upon this raft: what with the parching of the sun and what with the beating of the salt water, they had all of them their skins much fretted away.

At length GOD gave them the sight of two pinnaces turning towards them with much wind; but with far greater joy to him than could easily conjecture, and did cheerfully declare to those three with him, that "they were our pinnaces! and that all was safe, so that there was no cause of fear!"

But see, the pinnaces not seeing this raft, nor suspecting any such matter, by reason of the wind and night growing on, were forced to run into a cove behind the point, to take succour, for that night: which our Captain seeing, and gathering (because they came not forth again), that they would anchor there, put his raft ashore, and ran by land about the point, where he found them; who, upon sight of him, made as much haste as they could to take him and his company aboard. For our Captain (of purpose to try what haste they could and would make in extremity), himself ran in great haste, and so willed the other three with him; as if they had been chased by the enemy: which they the rather suspected, because they saw so few with him.

And after his coming aboard, when they demanding "How all his company did?" he answered coldly, "Well!" They all doubted [*feared*] that all went scarce well. But he willing to rid all doubts, and fill them with joy, took out of his bosom a quoit of gold, thanking GOD that "our voyage was made!"

And to the Frenchmen he declared, how their Captain indeed was left behind, sore wounded and two of his company with him: but it should be no hindrance to them.

That night (4th April) our Captain with great pain of his company, rowed to Rio Francisco: where he took the rest in, and the treasure which we had brought with us: making such expedition, that by dawning of the day, we set sail back again to our frigate, and from thence directly to our ships: where, as soon as we arrived, our Captain divided by weight, the gold and silver into two even portions, between the French and the English.

About a fortnight after, when we had set all things in order, and taking out of our ship [*the* Pascha] all such necessaries as we needed for our frigate, had left and given

her to the Spaniards, whom we had all this time detained, we put out of that harbour [*at Fort Diego, p.* 160] together with the French ship, riding some few days among the Cabeças.

In the meantime, our Captain made a secret composition with the Cimaroons, that twelve of our men and sixteen of theirs, should make another voyage, to get intelligence in what case the country stood; and if it might be, recover Monsieur TETU, the French Captain; at leastwise to bring away that which was hidden in our former surprise, and could not then be conveniently carried.

JOHN OXNAM and THOMAS SHERWELL were put in trust for his service, to the great content of the whole company, who conceived greatest hope of them next our Captain; whom by no means they would condescend to suffer to adventure again, this time: yet he himself rowed to set them ashore at Rio Francisco; finding his labour well employed both otherwise, and also in saving one of those two Frenchmen that had remained willingly to accompany their wounded captain.

For this gentleman, having escaped the rage of the Spaniards, was now coming towards our pinnace, where he fell down on his knees, blessing GOD for the time, "that ever our Captain was born; who now, beyond all his hopes, was become his deliverer."

He being demanded, "What was become of his Captain and other fellow?" shewed that within half an hour after our departure, the Spaniards had overgotten them, and took his Captain and other fellow: he only escaped by flight, having cast away all his carriage, and among the rest one box of jewels, that he might fly the swifter from the pursuers: but his fellow took it up and burdened himself so sore, that he could make no speed; as easily as he might otherwise, if he would have cast down his pillage, and laid aside his covetous mind. As for the silver, which we had hidden thereabout in the earth and the sands, he thought that it was all gone: for that he thought there had been near two thousand Spaniards and Negroes there to dig and search for it.

This report notwithstanding, our purpose held, and our men were sent to the said place, where they found that the earth, every way a mile distant had been digged and turned

up in every place of any likelihood, to have anything hidden in it.

And yet nevertheless, for all that narrow search, all our men's labour was not quite lost, but so considered, that the third day after their departure, they all returned safe and cheerful, with as much silver as they and all the Cimaroons could find (*viz.*, thirteen bars of silver, and some few quoits of gold), with which they were presently embarked, without empeachment, repairing with no less speed than joy to our frigate.

Now was it high time to think of homewards, having sped ourselves as we desired: and therefore our Captain concluded to visit Rio Grande [*Magdelena*] once again, to see if he could meet with any sufficient ship or bark, to carry victuals enough to serve our turn homewards, in which we might in safety and security embark ourselves.

The Frenchmen having formerly gone from us, as soon as they had their shares, at our first return with the treasure; as being very desirous to return home into their country, and our Captain as desirous to dismiss them, as they were to be dismissed: for that he foresaw they could not in their ship avoid the danger of being taken by the Spaniards, if they should make out any Men-of-war for them, while they lingered on the coast; and having also been then again relieved with victuals by us.—Now at our meeting of them again, were very loath to leave us, and therefore accompanied us very kindly as far up as St. Bernards; and farther would, but that they durst not adventure so great danger; for that we had intelligence, that the Fleet was ready to set sail for Spain, riding at the entry of Cartagena.

Thus we departed from them, passing hard by Cartagena, in the sight of all the Fleet, with a flag of St. George in the main top of our frigate, with silk streamers and ancients down to the water, sailing forward with a large wind, till we came within two leagues of the river [*Magdalena*], being all low land, and dark night: where to prevent the over shooting of the river in the night, we lay off and on bearing small sail, till that about midnight the wind veering to the eastward, by two of the clock in the morning, a frigate from

Rio Grande [*Magdalena*] passed hard by us, bearing also but small sail. We saluted them with our shot and arrows, they answered us with bases; but we got aboard them, and took such order, that they were content against their wills to depart ashore and to leave us this frigate: which was of 25 tons, loaded with maize, hens, and hogs, and some honey, in very good time fit for our use; for the honey especially was notable reliever and preserver of our crazed [*sick*] people.

The next morning as soon as we set those Spaniards ashore on the Main, we set our course for the Cabeças without any stop, whither we came about five days after. And being at anchor, presently we hove out all the maize a land, saving three butts which we kept for our store: and carrying all our provisions ashore, we brought both our frigates on the careen, and new tallowed them.

Here we stayed about seven nights, trimming and rigging our frigates, boarding and stowing our provisions, tearing abroad and burning our pinnaces, that the Cimaroons might have the iron-work.

About a day or two before our departure, our Captain willed PEDRO and three of the chiefest of the Cimaroons to go through both his frigates, to see what they liked; promising to give it them, whatsoever it were, so it were not so necessary as that he could not return into England without it. And for their wives he would himself seek out some silks or linen that might gratify them; which while he was choosing out of his trunks, the scimitar which CAPTAIN TETÛ had given to our Captain, chanced to be taken forth in PEDRO's sight: which he seeing grew so much in liking thereof, that he accounted of nothing else in respect of it, and preferred it before all that could be given him. Yet imagining that it was no less esteemed of our Captain, durst not himself open his mouth to crave or commend it; but made one FRANCIS TUCKER to be his mean to break his mind, promising to give him a fine quoit of gold, which yet he had in store, if he would but move our Captain for it; and to our Captain himself, he would give four other great quoits which he had hidden intending to have reserved them until another voyage.

Our Captain being accordingly moved by FRANCIS TUCKER, could have been content to have made no such exchange; but yet desirous to content him, that had deserved so well, he gave it him with many good words: who received it with no little joy, affirming that if he should give his wife and children which he loved dearly in lieu of it, he could not sufficient recompense it (for he would present his king with it, who he knew would make him a great man, even for this very gift's sake); yet in gratuity and stead of other requital of this jewel, he desired our Captain to accept these four pieces of gold, as a token of his thankfulness to him, and a pawn of his faithfulness during life.

Our Captain received it in most kind sort, but took it not to his own benefit, but caused it to be cast into the whole Adventure, saying, "If he had not been set forth to that place, he had not attained such a commodity, and therefore it was just that they which bare part with him of his burden in setting him to sea, should enjoy the proportion of his benefit whatsoever at his return."

Thus with good love and liking we took our leave of that people, setting over to the islands of [?], whence the next day after, we set sail towards Cape St. Antonio; by which we past with a large wind: but presently being to stand for the Havana, we were fain to ply to the windward some three or four days; in which plying we fortuned to take a small bark, in which were two or three hundred hides, and one most necessary thing, which stood us in great stead, viz., a pump! which we set in our frigate. Their bark because it was nothing fit for our service, our Captain gave them to carry them home.

And so returning to Cape St. Antonio, and landing there, we refreshed ourselves, and beside great store of turtle eggs, found by day in the [sand], we took 250 turtles by night. We powdered [salted] and dried some of them, which did us good service. The rest continued but a small time.

There were, at this time, belonging to Cartagena, Nombre de Dios, Rio Grande, Santa Marta, Rio de la Hacha, Venta Cruz, Veragua, Nicaragua, the Honduras, Jamaica &c., above 200 frigates; some of a 120 tons, others but of 10 or

12 tons, but the most of 30 or 40 tons, which all had intercourse between Cartagena and Nombre de Dios. The most of which, during our abode in those parts, we took; and some of them, twice or thrice each: yet never burnt nor sunk any, unless they were made out Men-of-war against us, or laid as stales to entrap us.

And of all the men taken in these several vessels, we never offered any kind of violence to any, after they were once come under our power; but either presently dismissed them in safety, or keeping them with us some longer time (as some of them we did), we always provided for their sustenance as for ourselves, and secured them from the rage of the Cimaroons against them: till at last, the danger of their discovering where our ships lay being over past, for which only cause we kept them prisoners, we set them also free.

Many strange birds, beasts, and fishes, besides fruits, trees, plants, and the like, were seen and observed of us in this journey, which willingly we pretermit as hastening to the end of our voyage: which from this Cape of St. Antonio, we intended to finish by sailing the directest and speediest way homeward; and accordingly, even beyond our own expectation, most happily performed.

For whereas our Captain had purposed to touch at Newfoundland, and there to have watered; which would have been some let unto us, though we stood in great want of water; yet GOD Almighty so provided for us, by giving us good store of rain water, that we were sufficiently furnished: and, within twenty-three days, we passed from the Cape of Florida, to the Isles of Scilly, and so arrived at Plymouth, on Sunday, about sermon time, August the 9th, 1573.

At what time, the news of our Captain's return brought unto his, did so speedily pass over all the church, and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the Preacher. All hastened to see the evidence of GOD's love and blessing towards our Gracious Queen and country, by the fruit of our Captain's labour and success.

Soli DEO Gloria.

FINIS.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S FAMOUS VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

BY

FRANCIS PRETTY

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S FAMOUS VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

NARRATIVE BY FRANCIS PRETTY, ONE OF DRAKE'S GENTLEMEN AT ARMS.

The FAMOUS VOYAGE *of* SIR FRANCIS DRAKE *into the South Sea, and therehence about the whole Globe of the Earth, begun in the year of our Lord 1577.*

THE 15. day of November, in the year of our Lord 1577, Master *Francis Drake,* with a fleet of five ships and barks,[1] and to the number of 164 men, gentlemen and sailors, departed from *Plymouth,* giving out his pretended voyage for *Alexandria.* But the wind falling contrary, he was forced the next morning to put into *Falmouth* Haven, in *Cornwall,* where such and so terrible a tempest took us, as few men have seen the like, and was indeed so vehement that all our ships were like to have gone to wrack. But it pleased God to preserve us from that extremity, and to afflict us only for that present with these two particulars: the mast of our Admiral, which was the *Pelican,* was cut overboard for the safeguard of the ship, and the *Marigold* was driven ashore, and somewhat bruised. For the repairing of which damages we returned again to *Plymouth;* and having recovered those harms, and brought the ships again to good state, we set forth the second time from *Plymouth,* and set sail the 13. day of December following.

The 25. day of the same month we fell with the Cape

[1] The *Pelican,* 120 tons, commanded by Drake; the *Elizabeth,* a new Deptford-built ship of 80 tons, commanded by Winter, with her pinnace the *Benedict;* the *Marigold,* of 30 tons; and the *Swan,* a fly-boat of 50 tons.

Cantin, upon the coast of *Barbary;* and coasting along, the 27. day we found an island called *Mogador*, lying one mile distant from the main. Between which island and the main we found a very good and safe harbour for our ships to ride in, as also very good entrance, and void of any danger. On this island our General erected a pinnace, whereof he brought out of *England* with him four already framed. While these things were in doing, there came to the water's side some of the inhabitants of the country, shewing forth their flags of truce; which being seen of our General, he sent his ship's boat to the shore to know what they would. They being willing to come aboard, our men left there one man of our company for a pledge, and brought two of theirs aboard our ship; which by signs shewed our General that the next day they would bring some provision, as sheep, capons, and hens, and such like. Whereupon our General bestowed amongst them some linen cloth and shoes, and a javelin, which they very joyfully received, and departed for that time. The next morning they failed not to come again to the water's side. And our General again setting out our boat, one of our men leaping over-rashly ashore, and offering friendly to embrace them, they set violent hands on him, offering a dagger to his throat if he had made any resistance; and so laying him on a horse carried him away. So that a man cannot be too circumspect and wary of himself among such miscreants. Our pinnace being finished, we departed from this place the 30. and last day of December, and coasting along the shore we did descry, not contrary to our expectation, certain *canters*, which were Spanish fishermen;[2] to whom we gave chase and took three of them. And proceeding further we met with three carvels, and took them also.

The 17. day of January we arrived at *Cape Blanco*, where we found a ship riding at anchor, within the Cape, and but two simple mariners in her. Which ship we took and carried her further into the harbour, where we remained four days; and in that space our General mustered and trained his men on land in warlike manner, to make them fit for all occasions. In this place we took of the fishermen such necessaries as we wanted, and they could yield us;

[2] Old Sp. *cantera* (perhaps from *cantharus*).

and leaving here one of our little barks, called the *Benedict*, we took with us one of theirs which they called *canters*, being of the burden of 40 tons or thereabouts. All these things being finished we departed this harbour the 22. of January, carrying along with us one of the Portugal carvels, which was bound to the islands of *Cape Verde* for salt, whereof good store is made in one of those islands. The master or pilot of that carvel did advertise our General that upon one of those islands, called *Mayo*, there was great store of dried *cabritos*,[8] which a few inhabitants there dwelling did yearly make ready for such of the king's ships as did there touch, being bound for his country of *Brazil* or elsewhere. We fell with this island the 27. of January, but the inhabitants would in no case traffic with us, being thereof forbidden by the king's edict. Yet the next day our General sent to view the island, and the likelihoods that might be there of provision of victuals, about threescore and two men under the conduct and government of Master *Winter* and Master *Doughty*. And marching towards the chief place of habitation in this island (as by the Portugal we were informed), having travelled to the mountains the space of three miles, and arriving there somewhat before the daybreak, we arrested ourselves, to see day before us. Which appearing, we found the inhabitants to be fled; but the place, by reason that it was manured, we found to be more fruitful than the other part, especially the valleys among the hills.

Here we gave ourselves a little refreshing, as by very ripe and sweet grapes, which the fruitfulness of the earth at that season of the year yielded us; and that season being with us the depth of winter, it may seem strange that those fruits were then there growing. But the reason thereof is this, because they being between the tropic and the equinoctial, the sun passeth twice in the year through their zenith over their heads, by means whereof they have two summers; and being so near the heat of the line they never lose the heat of the sun so much, but the fruits have their increase and continuance in the midst of winter. The island is wonderfully stored with goats and wild hens; and it hath

[8] Goats.

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salt also, without labour, save only that the people gather it into heaps; which continually in greater quantity is increased upon the sands by the flowing of the sea, and the receiving heat of the sun kerning the same. So that of the increase thereof they keep a continual traffic with their neighbours.

Amongst other things we found here a kind of fruit called *cocos,* which because it is not commonly known with us in *England,* I thought good to make some description of it. The tree beareth no leaves nor branches, but at the very top the fruit groweth in clusters, hard at the top of the stem of the tree, as big every several fruit as a man's head; but having taken off the uttermost bark, which you shall find to be very full of strings or sinews, as I may term them, you shall come to a hard shell, which may hold in quantity of liquor a pint commonly, or some a quart, and some less. Within that shell, of the thickness of half-an-inch good, you shall have a kind of hard substance and very white, no less good and sweet than almonds; within that again, a certain clear liquor, which being drunk, you shall not only find it very delicate and sweet, but most comfortable and cordial.

After we had satisfied ourselves with some of these fruits, we marched further into the island, and saw great store of *cabritos* alive, which were so chased by the inhabitants that we could do no good towards our provision; but they had laid out, as it were to stop our mouths withal, certain old dried *cabritos,* which being but ill, and small and few, we made no account of. Being returned to our ships, our General departed hence the 31. of this month, and sailed by the island of *Santiago,* but far enough from the danger of the inhabitants, who shot and discharged at us three pieces; but they all fell short of us, and did us no harm. The island is fair and large, and, as it seemeth, rich and fruitful, and inhabited by the Portugals; but the mountains and high places of the island are said to be possessed by the Moors, who having been slaves to the Portugals, to ease themselves, made escape to the desert places of the island, where they abide with great strength. Being before this island, we espied two ships under sail, to the one of which we gave chase, and in the end boarded her with a ship-boat without

resistance; which we found to be a good prize, and she yielded unto us good store of wine. Which prize our General committed to the custody of Master *Doughty;* and retaining the pilot, sent the rest away with his pinnace, giving them a butt of wine and some victuals, and their wearing clothes, and so they departed. The same night we came with the island called by the Portugals *Ilha do Fogo,* that is, the burning island; in the north side whereof is a consuming fire. The matter is said to be of sulphur, but, notwithstanding, it is like to be a commodious island, because the Portugals have built, and do inhabit there. Upon the south side thereof lieth a most pleasant and sweet island, the trees whereof are always green and fair to look upon; in respect whereof they call it *Ilha Brava,* that is, the brave island. From the banks thereof into the sea do run in many places reasonable streams of fresh water easy to come by, but there was no convenient road for our ships; for such was the depth that no ground could be had for anchoring. And it is reported that ground was never found in that place; so that the tops of *Fogo* burn not so high in the air, but the roots of *Brava* are quenched as low in the sea.

Being departed from these islands, we drew towards the line, where we were becalmed the space of three weeks, but yet subject to divers great storms, terrible lightnings and much thunder. But with this misery we had the commodity of great store of fish, as dolphins, *bonitos,* and flying-fishes, whereof some fell into our ships; wherehence they could not rise again for want of moisture, for when their wings are dry they cannot fly.

From the first day of our departure from the islands of *Cape Verde,* we sailed 54 days without sight of land. And the first land that we fell with was the coast of *Brasil,* which we saw the fifth of April, in the height of 33 degrees towards the pole Antarctic. And being discovered at sea by the inhabitants of the country, they made upon the coast great fires for a sacrifice (as we learned) to the devils; about which they use conjurations, making heaps of sand, and other ceremonies, that when any ship shall go about to stay upon their coast, not only sands may be gathered together in shoals in every place, but also that storms and tempests may

arise, to the casting away of ships and men, whereof, as it is reported, there have been divers experiments.

The 7. day in a mighty great storm, both of lightning, rain, and thunder, we lost the *canter*, which we called the *Christopher*. But the eleventh day after, by our General's great care in dispersing his ships, we found her again; and the place where we met our General called the *Cape of Joy*, where every ship took in some water. Here we found a good temperature and sweet air, a very fair and pleasant country with an exceeding fruitful soil, where were great store of large and mighty deer, but we came not to the sight of any people; but travelling further into the country we perceived the footing of people in the clay ground, shewing that they were men of great stature. Being returned to our ships we weighed anchor, and ran somewhat further, and harboured ourselves between the rock and the main; where by means of the rock that brake the force of the sea, we rid very safe. And upon this rock we killed for our provision certain sea-wolves, commonly called with us *seals*. From hence we went our course to 36 degrees, and entered the great river of *Plate*, and ran into 54 and 53 1-2 fathoms of fresh water, where we filled our water by the ship's side; but our General finding here no good harborough, as he thought he should, bare out again to sea the 27. of April, and in bearing out we lost sight of our fly-boat wherein Master *Doughty* was. But we, sailing along, found a fair and reasonable good bay, wherein were many and the same profitable islands; one whereof had so many seals as would at the least have laden all our ships, and the rest of the islands are, as it were, laden with fowls, which is wonderful to see, and they of divers sorts. It is a place very plentiful of victuals, and hath in it no want of fresh water. Our General, after certain days of his abode in this place, being on shore in an island, the people of the country shewed themselves unto him, leaping and dancing, and entered into traffic with him; but they would not receive anything at any man's hands, but the same must be cast upon the ground. They are of clean, comely, and strong bodies, swift on foot, and seem to be very active.

The 18. day of May, our General thought it needful to

have a care of such ships as were absent; and therefore endeavouring to seek the fly-boat wherein Master *Doughty* was, we espied her again the next day. And whereas certain of our ships were sent to discover the coast and to search an harbour, the *Marigold* and the *canter* being employed in that business, came unto us and gave us understanding of a safe harbour that they had found. Wherewith all our ships bare, and entered it; where we watered and made new provision of victuals, as by seals, whereof we slew to the number of 200 or 300 in the space of an hour. Here our General in the *Admiral* rid close aboard the fly-boat, and took out of her all the provision of victuals and what else was in her, and hauling her to the land, set fire to her, and so burnt her to save the iron work. Which being a-doing, there came down of the country certain of the people naked, saving only about their waist the skin of some beast, with the fur or hair on, and something also wreathed on their heads. Their faces were painted with divers colours, and some of them had on their heads the similitude of horns, every man his bow, which was an ell in length, and a couple of arrows. They were very agile people and quick to deliver, and seemed not to be ignorant in the feats of wars, as by their order of ranging a few men might appear. These people would not of a long time receive anything at our hands; yet at length our General being ashore, and they dancing after their accustomed manner about him, and he once turning his back towards them, one leaped suddenly to him, and took his cap with his gold band off his head, and ran a little distance from him, and shared it with his fellow, the cap to the one, and the band to the other. Having despatched all our business in this place, we departed and set sail. And immediately upon our setting forth we lost our *canter,* which was absent three of four days; but when our General had her again, he took out the necessaries, and so gave her over, near to the *Cape of Good Hope.* The next day after, being the 20. of June, we harboured ourselves again in a very good harborough, called by *Magellan, Port St. Julian,* where we found a gibbet standing upon the main; which we supposed to be the place where *Magellan* did execution upon some of his disobedient and rebellious company.

The two and twentieth day our General went ashore to the main, and in his company *John Thomas,* and *Robert Winterhie, Oliver* the master-gunner, *John Brewer, Thomas Hood,* and *Thomas Drake.* And entering on land, they presently met with two or three of the country people. And *Robert Winterhie* having in his hands a bow and arrows, went about to make a shoot of pleasure, and, in his draught, his bowstring brake; which the rude savages taking as a token of war, began to bend the force of their bows against our company, and drove them to their shifts very narrowly.

In this port our General began to enquire diligently of the actions of Master *Thomas Doughty,* and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather of contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redress, the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Master *Doughty's* own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true. Which when our General saw, although his private affection to Master *Doughty,* as he then in the presence of us all sacredly protested, was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majesty, and of the honour of his country did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man. So that the cause being throughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our laws in *England,* it was concluded that Master *Doughty* should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Master *Fletcher,* our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action. Which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage; and for the better confirmation thereof,

willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do. Which was done in very reverent sort; and so with good contentment every man went about his business.

The 17. day of August we departed the port of *St. Julian*,[4] and the 20. day we fell with the Strait of *Magellan*, going into the South Sea; at the cape or headland whereof we found the body of a dead man, whose flesh was clean consumed. The 21. day we entered the Strait,[5] which we found to have many turnings, and as it were shuttings-up, as if there were no passage at all. By means whereof we had the wind often against us; so that some of the fleet recovering a cape or point of land, others should be forced to turn back again, and to come to an anchor where they could. In this Strait there be many fair harbours, with store of fresh water. But yet they lack their best commodity, for the water there is of such depth, that no man shall find ground to anchor in, except it be in some narrow river or corner, or between some rocks; so that if any extreme blasts or contrary winds do come, whereunto the place is much subject, it carrieth with it no small danger. The land on both sides is very huge and mountainous; the lower mountains whereof, although they be monstrous and wonderful to look upon for their height, yet there are others which in height exceed them in a strange manner, reaching themselves above their fellows so high, that between them did appear three regions of clouds. These mountains are covered with snow. At both the southerly and easterly parts of the Strait there are islands, among which the sea hath his indraught into the Straits, even as it hath in the main entrance of the frete.[6] This Strait is extreme cold, with frost and snow continually; the trees seem to stoop with the burden of the weather, and yet are green continually, and many good and sweet herbs do very plentifully grow and increase under them. The breadth of the Strait is in some places a league, in some other places two leagues and three leagues, and in some

[4] The squadron was now reduced to three ships, the *Swan* and the *Christopher*, as well as the Portuguese prize, having been condemned as unseaworthy, and burnt or abandoned.

[5] Drake here changed the name of the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind*, the crest of Sir Christopher Hatton. [6] Lat. *fretum*.

other four leagues; but the narrowest place hath a league over.

The 24. of August we arrived at an island in the Straits, where we found great store of fowl which could not fly, of the bigness of geese; whereof we killed in less than one day 3,000, and victualled ourselves throughly therewith. The 6. day of September we entered the South Sea at the cape or head shore. The 7. day we were driven by a great storm from the entering into the South Sea, 200 leagues and odd in longitude, and one degree to the southward of the Strait; in which height, and so many leagues to the westward, the 15. day of September, fell out the eclipse of the moon at the hour of six of the clock at night. But neither did the ecliptical conflict of the moon impair our state, nor her clearing again amend us a whit; but the accustomed eclipse of the sea continued in his force, we being darkened more than the moon sevenfold.[7]

From the bay which we called the *Bay of Severing of Friends*, we were driven back to the southward of the Straits in 57 degrees and a tierce; in which height we came to an anchor among the islands, having there fresh and very good water, with herbs of singular virtue. Not far from hence we entered another bay, where we found people, both men and women, in their canoes naked, and ranging from one island to another to seek their meat; who entered traffic with us for such things as they had. We returning hence northward again, found the third of October three islands, in one of which was such plenty of birds as is scant credible to report. The 8. day of October we lost sight of one of our consorts,[8] wherein Master *Winter* was; who, as then we supposed, was put by a storm into the Straits again. Which at our return home we found to be true, and he not perished, as some of our company feared. Thus being come into the height of the Straits again, we ran, supposing the coast of *Chili* to lie as the general maps have described it, namely north-west; which we found to lie and trend to the north-east and eastwards. Whereby it appeareth that this part of *Chili* hath not been truly hitherto discovered,

[7] In this storm the *Marigold* went down with all hands.
[8] The *Elizabeth*. Winter, having lost sight of the Admiral, sailed home. The *Golden Hind* was thus left to pursue her voyage alone.

or at the least not truly reported, for the space of twelve degrees at the least; being set down either of purpose to deceive, or of ignorant conjecture.

We continuing our course, fell the 29. of November with an island called *La Mocha,* where we cast anchor; and our General, hoisting out our boat, went with ten of our company to shore. Where we found people, whom the cruel and extreme dealings of the Spaniards have forced, for their own safety and liberty, to flee from the main, and to fortify themselves in this island. We being on land, the people came down to us to the water side with show of great courtesy, bringing to us potatoes, roots, and two very fat sheep; which our General received, and gave them other things for them, and had promised to have water there. But the next day repairing again to the shore, and sending two men a-land with barrels to fill water, the people taking them for Spaniards (to whom they use to show no favour if they take them) laid violent hands on them, and, as we think, slew them. Our General seeing this, stayed here no longer, but weighed anchor, and set sail towards the coast of *Chili.* And drawing towards it, we met near to the shore an Indian in a *canoa,* who thinking us to have been Spaniards, came to us and told us, that at a place called *Santiago,* there was a great Spanish ship laden from the kingdom of *Peru;* for which good news our General gave him divers trifles. Whereof he was glad, and went along with us and brought us to the place, which is called the port of *Valparaiso.* When we came thither we found, indeed, the ship riding at anchor, having in her eight Spaniards and three negroes; who, thinking us to have been Spaniards, and their friends, welcomed us with a drum, and made ready a *botija*[9] of wine of *Chili* to drink to us. But as soon as we were entered, one of our company called *Thomas Moon* began to lay about him, and struck one of the Spaniards, and said unto him, *Abaxo, perro!* that is in English. 'Go down, dog!' One of these Spaniards, seeing persons of that quality in those seas, all to crossed and blessed himself. But, to be short, we stowed them under hatches, all save one Spaniard, who suddenly and desperately leapt overboard into the sea, and swam

[9] Jar.

ashore to the town of *Santiago,* to give them warning of our arrival.

They of the town, being not above nine households, presently fled away and abandoned the town. Our General manned his boat and the Spanish ship's boat, and went to the town; and, being come to it, we rifled it, and came to a small chapel, which we entered, and found therein a silver chalice, two cruets, and one altar-cloth, the spoil whereof our General gave to Master *Fletcher,* his minister. We found also in this town a warehouse stored with wine of *Chili* and many boards of cedar-wood; all which wine we brought away with us, and certain of the boards to burn for firewood. And so, being come aboard, we departed the haven, having first set all the Spaniards on land, saving one *John Griego,* a Greek born, whom our General carried with him as pilot to bring him into the haven of *Lima.*

When we were at sea our General rifled the ship, and found in her good store of the wine of *Chili,* and 25,000 *pesos* of very pure and fine gold of *Valdivia,* amounting in value to 37,000 ducats of Spanish money, and above. So, going on our course, we arrived next at a place called *Coquimbo,* where our General sent fourteen of his men on land to fetch water. But they were espied by the Spaniards, who came with 300 horsemen and 200 footmen, and slew one of our men with a piece. The rest came aboard in safety, and the Spaniards departed. We went on shore again and buried our man, and the Spaniards came down again with a flag of truce; but we set sail, and would not trust them. From hence we went to a certain port called *Tarapaca;* where, being landed, we found by the sea side a Spaniard lying asleep, who had lying by him thirteen bars of silver, which weighed 4,000 ducats Spanish. We took the silver and left the man. Not far from hence, going on land for fresh water, we met with a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight *llamas* or sheep of *Peru,* which are as big as asses; every of which sheep had on his back two bags of leather, each bag containing 50 lb. weight of fine silver. So that, bringing both the sheep and their burthen to the ships, we found in all the bags eight hundred weight of silver.

Herehence we sailed to a place called *Arica;* and, being

entered the port, we found there three small barks, which we rifled, and found in one of them fifty-seven wedges of silver, each of them weighing about 20 lb. weight, and every of these wedges were of the fashion and bigness of a brickbat. In all these three barks, we found not one person. For they, mistrusting no strangers, were all gone a-land to the town, which consisteth of about twenty houses; which we would have ransacked if our company had been better and more in number. But our General, contented with the spoil of the ships, left the town and put off again to sea, and set sail for *Lima,* and, by the way, met with a small bark, which he boarded, and found in her good store of linen cloth. Whereof taking some quantity, he let her go.

To *Lima* we came the 13. of February; and, being entered the haven, we found there about twelve sail of ships lying fast moored at an anchor, having all their sails carried on shore; for the masters and merchants were here most secure, having never been assaulted by enemies, and at this time feared the approach of none such as we were. Our General rifled these ships, and found in one of them a chest full of reals of plate, and good store of silks and linen cloth; and took the chest into his own ship, and good store of the silks and linen. In which ship he had news of another ship called the *Cacafuego,*[10] which was gone towards *Payta,* and that the same ship was laden with treasure. Whereupon we stayed no longer here, but, cutting all the cables of the ships in the haven, we let them drive whither they would, either to sea or to the shore; and with all speed we followed the *Cacafuego* toward *Payta,* thinking there to have found her. But before we arrived there she was gone from thence towards *Panama;* whom our General still pursued, and by the way met with a bark laden with ropes and tackle for ships, which he boarded and searched, and found in her 80 lb. weight of gold, and a crucifix of gold with goodly great emeralds set in it, which he took, and some of the cordage also for his own ship. From hence we departed, still following the *Cacafuego;* and our General promised our company that whosoever should first descry her should have his chain of gold for his good news. It fortuned that

[10] 'Spitfire.'

John Drake, going up into the top, descried her about three of the clock. And about six of the clock we came to her and boarded her, and shot at her three pieces of ordnance, and strake down her mizen; and, being entered, we found in her great riches, as jewels and precious stones, thirteen chests full of reals of plate, fourscore pound weight of gold, and six-and-twenty ton of silver. The place where we took this prize was called *Cape de San Francisco,* about 150 leagues [south] from *Panama.* The pilot's name of this ship was *Francisco;* and amongst other plate that our General found in this ship he found two very fair gilt bowls of silver, which were the pilot's. To whom our General said, *Señor Pilot, you have here two silver cups, but I must needs have one of them;* which the pilot, because he could not otherwise choose, yielded unto, and gave the other to the steward of our General's ships. When this pilot departed from us, his boy said thus unto our General: *Captain, our ship shall be called no more the Cacafuego, but the Cacaplata, and your ship shall be called the Cacafuego.* Which pretty speech of the pilot's boy ministered matter of laughter to us, both then and long after. When our General had done what he would with this *Cacafuego,* he cast her off, and we went on our course still towards the west; and not long after met with a ship laden with linen cloth and fine *China* dishes of white earth, and great store of *China* silks, of all which things we took as we listed. The owner himself of this ship was in her, who was a Spanish gentleman,[11] from whom our General took a falcon of gold, with a great emerald in the breast thereof;[12] and the pilot of the ship he took also with him, and so cast the ship off.

This pilot brought us to the haven of *Guatulco,* the town whereof, as he told us, had but 17 Spaniards in it. As soon as we were entered this haven, we landed, and went presently to the town and to the town-house; where we found a judge sitting in judgment, being associated with three other officers, upon three negroes that had conspired the burning of the town. Both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-shipboard, and caused the chief judge

[11] Don Francisco de Zarate.
[12] Drake presented him in return with a hanger and a silver brazier.

to write his letter to the town to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town; and in one house we found a pot, of the quantity of a bushel, full of reals of plate, which we brought to our ship. And here one *Thomas Moon,* one of our company, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town; and, searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, and other jewels, which he took, and so let him go. At this place our General, among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot which he took at the islands of *Cape Verde* out of a ship of *St. Mary* port, of *Portugal.* And having set them ashore we departed hence, and sailed to the island of *Canno;* where our General landed, and brought to shore his own ship, and discharged her, mended and graved her, and furnished our ship with water and wood sufficiently.

And while we were here we espied a ship and set sail after her, and took her, and found in her two pilots and a Spanish governor, going for the islands of the *Philippinas.* We searched the ship, and took some of her merchandises, and so let her go. Our General at this place and time, thinking himself, both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged; and supposing that her Majesty at his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coast, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the Straits, for two special causes; the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait and attend for him in great number and strength, whose hands, he, being left but one ship, could not possibly escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the Straits in the South Sea; where continual storms reigning and blustering, as he found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast, he thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved, therefore, to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the Islands of the *Malucos,* and therehence to sail the course of the Portugals

by the Cape of *Buena Esperanza.* Upon this resolution he began to think of his best way to the *Malucos,* and finding himself, where he now was, becalmed, he saw that of necessity he must be forced to take a Spanish course; namely, to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind. We therefore set sail, and sailed 600 leagues at the least for a good wind; and thus much we sailed from the 16. of April till the third of June.

The fifth of June, being in 43 degrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the air so cold, that our men being grievously pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof; and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek the land, and did so; finding it not mountainous, but low plain land, till we came within 38 degrees towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same. In this bay we anchored; and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water's side, shewed themselves unto us, and sent a present to our General. When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things that we brought. But our General, according to his natural and accustomed humanity, courteously intreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness; whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent to our General, were feathers, and cauls of network. Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the uttermost brims of the circle, clifts of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm. Their bed is the ground with rushes strowed on it; and lying about the house, [they] have the fire in the midst. The men go naked; the women take bulrushes, and kemb them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of deer, with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited

us the second time, and brought with them feathers and bags of *tabacco* for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill, at the bottom whereof we had pitched our tents, they stayed themselves; where one appointed for speaker wearied himself with making a long oration; which done, they left their bows upon the hill, and came down with their presents. In the meantime the women, remaining upon the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our General with his company went to prayer, and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive, and seemed greatly to be affected with it; but when they were come unto us, they restored again unto us those things which before we bestowed upon them. The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the king himself, a man of a goodly stature, and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our General, to signify that their king was coming, in doing of which message, their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our General to send something by their hand to their king, as a token that his coming might be in peace. Wherein our General having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their king, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner; and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness. In the fore-front was a man of a goodly personage, who bare the sceptre or mace before the king; whereupon hanged two crowns, a less and a bigger, with three chains of a marvellous length. The crowns were made of knit work, wrought artificially with feathers of divers colours. The chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them; and of that number also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, &c. Next unto him which bare the sceptre, was the king himself, with his guard about his person, clad with coney skins, and other skins. After them followed the

naked common sort of people, every one having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colours, and having in their hands one thing or another for a present. Not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

In the meantime our General gathered his men together, and marched within his fenced place, making, against their approaching, a very warlike show. They being trooped together in their order, and a general salutation being made, there was presently a general silence. Then he that bare the sceptre before the king, being informed by another, whom they assigned to that office, with a manly and lofty voice proclaimed that which the other spake to him in secret, continuing half an hour. Which ended, and a general *Amen*, as it were, given, the king with the whole number of men and women, the children excepted, came down without any weapon; who, descending to the foot of the hill, set themselves in order. In coming towards our bulwarks and tents, the sceptre-bearer began a song, observing his measures in a dance, and that with a stately countenance; whom the king with his guard, and every degree of persons, following, did in like manner sing and dance, saving only the women, which danced and kept silence. The General permitted them to enter within our bulwark, where they continued their song and dance a reasonable time. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to our General to sit down; to whom the king and divers others made several orations, or rather supplications, that he would take their province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king, making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title of the whole land, and become his subjects. In which, to persuade us the better, the king and the rest, with one consent, and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered him many other things, honouring him by the name of *Hioh*, adding thereunto, as it seemed, a sign of triumph; which thing our General thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honour and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name, and to the use of her Majesty, he took the sceptre,

crown, and dignity of the said country into his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so conveniently be transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home, as it aboundeth in the same.

The common sort of people, leaving the king and his guard with our General, scattered themselves together with their sacrifices among our people, taking a diligent view of every person: and such as pleased their fancy (which were the youngest), they enclosing them about offered their sacrifices unto them with lamentable weeping, scratching and tearing their flesh from their faces with their nails, whereof issued abundance of blood. But we used signs to them of disliking this, and stayed their hands from force, and directed them upwards to the living God, whom only they ought to worship. They shewed unto us their wounds, and craved help of them at our hands; whereupon we gave them lotions, plaisters, and ointments agreeing to the state of their griefs, beseeching God to cure their diseases. Every third day they brought their sacrifices unto us, until they understood our meaning, that we had no pleasure in them; yet they could not be long absent from us, but daily frequented our company to the hour of our departure, which departure seemed so grievous unto them, that their joy was turned into sorrow. They entreated us, that being absent we would remember them, and by stealth provided a sacrifice, which we misliked.

Our necessary business being ended, our General with his company travelled up into the country to their villages, where we found herds of deer by a thousand in a company, being most large, and fat of body. We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kind of coneys; their bodies in bigness as be the *Barbary* coneys, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a want,[13] and the tail of a rat, being of great length. Under her chin is on either side a bag, into the which she gathereth her meat, when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eat their bodies, and make great account of their skins, for their king's coat was made of them. Our General called this country *Nova Albion*, and that for two causes; the one in respect of the

[13] Mole.

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white banks and cliffs, which lie towards the sea, and the other, because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometime was so called. There is no part of earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not some probable show of gold or silver.

At our departure hence our General set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same; namely a plate, nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraved her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness' picture and arms, in a piece of six pence of current English money, under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our General.

It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did ever discover the land by many degrees to the southwards of this place.

After we had set sail from hence, we continued without sight of land till the 13. day of October following, which day in the morning we fell with certain islands eight degrees to the northward of the line, from which islands came a great number of *canoas,* having in some of them four, in some six, and in some also fourteen men, bringing with them cocos and other fruits. Their *canoas* were hollow within, and cut with great art and cunning, being very smooth within and without, and bearing a glass[14] as if it were a horn daintily burnished, having a prow and a stern of one sort, yielding inward circle-wise, being of a great height, and full of certain white shells for a bravery; and on each side of them lie out two pieces of timber about a yard and a half long, more or less, according to the smallness or bigness of the boat. These people have the nether part of their ears cut into a round circle, hanging down very low upon their cheeks, whereon they hang things of a reasonable weight. The nails of their hands are an inch long, their teeth are as black as pitch, and they renew them often, by eating of an herb with a kind of powder, which they always carry about them in a cane for the same purpose.

Leaving this island the night after we fell with it, the 18.

[14] I. e., having a gloss.

of October we lighted upon divers others, some whereof made a great show of inhabitants. We continued our course by the islands of *Tagulanda*,[15] *Zelon*, and *Zewarra*, being friends to the Portugals, the first whereof hath growing in it great store of cinnamon. The 14. of November we fell in with the islands of *Maluco*. Which day at night (having directed our course to run with *Tidore*) in coasting along the island of *Mutyr*,[16] belonging to the king of *Ternate*, his deputy or vice-king seeing us at sea, came with his *canoa* to us without all fear, and came aboard; and after some conference with our General, willed him in any wise to run in with *Ternate*, and not with *Tidore*, assuring him that the king would be glad of his coming, and would be ready to do what he would require, for which purpose he himself would that night be with the king, and tell him the news. With whom if he once dealt, we should find that as he was a king, so his word should stand; adding further, that if he went to *Tidore* before he came to *Ternate*, the king would have nothing to do with us, because he held the Portugal as his enemy. Whereupon our General resolved to run with *Ternate*. Where the next morning early we came to anchor; at which time our General sent a messenger to the king, with a velvet cloak for a present and token of his coming to be in peace, and that he required nothing but traffic and exchange of merchandise, whereof he had good store, in such things as he wanted.

In the meantime the vice-king had been with the king according to his promise, signifying unto him what good things he might receive from us by traffic. Whereby the king was moved with great liking towards us, and sent to our General, with special message, that he should have what things he needed and would require, with peace and friendship; and moreover that he would yield himself and the right of his island to be at the pleasure and commandment of so famous a prince as we served. In token whereof he sent to our General a signet; and within short time after came in his own person, with boats and *canoas*, to our ship, to bring her into a better and safer road than she was in at

[15] Tagulandang, to the north-east of Celebes.
[16] Motir, one of the Ternate Moluccas.

that present. In the meantime, our General's messenger, being come to the Court, was met by certain noble personages with great solemnity, and brought to the king, at whose hands he was most friendly and graciously entertained.

The king, purposing to come to our ship, sent before four great and large *canoas,* in every one whereof were certain of his greatest states[17] that were about him, attired in white lawn of cloth of *Calicut,* having over their heads, from the one end of the *canoa* to the other, a covering of thin perfumed mats, borne up with a frame made of reeds for the same use; under which every one did sit in his order according to his dignity, to keep him from the heat of the sun; divers of whom being of good age and gravity, did make an ancient and fatherly show. There were also divers young and comely men attired in white, as were the others; the rest were soldiers, which stood in comely order round about on both sides. Without whom sat the rowers in certain galleries; which being three on a side all along the *canoas,* did lie off from the side thereof three or four yards, one being orderly builded lower than another, in every of which galleries were the number of fourscore rowers. These *canoas* were furnished with warlike munition, every man for the most part having his sword and target, with his dagger, beside other weapons, as lances, calivers, darts, bows and arrows; also every *canoa* had a small cast base mounted at the least one full yard upon a stock set upright. Thus coming near our ship, in order, they rowed about us one after another, and passing by, did their homage with great solemnity; the great personages beginning with great gravity and fatherly countenances, signifying that the king had sent them to conduct our ship into a better road. Soon after the king himself repaired, accompanied with six grave and ancient persons, who did their obeisance with marvellous humility. The king was a man of tall stature, and seemed to be much delighted with the sound of our music; to whom, as also to his nobility, our General gave presents, wherewith they were passing well contented.

At length the king craved leave of our General to depart, promising the next day to come aboard, and in the meantime

[17] States—men of property or estate.

to send us such victuals as were necessary for our provision. So that the same night we received of them meal, which they call *sagu,* made of the tops of certain trees, tasting in the mouth like sour curds, but melteth like sugar, whereof they make certain cakes, which may be kept the space of ten years, and yet then good to be eaten. We had of them store of rice, hens, unperfect and liquid sugar, sugar-canes, and a fruit which they call *figo,*[18] with store of cloves.

The king having promised to come aboard, brake his promise, but sent his brother to make his excuse, and to entreat our General to come on shore, offering himself pawn aboard for his safe return. Whereunto our General consented not, upon mislike conceived of the breach of his promise; the whole company also utterly refusing it. But to satisfy him, our General sent certain of his gentlemen to the Court, to accompany the king's brother, reserving the vice-king for their safe return. They were received of another brother of the king's, and other states, and were conducted with great honour to the castle. The place that they were brought unto was a large and fair house, where were at the least a thousand persons assembled.

The king being yet absent, there sat in their places 60 grave personages, all which were said to be of the king's council. There were besides four grave persons, apparelled all in red, down to the ground, and attired on their heads like the Turks; and these were said to be Romans[19] and ligiers[20] there to keep continual traffic with the people of *Ternate.* There were also two Turks ligiers in this place, and one Italian. The king at last came in guarded with twelve lances, covered over with a rich canopy with embossed gold. Our men, accompanied with one of their captains called *Moro,* rising to meet him, he graciously did welcome and entertain them. He was attired after the manner of the country, but more sumptuously than the rest. From his waist down to the ground was all cloth of gold, and the same very rich; his legs were bare, but on his feet were a pair of shoes, made of *Cordovan* skin. In the attire of his head were finely wreathed hooped rings of gold, and about his

[18] Plantains. [19] Probably Greeks (Arab. *Rumi*). [20] Resident agents.

neck he had a chain of perfect gold, the links whereof were great, and one fold double. On his fingers he had six very fair jewels; and sitting in his chair of state, at his right hand stood a page with a fan in his hand, breathing and gathering the air to the king. The same was in length two foot, and in breadth one foot, set with eight sapphires richly embroidered, and knit to a staff three foot in length, by the which the page did hold and move it. Our gentlemen having delivered their message and received order accordingly, were licensed to depart, being safely conducted back again by one of the king's council. This island is the chief of all the islands of *Maluco*, and the king hereof is king of 70 islands besides. The king with his people are Moors in religion, observing certain new moons, with fastings; during which fasts they neither eat nor drink in the day, but in the night.

After that our gentlemen were returned, and that we had here by the favour of the king received all necessary things that the place could yield us; our General considering the great distance, and how far he was yet off from his country, thought it not best here to linger the time any longer, but weighing his anchors, set out of the island, and sailed to a certain little island to the southwards of *Celebes*, where we graved our ship, and continued there, in that and other businesses, 26 days. This island is throughly grown with wood of a large and high growth, very straight, and without boughs, save only in the head or top, whose leaves are not much differing from our broom in *England*. Amongst these trees night by night, through the whole land, did shew themselves an infinite swarm of fiery worms flying in the air, whose bodies being no bigger than our common English flies, make such a show and light as if every twig or tree had been a burning candle. In this place breedeth also wonderful store of bats, as big as large hens. Of crayfishes also here wanted no plenty, and they of exceeding bigness, one whereof was sufficient for four hungry stomachs at a dinner, being also very good and restoring meat, whereof we had experience: and they dig themselves holes in the earth like coneys.

When we had ended our business here we weighed, and set sail to run for the *Malucos*. But having at that time a

bad wind, and being amongst the islands, with much difficulty we recovered to the northward of the island of *Celebes;* where by reason of contrary winds, not able to continue our course to run westwards, we were enforced to alter the same to the southward again, finding that course also to be very hard and dangerous for us, by reason of infinite shoals which lie off and among the islands; whereof we had too much trial, to the hazard and danger of our ship and lives. For, of all other days, upon the 9. of January, in the year 1579,[21] we ran suddenly upon a rock, where we stuck fast from eight of the clock at night till four of the clock in the afternoon the next day, being indeed out of all hope to escape the danger. But our General, as he had always hitherto shewed himself courageous, and of a good confidence in the mercy and protection of God, so now he continued in the same. And lest he should seem to perish wilfully, both he and we did our best endeavour to save ourselves; which it pleased God so to bless, that in the end we cleared ourselves most happily of the danger.

We lighted our ship upon the rocks of three ton of cloves, eight pieces of ordnance, and certain meal and beans; and then the wind, as it were in a moment by the special grace of God, changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, we hoised our sails, and the happy gale drove our ship off the rock into the sea again, to the no little comfort of all our hearts, for which we gave God such praise and thanks, as so great a benefit required.

The 8. of February following, we fell with the fruitful island of *Barateve,*[22] having in the mean time suffered many dangers by winds and shoals. The people of this island are comely in body and stature, and of a civil behaviour, just in dealing, and courteous to strangers; whereof we had the experience sundry ways, they being most glad of our presence, and very ready to relieve our wants in those things which their country did yield. The men go naked, saving their heads and loins, every man having something or other hanging at their ears. Their women are covered from the middle down to the foot, wearing a great number of bracelets upon their arms; for some had eight upon each arm,

[21] I. e. 1580. [22] Batjan.

being made some of bone, some of horn, and some of brass, the lightest whereof, by our estimation, weighed two ounces apiece. With this people linen-cloth is good merchandise, and of good request; whereof they make rolls for their heads, and girdles to wear about them. Their island is both rich and fruitful; rich in gold, silver, copper, and sulphur, wherein they seem skilful and expert, not only to try the same, but in working it also artificially into any form and fashion that pleaseth them. Their fruits be divers and plentiful; as nutmegs, ginger, long pepper, lemons, cucumbers, cocos, *figu, sagu,* with divers other sorts. And among all the rest we had one fruit, in bigness, form and husk, like a bay berry, hard of substance and pleasant of taste, which being sodden becometh soft, and is a most good and wholesome victual; whereof we took reasonable store, as we did also of the other fruits and spices. So that to confess a truth, since the time that we first set out of our own country of *England,* we happened upon no place, *Ternate* only excepted, wherein we found more comforts and better means of refreshing.

At our departure from *Barateve,* we set our course for *Java Major,*[23] where arriving, we found great courtesy, and honourable entertainment. This island is governed by five kings, whom they call *Rajah;* as *Rajah Donaw,* and *Rajah Mang Bange,* and *Rajah Cabuccapollo,* which live as having one spirit and one mind. Of these five we had four a-shipboard at once, and two or three often. They are wonderfully delighted in coloured clothes, as red and green; the upper part of their bodies are naked, save their heads, whereupon they wear a Turkish roll as do the *Maluccians.* From the middle downward they wear a *pintado* of silk, trailing upon the ground, in colour as they best like. The *Maluccians* hate that their women should be seen of strangers; but these offer them of high courtesy, yea, the kings themselves. The people are of goodly stature and warlike, well provided of swords and targets, with daggers, all being of their own work, and most artificially done, both in tempering their metal, as also in the form; whereof we bought reasonable store. They have an house in every village for their common assembly; every day they meet twice, men, women, and

[23] Java.

children, bringing with them such victuals as they think good, some fruits, some rice boiled, some hens roasted, some *sagu*, having a table made three foot from the ground, whereon they set their meat, that every person sitting at the table may eat, one rejoicing in the company of another. They boil their rice in an earthen pot, made in form of a sugar loaf, being full of holes, as our pots which we water our gardens withal, and it is open at the great end, wherein they put their rice dry, without any moisture. In the mean time they have ready another great earthen pot, set fast in a furnace, boiling full of water, whereinto they put their pot with rice, by such measure, that they swelling become soft at the first, and by their swelling stopping the holes of the pot, admit no more water to enter, but the more they are boiled, the harder and more firm substance they become. So that in the end they are a firm and good bread, of the which with oil, butter, sugar, and other spices, they make divers sorts of meats very pleasant of taste, and nourishing to nature. * * * Not long before our departure, they told us that not far off there were such great ships as ours, wishing us to beware; upon this our captain would stay no longer. From *Java Major* we sailed for the Cape of *Good Hope*, which was the first land we fell withal; neither did we touch with it, or any other land, until we came to *Sierra Leona*, upon the coast of *Guinea;* notwithstanding we ran hard aboard the cape, finding the report of the Portugals to be most false, who affirm that it is the most dangerous cape of the world, never without intolerable storms and present danger to travellers which come near the same. This cape is a most stately thing, and the fairest cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth, and we passed by it the 18. of June. From thence we continued our course to *Sierra Leona*, on the coast of *Guinea*, where we arrived the 22. of July, and found necessary provisions, great store of elephants, oysters upon trees of one kind,[24] spawning and increasing infinitely, the oyster suffering no bud to grow. We departed thence the four and twentieth day.

We arrived in *England* the third of November, 1580, being the third year of our departure.

[24] The mangrove.

DRAKE'S GREAT ARMADA

NEARLY five years elapsed between Drake's return from his Famous Voyage and the despatch of the formidable armament commemorated in the following pages. During the last of these years the march of events had been remarkably rapid. Gilbert, who had been empowered by Elizabeth, in the year of Frobisher's last expedition, to found colonies in America, had sailed for that purpose to Newfoundland (1583), and had perished at sea on his way homeward. Raleigh, who had succeeded to his half-brother's enterprises, had despatched his exploring expedition to 'Virginia,' under Amadas and Barlow, in 1584, and had followed it up in the next year (1585) by an actual colony. In April Sir Richard Greenville sailed from Plymouth, and at Raleigh's expense established above a hundred colonists on the island of Roanoak. Drake's Great Armada left Plymouth in September of the same year. It marked a turning-point in the relations between the English and Spanish monarchs. Elizabeth, knowing that the suppression of the insurrection in the Netherlands would be followed by an attack upon England, was treating with the insurgents. Philip deemed it prudent to lay an embargo on all her subjects, together with their ships and goods, that might be found in his dominions. Elizabeth at once authorized general reprisals on the ships and goods of Spaniards. A company of adventurers was quickly formed for taking advantage of this permission on a scale commensurate with the national resources. They equipped an armada of twenty-five vessels, manned by 2,300 men, and despatched it under the command of Drake to plunder Spanish America. Frobisher was second in command. Two-thirds of the booty were to belong to the adventurers; the remaining third was to be divided among the men employed in the expedition.

Drake's armament of 1585 was the greatest that had ever crossed the Atlantic. After plundering some vessels at the Vigo river, he sailed for the West Indies by way of the Canaries and Cape Verde Islands, hoisted the English flag over Santiago and

burnt the town, crossed the Atlantic in eighteen days, and arrived at Dominica. At daybreak, on New Year's Day, 1586, Drake's soldiers landed in Española, a few miles to the west of the capital, and before evening Carlile and Powell had entered the city, which the colonists only saved from destruction by the payment of a heavy ransom. Drake's plan was to do exactly the same at Carthagena and Nombre de Dios, and thence to strike across the isthmus and secure the treasure that lay waiting for transport at Panama. Drake held St. Domingo for a month, and Carthagena for six weeks. He was compelled to forego the further prosecution of his enterprise. A deadly fever, which had attacked the men during the sojourn at Santiago, still continued its ravages. In existing circumstances, even had Nombre de Dios been successfully attacked, the march to Panama was out of the question; and after consultation with the military commanders, Drake resolved on sailing home at once by way of Florida. He brought back with him all the colonists who had been left by Sir Richard Greenville in 'Virginia.' Drake had offered either to furnish them with stores, and to leave them a ship, or to take them home. The former offer was accepted: but a furious storm which ensued caused them to change their minds. They recognized in it the hand of God, whose will it evidently was that they should no longer be sojourners in the American wilderness; and the first English settlement of 'Virginia' was abandoned accordingly.

Ten years afterwards (1595) Drake was again at the head of a similar expedition. The second command was given to his old associate Hawkins, Frobisher, his Vice-Admiral in 1585, having recently died of the wound received at Crozon. This time Nombre de Dios was taken and burnt, and 750 soldiers set out under Sir Thomas Baskerville to march to Panama: but at the first of the three forts which the Spaniards had by this time constructed, the march had to be abandoned. Drake did not long survive this second failure of his favourite scheme. He was attacked by dysentery a fortnight afterwards, and in a month he died. When he felt the hand of death upon him, he rose, dressed himself, and endeavoured to make a farewell speech to those around him. Exhausted by the effort, he was lifted to his berth, and within an hour breathed his last. Hawkins had died off Puerto Rico six weeks previously.

The following narrative is in the main the composition of

Walter Biggs, who commanded a company of musketeers under Carlile. Biggs was one of the five hundred and odd men who succumbed to the fever. He died shortly after the fleet sailed from Carthagena; and the narrative was completed by some comrade. The story of this expedition, which had inflicted such damaging blows on the Spaniards in America, was eminently calculated to inspire courage among those who were resisting them in Europe. Cates, one of Carlile's lieutenants, obtained the manuscript and prepared it for the press, accompanied by illustrative maps and plans. The publication was delayed by the Spanish Armada; but a copy found its way to Holland, where it was translated into Latin, and appeared at Leyden, in a slightly abridged form, in 1588. The original English narrative duly appeared in London in the next year. The document called the 'Resolution of the Land-Captains' was inserted by Hakluyt when he reprinted the narrative in 1600.

DRAKE'S GREAT ARMADA

[NARRATIVE MAINLY BY CAPTAIN WALTER BIGGS]

A Summary and True Discourse of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S *West Indian Voyage, begun in the year 1585. Wherein were taken the cities of* SANTIAGO, SANTO DOMINGO, CARTHAGENA, *and the town of* ST. AUGUSTINE, *in* FLORIDA. *Published by* MASTER THOMAS CATES.

THIS worthy knight, for the service of his prince and country, having prepared his whole fleet, and gotten them down to *Plymouth,* in *Devonshire,* to the number of five and twenty sail of ships and pinnaces, and having assembled of soldiers and mariners to the number of 2,300 in the whole, embarked them and himself at *Plymouth* aforesaid, the 12. day of September, 1585, being accompanied with these men of name and charge which hereafter follow: Master *Christopher Carlile,* Lieutenant-General, a man of long experience in the wars as well by sea as land, who had formerly carried high offices in both kinds in many fights, which he discharged always very happily, and with great good reputation; *Anthony Powell,* Sergeant-Major; Captain *Matthew Morgan,* and Captain *John Sampson,* Corporals of the Field. These officers had commandment over the rest of the land-captains, whose names hereafter follow: Captain *Anthony Platt,* Captain *Edward Winter,* Captain *John Goring,* Captain *Robert Pew,* Captain *George Barton,* Captain *John Merchant,* Captain *William Cecil,* Captain *Walter Biggs,*[1] Captain *John Hannam,* Captain *Richard Stanton.* Captain *Martin Frobisher,* Vice-Admiral, a man of great experience in seafaring actions, who had carried the chief charge of many ships himself, in sundry voyages before, being now shipped in the *Primrose;* Captain *Francis Knolles,* Rear-Admiral in the galleon *Leicester;* Master *Thomas Venner,* captain in the *Elizabeth Bonadventure,* under the

[1] The writer of the first part of the narrative.

General; Master *Edward Winter*, captain in the *Aid;* Master *Christopher Carlile*, the Lieutenant-General, captain of the *Tiger; Henry White*, captain of the *Sea-Dragon; Thomas Drake*,[2] captain of the *Thomas; Thomas Seeley*, captain of the *Minion; Baily*, captain of the *Talbot; Robert Cross*, captain of the bark *Bond; George Fortescue*, captain of the bark *Bonner; Edward Careless*, captain of the *Hope; James Erizo*, captain of the *White Lion; Thomas Moon*, captain of the *Francis; John Rivers*, captain of the *Vantage; John Vaughan*, captain of the *Drake; John Varney*, captain of the *George; John Martin*, captain of the *Benjamin; Edward Gilman*, captain of the *Scout; Richard Hawkins*, captain of the galliot called the *Duck; Bitfield*, captain of the *Swallow*.

After our going hence, which was the 14. of September, in the year of our Lord 1585, and taking our course towards *Spain*, we had the wind for a few days somewhat scant, and sometimes calm. And being arrived near that part of *Spain* which is called the *Moors*,[3] we happened to espy divers sails, which kept their course close by the shore, the weather being fair and calm. The General caused the Vice-Admiral to go with the pinnaces well manned to see what they were; who upon sight of the said pinnaces approaching near unto them, abandoned for the most part all their ships, being Frenchmen, laden all with salt, and bound homewards into *France*. Amongst which ships, being all of small burthen, there was one so well liked, which also had no man in her, as being brought unto the General, he thought good to make stay of her for the service, meaning to pay for her, as also accordingly he performed at our return; which bark was called the *Drake*. The rest of these ships, being eight or nine, were dismissed without anything at all taken from them. Who being afterwards put somewhat farther off from the shore, by the contrariety of the wind, we happened to meet with some other French ships, full laden with *Newland* fish, being upon their return homeward from the said *Newfoundland;* whom the General after some speech had with them, and seeing plainly that they were Frenchmen, dismissed, without once suffering any man to go aboard of them.

The day following, standing in with the shore again, we

[2] Francis Drake's brother. [3] Muros, S. of Cape Finisterre.

descried another tall ship of twelve score tons or thereabouts, upon whom *Master Carlile,* the Lieutenant-General, being in the *Tiger,* undertook the chase; whom also anon after the Admiral followed. And the *Tiger* having caused the said strange ship to strike her sails, kept her there without suffering anybody to go aboard until the Admiral was come up; who forthwith sending for the master, and divers others of their principal men, and causing them to be severally examined, found the ship and goods to be belonging to the inhabitants of *St. Sebastian,* in *Spain,* but the mariners to be for the most part belonging to *St. John de Luz,* and the *Passage.*[4] In this ship was great store of dry *Newland* fish, commonly called with us *Poor John;* whereof afterwards, being thus found a lawful prize, there was distribution made into all the ships of the fleet, the same being so new and good, as it did very greatly bestead us in the whole course of our voyage. A day or two after the taking of this ship we put in within the Isles of *Bayon,*[5] for lack of favourable wind. Where we had no sooner anchored some part of the fleet, but the General commanded all the pinnaces with the shipboats to be manned, and every man to be furnished with such arms as were needful for that present service; which being done, the General put himself into his galley, which was also well furnished, and rowing towards the city of *Bayon,* with intent, and the favour of the Almighty, to surprise it. Before we had advanced one half-league of our way there came a messenger, being an English merchant, from the governor, to see what strange fleet we were; who came to our General, conferred a while with him, and after a small time spent, our General called for Captain *Sampson,* and willed him to go to the governor of the city, to resolve him of two points. The first to know *if there were any wars between Spain and England;* the second, *why our merchants with their goods were embarged or arrested?* Thus departed Captain *Sampson* with the said messenger to the city, where he found the governor and people much amazed of such a sudden accident. The General, with the advice and counsel of Master *Carlile,* his Lieutenant-General, who was in the galley with him,

[4] Passages, E. of San Sebastian.
[5] The Cies Islets, at the mouth of the Vigo River.

thought not good to make any stand, till such time as they were within the shot of the city, where they might be ready upon the return of Captain *Sampson,* to make a sudden attempt, if cause did require, before it were dark.

Captain *Sampson* returned with his message in this sort:—First, touching peace or wars, the governor said *he knew of no wars and that it lay not in him to make any, he being so mean a subject as he was. And as for the stay of the merchants with their goods, it was the king's pleasure, but not with intent to endamage any man. And that the king's counter-commandment was* (which had been received in that place some seven-night before) *that English merchants with their goods should be discharged.* For the more verifying whereof, he sent such merchants as were in the town of our nation, who trafficked those parts; which being at large declared to our General by them, counsel was taken what might best be done. And for that the night approached, it was thought needful to land our forces, which was done in the shutting up of the day; and having quartered ourselves to our most advantage, with sufficient guard upon every strait, we thought to rest ourselves for that night there. The Governor sent us some refreshing, as bread, wine, oil, apples, grapes, marmalade and such like. About midnight the weather began to overcast, insomuch that it was thought meeter to repair aboard, than to make any longer abode on land. And before we could recover the fleet a great tempest arose, which caused many of our ships to drive from their anchorhold, and some were forced to sea in great peril, as the bark *Talbot,* the bark *Hawkins,* and the *Speedwell;* which *Speedwell* only was driven into England, the others recovered us again. The extremity of the storm lasted three days; which no sooner began to assuage, but Master *Carlile,* our Lieutenant-General, was sent with his own ship and three others, as also with the galley and with divers pinnaces, to see what he might do above *Vigo,* where he took many boats and some carvels, diversely laden with things of small value, but chiefly with household stuff, running into the high country. And amongst the rest he found one boat laden with the principal church stuff of the high church of *Vigo,* where also was their great cross of silver, of very fair embossed work,

and double-gilt all over, having cost them a great mass of money. They complained to have lost in all kinds of goods above thirty thousand ducats in this place.

The next day the General with his whole fleet went from up the Isles of *Bayon* to a very good harbour above *Vigo*, where Master *Carlile* stayed his coming, as well for the more quiet riding of his ships, as also for the good commodity of fresh watering which the place there did afford full well. In the meantime the governor of *Galicia* had reared such forces as he might (his numbers by estimate were some 2000 foot and 300 horse), and marched from *Bayona* to this part of the country, which lay in sight of our fleet; where, making a stand, he sent to parley with our General. Which was granted by our General, so it might be in boats upon the water; and for safety of their persons there were pledges delivered on both sides. Which done, the governor of *Galicia* put himself with two others into our Vice-Admiral's skiff, the same having been sent to the shore for him, and in like sort our General went in his own skiff. Where by them it was agreed we should furnish ourselves with fresh water, to be taken by our own people quietly on the land, and have all other such necessaries, paying for the same, as the place would afford.

When all our business was ended we departed, and took our way by the Islands of *Canaria*, which are esteemed some 300 leagues from this part of *Spain;* and falling purposely with *Palma*, with intention to have taken our pleasure of that place, for the full digesting of many things into order, and the better furnishing our store with such several good things as it affordeth very abundantly, we were forced by the vile sea-gate, which at that present fell out, and by the naughtiness of the landing-place, being but one, and that under the favour of many platforms well furnished with great ordnance, to depart with the receipt of many of their cannon-shot, some into our ships and some besides, some of them being in very deed full cannon high. But the only or chief mischief was the dangerous sea-surge, which at shore all alongst plainly threatened the overthrow of as many pinnaces and boats as for that time should have attempted any landing at all.

Now seeing the expectation of this attempt frustrated by the causes aforesaid, we thought it meeter to fall with the Isle *Ferro,* to see if we could find any better fortune; and coming to the island we landed a thousand men in a valley under a high mountain, where we stayed some two or three hours. In which time the inhabitants, accompanied with a young fellow born in *England,* who dwelt there with them, came unto us, shewing their state to be so poor that they were all ready to starve, which was not untrue; and therefore without anything gotten, we were all commanded presently to embark, so as that night we put off to sea south-south-east along towards the coast of *Barbary.*

Upon Saturday in the morning, being the 13. of November, we fell with *Cape Blank,* which is a low land and shallow water, where we catched store of fish; and doubling the cape, we put into the bay, where we found certain French ships of war, whom we entertained with great courtesy, and there left them. This afternoon the whole fleet assembled, which was a little scattered about their fishing, and put from thence to the Isles of *Cape Verde,* sailing till the 16. of the same month in the morning; on which day we descried the Island of *Santiago.* And in the evening we anchored the fleet between the town called the *Playa* or *Praya* and *Santiago;* where we put on shore 1000 men or more, under the leading of Master *Christopher Carlile,* Lieutenant-General, who directed the service most like a wise commander. The place where we had first to march did afford no good order, for the ground was mountainous and full of dales, being a very stony and troublesome passage; but such was his industrious disposition, as he would never leave, until we had gotten up to a fair plain, where we made stand for the assembling of the army. And when we were all gathered together upon the plain, some two miles from the town, the Lieutenant-General thought good not to make attempt till daylight, because there was not one that could serve for guide or giving knowledge at all of the place. And therefore after having well rested, even half an hour before day, he commanded the army to be divided into three special parts, such as he appointed, whereas before we had marched by several companies, being thereunto forced by the badness

of the way as is aforesaid. Now by the time we were thus ranged into a very brave order, daylight began to appear. And being advanced hard to the wall, we saw no enemy to resist. Whereupon the Lieutenant-General appointed Captain *Sampson* with thirty shot,[6] and Captain *Barton* with other thirty, to go down into the town, which stood in the valley under us, and might very plainly be viewed all over from that place where the whole army was now arrived; and presently after these captains was sent the great ensign, which had nothing in it but the plain English cross, to be placed towards the sea, that our fleet might see *St. George's* cross flourish in the enemy's fortress. Order was given that all the ordnance throughout the town and upon all the platforms, which were about fifty pieces all ready charged, should be shot off in honour of the Queen's Majesty's coronation day, being the 17. of November, after the yearly custom of *England*, which was so answered again by the ordnance out of all the ships in the fleet, which now was come near, as it was strange to hear such a thundering noise last so long together. In this mean while the Lieutenant-General held still the most part of his force on the hilltop, till such time as the town was quartered out for the lodging of the whole army. Which being done, every captain took his own quarter; and in the evening was placed such a sufficient guard upon every part of the town that we had no cause to fear any present enemy. Thus we continued in the city the space of fourteen days, taking such spoils as the place yielded, which were, for the most part, wine, oil, meal, and some other such like things for victual as vinegar, olives, and some other trash, as merchandise for their Indian trades. But there was not found any treasure at all, or anything else of worth besides.

The situation of *Santiago* is somewhat strange; in form like a triangle, having on the east and west sides two mountains of rock and cliff, as it were hanging over it; upon the top of which two mountains were builded certain fortifications to preserve the town from any harm that might be offered, as in a plot is plainly shewed. From thence on the south side of the town is the main sea; and on the north side,

[6] Musketeers.

the valley lying between the aforesaid mountains, wherein the town standeth. The said valley and town both do grow very narrow; insomuch that the space between the two cliffs of this end of the town is estimated not to be above ten or twelve score [yards] over. In the midst of the valley cometh down a riveret, rill, or brook of fresh water, which hard by the seaside maketh a pond or pool, whereout our ships were watered with very great ease and pleasure. Somewhat above the town on the north side, between the two mountains, the valley waxeth somewhat larger than at the town's end; which valley is wholly converted into gardens and orchards, well replenished with divers sorts of fruits, herbs, and trees, as lemons, oranges, sugar-canes, *cocars* or cocos nuts, plantains, potato-roots, cucumbers, small and round onions, garlic, and some other things not now remembered. Amongst which the cocos nuts and plantains are very pleasant fruits; the said cocos hath a hard shell and a green husk over it as hath our walnut, but it far exceedeth in greatness, for this cocos in his green husk is bigger than any man's two fists. Of the hard shell many drinking cups are made here in *England*, and set in silver as I have often seen. Next within this hard shell is a white rind resembling in show very much, even as any thing may do, to the white of an egg when it is hard boiled. And within this white of the nut lieth a water, which is whitish and very clear, to the quantity of half a pint or thereabouts; which water and white rind before spoken of are both of a very cool fresh taste, and as pleasing as anything may be. I have heard some hold opinion that it is very restorative. The plantain groweth in cods, somewhat like to beans, but is bigger and longer, and much more thick together on the stalk; and when it waxeth ripe, the meat which filleth the rind of the cod becometh yellow, and is exceeding sweet and pleasant.

In this time of our being there happened to come a Portugal to the western fort, with a flag of truce. To whom Captain *Sampson* was sent with Captain *Goring;* who coming to the said messenger, he first asked them, *What nation they were?* they answered *Englishmen.* He then required to know *if wars were between England and Spain;* to which

they answered, *that they knew not, but if he would go to their General he could best resolve him of such particulars.* And for his assurance of passage and repassage these captains made offer to engage their credits, which he refused for that he was not sent from his governor. Then they told him if his governor did desire to take a course for the common benefit of the people and country his best way were to come and present himself unto our noble and merciful governor, Sir *Francis Drake,* whereby he might be assured to find favour, both for himself and the inhabitants. Otherwise within three days we should march over the land, and consume with fire all inhabited places, and put to the sword all such living souls as we should chance upon. So thus much he took for the conclusion of his answer. And departing, he promised to return the next day; but we never heard more of him.

Upon the 24. of November, the General, accompanied with the Lieutenant-General and 600 men, marched forth to a village twelve miles within the land, called *Saint Domingo,* where the governor and the bishop, with all the better sort, were lodged; and by eight of the clock we came to it, finding the place abandoned, and the people fled into the mountains. So we made stand a while to ease ourselves, and partly to see if any would come to speak to us. After we had well rested ourselves, the General commanded the troops to march away homewards. In which retreat the enemy shewed themselves, both horse and foot, though not such force as durst encounter us; and so in passing some time at the gaze with them, it waxed late and towards night before we could recover home to *Santiago.*

On Monday, the 26. of November, the General commanded all the pinnaces with the boats to use all diligence to embark the army into such ships as every man belonged. The Lieutenant-General in like sort commanded Captain *Goring* and Lieutenant *Tucker,* with one hundred shot, to make a stand in the marketplace until our forces were wholly embarked; the Vice-Admiral making stay with his pinnace and certain boats in the harbour, to bring the said last company aboard the ships. Also the General willed forthwith the galley with two pinnaces to take into them the company

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of Captain *Barton,* and the company of Captain *Biggs,* under the leading of Captain *Sampson,* to seek out such munition as was hidden in the ground, at the town of *Praya,* or *Playa,* having been promised to be shewed it by a prisoner which was taken the day before.

The captains aforesaid coming to the *Playa,* landed their men; and having placed the troop in their best strength, Captain *Sampson* took the prisoner, and willed him to show that he had promised. The which he could not, or at least would not; but they searching all suspected places, found two pieces of ordnance, one of iron, another of brass. In the afternoon the General anchored with the rest of the fleet before the *Playa,* coming himself ashore, willing us to burn the town and make all haste aboard; the which was done by six of the clock the same day, and ourselves embarked again the same night. And so we put off to sea south-west.

But before our departure from the town of *Santiago,* we established orders for the better government of the army. Every man mustered to his captain, and oaths were ministered, to acknowledge her Majesty supreme Governor, as also every man to do his uttermost endeavour to advance the service of the action, and to yield due obedience unto the directions of the General and his officers. By this provident counsel, and laying down this good foundation beforehand, all things went forward in a due course, to the achieving of our happy enterprise.

In all the time of our being here, neither the governor for the said King of *Spain,* which is a Portugal, neither the bishop, whose authority is great, neither the inhabitants of the town, or island, ever came at us; which we expected they should have done, to entreat us to leave them some part of their needful provisions, or at the least to spare the ruining of their town at our going away. The cause of this their unreasonable distrust, as I do take it, was the fresh remembrance of the great wrongs that they had done to old Master *William Hawkins,* of *Plymouth,* in the voyage he made four or five years before, whenas they did both break their promise, and murdered many of his men; whereof I judge you have understood, and therefore it is needless to be repeated. But since they came not at us, we left written in sundry

places, as also in the Spital House (which building was only appointed to be spared), the great discontentment and scorn we took at this their refraining to come unto us, as also at the rude manner of killing, and savage kind of handling the dead body of one of our boys found by them straggling all alone, from whom they had taken his head and heart, and had straggled the other bowels about the place, in a most brutish and beastly manner. In revenge whereof at our departing we consumed with fire all the houses, as well in the country which we saw, as in the town of *Santiago*.

From hence putting off to the *West Indies*, we were not many days at sea but there began among our people such mortality as in a few days there were dead above two or three hundred men. And until some seven or eight days after our coming from *Santiago*, there had not died any one man of sickness in all the fleet. The sickness showed not his infection, wherewith so many were strucken, until we were departed thence; and then seized our people with extreme hot burning and continual agues, whereof very few escaped with life, and yet those for the most part not without great alteration and decay of their wits and strength for a long time after. In some that died were plainly shown the small spots which are often found upon those that be infected with the plague. We were not above eighteen days in passage between the sight of *Santiago* aforesaid, and the island of *Dominica*, being the first island of the *West Indies* that we fell withal; the same being inhabited with savage people, which go all naked, their skin coloured with some painting of a reddish tawny, very personable and handsome strong men, who do admit little conversation with the Spaniards; for, as some of our people might understand them, they had a Spaniard or twain prisoners with them. Neither do I think that there is any safety for any of our nation, or any other, to be within the limits of their commandment; albeit they used us very kindly for those few hours of time which we spent with them, helping our folks to fill and carry on their bare shoulders fresh water from the river to our ships' boats, and fetching from their houses great store of *tabacco*, as also a kind of bread which they fed on, called *cassavi*, very white and savoury, made of the roots of

cassavi. In recompense whereof we bestowed liberal rewards of glass, coloured beads, and other things, which we had found at *Santiago;* wherewith, as it seemed, they rested very greatly satisfied, and shewed some sorrowful countenance when they perceived that we would depart.

From hence we went to another island westward of it, called *Saint Christopher's* Island; wherein we spent some days of Christmas, to refresh our sick people, and to cleanse and air our ships. In which island were not any people at all that we could hear of.

In which time by the General it was advised and resolved, with the consent of the Lieutenant-General, the Vice-Admiral, and all the rest of the captains, to proceed to the great island of *Hispaniola,* as well for that we knew ourselves then to be in our best strength, as also the rather allured thereunto by the glorious fame of the city of *St. Domingo,* being the ancientest and chief inhabited place in all the tract of country thereabouts. And so proceeding in this determination, by the way we met a small frigate, bound for the same place, the which the Vice-Admiral took; and having duly examined the men that were in her, there was one found by whom we were advertised the haven to be a barred haven, and the shore or land thereof to be well fortified, having a castle thereupon furnished with great store of artillery, without the danger whereof was no convenient landing-place within ten English miles of the city, to which the said pilot took upon him to conduct us.

All things being thus considered on, the whole forces were commanded in the evening to embark themselves in pinnaces, boats, and other small barks appointed for this service. Our soldiers being thus embarked, the General put himself into the bark *Francis* as Admiral; and all this night we lay on the sea, bearing small sail until our arrival to the landing-place, which was about the breaking of the day. And so we landed, being New Year's Day, nine or ten miles to the westwards of that brave city of *St. Domingo;* for at that time nor yet is known to us any landing-place, where the sea-surge doth not threaten to overset a pinnace or boat. Our General having seen us all landed in safety, returned to his fleet, bequeathing us to God, and the good conduct of

Master *Carlile,* our Lieutenant-General; at which time, being about eight of the clock, we began to march. And about noon-time, or towards one of the clock, we approached the town; where the gentlemen and those of the better sort, being some hundred and fifty brave horses, or rather more, began to present themselves. But our small shot played upon them, which were so sustained with good proportion of pikes in all parts, as they finding no part of our troop unprepared to receive them (for you must understand they viewed all round about) they were thus driven to give us leave to proceed towards the two gates of the town which were the next to the seaward. They had manned them both, and planted their ordnance for that present and sudden alarm without the gate, and also some troops of small shot in *ambuscado* upon the highway side. We divided our whole force, being some thousand or twelve hundred men, into two parts, to enterprise both the gates at one instant; the Lieutenant-General having openly vowed to Captain *Powell,* who led the troop that entered the other gate, that with God's good favour he would not rest until our meeting in the market-place.

Their ordnance had no sooner discharged upon our near approach, and made some execution amongst us, though not much, but the Lieutenant-General began forthwith to advance both his voice of encouragement and pace of marching; the first man that was slain with the ordnance being very near unto himself; and thereupon hasted all that he might, to keep them from the recharging of the ordnance. And notwithstanding their *ambuscados,* we marched or rather ran so roundly into them, as pell-mell we entered the gates, and gave them more care every man to save himself by flight, than reason to stand any longer to their broken fight. We forthwith repaired to the market-place, but to be more truly understood, a place of very spacious square ground; whither also came, as had been agreed, Captain *Powell* with the other troop. Which place with some part next unto it, we strengthened with *barricados,* and there as the most convenient place assured ourselves, the city being far too spacious for so small and weary a troop to undertake to guard. Somewhat after midnight, they who

had the guard of the castle, hearing us busy about the gates of the said castle, abandoned the same; some being taken prisoners, and some fleeing away by the help of boats to the other side of the haven, and so into the country.

The next day we quartered a little more at large, but not into the half part of the town; and so making substantial trenches, and planting all the ordnance, that each part was correspondent to other, we held this town the space of one month.

In the which time happened some accidents, more than are well remembered for the present. But amongst other things, it chanced that the General sent on his message to the Spaniards a negro boy with a flag of white, signifying truce, as is the Spanish ordinary manner to do there, when they approach to speak to us; which boy unhappily was first met withal by some of those who had been belonging as officers for the king in the Spanish galley, which with the town was lately fallen into our hands. Who, without all order or reason, and contrary to that good usage wherewith we had entertained their messengers, furiously struck the poor boy through the body with one of their horsemen's staves; with which wound the boy returned to the General, and after he had declared the manner of this wrongful cruelty, died forthwith in his presence. Wherewith the General being greatly passioned, commanded the provost-marshal to cause a couple of friars, then prisoners, to be carried to the same place where the boy was strucken, accompanied with sufficient guard of our soldiers, and there presently to be hanged, despatching at the same instant another poor prisoner, with this reason wherefore this execution was done, and with this message further, that until the party who had thus murdered the General's messenger were delivered into our hands to receive condign punishment, there should no day pass wherein there should not two prisoners be hanged, until they were all consumed which were in our hands. Whereupon the day following, he that had been captain of the king's galley brought the offender to the town's end, offering to deliver him into our hands. But it was thought to be a more honourable revenge to make them there, in our sight, to perform the execution themselves; which was done accordingly.

During our being in this town, as formerly also at *Santiago* there had passed justice upon the life of one of our own company for an odious matter, so here likewise was there an Irishman hanged for the murdering of his corporal.

In this time also passed many treaties between their commissioners and us, for ransom of their city; but upon disagreements we still spent the early mornings in firing the outmost houses; but they being built very magnificently of stone, with high lofts, gave us no small travail to ruin them. And albeit for divers days together we ordained each morning by daybreak, until the heat began at nine of the clock, that two hundred mariners did naught else but labour to fire and burn the said houses without our trenches, whilst the soldiers in a like proportion stood forth for their guard; yet did we not, or could not in this time consume so much as one-third part of the town, which town is plainly described and set forth in a certain map. And so in the end, what wearied with firing, and what hastened by some other respects, we were contented to accept of 25,000 ducats of five shillings six-pence the piece, for the ransom of the rest of the town.

Amongst other things which happened and were found at *St. Domingo,* I may not omit to let the world know one very notable mark and token of the unsatiable ambition of the Spanish king and his nation, which was found in the king's house, wherein the chief governor of that city and country is appointed always to lodge, which was this. In the coming to the hall or other rooms of this house, you must first ascend up by a fair large pair of stairs, at the head of which stairs is a handsome spacious place to walk in, somewhat like unto a gallery. Wherein, upon one of the walls, right over against you as you enter the said place, so as your eye cannot escape the sight of it, there is described and painted in a very large scutcheon the arms of the King of *Spain;* and in the lower part of the said scutcheon their is likewise described a globe, containing in it the whole circuit of the sea and the earth, whereupon is a horse standing on his hinder part within the globe, and the other forepart without the globe, lifted up as it were to leap, with a scroll painted in his mouth, wherein was written these

words in Latin, NON SUFFICIT ORBIS, which is as much to say as, *The world sufficeth not.* Whereof the meaning was required to be known of some of those of the better sort that came in commission to treat upon the ransom of the town; who would shake their heads and turn aside their countenance, in some smiling sort, without answering anything, as greatly ashamed thereof. For by some of our company it was told them, that if the Queen of *England* would resolutely prosecute the wars against the King of *Spain,* he should be forced to lay aside that proud and unreasonable reaching vein of his; for he should find more than enough to do to keep that which he had already, as by the present example of their lost town they might for a beginning perceive well enough.

Now to the satisfying of some men, who marvel greatly that such a famous and goodly-builded city, so well inhabited of gallant people, very brave in their apparel (whereof our soldiers found good store for their relief), should afford no greater riches than was found there. Herein it is to be understood that the Indian people, which were the natives of this whole island of *Hispaniola* (the same being near hand as great as *England*), were many years since clean consumed by the tyranny of the Spaniards; which was the cause that, for lack of people to work in the mines, the gold and silver mines of this island are wholly given over. And thereby they are fain in this island to use copper money, whereof was found very great quantity. The chief trade of this place consisteth of sugar and ginger, which groweth in the island, and of hides of oxen and kine, which in this waste country of the island are bred in infinite numbers, the soil being very fertile. And the said beasts are fed up to a very large growth, and so killed for nothing so much as for their hides aforesaid. We found here great store of strong wine, sweet oil, vinegar, olives, and other such-like provisions, as excellent wheat-meal packed up in wine-pipes and other cask, and other commodities likewise, as woollen and linen cloth and some silks; all which provisions are brought out of *Spain,* and served us for great relief. There was but a little plate or vessel of silver, in comparison of the great pride in other things of this town, because in these

hot countries they use much of those earthen dishes finely painted or varnished, which they call *porcellana,* which is had out of the East *India;* and for their drinking they use glasses altogether, whereof they make excellent good and fair in the same place. But yet some plate we found, and many other good things, as their household garniture, very gallant and rich, which had cost them dear, although unto us they were of small importance.

From *St. Domingo* we put over to the main or firm land, and, going all along the coast, we came at last in sight of *Carthagena,* standing upon the seaside, so near as some of our barks in passing alongst approached within the reach of their culverin shot, which they had planted upon certain platforms. The harbour-mouth lay some three miles toward the westward of the town, whereinto we entered at about three or four of the clock in the afternoon without any resistance of ordnance or other impeachment planted upon the same. In the evening we put ourselves on land towards the harbour-mouth, under the leading of Master *Carlile,* our Lieutenant-General. Who, after he had digested us to march forward about midnight, as easily as foot might fall, expressly commanded us to keep close by the sea-wash of the shore for our best and surest way; whereby we were like to go through, and not to miss any more of the way, which once we had lost within an hour after our first beginning to march, through the slender knowledge of him that took upon him to be our guide, whereby the night spent on, which otherwise must have been done by resting. But as we came within some two miles of the town, their horsemen, which were some hundred, met us, and, taking the alarm, retired to their townward again upon the first volley of our shot that was given them; for the place where we encountered being woody and bushy, even to the waterside, was unmeet for their service.

At this instant we might hear some pieces of artillery discharged, with divers small shot, towards the harbour; which gave us to understand, according to the order set down in the evening before by our General, that the Vice-Admiral, accompanied with Captain *Venner,* Captain *White,* and Captain *Cross,* with other sea captains, and with divers

pinnaces and boats, should give some attempt unto the little fort standing on the entry of the inner haven, near adjoining to the town, though to small purpose, for that the place was strong, and the entry, very narrow, was chained over; so as there could be nothing gotten by the attempt more than the giving of them an alarm on that other side of the haven, being a mile and a-half from the place we now were at. In which attempt the Vice-Admiral had the rudder of his skiff strucken through with a saker[7] shot, and a little or no harm received elsewhere.

The troops being now in their march, half-a-mile behither the town or less, the ground we were on grew to be strait, and not above fifty paces over, having the main sea on the one side of it and the harbour-water or inner sea (as you may term it) on the other side, which in the plot is plainly shewed. This strait was fortified clean over with a stone wall and a ditch without it, the said wall being as orderly built, with flanking in every part, as can be set down. There was only so much of this strait unwalled as might serve for the issuing of the horsemen or the passing of carriage in time of need. But this unwalled part was not without a very good *barricado* of wine-butts or pipes, filled with earth, full and thick as they might stand on end one by another, some part of them standing even within the main sea. This place of strength was furnished with six great pieces, demiculverins[8] and sakers, which shot directly in front upon us as we approached. Now without this wall, upon the inner side of the strait, they had brought likewise two great galleys with their prows to the shore, having planted in them eleven pieces of ordnance, which did beat all cross the strait, and flanked our coming on. In these two galleys were planted three or four hundred small shot, and on the land, in the guard only of this place, three hundred shot and pikes.

They, in this their full readiness to receive us, spared not their shot both great and small. But our Lieutenant-General, taking the advantage of the dark (the daylight as yet not broken out) approached by the lowest ground, according to the express direction which himself had for-

[7] Bore 3½ inches, shot 5 lb. [8] Bore 4½ inches, shot 9 lb.

merly given, the same being the sea-wash shore, where the water was somewhat fallen, so as most of all their shot was in vain. Our Lieutenant-General commanded our shot to forbear shooting until we were come to the wall-side. And so with pikes roundly together we approached the place, where we soon found out the *barricados* of pipes or butts to be the meetest place for our assault; which, notwithstanding it was well furnished with pikes and shots, was without staying attempted by us. Down went the butts of earth, and pell-mell came our swords and pikes together, after our shot had first given their volley, even at the enemy's nose. Our pikes were somewhat longer than theirs, and our bodies better armed; for very few of them were armed. With which advantage our swords and pikes grew too hard for them, and they driven to give place. In this furious entry the Lieutenant-General slew with his own hands the chief ensign-bearer of the Spaniards, who fought very manfully to his life's end.

We followed into the town with them, and, giving them no leisure to breathe, we won the market-place, albeit they made head and fought awhile before we got it. And so we being once seized and assured of that, they were content to suffer us to lodge within their town, and themselves to go to their wives, whom they had carried into other places of the country before our coming thither. At every street's end they had raised very fine *barricados* of earth-works, with trenches without them, as well made as ever we saw any work done; at the entering whereof was some little resistance, but soon overcome it was, with few slain or hurt. They had joined with them many Indians, whom they had placed in corners of advantage, all bowmen, with their arrows most villainously empoisoned, so as if they did but break the skin, the party so touched died without great marvel. Some they slew of our people with their arrows; some they likewise mischiefed to death with certain pricks of small sticks sharply pointed, of a foot and a-half long, the one end put into the ground, the other empoisoned, sticking fast up, right against our coming in the way as we should approach from our landing towards the town, whereof they had planted a wonderful number in the ordinary way; but

our keeping the sea-wash shore missed the greatest part of them very happily.

I overpass many particular matters, as the hurting of Captain *Sampson* at sword blows in the first entering, unto whom was committed the charge of the pikes of the vant-guard by his lot and turn; as also of the taking of *Alonzo Bravo,* the chief commander of that place, by Captain *Goring,* after the said captain had first hurt him with his sword; unto which captain was committed the charge of the shot of the said vant-guard. Captain *Winter* was likewise by his turn of the vant-guard in this attempt, where also the Lieutenant-General marched himself; the said Captain *Winter,* through a great desire to serve by land, having now exchanged his charge at sea with Captain *Cecil* for his band of footmen. Captain *Powell,* the Sergeant-Major, had by his turn the charge of the four companies which made the battle. Captain *Morgan,* who at *St. Domingo* was of the vant-guard, had now by turn his charge upon the companies of the rearward. Every man, as well of one part as of another, came so willingly on to the service, as the enemy was not able to endure the fury of such hot assault.

We stayed here six weeks, and the sickness with mortality before spoken of still continued among us, though not with the same fury as at the first; and such as were touched with the said sickness, escaping death, very few or almost none could recover their strength. Yea, many of them were much decayed in their memory, insomuch that it was grown an ordinary judgment, when one was heard to speak foolishly, to say he had been sick of the *calentura,* which is the Spanish name of their burning ague; for, as I told you before, it is a very burning and pestilent ague. The original cause thereof is imputed to the evening or first night air, which they term *la serena;* wherein they say and hold very firm opinion that whoso is then abroad in the open air shall certainly be infected to the death, not being of the Indian or natural race of those country people. By holding their watch our men were thus subjected to the infectious air, which at *Santiago* was most dangerous and deadly of all other places.

With the inconvenience of continual mortality we were forced to give over our intended enterprise to go with

Nombre de Dios, and so overland to *Panama,* where we should have strucken the stroke for the treasure, and full recompense of our tedious travails. And thus at *Carthagena* we took our first resolution to return homewards, the form of which resolution I thought good here to put down under the principal captains' hands as followeth:—

A RESOLUTION *of the* LAND-CAPTAINS, *what course they think most expedient to be taken. Given at* CARTHAGENA, *the 27. of February, 1585.*

WHEREAS it hath pleased the General to demand the opinions of his captains what course they think most expedient to be now undertaken, the land-captains being assembled by themselves together, and having advised hereupon, do in three points deliver the same.

THE FIRST, touching the keeping of the town against the force of the enemy, either that which is present, or that which may come out of Spain, is answered thus:—

'We hold opinion, that with this troop of men which we have presently with us in land service, being victualled and munitioned, we may well keep the town, albeit that of men able to answer present service we have not above 700. The residue, being some 150 men, by reason of their hurts and sickness, are altogether unable to stand us in any stead: wherefore hereupon the sea-captains are likewise to give their resolution, how they will undertake the safety and service of the ships upon the arrival of any Spanish fleet.'

THE SECOND point we make to be this, whether it be meet to go presently homeward, or else to continue further trial of our fortune in undertaking such like enterprises as we have done already, and thereby to seek after that bountiful mass of treasure for recompense of our travails, which was generally expected at our coming forth of *England:* wherein we answer:—

That it is well known how both we and the soldiers are entered into this action as voluntary men, without any impress or gage from her Majesty or anybody else. And forasmuch as we have hitherto discharged the parts of honest men, so that now by the great blessing and favour of our good God there have been taken three such notable towns, wherein by the estimation of all men would have been found some very great treasures, knowing that *Santiago* was the chief city of all the islands and traffics thereabouts, *St. Domingo* the chief city of Hispaniola, and the head government not only of that island, but also of *Cuba,* and of all the islands about it, as also of such inhabitations of the firm land, as were next unto it, and a place that is both magnificently built and entertaineth great trades of merchandise; and now lastly the city of *Carthagena,* which cannot be denied to be one of the chief places of most especial im-

portance to the Spaniard of all the cities which be on this side of the *West India:* we do therefore consider, that since all these cities, with their goods and prisoners taken in them, and the ransoms of the said cities, being all put together, are found far short to satisfy that expectation which by the generality of the enterprisers was first conceived; and being further advised of the slenderness of our strength, whereunto we be now reduced, as well in respect of the small number of able bodies, as also not a little in regard of the slack disposition of the greater part of those which remain, very many of the better minds and men being either consumed by death or weakened by sickness and hurts; and lastly, since that as yet there is not laid down to our knowledge any such enterprise as may seem convenient to be undertaken with such few as we are presently able to make, and withal of such certain likelihood, as with God's good success which it may please him to bestow upon us, the same may promise to yield us any sufficient contentment: we do therefore conclude hereupon, that it is better to hold sure as we may the honour already gotten, and with the same to return towards our gracious sovereign and country, from whence, if it shall please her Majesty to set us forth again with her orderly means and entertainment, we are most ready and willing to go through with anything that the uttermost of our strength and endeavour shall be able to reach unto. But therewithal we do advise and protest that it is far from our thoughts, either to refuse, or so much as to seem to be weary of anything, which for the present shall be further required or directed to be done by us from our General.'

THE THIRD and last point is concerning the ransom of this city of *Carthagena*, for the which, before it was touched with any fire, there was made an offer of some £27,000 or £28,000 sterling:—

'Thus much we utter herein as our opinions, agreeing, so it be done in good sort, to accept this offer aforesaid, rather than to break off by standing still upon our demands of £100,000; which seems a matter impossible to be performed for the present by them. And to say truth, we may now with much honour and reputation better be satisfied with that sum offered by them at the first, if they will now be contented to give it, than we might at that time with a great deal more; inasmuch as we have taken our full pleasure, both in the uttermost sacking and spoiling of all their household goods and merchandise, as also in that we have consumed and ruined a great part of their town with fire. And thus much further is considered herein by us; that as there be in the voyage a great many poor men, who have willingly adventured their lives and travails, and divers amongst them having spent their apparel and such other little provisions as their small means might have given them leave to prepare, which being done upon such good and allowable intention as this action hath always carried with it (meaning, against the Spaniard, our greatest and most dangerous enemy), so surely we cannot but have an inward regard, so far as may lie in us, to help them in all good sort towards the satisfaction of this their expectation; and by

procuring them some little benefit to encourage them, and to nourish this ready and willing disposition of theirs, both in them and in others by their example, against any other time of like occasion. But because it may be supposed that herein we forget not the private benefit of ourselves, and are thereby the rather moved to incline ourselves to this composition, we do therefore think good for the clearing ourselves of all such suspicion, to declare hereby, that what part or portion soever it be of this ransom or composition for *Carthagena* which should come unto us, we do freely give and bestow the same wholly upon the poor men who have remained with us in the voyage (meaning as well the sailor as the soldier), wishing with all our hearts it were such or so much as might see a sufficient reward for their painful endeavour. And for the firm confirmation thereof, we have thought meet to subsign these presents with our own hands in the place and time aforesaid.

'Captain *Christopher Carlile*, Lieutenant-General; Captain *Goring*, Captain *Sampson*, Captain *Powell*, &c.

But while we were yet there, it happened one day that our watch called the sentinel, upon the church-steeple, had discovered in the sea a couple of small barks or boats, making in with the harbour of *Carthagena*. Whereupon Captain *Moon* and Captain *Varney*, with *John Grant*, the master of the *Tiger*, and some other seamen, embarked themselves in a couple of small pinnaces, to take them before they should come nigh the shore, at the mouth of the harbour, lest by some straggling Spaniards from the land, they might be warned by signs from coming in. Which fell out accordingly, notwithstanding all the diligence that our men could use: for the Spanish boats, upon the sight of our pinnaces coming towards them, ran themselves ashore, and so their men presently hid themselves in bushes hard by the sea-side, amongst some others that had called them by signs thither. Our men presently without any due regard had to the quality of the place, and seeing no man of the Spaniards to shew themselves, boarded the Spanish barks or boats, and so standing all open in them, were suddenly shot at by a troop of Spaniards out of the bushes; by which volley of shot there were slain Captain *Varney*, which died presently, and Captain *Moon*, who died some few days after, besides some four or five others that were hurt: and so our folks returned without their purpose, not having any sufficient number of soldiers with them to fight on shore. For those men they carried were all mariners to row, few of them

armed, because they made account with their ordnance to have taken the barks well enough at sea; which they might full easily have done, without any loss at all, if they had come in time to the harbour mouth, before the Spaniards' boats had gotten so near the shore.

During our abode in this place, as also at *St. Domingo,* there passed divers courtesies between us and the Spaniards, as feasting, and using them with all kindness and favour; so as amongst others there came to see the General the governor of *Carthagena,* with the bishop of the same, and divers other gentlemen of the better sort. This town of *Carthagena* we touched in the out parts, and consumed much with fire, as we had done *St. Domingo,* upon discontentments, and for want of agreeing with us in their first treaties touching their ransom; which at the last was concluded between us should be 110,000 ducats for that which was yet standing, the ducat valued at five shillings sixpence sterling.

This town, though not half so big as *St. Domingo,* gives, as you see, a far greater ransom, being in very deed of far more importance, by reason of the excellency of the harbour, and the situation thereof to serve the trade of *Nombre de Dios* and other places, and is inhabited with far more richer merchants. The other is chiefly inhabited with lawyers and brave gentlemen, being the chief or highest appeal of their suits in law of all the islands about it and of the mainland coast next unto it. And it is of no such account as *Carthagena,* for these and some like reasons which I could give you, over long to be now written.

The warning which this town received of our coming towards them from *St. Domingo,* by the space of 20 days before our arrival here, was cause that they had both fortified and every way prepared for their best defence. As also that they had carried and conveyed away all their treasure and principal substance.

The ransom of 110,000 ducats thus concluded on, as is aforesaid, the same being written, and expressing for nothing more than the town of *Carthagena,* upon the payment of the said ransom we left the said town and drew some part of our soldiers into the priory or abbey, standing a quarter of an English mile below the town upon the har-

bour water-side, the same being walled with a wall of stone; which we told the Spaniards was yet ours, and not redeemed by their composition. Whereupon they, finding the defect of their contract, were contented to enter into another ransom for all places, but specially for the said house, as also the blockhouse or castle, which is upon the mouth of the inner harbour. And when we asked as much for the one as for the other, they yielded to give a thousand crowns for the abbey, leaving us to take our pleasure upon the blockhouse, which they said they were not able to ransom, having stretched themselves to the uttermost of their powers; and therefore the said blockhouse was by us undermined, and so with gunpowder blown up in pieces. While this latter contract was in making, our whole fleet of ships fell down towards the harbour-mouth, where they anchored the third time and employed their men in fetching of fresh water aboard the ships for our voyage homewards, which water was had in a great well that is in the island by the harbour-mouth. Which island is a very pleasant place as hath been seen, having in it many sorts of goodly and very pleasant fruits, as the orange-trees and others, being set orderly in walks of great length together. Insomuch as the whole island, being some two or three miles about, is cast into grounds of gardening and orchards.

After six weeks' abode in this place, we put to sea the last of March; where, after two or three days, a great ship which we had taken at *St. Domingo,* and thereupon was called *The New Year's Gift,* fell into a great leak, being laden with ordnance, hides, and other spoils, and in the night she lost the company of our fleet. Which being missed the next morning by the General, he cast about with the whole fleet, fearing some great mischance to be happened unto her, as in very deed it so fell out; for her leak was so great that her men were all tired with pumping. But at the last, having found her, and the bark *Talbot* in her company, which stayed by great hap with her, they were ready to take their men out of her for the saving of them. And so the General, being fully advertised of their great extremity, made sail directly back again to *Carthagena* with the whole fleet; where, having staid eight or ten days more about the

unlading of this ship and the bestowing thereof and her men into other ships, we departed once again to sea, directing our course toward the Cape *St. Anthony*, being the westermost part of *Cuba*, where we arrived the 27. of April. But because fresh water could not presently be found, we weighed anchor and departed, thinking in few days to recover the *Matanzas*, a place to the eastward of *Havana*.

After we had sailed some fourteen days we were brought to Cape *St. Anthony* again through lack of favourable wind; but then our scarcity was grown such as need make us look a little better for water, which we found in sufficient quantity, being indeed, as I judge, none other than rain-water newly fallen and gathered up by making pits in a plot of marish ground some three hundred paces from the seaside.

I do wrong if I should forget the good example of the General at this place, who, to encourage others, and to hasten the getting of fresh water aboard the ships, took no less pain himself than the meanest; as also at *St. Domingo*, *Carthagena*, and all other places, having always so vigilant a care and foresight in the good ordering of his fleet, accompanying them, as it is said, with such wonderful travail of body, as doubtless had he been the meanest person, as he was the chiefest, he had yet deserved the first place of honour; and no less happy do we account him for being associated with Master *Carlile*, his Lieutenant-General, by whose experience, prudent counsel, and gallant performance he achieved so many and happy enterprises of the war, by whom also he was very greatly assisted in setting down the needful orders, laws, and course of justice, and the due administration of the same upon all occasions.

After three days spent in watering our ships, we departed now the second time from this Cape of *St. Anthony* the 13. of May. And proceeding about the Cape of *Florida*, we never touched anywhere; but coasting alongst *Florida*, and keeping the shore still in sight, the 28. of May, early in the morning, we descried on the shore a place built like a beacon, which was indeed a scaffold upon four long masts raised on end for men to discover to the seaward, being in the latitude of thirty degrees, or very near thereunto. Our pinnaces manned and coming to the shore, we marched

up alongst the river-side to see what place the enemy held there; for none amongst us had any knowledge thereof at all.

Here the General took occasion to march with the companies himself in person, the Lieutenant-General having the vant-guard; and, going a mile up, or somewhat more, by the river-side, we might discern on the other side of the river over against us a fort which newly had been built by the Spaniards; and some mile, or thereabout, above the fort was a little town or village without walls, built of wooden houses, as the plot doth plainly shew. We forthwith prepared to have ordnance for the battery; and one piece was a little before the evening planted, and the first shot being made by the Lieutenant-General himself at their ensign, strake through the ensign, as we afterwards understood by a Frenchman which came unto us from them. One shot more was then made, which struck the foot of the fort wall, which was all massive timber of great trees like masts. The Lieutenant-General was determined to pass the river this night with four companies, and there to lodge himself entrenched as near the fort as that he might play with his muskets and smallest shot upon any that should appear, and so afterwards to bring and plant the battery with him; but the help of mariners for that sudden to make trenches could not be had, which was the cause that this determination was remitted until the next night.

In the night the Lieutenant-General took a little rowing skiff and half a dozen well armed, as Captain *Morgan* and Captain *Sampson,* with some others, besides the rowers, and went to view what guard the enemy kept, as also to take knowledge of the ground. And albeit he went as covertly as might be, yet the enemy, taking the alarm, grew fearful that the whole force was approaching to the assault, and therefore with all speed abandoned the place after the shooting of some of their pieces. They thus gone, and he being returned unto us again, but nothing knowing of their flight from their fort, forthwith came a Frenchman,[9] being a fifer (who had been prisoner with them) in a little boat, playing

[9] Nicolas Borgoignon. The 'Prince of Orange's Song' was a popular ditty in praise of William Prince of Orange (assassinated 1584), the leader of the Dutch Protestant insurgents.

on his fife the tune of the Prince of *Orange* his song. And being called unto by the guard, he told them before he put foot out of the boat what he was himself, and how the Spaniards were gone from the fort; offering either to remain in hands there, or else to return to the place with them that would go.

Upon this intelligence the General, the Lieutenant-General, with some of the captains in one skiff and the Vice-Admiral with some others in his skiff, and two or three pinnaces furnished of soldiers with them, put presently over towards the fort, giving order for the rest of the pinnaces to follow. And in our approach some of the enemy, bolder than the rest, having stayed behind their company, shot off two pieces of ordnance at us; but on shore we went, and entered the place without finding any man there.

When the day appeared, we found it built all of timber, the walls being none other than whole masts or bodies of trees set upright and close together in manner of a pale, without any ditch as yet made, but wholly intended with some more time. For they had not as yet finished all their work, having begun the same some three or four months before; so as, to say the truth, they had no reason to keep it, being subject both to fire and easy assault.

The platform whereon the ordnance lay was whole bodies of long pine-trees, whereof there is great plenty, laid across one on another and some little earth amongst. There were in it thirteen or fourteen great pieces of brass ordnance and a chest unbroken up, having in it the value of some two thousand pounds sterling, by estimation, of the king's treasure, to pay the soldiers of that place, who were a hundred and fifty men.

The fort thus won, which they called *St. John's Fort,* and the day opened, we assayed to go to the town, but could not by reason of some rivers and broken ground which was between the two places. And therefore being enforced to embark again into our pinnaces, we went thither upon the great main river, which is called, as also the town, by the name of *St. Augustine.* At our approaching to land, there were some that began to shew themselves, and to bestow some few shot upon us, but presently withdrew themselves.

And in their running thus away, the Sergeant-Major finding one of their horses ready saddled and bridled, took the same to follow the chase; and so overgoing all his company, was by one laid behind a bush shot through the head; and falling down therewith, was by the same and two or three more, stabbed in three or four places of his body with swords and daggers, before any could come near to his rescue. His death was much lamented, being in very deed an honest wise gentleman, and soldier of good experience, and of as great courage as any man might be.

In this place called *St. Augustine* we understood the king did keep, as is before said, 150 soldiers, and at another place some dozen leagues beyond to the northwards, called *St. Helena,* he did there likewise keep 150 more, serving there for no other purpose than to keep all other nations from inhabiting any part of all that coast; the government whereof was committed to one *Pedro Melendez,* marquis, nephew to that *Melendez* the Admiral, who had overthrown Master *John Hawkins* in the Bay of Mexico some 17 or 18 years ago. This governor had charge of both places, but was at this time in this place, and one of the first that left the same.

Here it was resolved in full assembly of captains, to undertake the enterprise of *St. Helena,* and from thence to seek out the inhabitation of our English countrymen in *Virginia,* distant from thence some six degrees northward. When we came thwart of *St. Helena,* the shoals appearing dangerous, and we having no pilot to undertake the entry, it was thought meetest to go hence alongst. For the Admiral had been the same night in four fathom and a half, three leagues from the shore; and yet we understood, by the help of a known pilot, there may and do go in ships of greater burden and draught than any we had in our fleet. We passed thus along the coast hard aboard the shore, which is shallow for a league or two from the shore, and the same is low and broken land for the most part. The ninth of June upon sight of one special great fire (which are very ordinary all alongst this coast, even from the Cape of *Florida* hither) the General sent his skiff to the shore, where they found some of our English countrymen that had been

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sent thither the year before by Sir *Walter Raleigh,* and brought them aboard; by whose direction we proceeded along to the place which they make their port. But some of our ships being of great draught, unable to enter, anchored without the harbour in a wild road at sea, about two miles from shore. From whence the General wrote letters to Master *Ralph Lane,* being governor of those English in *Virginia,* and then at his fort about six leagues from the road in an island which they called *Roanoac;* wherein especially he shewed how ready he was to supply his necessities and wants, which he understood of by those he had first talked withal.

The morrow after, Master *Lane* himself and some of his company coming unto him, with the consent of his captains he gave them the choice of two offers, that is to say: either he would leave a ship, a pinnace, and certain boats with sufficient masters and mariners, together furnished with a month's victual, to stay and make further discovery of the country and coasts, and so much victual likewise as might be sufficient for the bringing of them all (being an hundred and three persons) into *England,* if they thought good after such time, with any other thing they would desire, and that he might be able to spare: or else, if they thought they had made sufficient discovery already, and did desire to return into *England,* he would give them passage. But they, as it seemed, being desirous to stay, accepted very thankfully and with great gladness that which was offered first. Whereupon the ship being appointed and received into charge by some of their own company sent into her by Master *Lane,* before they had received from the rest of the fleet the provision appointed them, there arose a great storm (which they said was extraordinary and very strange) that lasted three days together, and put all our fleet in great danger to be driven from their anchoring upon the coast; for we brake many cables, and lost many anchors; and some of our fleet which had lost all, of which number was the ship appointed for Master *Lane* and his company, were driven to put to sea in great danger, in avoiding the coast, and could never see us again until we met in *England.* Many also of our small pinnaces and boats were lost in this storm.

Notwithstanding, after all this, the General offered them, with consent of his captains, another ship with some provisions, although not such a one for their turns as might have been spared them before, this being unable to be brought into their harbour: or else, if they would, to give them passage into *England*, although he knew he should perform it with greater difficulty than he might have done before. But Master *Lane*, with those of the chiefest of his company which he had then with him, considering what should be best for them to do, made request unto the General under their hands, that they might have passage for *England:* the which being granted, and the rest sent for out of the country and shipped, we departed from that coast the 18. of June. And so, God be thanked, both they and we in good safety arrived at *Portsmouth* the 28. of July, 1586, to the great glory of God, and to no small honour to our Prince, our country, and ourselves. The total value of that which was got in this voyage is esteemed at three score thousand pounds, whereof the companies which have travailed in the voyage were to have twenty thousand pounds, the adventurers the other forty. Of which twenty thousand pounds (as I can judge) will redound some six pounds to the single share. We lost some 750 men in the voyage; above three parts of them only by sickness. The men of name that died and were slain in this voyage, which I can presently call to remembrance, are these:—Captain *Powell*, Captain *Varney*, Captain *Moon*, Captain *Fortescue*, Captain *Biggs*, Captain *Cecil*, Captain *Hannam*, Captain *Greenfield; Thomas Tucker*, a lieutenant; *Alexander Starkey*, a lieutenant; Master *Escot*, a lieutenant; Master *Waterhouse*, a lieutenant; Master *George Candish*, Master *Nicholas Winter*, Master *Alexander Carlile*, Master *Robert Alexander*, Master *Scroope*, Master *James Dyer*, Master *Peter Duke*. With some other, whom for haste I cannot suddenly think on.

The ordnance gotten of all sorts, brass and iron, were about two hundred and forty pieces, whereof the two hundred and some more were brass, and were thus found and gotten:—At *Santiago* some two or three and fifty pieces. In *St. Domingo* about four score, whereof was very much

great ordnance, as whole cannon,[10] demi-cannon, culverins, and such like. In *Carthagena* some sixty and three pieces, and good store likewise of the greater sort. In the Fort of *St. Augustine* were fourteen pieces. The rest was iron ordnance, of which the most part was gotten at *St. Domingo*, the rest at *Carthagena*.

[10] The 'whole cannon', had a bore of 8 inches, and carried a shot of 60 lb; the 'demi-cannon' 6½ inches, shot 30 lb; the culverin 5½ inches, shot 18 lb.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT'S VOYAGE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

BY

EDWARD HAYES

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the founder of the first English colony in North America, was born about 1539, the son of a Devonshire gentleman, whose widow afterward married the father of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, served under Sir Philip Sidney's father in Ireland, and fought for the Netherlands against Spain. After his return he composed a pamphlet urging the search for a northwest passage to Cathay, which led to Frobisher's license for his explorations to that end.

In 1578 Gilbert obtained from Queen Elizabeth the charter he had long sought, to plant a colony in North America. His first attempt failed, and cost him his whole fortune; but, after further service in Ireland, he sailed again in 1583 for Newfoundland. In the August of that year he took possession of the harbor of St. John and founded his colony, but on the return voyage he went down with his ship in a storm south of the Azores.

The following narrative is an account of this last voyage of Gilbert's, told by Edward Hayes, commander of "The Golden Hind," the only one to reach England of the three ships which set out from Newfoundland with Gilbert.

The settlement at St. John was viewed by its promoter as merely the beginning of a scheme for ousting Spain from America in favor of England. The plan did not progress as he hoped; but after long delays, and under far other impulses than Gilbert ever thought of, much of his dream was realized.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT'S
VOYAGE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

A REPORT *of the* VOYAGE *and success thereof, attempted in the year of our Lord* 1583, *by* SIR HUMFREY GILBERT, KNIGHT, *with other gentlemen assisting him in that action, intended to discover and to plant Christian inhabitants in place convenient, upon those large and ample countries extended northward from the Cape of* FLORIDA, *lying under very temperate climes, esteemed fertile and rich in minerals, yet not in the actual possession of any Christian prince. Written by* MR. EDWARD HAYES, gentleman, *and principal actor in the same voyage*[1], *who alone continued unto the end, and, by God's special assistance, returned home with his retinue safe and entire.*

MANY voyages have been pretended, yet hitherto never any thoroughly accomplished by our nation, of exact discovery into the bowels of those main, ample, and vast countries extended infinitely into the north from thirty degrees, or rather from twenty-five degrees, of septentrional latitude, neither hath a right way been taken of planting a Christian habitation and regiment[2] upon the same, as well may appear both by the little we yet do actually possess therein, and by our ignorance of the riches and secrets within those lands, which unto this day we know chiefly by the travel and report of other nations, and most of the French, who albeit they cannot challenge such right and interest unto the said countries as we, neither these many years have had opportunity nor means so great to discover and to plant, being vexed with the calamities of intestine wars, as we have had by the inestimable benefit of our long and happy peace, yet have they both ways performed

[1] Hayes was captain and owner of the *Golden Hind*, Gilbert's Rear-Admiral.
[2] Government.

religious and valiant in arms, endeavouring to bring those northerly regions also under the Spanish jurisdiction, as if God had prescribed limits unto the Spanish nation which they might not exceed; as by their own gests recorded may be aptly gathered.

The French, as they can pretend less title unto these northern parts than the Spaniard, by how much the Spaniard made the first discovery of the same continent so far northward as unto *Florida,* and the French did but review that before discovered by the English nation, usurping upon our right, and imposing names upon countries, rivers, bays, capes, or headlands as if they had been the first finders of those coasts; which injury we offered not unto the Spaniards, but left off to discover when we approached the Spanish limits; even so God hath not hitherto permitted them to establish a possession permanent upon another's right, notwithstanding their manifold attempts, in which the issue hath been no less tragical than that of the Spaniards, as by their own reports is extant.

Then, seeing the English nation only hath right unto these countries of *America* from the Cape of *Florida* northward by the privilege of first discovery, unto which *Cabot* was authorised by regal authority, and set forth by the expense of our late famous King *Henry* the Seventh; which right also seemeth strongly defended on our behalf by the powerful hand of Almighty God withstanding the enterprises of other nations; it may greatly encourage us upon so just ground, as is our right, and upon so sacred an intent, as to plant religion (our right and intent being meet foundations for the same), to prosecute effectually the full possession of those so ample and pleasant countries appertaining unto the crown of *England;* the same, as is to be conjectured by infallible arguments of the world's end approaching, being now arrived unto the time by God prescribed of their vocation, if ever their calling unto the knowledge of God may be expected. Which also is very probable by the revolution and course of God's word and religion, which from the beginning hath moved from the east towards, and at last unto, the west, where it is like to end, unless the same begin again where it did in the east, which were to expect a like world

again. But we are assured of the contrary by the prophecy of *Christ,* whereby we gather that after His word preached throughout the world shall be the end. And as the Gospel when it descended westward began in the south, and afterward spread into the north of *Europe;* even so, as the same hath begun in the south countries of *America,* no less hope may be gathered that it will also spread into the north.

These considerations may help to suppress all dreads rising of hard events in attempts made this way by other nations, as also of the heavy success and issue in the late enterprise made by a worthy gentleman our countryman, Sir *Humfrey Gilbert,* Knight, who was the first of our nation that carried people to erect an habitation and government in those northerly countries of *America.* About which albeit he had consumed much substance, and lost his life at last, his people also perishing for the most part: yet the mystery thereof we must leave unto God, and judge charitably both of the cause, which was just in all pretence, and of the person, who was very zealous in prosecuting the same, deserving honourable remembrance for his good mind and expense of life in so virtuous an enterprise. Whereby nevertheless, lest any man should be dismayed by example of other folks' calamity, and misdeem that God doth resist all attempts intended that way, I thought good, so far as myself was an eye-witness, to deliver the circumstance and manner of our proceedings in that action; in which the gentleman was so unfortunately encumbered with wants, and worse matched with many ill-disposed people, that his rare judgment and regiment premeditated for those affairs was subjected to tolerate abuses, and in sundry extremities to hold on a course more to uphold credit than likely in his own conceit happily to succeed.

The issue of such actions, being always miserable, not guided by God, who abhorreth confusion and disorder, hath left this for admonition, being the first attempt by our nation to plant, unto such as shall take the same cause in hand hereafter, not to be discouraged from it; but to make men well advised how they handle His so high and excellent matters, as the carriage is of His word into those very mighty and vast countries. An action doubtless not to be

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intermeddled with base purposes, as many have made the same but a colour to shadow actions otherwise scarce justifiable; which doth excite God's heavy judgments in the end, to the terrifying of weak minds from the cause, without pondering His just proceedings; and doth also incense foreign princes against our attempts, how just soever, who cannot but deem the sequel very dangerous unto their state (if in those parts we should grow to strength), seeing the very beginnings are entered with spoil.

And with this admonition denounced upon zeal towards God's cause, also towards those in whom appeareth disposition honourable unto this action of planting Christian people and religion in those remote and barbarous nations of *America* (unto whom I wish all happiness), I will now proceed to make relation briefly, yet particularly, of our voyage undertaken with Sir *Humfrey Gilbert,* begun, continued, and ended adversely.

When first Sir *Humfrey Gilbert* undertook the western discovery of *America,* and had procured from her Majesty a very large commission to inhabit and possess at his choice all remote and heathen lands not in the actual possession of any Christian prince, the same commission exemplified with many privileges, such as in his discretion he might demand, very many gentlemen of good estimation drew unto him, to associate him in so commendable an enterprise, so that the preparation was expected to grow unto a puissant fleet, able to encounter a king's power by sea. Nevertheless, amongst a multitude of voluntary men, their dispositions were diverse, which bred a jar, and made a division in the end, to the confusion of that attempt even before the same was begun. And when the shipping was in a manner prepared, and men ready upon the coast to go aboard, at that time some brake consort, and followed courses degenerating from the voyage before pretended. Others failed of their promises contracted, and the greater number were dispersed, leaving the General with few of his assured friends, with whom he adventured to sea; where, having tasted of no less misfortune, he was shortly driven to retire home with the loss of a tall ship and, more to his grief, of a valiant gentleman, *Miles Morgan.*

Having buried, only in a preparation, a great mass of substance, whereby his estate was impaired, his mind yet not dismayed, he continued his former designment, and purposed to revive this enterprise, good occasion serving. Upon which determination standing long without means to satisfy his desire, at last he granted certain assignments out of his commission to sundry persons of mean ability, desiring the privilege of his grant, to plant and fortify in the north parts of *America* about the river of *Canada;* to whom if God gave good success in the north parts (where then no matter of moment was expected), the same, he thought, would greatly advance the hope of the south, and be a furtherance unto his determination that way. And the worst that might happen in that course might be excused, without prejudice unto him, by the former supposition that those north regions were of no regard. But chiefly, a possession taken in any parcel of those heathen countries, by virtue of his grant, did invest him of territories extending every way 200 leagues; which induced Sir *Humfrey Gilbert* to make those assignments, desiring greatly their expedition, because his commission did expire after six years, if in that space he had not gotten actual possession.

Time went away without anything done by his assigns; insomuch that at last he must resolve himself to take a voyage in person, for more assurance to keep his patent in force, which then almost was expired or within two years. In furtherance of his determination, amongst others, Sir *George Peckham,* Knight, shewed himself very zealous to the action, greatly aiding him both by his advice and in the charge. Other gentlemen to their ability joined unto him, resolving to adventure their substance and lives in the same cause. Who beginning their preparation from that time, both of shipping, munition, victual, men, and things requisite, some of them continued the charge two years complete without intermission. Such were the difficulties and cross accidents opposing these proceedings, which took not end in less than two years; many of which circumstances I will omit.

The last place of our assembly, before we left the coast of England, was in *Cawset* Bay, near unto *Plymouth,* then resolved to put unto the sea with shipping and provision such

as we had, before our store yet remaining, but chiefly the time and season of the year, were too far spent. Nevertheless, it seemed first very doubtful by what way to shape our course, and to begin our intended discovery, either from the south northward or from the north southward. The first, that is, beginning south, without all controversy was the likeliest; wherein we were assured to have commodity of the current which from the Cape of *Florida* setteth northward, and would have furthered greatly our navigation, discovering from the foresaid cape along towards Cape *Breton,* and all those lands lying to the north. Also, the year being far spent, and arrived to the month of June, we were not to spend time in northerly courses, where we should be surprised with timely winter, but to covet the south, which we had space enough then to have attained, and there might with less detriment have wintered that season, being more mild and short in the south than in the north, where winter is both long and rigorous. These and other like reasons alleged in favour of the southern course first to be taken, to the contrary was inferred that forasmuch as both our victuals and many other needful provisions were diminished and left insufficient for so long a voyage and for the wintering of so many men, we ought to shape a course most likely to minister supply; and that was to take the *Newfoundland* in our way, which was but 700 leagues from our English coast. Where being usually at that time of the year, and until the fine of August, a multitude of ships repairing thither for fish, we should be relieved abundantly with many necessaries, which, after the fishing ended, they might well spare and freely impart unto us. Not staying long upon that *Newland* coast, we might proceed southward, and follow still the sun, until we arrived at places more temperate to our content.

By which reasons we were the rather induced to follow this northerly course, obeying unto necessity, which must be supplied. Otherwise, we doubted that sudden approach of winter, bringing with it continual fog and thick mists, tempest and rage of weather, also contrariety of currents descending from the Cape of *Florida* unto Cape *Breton* and Cape *Race,* would fall out to be great and irresistible im-

pediments unto our further proceeding for that year, and compel us to winter in those north and cold regions. Wherefore, suppressing all objections to the contrary, we resolved to begin our course northward, and to follow, directly as we might, the trade way unto *Newfoundland;* from whence, after our refreshing and reparation of wants, we intended without delay, by God's permission, to proceed into the south, not omitting any river or bay which in all that large tract of land appeared to our view worthy of search. Immediately we agreed upon the manner of our course and orders to be observed in our voyage; which were delivered in writing, unto the captains and masters of every ship a copy, in manner following.

Every ship had delivered two bullets or scrolls, the one sealed up in wax, the other left open; in both which were included several watchwords. That open, serving upon our own coast or the coast of Ireland; the other sealed, was promised on all hands not to be broken up until we should be clear of the Irish coast; which from thenceforth did serve until we arrived and met all together in such harbours of the *Newfoundland* as were agreed for our *rendez-vous.* The said watchwords being requisite to know our consorts whensoever by night, either by fortune of weather, our fleet dispersed should come together again; or one should hail another; or if by ill watch and steerage one ship should chance to fall aboard of another in the dark.

The reason of the bullet sealed was to keep secret that watchword while we were upon our own coast, lest any of the company stealing from the fleet might bewray the same; which known to an enemy, he might board us by night without mistrust, having our own watchword.

Orders *agreed upon by the* Captains *and* Masters *to be observed by the fleet of Sir* Humfrey Gilbert.

First, The Admiral to carry his flag by day, and his light by night.

2. Item, if the Admiral shall shorten his sail by night, then to shew two lights until he be answered again by every ship shewing one light for a short time.

3. Item, if the Admiral after his shortening of sail, as aforesaid, shall make more sail again; then he to shew three lights one above another.

4. Item, if the Admiral shall happen to hull in the night, then to make a wavering light over his other light, wavering the light upon a pole.

5. Item, if the fleet should happen to be scattered by weather, or other mishap, then so soon as one shall descry another, to hoise both topsails twice, if the weather will serve, and to strike them twice again; but if the weather serve not, then to hoise the maintopsail twice, and forthwith to strike it twice again.

6. Item, if it shall happen a great fog to fall, then presently every ship to bear up with the Admiral, if there be wind; but if it be a calm, then every ship to hull, and so to lie at hull till it clear. And if the fog do continue long, then the Admiral to shoot off two pieces every evening, and every ship to answer it with one shot; and every man bearing to the ship that is to leeward so near as he may.

7. Item, every master to give charge unto the watch to look out well, for laying aboard one of another in the night, and in fogs.

8. Item, every evening every ship to hail the Admiral, and so to fall astern him, sailing thorough the ocean; and being on the coast, every ship to hail him both morning and evening.

9. Item, if any ship be in danger in any way, by leak or otherwise, then she to shoot off a piece, and presently to hang out one light; whereupon every man to bear towards her, answering her with one light for a short time, and so to put it out again; thereby to give knowledge that they have seen her token.

10. Item, whensoever the Admiral shall hang out her ensign in the main shrouds, then every man to come aboard her as a token of counsel.

11. Item, if there happen any storm or contrary wind to the fleet after the discovery, whereby they are separated; then every ship to repair unto their last good port, there to meet again.

Our Course *agreed upon.*

The course first to be taken for the discovery is to bear directly to Cape *Race,* the most southerly cape of *Newfoundland;* and there to harbour ourselves either in *Rogneux* or *Fermous,* being the first places appointed for our *rendez-vous,* and the next harbours unto the northward of Cape *Race:* and therefore every ship separated from the fleet to repair to that place so fast as God shall permit, whether you shall fall to the southward or to the northward of it, and there to stay for the meeting of the whole fleet the space of ten days; and when you shall depart, to leave marks.

Beginning our course from *Scilly,* the nearest is by west-south-west (*if the wind serve*) *until such time as we have* brought ourselves in the latitude of 43 or 44 degrees, because the ocean is subject much to southerly winds in June and July. Then to take traverse from 45 to 47 degrees of latitude, if we be enforced by contrary winds; and not to go to the northward of the height of 47 degrees of septentrional latitude by no means, if God shall not enforce the contrary; but to do your endeavour to keep in the height of 46 degrees, so near as you can possibly, because Cape *Race* lieth about that height.

Note.

If by contrary winds we be driven back upon the coast of *England,* then to repair unto *Scilly* for a place of our assembly or meeting. If we be driven back by contrary winds that we cannot pass the coast of *Ireland,* then the place of our assembly to be at *Bere* haven or *Baltimore* haven. If we shall not happen to meet at Cape *Race,* then the place of *rendez-vous* to be at Cape *Breton,* or the nearest harbour unto the westward of Cape *Breton.* If by means of other shipping we may not safely stay there, then to rest at the very next safe port to the westward; every ship leaving their marks behind them for the more certainty of the after comers to know where to find them. The marks that every man ought to leave in such a case, were of the General's private device written by himself, sealed also in close wax, and delivered unto every ship one scroll, which was not to be

opened until occasion required, whereby every man was certified what to leave for instruction of after comers; that every of us coming into any harbour or river might know who had been there, or whether any were still there up higher into the river, or departed, and which way.

Orders thus determined, and promises mutually given to be observed, every man withdrew himself unto his charge; the anchors being already weighed, and our ships under sail, having a soft gale of wind, we began our voyage upon Tuesday, the 11. day of June, in the year of our Lord 1583, having in our fleet (at our departure from *Cawset* Bay) these ships, whose names and burthens, with the names of the captains and masters of them, I have also inserted, as followeth:—1. The *Delight, alias* the *George,* of burthen 120 tons, was Admiral; in which went the General, and *William Winter,* captain in her and part owner, and *Richard Clarke,* master. 2. The bark *Raleigh,* set forth by Master *Walter Raleigh,* of the burthen of 200 tons, was then Vice-Admiral; in which went Master *Butler,* captain, and *Robert Davis,* of *Bristol,* master. 3. The *Golden Hind,* of burthen 40 tons, was then Rear-Admiral; in which went *Edward Hayes,* captain and owner, and *William Cox,* of *Limehouse,* master. 4. The *Swallow,* of burthen 40 tons; in her was captain *Maurice Browne.* 5. The *Squirrel,* of burthen 10 tons; in which went captain *William Andrews,* and one *Cade,* master. We were in number in all about 260 men; among whom we had of every faculty good choice, as shipwrights, masons, carpenters, smiths, and such like, requisite to such an action; also mineral men and refiners. Besides, for solace of our people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety; not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby-horse, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people, whom we intended to win by all fair means possible. And to that end we were indifferently furnished of all petty haberdashery wares to barter with those simple people.

In this manner we set forward, departing (as hath been said) out of *Cawset* Bay the 11. day of June, being Tuesday, the weather and wind fair and good all day; but a great

storm of thunder and wind fell the same night. Thursday following, when we hailed one another in the evening, according to the order before specified, they signified unto us out of the Vice-Admiral, that both the captain, and very many of the men, were fallen sick. And about midnight the Vice-Admiral forsook us, notwithstanding we had the wind east, fair and good. But it was after credibly reported that they were infected with a contagious sickness, and arrived greatly distressed at *Plymouth;* the reason I could never understand. Sure I am, no cost was spared by their owner, Master *Raleigh,* in setting them forth; therefore I leave it unto God. By this time we were in 48 degrees of latitude, not a little grieved with the loss of the most puissant ship in our fleet; after whose departure the *Golden Hind* succeeded in the place of Vice-Admiral, and removed her flag from the mizen into the foretop. From Saturday, the 15. of June, until the 28., which was upon a Friday, we never had fair day without fog or rain, and winds bad, much to the west-north-west, whereby we were driven southward unto 41 degrees scarce.

About this time of the year the winds are commonly west towards the *Newfoundland,* keeping ordinarily within two points of west to the south or to the north; whereby the course thither falleth out to be long and tedious after June, which in March, April, and May, hath been performed out of England in 22 days and less. We had wind always so scant from west-north-west, and from west-south-west again, that our traverse was great, running south unto 41 degrees almost, and afterwards north into 51 degrees. Also we were encumbered with much fog and mists in manner palpable, in which we could not keep so well together, but were dissevered, losing the company of the *Swallow* and the *Squirrel* upon the 20. day of July, whom we met again at several places upon the *Newfoundland* coast the 3. of August, as shall be declared in place convenient. Saturday, the 27. July, we might descry, not far from us, as it were mountains of ice driven upon the sea, being then in 50 degrees, which were carried southward to the weather of us; whereby may be conjectured that some current doth set that way from the north.

Before we come to *Newfoundland,* about 50 leagues on this side, we pass the bank, which are high grounds rising within the sea and under water, yet deep enough and without danger, being commonly not less than 25 and 30 fathom water upon them; the same, as it were some vein of mountains within the sea, do run along and from the *Newfoundland,* beginning northward about 52 or 53 degrees of latitude, and do extend into the south infinitely. The breadth of this bank is somewhere more, and somewhere less; but we found the same about ten leagues over, having sounded both on this side thereof, and the other toward *Newfoundland,* but found no ground with almost 200 fathom of line, both before and after we had passed the bank. The Portugals, and French chiefly, have a notable trade of fishing upon this bank, where are sometimes an hundred or more sails of ships, who commonly begin the fishing in April, and have ended by July. That fish is large, always wet, having no land near to dry, and is called *cod* fish. During the time of fishing, a man shall know without sounding when he is upon the bank, by the incredible multitude of sea-fowl hovering over the same, to prey upon the offals and garbage of fish thrown out by fishermen, and floating upon the sea.

Upon Tuesday, the 11. of June we forsook the coast of England. So again [on] Tuesday, the 30. of July, seven weeks after, we got sight of land, being immediately embayed in the *Grand Bay,* or some other great bay; the certainty whereof we could not judge, so great haze and fog did hang upon the coast, as neither we might discern the land well, nor take the sun's height. But by our best computation we were then in the 51 degrees of latitude. Forsaking this bay and uncomfortable coast (nothing appearing unto us but hideous rocks and mountains, bare of trees, and void of any green herb) we followed the coast to the south, with weather fair and clear. We had sight of an island named *Penguin,* of a fowl there breeding in abundance almost incredible, which cannot fly, their wings not able to carry their body, being very large (not much less than a goose) and exceeding fat, which the Frenchmen use to take without difficulty upon that island, and to barrel them up with salt. But for lingering of time, we had made us there the like provision.

Trending this coast, we came to the island called *Baccalaos,* being not past two leagues from the main; to the south thereof lieth Cape *St. Francis,* five leagues distant from *Baccalaos,* between which goeth in a great bay, by the vulgar sort called the Bay of *Conception.* Here we met with the *Swallow* again, whom we had lost in the fog, and all her men altered into other apparel; whereof it seemed their store was so amended, that for joy and congratulation of our meeting, they spared not to cast up into the air and overboard their caps and hats in good plenty. The captain, albeit himself was very honest and religious, yet was he not appointed of men to his humour and desert; who for the most part were such as had been by us surprised upon the narrow seas of *England,* being pirates, and had taken at that instant certain Frenchmen laden, one bark with wines, and another with salt. Both which we rescued, and took the man-of-war with all her men, which was the same ship now called the *Swallow;* following still their kind so oft as, being separated from the General, they found opportunity to rob and spoil. And because God's justice did follow the same company, even to destruction, and to the overthrow also of the captain (though not consenting to their misdemeanour) I will not conceal anything that maketh to the manifestation and approbation of His judgments, for examples of others; persuaded that God more sharply took revenge upon them, and hath tolerated longer as great outrage in others, by how much these went under protection of His cause and religion, which was then pretended.

Therefore upon further enquiry it was known how this company met with a bark returning home after the fishing with his freight; and because the men in the *Swallow* were very near scanted of victuals, and chiefly of apparel, doubtful withal where or when to find and meet with their Admiral, they besought the captain that they might go aboard this *Newlander,* only to borrow what might be spared, the rather because the same was bound homeward. Leave given, not without charge to deal favourably, they came aboard the fisherman, whom they rifled of tackle, sails, cables, victuals, and the men of their apparel; not sparing by torture, winding cords about their heads, to draw out else what

they thought good. This done with expedition, like men skilful in such mischief, as they took their cockboat to go aboard their own ship, it was overwhelmed in the sea, and certain of these men there drowned; the rest were preserved even by those silly souls whom they had before spoiled, who saved and delivered them aboard the *Swallow*. What became afterwards of the poor *Newlander*, perhaps destitute of sails and furniture sufficient to carry them home, whither they had not less to run than 700 leagues, God alone knoweth; who took vengeance not long after of the rest that escaped at this instant, to reveal the fact, and justify to the world God's judgments inflicted upon them, as shall be declared in place convenient.

Thus after we had met with the *Swallow*, we held on our course southward, until we came against the harbour called *St. John*, about five leagues from the former Cape of *St. Francis*, where before the entrance into the harbour, we found also the frigate or *Squirrel* lying at anchor; whom the English merchants, that were and always be Admirals by turns interchangeably over the fleets of fishermen within the same harbour, would not permit to enter into the harbour. Glad of so happy meeting, both of the *Swallow* and frigate in one day, being Saturday, the third of August, we made ready our fights,[3] and prepared to enter the harbour, any resistance to the contrary notwithstanding, there being within of all nations to the number of 36 sails. But first the General despatched a boat to give them knowledge of his coming for no ill intent, having commission from her Majesty for his voyage he had in hand; and immediately we followed with a slack gale, and in the very entrance, which is but narrow, not above two butts' length,[4] the Admiral fell upon a rock on the larboard side by great oversight, in that the weather was fair, the rock much above water fast by the shore, where neither went any sea-gate.[5] But we found such readiness in the English merchants to help us in that danger, that without delay there were brought a number of boats, which towed off the ship, and cleared her of danger.

Having taken place convenient in the road, we let fall anchors, the captains and masters repairing aboard our

[3] See First Series, p. liii. [4] Bow-shot. [5] Current.

Admiral; whither also came immediately the masters and owners of the fishing fleet of Englishmen, to understand the General's intent and cause of our arrival there. They were all satisfied when the General had shewed his commission, and purpose to take possession of those lands to the behalf of the crown of *England,* and the advancement of the Christian religion in those paganish regions, requiring but their lawful aid for repairing of his fleet, and supply of some necessaries, so far as conveniently might be afforded him, both out of that and other harbours adjoining. In lieu whereof he made offer to gratify them with any favour and privilege, which upon their better advice they should demand, the like being not to be obtained hereafter for greater price. So craving expedition of his demand, minding to proceed further south without long detention in those parts, he dismissed them, after promise given of their best endeavour to satisfy speedily his so reasonable request. The merchants with their masters departed, they caused forthwith to be discharged all the great ordnance of their fleet in token of our welcome.

It was further determined that every ship of our fleet should deliver unto the merchants and masters of that harbour a note of all their wants: which done, the ships, as well English as strangers, were taxed at an easy rate to make supply. And besides, commissioners were appointed, part of our own company and part of theirs, to go into other harbours adjoining (for our English merchants command all there) to levy our provision: whereunto the Portugals, above other nations, did most willingly and liberally contribute. In so much as we were presented, above our allowance, with wines, marmalades, most fine rusk[6] or biscuit, sweet oils, and sundry delicacies. Also we wanted not of fresh salmons, trouts, lobsters, and other fresh fish brought daily unto us. Moreover as the manner is in their fishing, every week to choose their Admiral anew, or rather they succeed in orderly course, and have weekly their Admiral's feast solemnized: even so the General, captains, and masters of our fleet were continually invited and feasted. To grow short in our abundance at home the entertainment had been delightful; but

[6] Rusk (Sp. *rosca*)=ship's biscuit.

after our wants and tedious passage through the ocean, it seemed more acceptable and of greater contentation, by how much the same was unexpected in that desolate corner of the world; where, at other times of the year, wild beasts and birds have only the fruition of all those countries, which now seemed a place very populous and much frequented.

The next morning being Sunday, and the fourth of August, the General and his company were brought on land by English merchants, who shewed unto us their accustomed walks unto a place they call the *Garden*. But nothing appeared more than nature itself without art: who confusedly hath brought forth roses abundantly, wild, but odoriferous, and to sense very comfortable. Also the like plenty of raspberries, which do grow in every place.

Monday following, the General had his tent set up; who, being accompanied with his own followers, summoned the merchants and masters, both English and strangers, to be present at his taking possession of those countries. Before whom openly was read, and interpreted unto the strangers, his commission: by virtue whereof he took possession in the same harbour of *St. John*, and 200 leagues every way, invested the Queen's Majesty with the title and dignity thereof, had delivered unto him, after the custom of England, a rod, and a turf of the same soil, entering possession also for him, his heirs and assigns for ever; and signified unto all men, that from that time forward, they should take the same land as a territory appertaining to the Queen of *England*, and himself authorised under her Majesty to possess and enjoy it, and to ordain laws for the government thereof, agreeable, so near as conveniently might be, unto the laws of *England*, under which all people coming thither hereafter, either to inhabit, or by way of traffic, should be subjected and governed. And especially at the same time for a beginning, he proposed and delivered three laws to be in force immediately. That is to say the first for religion, which in public exercise should be according to the Church of *England*. The second, for maintenance of her Majesty's right and possession of those territories, against which if any thing were attempted prejudicial, the party or parties offending should be adjudged and executed as in case of high

treason, according to the laws of *England*. The third, if any person should utter words sounding to the dishonour of her Majesty, he should lose his ears, and have his ship and goods confiscate.

These contents published, obedience was promised by general voice and consent of the multitude, as well of Englishmen as strangers, praying for continuance of this possession and government begun; after this, the assembly was dismissed. And afterwards were erected not far from that place the arms of *England* engraven in lead, and infixed upon a pillar of wood. Yet further and actually to establish this possession taken in the right of her Majesty, and to the behoof of Sir *Humfrey Gilbert*, knight, his heirs and assigns for ever, the General granted in fee-farm divers parcels of land lying by the water-side, both in this harbour of *St. John*, and elsewhere, which was to the owners a great commodity, being thereby assured, by their proper inheritance, of grounds convenient to dress and to dry their fish; whereof many times before they did fail, being prevented by them that came first into the harbour. For which grounds they did covenant to pay a certain rent and service unto Sir *Humfrey Gilbert*, his heirs or assigns for ever, and yearly to maintain possession of the same, by themselves or their assigns.

Now remained only to take in provision granted, according as every ship was taxed, which did fish upon the coast adjoining. In the meanwhile, the General appointed men unto their charge: some to repair and trim the ships, others to attend in gathering together our supply and provisions: others to search the commodities and singularities of the country, to be found by sea or land, and to make relation unto the General what either themselves could know by their own travail and experience, or by good intelligence of Englishmen or strangers, who had longest frequented the same coast. Also some observed the elevation of the pole, and drew plots of the country exactly graded. And by that I could gather by each man's several relation, I have drawn a brief description of the *Newfoundland*, with the commodities by sea or land already made, and such also as are in possibility and great likelihood to be made. Nevertheless the cards and

plots that were drawn, with the due gradation of the harbours, bays, and capes, did perish with the Admiral: wherefore in the description following, I must omit the particulars of such things.

That which we do call the *Newfoundland,* and the Frenchmen *Baccalaos,* is an island, or rather, after the opinion of some, it consisteth of sundry islands and broken lands, situate in the north regions of *America,* upon the gulf and entrance of a great river called *St. Lawrence* in *Canada;* into the which, navigation may be made both on the south and north side of this island. The land lieth south and north, containing in length between 300 and 400 miles, accounting from Cape *Race,* which is in 46 degrees 25 minutes, unto the *Grand Bay* in 52 degrees, of septentrional latitude. The land round about hath very many goodly bays and harbours, safe roads for ships, the like not to be found in any part of the known world.

The common opinion that is had of intemperature and extreme cold that should be in this country, as of some part it may be verified, namely the north, where I grant it is more cold than in countries of *Europe,* which are under the same elevation: even so it cannot stand with reason and nature of the clime, that the south parts should be so intemperate as the bruit hath gone. For as the same do lie under the climes of *Bretagne, Anjou, Poictou* in *France,* between 46 and 49 degrees, so can they not so much differ from the temperature of those countries: unless upon the out-coast lying open unto the ocean and sharp winds, it must indeed be subject to more cold than further within the land, where the mountains are interposed as walls and bulwarks, to defend and to resist the asperity and rigour of the sea and weather. Some hold opinion that the *Newfoundland* might be the more subject to cold, by how much it lieth high and near unto the middle region. I grant that not in *Newfoundland* alone, but in *Germany, Italy* and *Afric,* even under the equinoctial line, the mountains are extreme cold, and seldom uncovered of snow, in their culm and highest tops, which cometh to pass by the same reason that they are extended towards the middle region: yet in the countries lying beneath them, it is found quite contrary. Even so, all hills

having their descents, the valleys also and low grounds must be likewise hot or temperate, as the clime doth give in *Newfoundland:* though I am of opinion that the sun's reflection is much cooled, and cannot be so forcible in *Newfoundland,* nor generally throughout *America,* as in *Europe* or *Afric:* by how much the sun in his diurnal course from east to west, passeth over, for the most part, dry land and sandy countries, before he arriveth at the west of *Europe* or *Afric,* whereby his motion increaseth heat, with little or no qualification by moist vapours. Where[as], on the contrary, he passeth from *Europe* and *Afric* unto *America* over the ocean, from whence he draweth and carrieth with him abundance of moist vapours, which do qualify and enfeeble greatly the sun's reverberation upon this country chiefly of *Newfoundland,* being so much to the northward. Nevertheless, as I said before, the cold cannot be so intolerable under the latitude of 46, 47, and 48, especial within land, that it should be unhabitable, as some do suppose, seeing also there are very many people more to the north by a great deal. And in these south parts there be certain beasts, ounces or leopards, and birds in like manner, which in the summer we have seen, not heard of in countries of extreme and vehement coldness. Besides, as in the months of June, July, August and September, the heat is somewhat more than in England at those seasons: so men remaining upon the south parts near unto Cape *Race,* until after holland-tide,[q] have not found the cold so extreme, nor much differing from the temperature of *England.* Those which have arrived there after November and December have found the snow exceeding deep, whereat no marvel, considering the ground upon the coast is rough and uneven, and the snow is driven into the places most declining, as the like is to be seen with us. The like depth of snow happily shall not be found within land upon the plainer countries, which also are defended by the mountains, breaking off the violence of winds and weather. But admitting extraordinary cold in those south parts, above that with us here, it cannot be so great as in *Swedeland,* much less in *Moscovia* or *Russia:* yet are the same countries very populous, and the rigour of cold is dis-

[q] All-hallow-tide (November 1).

pensed with by the commodity of stoves, warm clothing, meats and drinks: all of which need not to be wanting in the *Newfoundland,* if we had intent there to inhabit.

In the south parts we found no inhabitants, which by all likelihood have abandoned those coasts, the same being so much frequented by Christians; but in the north are savages altogether harmless. Touching the commodities of this country, serving either for sustentation of inhabitants or for maintenance of traffic, there are and may be made divers; so that it seemeth that nature hath recompensed that only defect and incommodity of some sharp cold, by many benefits; namely, with incredible quantity, and no less variety, of kinds of fish in the sea and fresh waters, as trouts, salmons, and other fish to us unknown; also cod, which alone draweth many nations thither, and is become the most famous fishing of the world; abundance of whales, for which also is a very great trade in the bays of *Placentia* and the *Grand Bay,* where is made train oil of the whale; herring, the largest that have been heard of, and exceeding the *Marstrand* herring of *Norway;* but hitherto was never benefit taken of the herring fishing. There are sundry other fish very delicate, namely, the *bonito,* lobsters, turbot, with others infinite not sought after; oysters having pearl but not orient in colour; I took it, by reason they were not gathered in season.

Concerning the inland commodities, as well to be drawn from this land, as from the exceeding large countries adjoining, there is nothing which our east and northerly countries of *Europe* do yield, but the like also may be made in them as plentifully, by time and industry; namely, resin, pitch, tar, soap-ashes, deal-board, masts for ships, hides, furs, flax, hemp, corn, cables, cordage, linen cloth, metals, and many more. All which the countries will afford, and the soil is apt to yield. The trees for the most in those south parts are fir-trees, pine, and cypress, all yielding gum and turpentine. Cherry trees bearing fruit no bigger than a small pease. Also pear-trees, but fruitless. Other trees of some sort to us unknown. The soil along the coast is not deep of earth, bringing forth abundantly peasen small, yet good feeding for cattle. Roses passing sweet, like unto our musk roses in form; raspises; a berry which we call whorts, good and

wholesome to eat. The grass and herb doth fat sheep in very short space, proved by English merchants which have carried sheep thither for fresh victual and had them raised exceeding fat in less than three weeks. Peasen which our countrymen have sown in the time of May, have come up fair, and been gathered in the beginning of August, of which our General had a present acceptable for the rareness, being the first fruits coming up by art and industry in that desolate and dishabited land. Lakes or pools of fresh water, both on the tops of mountains and in the valleys; in which are said to be muscles not unlike to have pearl, which I had put in trial, if by mischance falling unto me I had not been letted from that and other good experiments I was minded to make. Fowl both of water and land in great plenty and diversity. All kind of green fowl; others as big as bustards, yet not the same. A great white fowl called of some a gaunt. Upon the land divers sort of hawks, as falcons, and others by report. Partridges most plentiful, larger than ours, grey and white of colour, and rough-footed like doves, which our men after one flight did kill with cudgels, they were so fat and unable to fly. Birds, some like blackbirds, linnets, canary birds, and other very small. Beasts of sundry kinds; red deer, buffles, or a beast as it seemeth by the tract and foot very large, in manner of an ox. Bears, ounces or leopards, some greater and some lesser; wolves, foxes, which to the northward a little further are black, whose fur is esteemed in some countries of *Europe* very rich. Otters, beavers, marterns; and in the opinion of most men that saw it, the General had brought unto him a sable alive, which he sent unto his brother, Sir *John Gilbert*, Knight, of *Devonshire*, but it was never delivered, as after I understood. We could not observe the hundredth part of creatures in those unhabited lands; but these mentioned may induce us to glorify the magnificent God, who hath super-abundantly replenished the earth with creatures serving for the use of man, though man hath not used the fifth part of the same, which the more doth aggravate the fault and foolish sloth in many of our nation, choosing rather to live indirectly, and very miserably to live and die within this realm pestered with inhabitants, than to adventure as becometh men, to

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obtain an habitation in those remote lands, in which nature very prodigally doth minister unto men's endeavours, and for art to work upon. For besides these already recounted and infinite more, the mountains generally make shew of mineral substance; iron very common, lead, and somewhere copper. I will not aver of richer metals; albeit by the circumstances following, more than hope may be conceived thereof.

For amongst other charges given to enquire out the singularities of this country, the General was most curious in the search of metals, commanding the mineral-man and refiner especially to be diligent. The same was a *Saxon*[8] born, honest, and religious, named *Daniel*. Who after search brought at first some sort of ore, seeming rather to be iron than other metal. The next time he found ore, which with no small show of contentment he delivered unto the General, using protestation that if silver were the thing which might satisfy the General and his followers, there it was, advising him to seek no further; the peril whereof he undertook upon his life (as dear unto him as the crown of *England* unto her Majesty, that I may use his own words) if it fell not out accordingly.

Myself at this instant liker to die than to live, by a mischance, could not follow this confident opinion of our refiner to my own satisfaction; but afterward demanding our General's opinion therein, and to have some part of the ore, he replied, *Content yourself, I have seen enough; and were it but to satisfy my private humour, I would proceed no further. The promise unto my friends, and necessity to bring also the south countries within compass of my patent near expired, as we have already done these north parts, do only persuade me further. And touching the ore, I have sent it aboard, whereof I would have no speech to be made so long as we remain within harbour; here being both Portugals, Biscayans, and Frenchmen, not far off, from whom must be kept any bruit or muttering of such matter. When we are at sea, proof shall be made; if it be our desire, we may return the sooner hither again.* Whose answer I judged reasonable, and contenting me well; wherewith I will conclude this nar-

[8] Probably from the mining district of Lower Saxony.

ration and description of the *Newfoundland,* and proceed to the rest of our voyage, which ended tragically.

While the better sort of us were seriously occupied in repairing our wants, and contriving of matters for the commodity of our voyage, others of another sort and disposition were plotting of mischief; some casting to steal away our shipping by night, watching opportunity by the General's and captains' lying on the shore; whose conspiracies discovered, they were prevented. Others drew together in company, and carried away out of the harbours adjoining a ship laden with fish, setting the poor men on shore. A great many more of our people stole into the woods to hide themselves, attending time and means to return home by such shipping as daily departed from the coast. Some were sick of fluxes, and many dead; and in brief, by one means or other our company was diminished, and many by the General licensed to return home. Insomuch as after we had reviewed our people, resolved to see an end of our voyage, we grew scant of men to furnish all our shipping; it seemed good therefore unto the General to leave the *Swallow* with such provision as might be spared for transporting home the sick people.

The captain of the *Delight,* or Admiral, returned into *England,* in whose stead was appointed captain *Maurice Browne,* before captain of the *Swallow;* who also brought with him into the *Delight* all his men of the *Swallow,* which before have been noted of outrage perpetrated and committed upon fishermen there met at sea.

The General made choice to go in his frigate the *Squirrel,* whereof the captain also was amongst them that returned into *England;* the same frigate being most convenient to discover upon the coast, and to search into every harbour or creek, which a great ship could not do. Therefore the frigate was prepared with her nettings and fights, and overcharged with bases and such small ordnance, more to give a show, than with judgment to foresee unto the safety of her and the men, which afterward was an occasion also of their overthrow.

Now having made ready our shipping, that is to say, the *Delight,* the *Golden Hind,* and the *Squirrel,* we put aboard our provision, which was wines, bread or rusk, fish wet and

dry, sweet oils, besides many other, as marmalades, figs, limons barrelled, and such like. Also we had other necessary provisions for trimming our ships, nets and lines to fish withal, boats or pinnaces fit for discovery. In brief, we were supplied of our wants commodiously, as if we had been in a country or some city populous and plentiful of all things.

We departed from this harbour of *St. John's* upon Tuesday, the 20. of August, which we found by exact observation to be in 47 degrees 40 minutes; and the next day by night we were at Cape *Race,* 25 leagues from the same harborough. This cape lieth south-south-west from *St. John's;* it is a low land, being off from the cape about half a league; within the sea riseth up a rock against the point of the cape, which thereby is easily known. It is in latitude 46 degrees 25 minutes. Under this cape we were becalmed a small time, during which we laid out hooks and lines to take cod, and drew in less than two hours fish so large and in such abundance, that many days after we fed upon no other provision. From hence we shaped our course unto the island of *Sablon,* if conveniently it would so fall out, also directly to Cape *Breton.*

Sablon lieth to the seaward of Cape *Breton* about 25 leagues, whither we were determined to go upon intelligence we had of a Portugal, during our abode in *St. John's,* who was himself present when the Portugals, above thirty years past, did put into the same island both neat and swine to breed, which were since exceedingly multiplied. This seemed unto us very happy tidings, to have in an island lying so near unto the main, which we intended to plant upon, such store of cattle, whereby we might at all times conveniently be relieved of victual, and served of store for breed.

In this course we trended along the coast, which from Cape *Race* stretcheth into the north-west, making a bay which some called *Trepassa.*[9] Then it goeth out again towards the west, and maketh a point, which with Cape *Race* lieth in manner east and west. But this point inclineth to the north, to the west of which goeth in the Bay of *Placentia.* We sent men on land to take view of the soil along this coast, whereof

[9] From the Baie des Trépassés at the Pointe du Raz in Brittany, from which Cape Race itself is named.

they made good report, and some of them had will to be planted there. They saw pease growing in great abundance everywhere.

The distance between Cape *Race* and Cape *Breton* is 87 leagues; in which navigation we spent eight days, having many times the wind indifferent good, yet could we never attain sight of any land all that time, seeing we were hindered by the current. At last we fell into such flats and dangers, that hardly any of us escaped; where nevertheless we lost our Admiral[10] with all the men and provisions, not knowing certainly the place. Yet for inducing men of skill to make conjecture, by our course and way we held from Cape *Race* thither, that thereby the flats and dangers may be inserted in sea cards, for warning to others that may follow the same course hereafter, I have set down the best reckonings that were kept by expert men, *William Cox,* Master of the *Hind,* and *John Paul,* his mate, both of *Limehouse* . . . . Our course we held in clearing us of these flats was east-south-east, and south-east, and south, fourteen leagues, with a marvellous scant wind.

Upon Tuesday, the 27. of August, toward the evening, our General caused them in his frigate to sound, who found white sand at 35 fathom, being then in latitude about 44 degrees. Wednesday, toward night, the wind came south, and we bare with the land all that night, west-north-west, contrary to the mind of Master *Cox;* nevertheless we followed the Admiral, deprived of power to prevent a mischief, which by no contradiction could be brought to hold another course, alleging they could not make the ship to work better, nor to lie otherways. The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the Admiral, or *Delight,* continued in sounding of trumpets, with drums and fifes; also winding the cornets and hautboys, and in the end of their jollity, left with the battle and ringing of doleful knells. Towards the evening also we caught in the *Golden Hind* a very mighty porpoise with a harping iron, having first stricken divers of them, and brought away part of their flesh sticking upon the iron, but

[10] The *Delight.*

could recover only that one. These also, passing through the ocean in herds, did portend storm. I omit to recite frivolous reports by them in the frigate, of strange voices the same night, which scared some from the helm.

Thursday, the 29. of August, the wind rose, and blew vehemently at south and by east, bringing withal rain and thick mist, so that we could not see a cable length before us; and betimes in the morning we were altogether run and folded in amongst flats and sands, amongst which we found shoal and deep in every three or four ships' length, after we began to sound: but first we were upon them unawares, until Master *Cox* looking out, discerned, in his judgment, white cliffs, crying *Land!* withal; though we could not afterward descry any land, it being very likely the breaking of the sea white, which seemed to be white cliffs, through the haze and thick weather.

Immediately tokens were given unto the *Delight,* to cast about to seaward, which, being the greater ship, and of burthen 120 tons, was yet foremost upon the breach, keeping so ill watch, that they knew not the danger, before they felt the same, too late to recover it; for presently the Admiral struck aground, and had soon after her stern and hinder parts beaten in pieces; whereupon the rest (that is to say, the frigate, in which was the General, and the *Golden Hind*) cast about east-south-east, bearing to the south, even for our lives, into the wind's eye, because that way carried us to the seaward. Making out from this danger, we sounded one while seven fathom, then five fathom, then four fathom and less, again deeper, immediately four fathom, then but three fathom, the sea going mightily and high. At last we recovered, God be thanked, in some despair, to sea room enough.

In this distress, we had vigilant eye unto the Admiral, whom we saw cast away, without power to give the men succour, neither could we espy any of the men that leaped overboard to save themselves, either in the same pinnace, or cock, or upon rafters, and such like means presenting themselves to men in those extremities, for we desired to save the men by every possible means. But all in vain, sith God had determined their ruin; yet all that day, and part of the

next, we beat up and down as near unto the wrack as was possible for us, looking out if by good hap we might espy any of them.

This was a heavy and grievous event, to lose at one blow our chief ship freighted with great provision, gathered together with much travail, care, long time, and difficulty; but more was the loss of our men, which perished to the number almost of a hundred souls. Amongst whom was drowned a learned man, a Hungarian,[11] born in the city of *Buda,* called thereof *Budæus,* who, of piety and zeal to good attempts, adventured in this action, minding to record in the Latin tongue the gests and things worthy of remembrance, happening in this discovery, to the honour of our nation, the same being adorned with the eloquent style of this orator and rare poet of our time.

Here also perished our Saxon refiner and discoverer of inestimable riches, as it was left amongst some of us in undoubted hope. No less heavy was the loss of the captain, *Maurice Brown,* a virtuous, honest, and discreet gentleman, overseen only in liberty given late before to men that ought to have been restrained, who showed himself a man resolved, and never unprepared for death, as by his last act of this tragedy appeared, by report of them that escaped this wrack miraculously, as shall be hereafter declared. For when all hope was past of recovering the ship, and that men began to give over, and to save themselves, the captain was advised before to shift also for his life, by the pinnace at the stern of the ship; but refusing that counsel, he would not give example with the first to leave the ship, but used all means to exhort his people not to despair, nor so to leave off their labour, choosing rather to die than to incur infamy by forsaking his charge, which then might be thought to have perished through his default, showing an ill precedent unto his men, by leaving the ship first himself. With this mind he mounted upon the highest deck, where he attended imminent death, and unavoidable; how long, I leave it to God, who withdraweth not his comfort from his servants at such times.

In the mean season, certain, to the number of fourteen

[11] Stephen Parmenius.

persons, leaped into a small pinnace, the bigness of a Thames barge, which was made in the *Newfoundland*, cut off the rope wherewith it was towed, and committed themselves to God's mercy, amidst the storm, and rage of sea and winds, destitute of food, not so much as a drop of fresh water. The boat seeming overcharged in foul weather with company, *Edward Headly*, a valiant soldier, and well reputed of his company, preferring the greater to the lesser, thought better that some of them perished than all, made this motion, to cast lots, and them to be thrown overboard upon whom the lots fell, thereby to lighten the boat, which otherways seemed impossible to live, [and] offered himself with the first, content to take his adventure gladly: which nevertheless *Richard Clarke*, that was master of the Admiral, and one of this number, refused, advising to abide God's pleasure, who was able to save all, as well as a few. The boat was carried before the wind, continuing six days and nights in the ocean, and arrived at last with the men, alive, but weak, upon the *Newfoundland*, saving that the foresaid *Headly*, who had been late sick, and another called of us *Brazil*, of his travel into those countries, died by the way, famished, and less able to hold out than those of better health . . . . Thus whom God delivered from drowning, he appointed to be famished; who doth give limits to man's times, and ordaineth the manner and circumstance of dying: whom, again, he will preserve, neither sea nor famine can confound. For those that arrived upon the *Newfoundland* were brought into *France* by certain Frenchmen, then being upon the coast.

After this heavy chance, we continued in beating the sea up and down, expecting when the weather would clear up that we might yet bear in with the land, which we judged not far off either the continent or some island. For we many times, and in sundry places found ground at 50, 45, 40 fathoms, and less. The ground coming upon our lead, being sometime oozy sand and other while a broad shell, with a little sand about it.

Our people lost courage daily after this ill success, the weather continuing thick and blustering, with increase of cold, winter drawing on, which took from them all hope of

amendment, settling an assurance of worse weather to grow upon us every day. The leeside of us lay full of flats and dangers, inevitable if the wind blew hard at south. Some again doubted we were ingulfed in the Bay of *St. Lawrence*, the coast full of dangers, and unto us unknown. But above all, provision waxed scant, and hope of supply was gone with loss of our Admiral. Those in the frigate were already pinched with spare allowance, and want of clothes chiefly: whereupon they besought the General to return to *England*, before they all perished. And to them of the *Golden Hind* they made signs of distress, pointing to their mouths, and to their clothes thin and ragged; then immediately they also of the *Golden Hind* grew to be of the same opinion and desire to return home.

The former reasons having also moved the General to have compassion of his poor men, in whom he saw no want of good will, but of means fit to perform the action they came for, [he] resolved upon retire: and calling the captain and master of the *Hind*, he yielded them many reasons, enforcing this unexpected return, withal protesting himself greatly satisfied with that he had seen and knew already, reiterating these words: *Be content, we have seen enough, and take no care of expense past: I will set you forth royally the next spring, if God send us safe home. Therefore I pray you let us no longer strive here, where we fight against the elements.* Omitting circumstance, how unwillingly the captain and master of the *Hind* condescended to this motion, his own company can testify; yet comforted with the General's promise of a speedy return at spring, and induced by other apparent reasons, proving an impossibility to accomplish the action at that time, it was concluded on all hands to retire.

So upon Saturday in the afternoon, the 31. of August, we changed our course, and returned back for *England*. At which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and towards the land which we now forsook a very lion to our seeming, in shape, hair, and colour, not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, excepting the legs, in sight, neither yet diving under, and

again rising above the water, as the manner is of whales, dolphins, tunnies, porpoises, and all other fish: but confidently showing himself above water without hiding: notwithstanding, we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him, as all creatures will be commonly at a sudden gaze and sight of men. Thus he passed along turning his head to and fro, yawing and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth, and glaring eyes; and to bid us a farewell, coming right against the *Hind,* he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring or bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing, as this doubtless was, to see a lion in the ocean sea, or fish in shape of a lion. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to deliver: but he took it for *bonum omen,* rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil. The wind was large for *England* at our return, but very high, and the sea rough, insomuch as the frigate, wherein the General went, was almost swallowed up.

Monday in the afternoon we passed in sight of Cape *Race,* having made as much way in little more than two days and nights back again, as before we had done in eight days from Cape *Race* unto the place where our ship perished. Which hindrance thitherward, and speed back again, is to be imputed unto the swift current, as well as to the winds, which we had more large in our return. This Monday the General came aboard the *Hind,* to have the surgeon of the *Hind* to dress his foot, which he hurt by treading upon a nail: at which time we comforted each other with hope of hard success to be all past, and of the good to come. So agreeing to carry out lights always by night, that we might keep together, he departed into his frigate, being by no means to be entreated to tarry in the *Hind,* which had been more for his security. Immediately after followed a sharp storm, which we overpassed for that time, praised be God.

The weather fair, the General came aboard the *Hind* again, to make merry together with the captain, master, and company, which was the last meeting, and continued there from morning until night. During which time there passed

sundry discourses touching affairs past and to come, lamenting greatly the loss of his great ship, more of the men, but most of all his books and notes, and what else I know not, for which he was out of measure grieved, the same doubtless being some matter of more importance than his books, which I could not draw from him: yet by circumstance I gathered the same to be the ore which *Daniel* the Saxon had brought unto him in the *Newfoundland*. Whatsoever it was, the remembrance touched him so deep as, not able to contain himself, he beat his boy in great rage, even at the same time, so long after the miscarrying of the great ship, because upon a fair day, when we were becalmed upon the coast of the *Newfoundland* near unto Cape *Race*, he sent his boy aboard the *Admiral* to fetch certain things: amongst which, this being chief, was yet forgotten and left behind. After which time he could never conveniently send again aboard the great ship, much less he doubted her ruin so near at hand.

Herein my opinion was better confirmed diversely, and by sundry conjectures, which maketh me have the greater hope of this rich mine. For whereas the General had never before good conceit of these north parts of the world, now his mind was wholly fixed upon the *Newfoundland*. And as before he refused not to grant assignments liberally to them that required the same into these north parts, now he became contrarily affected, refusing to make any so large grants, especially of *St. John's*, which certain English merchants made suit for, offering to employ their money and travail upon the same yet neither by their own suit, nor of others of his own company, whom he seemed willing to pleasure, it could be obtained. Also laying down his determination in the spring following for disposing of his voyage then to be re-attempted: he assigned the captain and master of the *Golden Hind* unto the south discovery, and reserved unto himself the north, affirming that this voyage had won his heart from the south, and that he was now become a northern man altogether.

Last, being demanded what means he had, at his arrival in *England*, to compass the charges of so great preparation as he intended to make the next spring, having determined upon two fleets, one for the south, another for the north;

Leave that to me, he replied, *I will ask a penny of no man. I will bring good tidings unto her Majesty, who will be so gracious to lend me* £10,000; willing us therefore to be of good cheer; for *he did thank God,* he said, *with all his heart for that he had seen, the same being enough for us all, and that we needed not to seek any further.* And these last words he would often repeat, with demonstration of great fervency of mind, being himself very confident and settled in belief of inestimable good by this voyage; which the greater number of his followers nevertheless mistrusted altogether, not being made partakers of those secrets, which the General kept unto himself. Yet all of them that are living may be witnesses of his words and protestations, which sparingly I have delivered.

Leaving the issue of this good hope unto God, who knoweth the truth only, and can at His good pleasure bring the same to light, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General. And as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion and entreaty of his friends could nothing avail to divert him of a wilful resolution of going through in his frigate; which was overcharged upon the decks with fights, nettings, and small artillery, too cumbersome for so small a boat that was to pass through the ocean sea at that season of the year, when by course we might expect much storm of foul weather. Whereof, indeed, we had enough.

But when he was entreated by the captain, master, and other his well-willers of the *Hind* not to venture in the frigate, this was his answer: *I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.* And in very truth he was urged to be so over hard by hard reports given of him that he was afraid of the sea; albeit this was rather rashness than advised resolution, to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life. Seeing he would not bend to reason, he had provision out of the *Hind,* such as was wanting aboard his frigate. And so we committed him to God's protection, and set him aboard his pinnace, we being more than 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the Islands of *Azores* south

of us; yet we then keeping much to the north, until we had got into the height and elevation of *England,* we met with very foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid-wise. The reason whereof seemed to proceed either of hilly grounds high and low within the sea, as we see hills and vales upon the land, upon which the seas do mount and fall, or else the cause proceedeth of diversity of winds, shifting often in sundry points, all which having power to move the great ocean, which again is not presently settled, so many seas do encounter together, as there had been diversity of winds. Howsoever it cometh to pass, men which all their lifetime had occupied the sea never saw more outrageous seas. We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call *Castor* and *Pollux.* But we had only one, which they take an evil sign of more tempest; the same is usual in storms.

Monday, the 9. of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hind,* so oft as we did approach within hearing, *We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!* Reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind,* suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried *the General was cast away,* which was too true. For in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night, and ever after until we arrived upon the coast of *England;* omitting no small sail at sea, unto which we gave not the tokens between us agreed upon to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

In great torment of weather and peril of drowning it pleased God to send safe home the *Golden Hind,* which arrived in *Falmouth* the 22. of September, being Sunday, not without as great danger escaped in a flaw coming from the south-east, with such thick mist that we could not discern

land to put in right with the haven. From *Falmouth* we went to *Dartmouth,* and lay there at anchor before the Range, while the captain went aland to enquire if there had been any news of the frigate, which, sailing well, might happily have been before us; also to certify Sir *John Gilbert,* brother unto the General, of our hard success, whom the captain desired, while his men were yet aboard him, and were witnesses of all occurrences in that voyage, it might please him to take the examination of every person particularly, in discharge of his and their faithful endeavour. Sir *John Gilbert* refused so to do, holding himself satisfied with report made by the captain, and not altogether despairing of his brother's safety, offered friendship and courtesy to the captain and his company, requiring to have his bark brought into the harbour; in furtherance whereof a boat was sent to help to tow her in.

Nevertheless, when the captain returned aboard his ship, he found his men bent to depart every man to his home; and then the wind serving to proceed higher upon the coast, they demanded money to carry them home, some to *London,* others to *Harwich,* and elsewhere, if the barque should be carried into *Dartmouth* and they discharged so far from home, or else to take benefit of the wind, then serving to draw nearer home, which should be a less charge unto the captain, and great ease unto the men, having else far to go. Reason accompanied with necessity persuaded the captain, who sent his lawful excuse and cause of this sudden departure unto Sir *John Gilbert,* by the boat of *Dartmouth,* and from thence the *Golden Hind* departed and took harbour at *Weymouth.* All the men tired with the tediousness of so unprofitable a voyage to their seeming, in which their long expense of time, much toil and labour, hard diet, and continual hazard of life was unrecompensed; their captain nevertheless by his great charges impaired greatly thereby, yet comforted in the goodness of God, and His undoubted providence following him in all that voyage, as it doth always those at other times whosoever have confidence in Him alone. Yet have we more near feeling and perseverance of His powerful hand and protection when God doth bring us together with others into one same peril, in which He

leaveth them and delivereth us, making us thereby the beholders, but not partakers, of their ruin. Even so, amongst very many difficulties, discontentments, mutinies, conspiracies, sicknesses, mortality, spoilings, and wracks by sea, which were afflictions more than in so small a fleet or so short a time may be supposed, albeit true in every particularity, as partly by the former relation may be collected, and some I suppressed with silence for their sakes living, it pleased God to support this company, of which only one man died of a malady inveterate, and long infested, the rest kept together in reasonable contentment and concord, beginning, continuing, and ending the voyage, which none else did accomplish, either not pleased with the action, or impatient of wants, or prevented by death.

Thus have I delivered the contents of the enterprise and last action of Sir *Humfrey Gilbert,* Knight, faithfully, for so much as I thought meet to be published; wherein may always appear, though he be extinguished, some sparks of his virtues, he remaining firm and resolute in a purpose by all pretence honest and godly, as was this, to discover, possess, and to reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of *America* not actually possessed by Christians, and most rightly appertaining unto the crown of *England,* unto the which as his zeal deserveth high commendation, even so he may justly be taxed of temerity, and presumption rather, in two respects. First, when yet there was only probability, not a certain and determinate place of habitation selected, neither any demonstration if commodity there *in esse,* to induce his followers; nevertheless, he both was too prodigal of his own patrimony and too careless of other men's expenses to employ both his and their substance upon a ground imagined good. The which falling, very like his associates were promised, and made it their best reckoning, to be salved some other way, which pleased not God to prosper in his first and great preparation. Secondly, when by his former preparation he was enfeebled of ability and credit to perform his designments, as it were impatient to abide in expectation better opportunity, and means which God might raise, he thrust himself again into the action, for which he

was not fit, presuming the cause pretended on God's behalf would carry him to the desired end. Into which having thus made re-entry, he could not yield again to withdraw, though he saw no encouragement to proceed; lest his credit, foiled in his first attempt, in a second should utterly be disgraced. Between extremities he made a right adventure, putting all to God and good fortune; and, which was worst, refused not to entertain every person and means whatsoever, to furnish out this expedition, the success whereof hath been declared.

But such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good. For besides that fruit may grow in time of our travelling into those north-west lands, the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of this voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues. Then as he was refined, and made nearer drawing unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired.

THE DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

BY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sir Walter Raleigh may be taken as the great typical figure of the age of Elizabeth. Courtier and statesman, soldier and sailor, scientist and man of letters, he engaged in almost all the main lines of public activity in his time, and was distinguished in them all.

His father was a Devonshire gentleman of property, connected with many of the distinguished families of the south of England. Walter was born about 1552 and was educated at Oxford. He first saw military service in the Huguenot army in France in 1569, and in 1578 engaged, with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the first of his expeditions against the Spaniards. After some service in Ireland, he attracted the attention of the Queen, and rapidly rose to the perilous position of her chief favorite. With her approval, he fitted out two expeditions for the colonization of Virginia, neither of which did his royal mistress permit him to lead in person, and neither of which succeeded in establishing a permanent settlement.

After about six years of high favor, Raleigh found his position at court endangered by the rivalry of Essex, and in 1592, on returning from convoying a squadron he had fitted out against the Spanish, he was thrown into the Tower by the orders of the Queen, who had discovered an intrigue between him and one of her ladies whom he subsequently married. He was ultimately released, engaged in various naval exploits, and in 1594 sailed for South America on the voyage described in the following narrative.

On the death of Elizabeth, Raleigh's misfortunes increased. He was accused of treason against James I, condemned, reprieved, and imprisoned for twelve years, during which he wrote his "History of the World," and engaged in scientific researches. In 1616 he was liberated, to make another attempt to find the gold mine in Venezuela; but the expedition was disastrous, and, on his return, Raleigh was executed on the old charge in 1618. In his vices as in his virtues, Raleigh is a thorough representative of the great adventurers who laid the foundations of the British Empire.

RALEIGH'S DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

The DISCOVERY *of the large, rich, and beautiful* EMPIRE *of* GUIANA; *with a Relation of the great and golden* CITY *of* MANOA, *which the Spaniards call* EL DORADO, *and the* PROVINCES *of* EMERIA, AROMAIA, AMAPAIA, *and other Countries, with their rivers, adjoining. Performed in the year 1595 by* SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT, CAPTAIN *of her Majesty's* GUARD, *Lord Warden of the* STANNARIES, *and her Highness'* LIEUTENANT-GENERAL *of the* COUNTY *of* CORNWALL.

To the Right Honourable my singular good Lord and kinsman, CHARLES HOWARD, *Knight of the Garter, Baron, and Councillor, and of the Admirals of* ENGLAND *the most renowned; and to the Right Honourable* SIR ROBERT CECIL, KNIGHT, *Councillor in her Highness' Privy Councils.*

FOR your Honours' many honourable and friendly parts, I have hitherto only returned promises; and now, for answer of both your adventures, I have sent you a bundle of papers, which I have divided between your Lordship and Sir *Robert Cecil,* in these two respects chiefly; first, for that it is reason that wasteful factors, when they have consumed such stocks as they had in trust, do yield some colour for the same in their account; secondly, for that I am assured that whatsoever shall be done, or written, by me, shall need a double protection and defence. The trial that I had of both your loves, when I was left of all, but of malice and revenge, makes me still presume that you will be pleased (knowing what little power I had to perform aught, and the great advantage of forewarned enemies) to answer that out of knowledge, which others shall but object out of malice. In my more happy times as I did especially honour you both, so I found that your loves sought me out in the darkest shadow of adversity, and the same affection which accompanied my better fortune soared not away from me in my many miseries; all which though I cannot requite, yet I shall ever acknowledge; and the great debt which I have no power to pay, I can do no more

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for a time but confess to be due. It is true that as my errors were great, so they have yielded very grievous effects; and if aught might have been deserved in former times, to have counterpoised any part of offences, the fruit thereof, as it seemeth, was long before fallen from the tree, and the dead stock only remained. I did therefore, even in the winter of my life, undertake these travails, fitter for bodies less blasted with misfortunes, for men of greater ability, and for minds of better encouragement, that thereby, if it were possible, I might recover but the moderation of excess, and the least taste of the greatest plenty formerly possessed. If I had known other way to win, if I had imagined how greater adventures might have regained, if I could conceive what farther means I might yet use but even to appease so powerful displeasure, I would not doubt but for one year more to hold fast my soul in my teeth till it were performed. Of that little remain I had, I have wasted in effect all herein. I have undergone many constructions; I have been accompanied with many sorrows, with labour, hunger, heat, sickness, and peril; it appeareth, notwithstanding, that I made no other bravado of going to the sea, than was meant, and that I was never hidden in *Cornwall*, or elsewhere, as was supposed. They have grossly belied me that forejudged that I would rather become a servant to the Spanish king than return; and the rest were much mistaken, who would have persuaded that I was too easeful and sensual to undertake a journey of so great travail. But if what I have done receive the gracious construction of a painful pilgrimage, and purchase the least remission, I shall think all too little, and that there were wanting to the rest many miseries. But if both the times past, the present, and what may be in the future, do all by one grain of gall continue in eternal distaste, I do not then know whether I should bewail myself, either for my too much travail and expense, or condemn myself for doing less than that which can deserve nothing. From myself I have deserved no thanks, for I am returned a beggar, and withered; but that I might have bettered my poor estate, it shall appear from the following discourse, if I had not only respected her Majesty's future honour and riches.

It became not the former fortune, in which I once lived, to go journeys of picory;[1] it had sorted ill with the offices of honour,

[1] Fr. *picorée* (marauding).

which by her Majesty's grace I hold this day in *England*, to run from cape to cape and from place to place, for the pillage of ordinary prizes. Many years since I had knowledge, by relation, of that mighty, rich, and beautiful empire of *Guiana*, and of that great and golden city, which the Spaniards call *El Dorado*, and the naturals *Manoa*, which city was conquered, re-edified, and enlarged by a younger son of *Guayna-capac*, Emperor of *Peru*, at such time as *Francisco Pizarro* and others conquered the said empire from his two elder brethren, *Guascar* and *Atabalipa*, both then contending for the same, the one being favoured by the *orejones* of *Cuzco*, the other by the people of *Caxamalca*. I sent my servant *Jacob Whiddon*, the year before, to get knowledge of the passages, and I had some light from Captain *Parker*, sometime my servant, and now attending on your Lordship, that such a place there was to the southward of the great bay of *Charuas*, or *Guanipa:* but I found that it was 600 miles farther off than they supposed, and many impediments to them unknown and unheard. After I had displanted *Don Antonio de Berreo*, who was upon the same enterprise, leaving my ships at *Trinidad*, at the port called *Curiapan*, I wandered 400 miles into the said country by land and river; the particulars I will leave to the following discourse.

The country hath more quantity of gold, by manifold, than the best parts of the *Indies*, or *Peru*. All the most of the kings of the borders are already become her Majesty's vassals, and seem to desire nothing more than her Majesty's protection and the return of the English nation. It hath another ground and assurance of riches and glory than the voyages of the *West Indies;* an easier way to invade the best parts thereof than by the common course. The king of *Spain* is not so impoverished by taking three or four port towns in *America* as we suppose; neither are the riches of *Peru* or *Nueva España* so left by the sea side as it can be easily washed away with a great flood, or spring tide, or left dry upon the sands on a low ebb. The port towns are few and poor in respect of the rest within the land, and are of little defence, and are only rich when the fleets are to receive the treasure for *Spain;* and we might think the Spaniards very simple, having so many horses and slaves, if they could not upon two days' warning carry all the gold they have into the land, and far enough from the reach of our footmen, especially

the *Indies* being, as they are for the most part, so mountainous, full of woods, rivers, and marishes. In the port towns of the province of *Venezuela*, as *Cumana, Coro*, and *St. Iago* (whereof *Coro* and *St. Iago* were taken by Captain *Preston*, and *Cumana* and *St. Josepho* by us) we found not the value of one real of plate in either. But the cities of *Barquasimeta, Valencia, St. Sebastian, Cororo, St. Lucia, Laguna, Maracaiba*, and *Truxillo*, are not so easily invaded. Neither doth the burning of those on the coast impoverish the king of *Spain* any one ducat; and if we sack the *River of Hacha, St. Martha*, and *Carthagena*, which are the ports of *Nuevo Reymo* and *Popayan*, there are besides within the land, which are indeed rich and prosperous, the towns and cities of *Merida, Lagrita, St. Christophoro*, the great cities of *Pamplona, Santa Fé de Bogota, Tunxa*, and *Mozo*, where the emeralds are found, the towns and cities of *Marequita, Velez, la Villa de Leiva, Palma, Honda, Angostura*, the great city of *Timana, Tocaima, St. Aguila, Pasto*, [*St.*] *Jago*, the great city of *Popayan* itself, *Los Remedios*, and the rest. If we take the ports and villages within the bay of *Uraba* in the kingdom or rivers of *Darien* and *Caribana*, the cities and towns of *St. Juan de Rodas*, of *Cassaris*, of *Antiochia, Caramanta, Cali*, and *Anserma* have gold enough to pay the king's part, and are not easily invaded by way of the ocean. Or if *Nombre de Dios* and *Panama* be taken, in the province of *Castilla del Oro*, and the villages upon the rivers of *Cenu* and *Chagre; Peru* hath, besides those, and besides the magnificent cities of *Quito* and *Lima*, so many islands, ports, cities, and mines as if I should name them with the rest it would seem incredible to the reader. Of all which, because I have written a particular treatise of the *West Indies*, I will omit the repetition at this time, seeing that in the said treatise I have anatomized the rest of the sea towns as well of *Nicaragua, Yucatan, Nueva España*, and the islands, as those of the inland, and by what means they may be best invaded, as far as any mean judgment may comprehend.

But I hope it shall appear that there is a way found to answer every man's longing; a better *Indies* for her Majesty than the king of *Spain* hath any; which if it shall please her Highness to undertake, I shall most willingly end the rest of my days in following the same. If it be left to the spoil and sackage of common persons, if the love and service of so many nations be

despised, so great riches and so mighty an empire refused; I hope her Majesty will yet take my humble desire and my labour therein in gracious part, which, if it had not been in respect of her Highness' future honour and riches, could have laid hands on and ransomed many of the kings and *caciqui* of the country, and have had a reasonable proportion of gold for their redemption. But I have chosen rather to bear the burden of poverty than reproach; and rather to endure a second travail, and the chances thereof, than to have defaced an enterprise of so great assurance, until I knew whether it pleased God to put a disposition in her princely and royal heart either to follow or forslow[2] the same. I will therefore leave it to His ordinance that hath only power in all things; and do humbly pray that your honours will excuse such errors as, without the defence of art, overrun in every part the following discourse, in which I have neither studied phrase, form, nor fashion; that you will be pleased to esteem me as your own, though over dearly bought, and I shall ever remain ready to do you all honour and service.

[2] Neglect, decline (lose through sloth).

TO THE READER

BECAUSE there have been divers opinions conceived of the gold ore brought from *Guiana,* and for that an alderman of *London* and an officer of her Majesty's mint hath given out that the same is of no price, I have thought good by the addition of these lines to give answer as well to the said malicious slander as to other objections. It is true that while we abode at the island of *Trinidad* I was informed by an Indian that not far from the port where we anchored there were found certain mineral stones which they esteemed to be gold, and were thereunto persuaded the rather for that they had seen both English and Frenchmen gather and embark some quantities thereof. Upon this likelihood I sent forty men, and gave order that each one should bring a stone of that mine, to make trial of the goodness; which being performed, I assured them at their return that the same was *marcasite,* and of no riches or value. Notwithstanding, divers, trusting more to their own sense than to my opinion, kept of the said *marcasite,* and have tried thereof since my return, in divers places. In *Guiana* itself I never saw *marcasite;* but all the rocks, mountains, all stones in the plains, woods, and by the rivers' sides, are in effect thorough-shining, and appear marvellous rich; which, being tried to be no *marcasite,* are the true signs of rich minerals, but are no other than *El madre del oro,* as the Spaniards term them, which is the mother of gold, or, as it is said by others, the scum of gold. Of divers sorts of these many of my company brought also into *England,* every one taking the fairest for the best, which is not general. For mine own part, I did not countermand any man's desire or opinion, and I could have afforded them little if I should have denied them the pleasing of their own fancies therein; but I was resolved that gold must be found either in grains, separate from the stone, as it is in most of the rivers in *Guiana,* or else in a kind of hard stone, which we call the

white spar, of which I saw divers hills, and in sundry places, but had neither time nor men, nor instruments fit for labour. Near unto one of the rivers I found of the said *white spar* or flint a very great ledge or bank, which I endeavoured to break by all the means I could, because there appeared on the outside some small grains of gold; but finding no mean to work the same upon the upper part, seeking the sides and circuit of the said rock, I found a clift in the same, from whence with daggers, and with the head of an axe, we got out some small quantity thereof; of which kind of white stone, wherein gold is engendered, we saw divers hills and rocks in every part of Guiana wherein we travelled. Of this there have been made many trials; and in *London* it was first assayed by Master *Westwood*, a refiner dwelling in *Wood Street*, and it held after the rate of twelve or thirteen thousand pounds a ton. Another sort was afterward tried by Master *Bulmar*, and Master *Dimock*, assay-master; and it held after the rate of three and twenty thousand pounds a ton. There was some of it again tried by Master *Palmer*, Comptroller of the *Mint*, and Master *Dimock* in *Goldsmith's Hall*, and it held after six and twenty thousand and nine hundred pounds a ton. There was also at the same time, and by the same persons, a trial made of the dust of the said mine; which held eight pounds and six ounces weight of gold in the hundred. There was likewise at the same time a trial of an image of copper made in *Guiana*, which held a third part of gold, besides divers trials made in the country, and by others in *London*. But because there came ill with the good, and belike the said alderman was not presented with the best, it hath pleased him therefore to scandal all the rest, and to deface the enterprise as much as in him lieth. It hath also been concluded by divers that if there had been any such ore in *Guiana*, and the same discovered, that I would have brought home a greater quantity thereof. First, I was not bound to satisfy any man of the quantity, but only such as adventured, if any store had been returned thereof; but it is very true that had all their mountains been of massy gold it was impossible for us to have made any longer stay to have wrought the same; and whosoever hath seen with what strength of stone the best gold ore is environed, he will not think it easy to be had out in heaps, and especially by us, who had neither men, instruments, nor time, as it is said before, to perform the same.

There were on this discovery no less than an hundred persons, who can all witness that when we passed any branch of the river to view the land within, and stayed from our boats but six hours, we were driven to wade to the eyes at our return; and if we attempted the same the day following, it was impossible either to ford it, or to swim it, both by reason of the swiftness, and also for that the borders were so pestered with fast woods, as neither boat nor man could find place either to land or to embark; for in June, July, August, and September it is impossible to navigate any of those rivers; for such is the fury of the current, and there are so many trees and woods overflown, as if any boat but touch upon any tree or stake it is impossible to save any one person therein. And ere we departed the land it ran with such swiftness as we drave down, most commonly against the wind, little less than an hundred miles a day. Besides, our vessels were no other than wherries, one little barge, a small cock-boat, and a bad *galiota* which we framed in haste for that purpose at *Trinidad;* and those little boats had nine or ten men apiece, with all their victuals and arms. It is further true that we were about four hundred miles from our ships, and had been a month from them, which also we left weakly manned in an open road, and had promised our return in fifteen days.

Others have devised that the same ore was had from *Barbary*, and that we carried it with us into *Guiana*. Surely the singularity of that device I do not well comprehend. For mine own part, I am not so much in love with these long voyages as to devise thereby to cozen myself, to lie hard, to fare worse, to be subjected to perils, to diseases, to ill savours, to be parched and withered, and withal to sustain the care and labour of such an enterprise, except the same had more comfort than the fetching of *marcasite* in *Guiana*, or buying of gold ore in *Barbary*. But I hope the better sort will judge me by themselves, and that the way of deceit is not the way of honour or good opinion. I have herein consumed much time, and many crowns; and I had no other respect or desire than to serve her Majesty and my country thereby. If the Spanish nation had been of like belief to these detractors we should little have feared or doubted their attempts, wherewith we now are daily threatened. But if we now consider of the actions both of *Charles the Fifth*, who had the maidenhead of *Peru* and the abundant treasures of *Atabalipa*, together with

the affairs of the Spanish king now living, what territories he hath purchased, what he hath added to the acts of his predecessors, how many kingdoms he hath endangered, how many armies, garrisons, and navies he hath, and doth maintain, the great losses which he hath repaired, as in Eighty-eight above an hundred sail of great ships with their artillery, and that no year is less infortunate, but that many vessels, treasures, and people are devoured, and yet notwithstanding he beginneth again like a storm to threaten shipwrack to us all; we shall find that these abilities rise not from the trades of sacks and *Seville* oranges, nor from aught else that either *Spain, Portugal,* or any of his other provinces produce; it is his Indian gold that endangereth and disturbeth all the nations of *Europe;* it purchaseth intelligence, creepeth into counsels, and setteth bound loyalty at liberty in the greatest monarchies of *Europe.* If the Spanish king can keep us from foreign enterprises, and from the impeachment of his trades, either by offer of invasion, or by besieging us in *Britain, Ireland,* or elsewhere, he hath then brought the work of our peril in great forwardness.

Those princes that abound in treasure have great advantages over the rest, if they once constrain them to a defensive war, where they are driven once a year or oftener to cast lots for their own garments; and from all such shall all trades and intercourse be taken away, to the general loss and impoverishment of the kingdom and commonweal so reduced. Besides, when our men are constrained to fight, it hath not the like hope as when they are pressed and encouraged by the desire of spoil and riches. Farther, it is to be doubted how those that in time of victory seem to affect their neighbour nations will remain after the first view of misfortunes or ill success; to trust, also, to the doubtfulness of a battle is but a fearful and uncertain adventure, seeing therein fortune is as likely to prevail as virtue. It shall not be necessary to allege all that might be said, and therefore I will thus conclude; that whatsoever kingdom shall be enforced to defend itself may be compared to a body dangerously diseased, which for a season may be preserved with vulgar medicines, but in a short time, and by little and little, the same must needs fall to the ground and be dissolved. I have therefore laboured all my life, both according to my small power and persuasion, to advance all those attempts that might either promise return

of profit to ourselves, or at least be a let and impeachment to the quiet course and plentiful trades of the Spanish nation; who, in my weak judgement, by such a war were as easily endangered and brought from his powerfulness as any prince in *Europe*, if it be considered from how many kingdoms and nations his revenues are gathered, and those so weak in their own beings and so far severed from mutual succour. But because such a preparation and resolution is not to be hoped for in haste, and that the time which our enemies embrace cannot be had again to advantage, I will hope that these provinces, and that empire now by me discovered, shall suffice to enable her Majesty and the whole kingdom with no less quantities of treasure than the king of *Spain* hath in all the *Indies, East* and *West*, which he possesseth; which if the same be considered and followed, ere the Spaniards enforce the same, and if her Majesty will undertake it, I will be contented to lose her Highness' favour and good opinion for ever, and my life withal, if the same be not found rather to exceed than to equal whatsoever is in this discourse promised and declared. I will now refer the reader to the following discourse, with the hope that the perilous and chargeable labours and endeavours of such as thereby seek the profit and honour of her Majesty, and the English nation, shall by men of quality and virtue receive such construction and good acceptance as themselves would like to be rewarded withal in the like.

THE DISCOVERY[3] OF GUIANA

ON Thursday, the sixth of February, in the year 1595, we departed *England,* and the Sunday following had sight of the north cape of *Spain,* the wind for the most part continuing prosperous; we passed in sight of the *Burlings,* and the Rock, and so onwards for the *Canaries,* and fell with *Fuerteventura* the 17. of the same month, where we spent two or three days, and relieved our companies with some fresh meat. From thence we coasted by the *Grand Canaria,* and so to *Teneriffe,* and stayed there for the *Lion's Whelp,* your Lordship's ship, and for Captain *Amyas Preston* and the rest. But when after seven or eight days we found them not, we departed and directed our course for *Trinidad,* with mine own ship, and a small barque of Captain *Cross's* only; for we had before lost sight of a small *galego* on the coast of *Spain,* which came with us from *Plymouth.* We arrived at *Trinidad* the 22. of March, casting anchor at Point *Curiapan,* which the Spaniards call *Punta de Gallo,* which is situate in eight degrees or thereabouts. We abode there four or five days, and in all that time we came not to the speech of any Indian or Spaniard. On the coast we saw a fire, as we sailed from the Point *Carao* towards *Curiapan,* but for fear of the Spaniards none durst come to speak with us. I myself coasted it in my barge close aboard the shore and landed in every cove, the better to know the island, while the ships kept the channel. From *Curiapan* after a few days we turned up north-east to recover that place which the Spaniards call *Puerto de los Españoles,*[5] and the inhabitants *Conquerabia;* and as before, revictualling my barge, I left the ships and kept by the shore, the better to come to speech with some of the inhabitants, and also to

[3] Exploration.
[4] The name is derived from the Guayano Indians, on the Orinoco.
[5] Now Port of Spain.

understand the rivers, watering-places, and ports of the island, which, as it is rudely done, my purpose is to send your Lordship after a few days. From *Curiapan* I came to a port and seat of Indians called *Parico,* where we found a fresh water river, but saw no people. From thence I rowed to another port, called by the naturals *Piche,* and by the Spaniards *Tierra de Brea.* In the way between both were divers little brooks of fresh water, and one salt river that had store of oysters upon the branches of the trees, and were very salt and well tasted. All their oysters grow upon those boughs and sprays, and not on the ground; the like is commonly seen in other places of the *West Indies,* and elsewhere. This tree is described by *Andrew Thevet,* in his *France Antarctique,* and the form figured in the book as a plant very strange; and by *Pliny* in his twelfth book of his *Natural History.* But in this island, as also in *Guiana,* there are very many of them.

At this point, called *Tierra de Brea* or *Piche,* there is that abundance of stone pitch that all the ships of the world may be therewith laden from thence; and we made trial of it in trimming our ships to be most excellent good, and melteth not with the sun as the pitch of *Norway,* and therefore for ships trading the south parts very profitable. From thence we went to the mountain foot called *Annaperima,* and so passing the river *Carone,* on which the Spanish city was seated, we met with our ships at *Puérto de los Españoles* or *Conquerabia.*

This island of *Trinidad* hath the form of a sheephook, and is but narrow; the north part is very mountainous; the soil is very excellent, and will bear sugar, ginger, or any other commodity that the *Indies* yield. It hath store of deer, wild porks, fruit, fish, and fowl; it hath also for bread sufficient maize, *cassavi,* and of those roots and fruits which are common everywhere in the *West Indies.* It hath divers beasts which the *Indies* have not; the Spaniards confessed that they found grains of gold in some of the rivers; but they having a purpose to enter *Guiana,* the magazine of all rich metals, cared not to spend time in the search thereof any further. This island is called by the people thereof *Cairi,* and in it are divers nations. Those about *Parico* are

called *Jajo,* those at *Punta de Carao* are of the *Arwacas,*[6] and between *Carao* and *Curiapan* they are called *Salvajos.* Between *Carao* and *Punta de Galera* are the *Nepojos,* and those about the Spanish city term themselves *Carinepagotes.*[7] Of the rest of the nations, and of other ports and rivers, I leave to speak here, being impertinent to my purpose, and mean to describe them as they are situate in the particular plot and description of the island, three parts whereof I coasted with my barge, that I might the better describe it.

Meeting with the ships at *Puerto de los Españoles,* we found at the landing-place a company of Spaniards who kept a guard at the descent; and they offering a sign of peace, I sent Captain *Whiddon* to speak with them, whom afterwards to my great grief I left buried in the said island after my return from *Guiana,* being a man most honest and valiant. The Spaniards seemed to be desirous to trade with us, and to enter into terms of peace, more for doubt of their own strength than for aught else; and in the end, upon pledge, some of them came aboard. The same evening there stale also aboard us in a small *canoa* two Indians, the one of them being a *cacique* or lord of the people, called *Cantyman,* who had the year before been with Captain *Whiddon,* and was of his acquaintance. By this *Cantyman* we understood what strength the Spaniards had, how far it was to their city, and of *Don Antonio de Berreo,* the governor, who was said to be slain in his second attempt of *Guiana,* but was not.

While we remained at *Puerto de los Españoles* some Spaniards came aboard us to buy linen of the company, and such other things as they wanted, and also to view our ships and company, all which I entertained kindly and feasted after our manner. By means whereof I learned of one and another as much of the estate of *Guiana* as I could, or as they knew; for those poor soldiers having been many years without wine, a few draughts made them merry, in which mood they vaunted of *Guiana* and the riches thereof, and all what they knew of the ways and passages; myself seeming to purpose nothing less than the entrance or discovery thereof, but bred in them an opinion that I was bound only for

[6] Arawaks. [7] Carib-people.

the relief of those English which I had planted in *Virginia,* whereof the bruit was come among them; which I had performed in my return, if extremity of weather had not forced me from the said coast.

I found occasions of staying in this place for two causes. The one was to be revenged of *Berreo,* who the year before, 1594, had betrayed eight of Captain *Whiddon's* men, and took them while he departed from them to seek the *Edward Bonaventure,* which arrived at *Trinidad* the day before from the *East Indies*: in whose absence *Berreo* sent a *canoa* aboard the pinnace only with Indians and dogs inviting the company to go with them into the woods to kill a deer. Who, like wise men, in the absence of their captain followed the *Indians,* but were no sooner one arquebus shot from the shore, but *Berreo's* soldiers lying in ambush had them all, notwithstanding that he had given his word to Captain *Whiddon* that they should take water and wood safely. The other cause of my stay was, for that by discourse with the Spaniards I daily learned more and more of *Guiana,* of the rivers and passages, and of the enterprise of *Berreo,* by what means or fault he failed, and how he meant to prosecute the same.

While we thus spent the time I was assured by another *cacique* of the north side of the island, that *Berreo* had sent to *Margarita* and *Cumana* for soldiers, meaning to have given me a *cassado*[8] at parting, if it had been possible. For although he had given order through all the island that no Indian should come aboard to trade with me upon pain of hanging and quartering (having executed two of them for the same, which I afterwards found), yet every night there came some with most lamentable complaints of his cruelty: how he had divided the island and given to every soldier a part; that he made the ancient *caciques,* which were lords of the country, to be their slaves; that he kept them in chains, and dropped their naked bodies with burning bacon, and such other torments, which I found afterwards to be true. For in the city, after I entered the same, there were five of the lords or little kings, which they call *caciques* in the *West Indies,* in one chain, almost dead of famine, and

[8] *Cachado (cachada)*=a blow.

wasted with torments. These are called in their own language *acarewana,* and now of late since English, French, and Spanish, are come among them, they call themselves *captains,* because they perceive that the chiefest of every ship is called by that name. Those five *captains* in the chain were called *Wannawanare, Carroaori, Maquarima, Tarroopanama,* and *Aterima.* So as both to be revenged of the former wrong, as also considering that to enter *Guiana* by small boats, to depart 400 or 500 miles from my ships, and to leave a garrison in my back interested in the same enterprise, who also daily expected supplies out of *Spain,* I should have savoured very much of the ass; and therefore taking a time of most advantage, I set upon the *Corps du garde* in the evening, and having put them to the sword, sent Captain *Caulfield* onwards with sixty soldiers, and myself followed with forty more, and so took their new city, which they called *St. Joseph,* by break of day. They abode not any fight after a few shot, and all being dismissed, but only *Berreo* and his companion,[9] I brought them with me aboard, and at the instance of the Indians I set their new city of *St. Joseph* on fire. The same day arrived Captain *George Gifford* with your lordship's ship, and Captain *Keymis,* whom I lost on the coast of *Spain,* with the *galego,* and in them divers gentlemen and others, which to our little army was a great comfort and supply.

We then hasted away towards our purposed discovery, and first I called all the captains of the island together that were enemies to the Spaniards; for there were some which *Berreo* had brought out of other countries, and planted there to eat out and waste those that were natural of the place. And by my Indian interpreter, which I carried out of *England,* I made them understand that I was the servant of a queen who was the great *cacique* of the north, and a virgin, and had more *caciqui* under her than there were trees in that island; that she was an enemy to the *Castellani* in respect of their tyranny and oppression, and that she delivered all such nations about her, as were by them oppressed; and having freed all the coast of the northern world from their servitude, had sent me to free them also, and withal to de-

[9] The Portuguese captain Alvaro Jorge (see p. 369).

fend the country of *Guiana* from their invasion and conquest. I shewed them her Majesty's picture, which they so admired and honoured, as it had been easy to have brought them idolatrous thereof. The like and a more large discourse I made to the rest of the nations, both in my passing to *Guiana* and to those of the borders, so as in that part of the world her Majesty is very famous and admirable; whom they now call EZRABETA CASSIPUNA AQUEREWANA, which is as much as 'Elizabeth, the Great Princess, or Greatest Commander.' This done, we left *Puerto de los Españoles,* and returned to *Curiapan,* and having *Berreo* my prisoner, I gathered from him as much of *Guiana* as he knew. This *Berreo* is a gentleman well descended, and had long served the Spanish king in *Milan, Naples,* the *Low Countries,* and elsewhere, very valiant and liberal, and a gentleman of great assuredness, and of a great heart. I used him according to his estate and worth in all things I could, according to the small means I had.

I sent Captain *Whiddon* the year before to get what knowledge he could of *Guiana:* and the end of my journey at this time was to discover and enter the same. But my intelligence was far from truth, for the country is situate about 600 English miles further from the sea than I was made believe it had been. Which afterwards understanding to be true by *Berreo,* I kept it from the knowledge of my company, who else would never have been brought to attempt the same. Of which 600 miles I passed 400, leaving my ships so far from me at anchor in the sea, which was more of desire to perform that discovery than of reason, especially having such poor and weak vessels to transport ourselves in. For in the bottom of an old *galego* which I caused to be fashioned like a galley, and in one barge, two wherries, and a ship-boat of the *Lion's Whelp,* we carried 100 persons and their victuals for a month in the same, being all driven to lie in the rain and weather in the open air, in the burning sun, and upon the hard boards, and to dress our meat, and to carry all manner of furniture in them. Wherewith they were so pestered and unsavoury, that what with victuals being most fish, with the wet clothes of so many men thrust together, and the heat of the sun, I will

undertake there was never any prison in *England* that could be found more unsavoury and loathsome, especially to myself, who had for many years before been dieted and cared for in a sort far more differing.

If Captain *Preston* had not been persuaded that he should have come too late to *Trinidad* to have found us there (for the month was expired which I promised to tarry for him there ere he could recover the coast of *Spain*) but that it had pleased God he might have joined with us, and that we had entered the country but some ten days sooner ere the rivers were overflown, we had adventured either to have gone to the great city of *Manoa,* or at least taken so many of the other cities and towns nearer at hand, as would have made a royal return. But it pleased not God so much to favour me at this time. If it shall be my lot to prosecute the same, I shall willingly spend my life therein. And if any else shall be enabled thereunto, and conquer the same, I assure him thus much; he shall perform more than ever was done in *Mexico* by *Cortes,* or in *Peru* by *Pizarro,* whereof the one conquered the empire of *Mutezuma,* the other of *Guascar* and *Atabalipa.* And whatsoever prince shall possess it, that prince shall be lord of more gold, and of a more beautiful empire, and of more cities and people, than either the king of *Spain* or the *Great Turk.*

But because there may arise many doubts, and how this empire of *Guiana* is become so populous, and adorned with so many great cities, towns, temples, and treasures, I thought good to make it known, that the emperor now reigning is descended from those magnificent princes of *Peru,* of whose large territories, of whose policies, conquests, edifices, and riches, *Pedro de Cieza, Francisco Lopez,* and others have written large discourses. For when *Francisco Pizarro, Diego Almagro* and others conquered the said empire of *Peru,* and had put to death *Atabalipa,* son to *Guayna Capac,* which *Atabalipa* had formerly caused his eldest brother *Guascar* to be slain, one of the younger sons of *Guayna Capac* fled out of *Peru,* and took with him many thousands of those soldiers of the empire called *orejones,*[10] and with

[10] *Orejones*='having large ears,' the name given by the Spaniards to the Peruvian warriors, who wore ear-pendants.

those and many others which followed him, he vanquished all that tract and valley of *America* which is situate between the great river of *Amazons* and *Baraquan*, otherwise called *Orenoque* and *Marañon*.[11]

The empire of *Guiana* is directly east from *Peru* towards the sea, and lieth under the equinoctial line; and it hath more abundance of gold than any part of *Peru*, and as many or moe[12] great cities than ever *Peru* had when it flourished most. It is governed by the same laws, and the emperor and people observe the same religion, and the same form and policies in government as were used in *Peru*, not differing in any part. And I have been assured by such of the Spaniards as have seen *Manoa*, the imperial city of *Guiana*, which the Spaniards call *El Dorado*, that for the greatness, for the riches, and for the excellent seat, it far exceedeth any of the world, at least of so much of the world as is known to the Spanish nation. It is founded upon a lake of salt water of 200 leagues long, like unto *Mare Caspium*. And if we compare it to that of *Peru*, and but read the report of *Francisco Lopez* and others, it will seem more than credible; and because we may judge of the one by the other, I thought good to insert part of the 120. chapter of *Lopez* in his *General History of the Indies*, wherein he describeth the court and magnificence of *Guayna Capac*, ancestor to the emperor of *Guiana*, whose very words are these:—

'Todo el servicio de su casa, mesa, y cocina era de oro y de plata, y cuando menos de plata y cobre, por mas recio. Tenia en su recamara estatuas huecas de oro, que parescian gigantes, y las figuras al propio y tamaño de cuantos animales, aves, arboles, y yerbas produce la tierra, y de cuantos peces cria la mar y agua de sus reynos. Tenia asimesmo sogas, costales, cestas, y troxes de oro y plata; rimeros de palos de oro, que pareciesen leña rajada para quemar. En fin no habia cosa en su tierra, que no la tuviese de oro contrahecha; y aun dizen, que tenian los Ingas un verjel en una isla cerca de la Puna, donde se iban a holgar, cuando querian

[11] Baraquan is the alternative name to Orenoque, Marañon to Amazons.
[12] More.

mar, que tenia la hortaliza, las flores, y arboles de oro y plata; invencion y grandeza hasta entonces nunca vista. Allende de todo esto, tenia infinitisima cantidad de plata y oro por labrar en el Cuzco, que se perdio por la muerte de Guascar; ca los Indios lo escondieron, viendo que los Españoles se lo tomaban, y enviaban a España.' That is, 'All the vessels of his house, table, and kitchen, were of gold and silver, and the meanest of silver and copper for strength and hardness of metal. He had in his wardrobe hollow statues of gold which seemed giants, and the figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs, that the earth bringeth forth; and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breedeth. He had also ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs of gold and silver, heaps of billets of gold, that seemed wood marked out[18] to burn. Finally, there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold. Yea, and they say, the *Ingas* had a garden of pleasure in an island near *Puna*, where they went to recreate themselves, when they would take the air of the sea, which had all kinds of garden-herbs, flowers, and trees of gold and silver; an invention and magnificence till then never seen. Besides all this, he had an infinite quantity of silver and gold unwrought in *Cuzco*, which was lost by the death of *Guascar*, for the Indians hid it, seeing that the Spaniards took it, and sent it into *Spain*.

And in the 117. chapter; *Francisco Pizarro* caused the gold and silver of *Atabalipa* to be weighed after he had taken it, which *Lopez* setteth down in these words following:— 'Hallaron cincuenta y dos mil marcos de buena plata, y un millon y trecientos y veinte y seis mil y quinientos pesos de oro.' Which is, 'They found 52,000 marks of good silver, and 1,326,500 *pesos* of gold.' Now, although these reports may seem strange, yet if we consider the many millions which are daily brought out of *Peru* into *Spain*, we may easily believe the same. For we find that by the abundant treasure of that country the Spanish king vexes all the princes of *Europe*, and is become, in a few years, from a poor king of *Castile*, the greatest monarch of this part of

[18] Rather, 'split into logs.'

the world, and likely every day to increase if other princes forslow the good occasions offered, and suffer him to add this empire to the rest, which by far exceedeth all the rest. If his gold now endanger us, he will then be unresistible. Such of the Spaniards as afterwards endeavoured the conquest thereof, whereof there have been many, as shall be declared hereafter, thought that this *Inga*, of whom this emperor now living is descended, took his way by the river of *Amazons*, by that branch which is called *Papamene*.[14] For by that way followed *Orellana*, by the commandment of *Gonzalo Pizarro*, in the year 1542, whose name the river also beareth this day. Which is also by others called *Marañon*, although *Andrew Thevet* doth affirm that between *Marañon* and *Amazons* there are 120 leagues; but sure it is that those rivers have one head and beginning, and the *Marañon*, which *Thevet* describeth, is but a branch of *Amazons* or *Orellana*, of which I will speak more in another place. It was attempted by *Ordas*; but it is now little less than 70 years since that *Diego Ordas*, a Knight of the Order of *Santiago*, attempted the same; and it was in the year 1542 that *Orellana* discovered the river of *Amazons;* but the first that ever saw *Manoa* was *Juan Martinez*, master of the munition to *Ordas*. At a port called *Morequito*,[15] in *Guiana*, there lieth at this day a great anchor of *Ordas* his ship. And this port is some 300 miles within the land, upon the great river of *Orenoque*. I rested at this port four days, twenty days after I left the ships at *Curiapan*.

The relation of this *Martinez*, who was the first that discovered *Manoa*, his success, and end, is to be seen in the Chancery of *St. Juan de Puerto Rico*, whereof *Berreo* had a copy, which appeared to be the greatest encouragement as well to *Berreo* as to others that formerly attempted the discovery and conquest. *Orellana*, after he failed of the discovery of *Guiana* by the said river of *Amazons*, passed into *Spain*, and there obtained a patent of the king for the invasion and conquest, but died by sea about the islands; and his fleet being severed by tempest, the action for that time proceeded not. *Diego Ordas* followed the enterprise, and departed

[14] The Papamene is a tributary not of the Amazon river but of the Meta, one of the principal tributaries of the Orinoco.
[15] Probably San Miguel.

Spain with 600 soldiers and thirty horse. Who, arriving on the coast of *Guiana*, was slain in a mutiny, with the most part of such as favoured him, as also of the rebellious part, insomuch as his ships perished and few or none returned; neither was it certainly known what became of the said *Ordas* until *Berreo* found the anchor of his ship in the river of *Orenoque;* but it was supposed, and so it is written by *Lopez,* that he perished on the seas, and of other writers diversely conceived and reported. And hereof it came that *Martinez* entered so far within the land, and arrived at that city of *Inga* the emperor; for it chanced that while *Ordas* with his army rested at the port of *Morequito* (who was either the first or second that attempted *Guiana*), by some negligence the whole store of powder provided for the service was set on fire, and *Martinez,* having the chief charge, was condemned by the General *Ordas* to be executed forthwith. *Martinez,* being much favoured by the soldiers, had all the means possible procured for his life; but it could not be obtained in other sort than this, that he should be set into a *canoa* alone, without any victual, only with his arms, and so turned loose into the great river. But it pleased God that the *canoa* was carried down the stream, and certain of the *Guianians* met it the same evening; and, having not at any time seen any Christian nor any man of that colour, they carried *Martinez* into the land to be wondered at, and so from town to town, until he came to the great city of *Manoa,* the seat and residence of *Inga* the emperor. The emperor, after he had beheld him, knew him to be a Christian, for it was not long before that his brethren *Guascar* and *Atabalipa* were vanquished by the Spaniards in *Peru:* and caused him to be lodged in his palace, and well entertained. He lived seven months in *Manoa,* but was not suffered to wander into the country anywhere. He was also brought thither all the way blindfold, led by the Indians, until he came to the entrance of *Manoa* itself, and was fourteen or fifteen days in the passage. He avowed at his death that he entered the city at noon, and then they uncovered his face; and that he travelled all that day till night thorough the city, and the next day from sun rising to sun setting, yere[16]

[16] Ere.

he came to the palace of *Inga.* After that *Martinez* had lived seven months in *Manoa,* and began to understand the language of the country, *Inga* asked him whether he desired to return into his own country, or would willingly abide with him. But *Martinez,* not desirous to stay, obtained the favour of *Inga* to depart; with whom he sent divers *Guianians* to conduct him to the river of *Orenoque,* all loaden with as much gold as they could carry, which he gave to *Martinez* at his departure. But when he was arrived near the river's side, the borderers which are called *Orenoqueponi*[17] robbed him and his *Guianians* of all the treasure (the borderers being at that time at wars, which *Inga* had not conquered) save only of two great bottles of gourds, which were filled with beads of gold curiously wrought, which those *Orenoqueponi* thought had been no other thing than his drink or meat, or grain for food, with which *Martinez* had liberty to pass. And so in *canoàs* he fell down from the river of *Orenoque* to *Trinidad,* and from thence to *Margarita,* and so to *St. Juan de Puerto Rico;* where, remaining a long time for passage into *Spain,* he died. In the time of his extreme sickness, and when he was without hope of life, receiving the sacrament at the hands of his confessor, he delivered these things, with the relation of his travels, and also called for his *calabazas* or gourds of the gold beads, which he gave to the church and friars, to be prayed for.

This *Martinez* was he that christened the city of *Manoa* by the name of *El Dorado,* and, as *Berreo* informed me, upon this occasion, those *Guianians,* and also the borderers, and all other in that tract which I have seen, are marvellous great drunkards; in which vice I think no nation can compare with them; and at the times of their solemn feasts, when the emperor carouseth with his captains, tributaries, and governors, the manner is thus. All those that pledge him are first stripped naked and their bodies anointed all over with a kind of white *balsamum* (by them called *curca*), of which there is great plenty, and yet very dear amongst them, and it is of all other the most precious, whereof we have had good experience. When they are anointed all over, certain servants of the emperor, having prepared gold made

[17] 'On the Orinoco.' *Poni* is a Carib postposition meaning 'on.'

into fine powder, blow it thorough hollow canes upon their naked bodies, until they be all shining from the foot to the head; and in this sort they sit drinking by twenties and hundreds, and continue in drunkenness sometimes six or seven days together.[18] The same is also confirmed by a letter written into *Spain* which was intercepted, which Master *Robert Dudley* told me he had seen. Upon this sight, and for the abundance of gold which he saw in the city, the images of gold in their temples, the plates, armours, and shields of gold which they use in the wars, he called it *El Dorado*.

After the death of *Ordas* and *Martinez*, and after *Orellana*, who was employed by *Gonzalo Pizarro*, one *Pedro de Orsúa*, a knight of *Navarre*, attempted *Guiana*, taking his way into *Peru*, and built his brigandines upon a river called *Oia*, which riseth to the southward of *Quito*, and is very great. This river falleth into *Amazons*, by which *Orsúa* with his companies descended, and came out of that province which is called *Motilones*;[19] and it seemeth to me that this empire is reserved for her Majesty and the English nation, by reason of the hard success which all these and other Spaniards found in attempting the same, whereof I will speak briefly, though impertinent in some sort to my purpose. This *Pedro de Orsúa* had among his troops a Biscayan called *Aguirre*, a man meanly born, who bare no other office than a sergeant or *alferez*:[20] but after certain months, when the soldiers were grieved with travels and consumed with famine, and that no entrance could be found by the branches or body of *Amazons*, this *Aguirre* raised a mutiny, of which he made himself the head, and so prevailed as he put *Orsúa* to the sword and all his followers, taking on him the whole charge and commandment, with a purpose not only to make himself emperor of *Guiana*, but also of *Peru* and of all that side of the *West Indies*. He had of his party 700 soldiers, and of those many promised to draw in other captains and companies, to deliver up towns and forts in *Peru*; but neither

[18] The substance of this report is in the end of the 'Navigation of the Great River of Marañon,' written by Gonzalo Fernando de Oviedo to Cardinal Bembo (Ramusio, vol. iii. fol. 416). (Note by Hakluyt.)

[19] 'Friars' (Indians so named from their cropped heads).

[20] *Al-faris* (Arab.), horseman, mounted officer.

finding by the said river any passage into *Guiana*, nor any possibility to return towards *Peru* by the same *Amazons*, by reason that the descent of the river made so great a current, he was enforced to disemboque at the mouth of the said *Amazons*, which cannot be less than 1,000 leagues from the place where they embarked. From thence he coasted the land till he arrived at *Margarita* to the north of *Mompatar*, which is at this day called *Puerto de Tyranno*, for that he there slew *Don Juan de Villa Andreda*, Governor of *Margarita*, who was father to *Don Juan Sarmiento*, Governor of *Margarita* when Sir *John Burgh* landed there and attempted the island. *Aguirre* put to the sword all other in the island that refused to be of his party, and took with him certain *cimarrones*[21] and other desperate companions. From thence he went to *Cumana* and there slew the governor, and dealt in all as at *Margarita*. He spoiled all the coast of *Caracas* and the province of *Venezuela* and of *Rio de la Hacha;* and, as I remember, it was the same year that Sir *John Hawkins* sailed to *St. Juan de Ullua* in the *Jesus* of *Lubeck*;[22] for himself told me that he met with such a one upon the coast, that rebelled, and had sailed down all the river of *Amazons*. *Aguirre* from thence landed about *Santa Marta* and sacked it also, putting to death so many as refused to be his followers, purposing to invade *Nuevo Reyno de Granada* and to sack *Pamplona, Merida, Lagrita, Tunja*, and the rest of the cities of *Nuevo Reyno*, and from thence again to enter *Peru;* but in a fight in the said *Nuevo Reyno* he was overthrown, and, finding no way to escape, he first put to the sword his own children, foretelling them that they should not live to be defamed or upbraided by the Spaniards after his death, who would have termed them the children of a traitor or tyrant; and that, sithence he could not make them princes, he would yet deliver them from shame and reproach. These were the ends and tragedies of *Ordas, Martinez, Orellana, Orsúa*, and *Aguirre*. Also soon after *Ordas* followed *Jeronimo Ortal de Saragosa*, with 130 soldiers; who failing his entrance by sea, was cast with the current on the coast of *Paria*, and peopled about *S. Miguel de Neveri*. It was then attempted by *Don Pedro de Silva*, a Portuguese of the family of *Ruy*

[21] Fugitive slaves. [22] 1567-68.

Gomez de Silva, and by the favour which *Ruy Gomes* had with the king he was set out. But he also shot wide of the mark; for being departed from *Spain* with his fleet, he entered by *Marañon* or *Amazons,* where by the nations of the river and by the *Amazons,* he was utterly overthrown, and himself and all his army defeated; only seven escaped, and of those but two returned.

After him came *Pedro Hernandez de Serpa,* and landed at *Cumana,* in the *West Indies,* taking his journey by land towards *Orenoque,* which may be some 120 leagues; but yere he came to the borders of the said river, he was set upon by a nation of the Indians, called *Wikiri,* and overthrown in such sort, that of 300 soldiers, horsemen, many Indians, and negroes, there returned but eighteen. Others affirm that he was defeated in the very entrance of *Guiana,* at the first civil town of the empire called *Macureguarai.* Captain *Preston,* in taking *Santiago de Leon* (which was by him and his companies very resolutely performed, being a great town, and far within the land) held a gentleman prisoner, who died in his ship, that was one of the company of *Hernandez de Serpa,* and saved among those that escaped; who witnessed what opinion is held among the Spaniards thereabouts of the great riches *of Guiana,* and *El Dorado,* the city of *Inga.* Another Spaniard was brought aboard me by Captain *Preston,* who told me in the hearing of himself and divers other gentlemen, that he met with *Berreo's* camp-master at *Caracas,* when he came from the borders of *Guiana,* and that he saw with him forty of most pure plates of gold, curiously wrought, and swords of *Guiana* decked and inlaid with gold, feathers garnished with gold, and divers rarities, which he carried to the Spanish king.

After *Hernandez de Serpa,* it was undertaken by the *Adelantado, Don Gonzalez Ximenes de Quesada,* who was one of the chiefest in the conquest of *Nuevo Reyno,* whose daughter and heir *Don Antonio de Berreo* married. *Gonzalez* sought the passage also by the river called *Papamene,* which riseth by *Quito,* in *Peru,* and runneth south-east 100 leagues, and then falleth into *Amazons.* But he also, failing the entrance, returned with the loss of much labour and

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cost. I took one Captain *George*, a Spaniard, that followed *Gonzalez* in this enterprise. *Gonzalez* gave his daughter to *Berreo*, taking his oath and honour to follow the enterprise to the last of his substance and life. Who since, as he hath sworn to me, hath spent 300,000 ducats in the same, and yet never could enter so far into the land as myself with that poor troop, or rather a handful of men, being in all about 100 gentlemen, soldiers, rowers, boat-keepers, boys, and of all sorts; neither could any of the forepassed undertakers, nor *Berreo* himself, discover the country, till now lately by conference with an ancient king, called *Carapana*,[23] he got the true light thereof. For *Berreo* came about 1,500 miles yere he understood aught, or could find any passage or entrance into any part thereof; yet he had experience of all these fore-named, and divers others, and was persuaded of their errors and mistakings. *Berreo* sought it by the river *Cassanar*, which falleth into a great river called *Pato: Pato* falleth into *Meta*, and *Meta* into *Baraquan*, which is also called *Orenoque*. He took his journey from *Nuevo Reyno de Granada*, where he dwelt, having the inheritance of *Gonzalez Ximenes* in those parts; he was followed with 700 horse, he drove with him 1,000 head of cattle, he had also many women, Indians, and slaves. How all these rivers cross and encounter, how the country lieth and is bordered, the passage of *Ximenes* and *Berreo*, mine own discovery, and the way that I entered, with all the rest of the nations and rivers, your lordship shall receive in a large chart or map, which I have not yet finished, and which I shall most humbly pray your lordship to secrete, and not to suffer it to pass your own hands; for by a draught thereof all may be prevented by other nations; for I know it is this very year sought by the French, although by the way that they now take, I fear it not much. It was also told me yere I departed *England*, that *Villiers*, the Admiral, was in preparation for the planting of *Amazons*, to which river the French have made divers voyages, and returned[24] much gold and other rarities. I spake with a captain of a French ship that came

[23] Carapana (=Caribana, Carib land) was an old European name for the Atlantic coast near the mouth of the Orinoco, and hence was applied to one of its chiefs (see p. 207). Berrio called this district 'Emeria.'

[24] Brought back.

from thence, his ship riding in *Falmouth* the same year that my ships came first from Virginia; there was another this year in *Helford,* that also came from thence, and had been fourteen months at an anchor in *Amazons;* which were both very rich.

Although, as I am persuaded, *Guiana* cannot be entered that way, yet no doubt the trade of gold from thence passeth by branches of rivers into the river of *Amazons,* and so it doth on every hand far from the country itself; for those Indians of *Trinidad* have plates of gold from *Guiana,* and those cannibals of *Dominica* which dwell in the islands by which our ships pass yearly to the *West Indies,* also the Indians of *Paria,* those Indians called *Tucaris, Chochi, Apotomios, Cumanagotos,* and all those other nations inhabiting near about the mountains that run from *Paria* thorough the province of *Venezuela,* and in *Maracapana,* and the cannibals of *Guanipa,* the Indians called *Assawai, Coaca, Ajai,* and the rest (all which shall be described in my description as they are situate) have plates of gold of *Guiana.* And upon the river of *Amazons, Thevet* writeth that the people wear *croissants* of gold, for of that form the *Guianians* most commonly make them; so as from *Dominica* to *Amazons,* which is above 250 leagues, all the chief Indians in all parts wear of those plates of *Guiana.* Undoubtedly those that trade [with] *Amazons* return much gold, which (as is aforesaid) cometh by trade from *Guiana,* by some branch of a river that falleth from the country into *Amazons,* and either it is by the river which passeth by the nations called *Tisnados,* or by *Caripuna.*

I made enquiry amongst the most ancient and best travelled of the *Orenoqueponi,* and I had knowledge of all the rivers between *Orenoque* and *Amazons,* and was very desirous to understand the truth of those warlike women, because of some it is believed, of others not. And though I digress from my purpose, yet I will set down that which hath been delivered me for truth of those women, and I spake with a *cacique,* or lord of people, that told me he had been in the river, and beyond it also. The nations of these women are on the south side of the river in the provinces of *Topago,* and their chiefest strengths and retracts are in the islands

situate on the south side of the entrance, some 60 leagues within the mouth of the said river. The memories of the like women are very ancient as well in *Africa* as in *Asia*. In *Africa* those that had *Medusa* for queen; others in *Scythia*, near the rivers of *Tanais* and *Thermodon*. We find, also, that *Lampedo* and *Marthesia* were queens of the *Amazons*. In many histories they are verified to have been, and in divers ages and provinces; but they which are not far from *Guiana* do accompany with men but once in a year, and for the time of one month, which I gather by their relation, to be in April; and that time all kings of the borders assemble, and queens of the *Amazons;* and after the queens have chosen, the rest cast lots for their valentines. This one month they feast, dance, and drink of their wines in abundance; and the moon being done they all depart to their own provinces. * * * * They are said to be very cruel and bloodthirsty, especially to such as offer to invade their territories. These *Amazons* have likewise great store of these plates of gold, which they recover by exchange chiefly for a kind of green stones, which the Spaniards call *piedras hijadas*, and we use for spleen-stones;[25] and for the disease of the stone we also esteem them. Of these I saw divers in *Guiana;* and commonly every king or *cacique* hath one, which their wives for the most part wear, and they esteem them as great jewels.

But to return to the enterprise of *Berreo*, who, as I have said, departed from *Nuevo Reyno* with 700 horse, besides the provisions above rehearsed. He descended by the river called *Cassanar*, which riseth in *Nuevo Reyno* out of the mountains by the city of *Tunja*, from which mountain also springeth *Pato;* both which fall into the great river of *Meta*, and *Meta* riseth from a mountain joining to *Pamplona*, in the same *Nuevo Reyno de Granada*. These, as also *Guaiare*, which issueth out of the mountains by *Timana*, fall all into *Baraquan*, and are but of his heads; for at their coming together they lose their names, and *Baraquan* farther down is also rebaptized by the name of *Orenoque*. On the other side of the city and hills of *Timana* riseth *Rio Grande*,

[25] Stones reduced to powder and taken internally to cure maladies of the spleen.

which falleth into the sea by *Santa Marta.* By *Cassanar* first, and so into *Meta, Berreo* passed, keeping his horsemen on the banks, where the country served them for to march; and where otherwise, he was driven to embark them in boats which he builded for the purpose, and so came with the current down the river of *Meta,* and so into *Baraquan.* After he entered that great and mighty river, he began daily to lose of his companies both men and horse; for it is in many places violently swift, and hath forcible eddies, many sands, and divers islands sharp pointed with rocks. But after one whole year, journeying for the most part by river, and the rest by land, he grew daily to fewer numbers; for both by sickness, and by encountering with the people of those regions thorough which he travelled, his companies were much wasted, especially by divers encounters with the *Amapaians.*[26] And in all this time he never could learn of any passage into *Guiana,* nor any news or fame thereof, until he came to a further border of the said *Amapaia,* eight days' journey from the river *Caroli,*[27] which was the furthest river that he entered. Among those of *Amapaia, Guiana* was famous; but few of these people accosted *Berreo,* or would trade with him the first three months of the six which he sojourned there. This *Amapaia* is also marvellous rich in gold, as both *Berreo* confessed and those of *Guiana* with whom I had most conference; and is situate upon *Orenoque* also. In this country *Berreo* lost sixty of his best soldiers, and most of all his horse that remained in his former year's travel. But in the end, after divers encounters with those nations, they grew to peace, and they presented *Berreo* with ten images of fine gold among divers other plates and *croissants,* which, as he sware to me, and divers other gentlemen, were so curiously wrought, as he had not seen the like either in *Italy, Spain,* or the *Low Countries;* and he was resolved that when they came to the hands of the Spanish king, to whom he had sent them by his camp-master, they would appear very admirable, especially being wrought by such a nation as had no iron instruments at all, nor any

[26] Amapaia was Berrio's name for the Orinoco valley above the Caura river.

[27] The Caroni river, the first great affluent of the Orinoco on the south, about 180 miles from the sea.

of those helps which our goldsmiths have to work withal. The particular name of the people in *Amapaia* which gave him these pieces, are called *Anebas,* and the river of *Orenoque* at that place is about twelve English miles broad, which may be from his outfall into the sea 700 or 800 miles.

This province of *Amapaia* is a very low and a marish ground near the river; and by reason of the red water which issueth out in small branches thorough the fenny and boggy ground, there breed divers poisonful worms and serpents. And the Spaniards not suspecting, nor in any sort foreknowing the danger, were infected with a grievous kind of flux by drinking thereof, and even the very horses poisoned therewith; insomuch as at the end of the six months that they abode there, of all their troops there were not left above 120 soldiers, and neither horse nor cattle. For *Berreo* hoped to have found *Guiana* by 1,000 miles nearer than it fell out to be in the end; by means whereof they sustained much want, and much hunger, oppressed with grievous diseases, and all the miseries that could be imagined, I demanded of those in *Guiana* that had travelled *Amapaia,* how they lived with that tawny or red water when they travelled thither; and they told me that after the sun was near the middle of the sky, they used to fill their pots and pitchers with that water, but either before that time or towards the setting of the sun it was dangerous to drink of, and in the night strong poison. I learned also of divers other rivers of that nature among them, which were also, while the sun was in the meridian, very safe to drink, and in the morning, evening, and night, wonderful dangerous and infective. From this province *Berreo* hasted away as soon as the spring and beginning of summer appeared, and sought his entrance on the borders of *Orenoque* on the south side; but there ran a ledge of so high and impassable mountains, as he was not able by any means to march over them, continuing from the east sea into which *Orenoque* falleth, even to *Quito* in *Peru.* Neither had he means to carry victual or munition over those craggy, high, and fast hills, being all woody, and those so thick and spiny, and so full of prickles, thorns, and briars, as it is impossible to creep thorough them. He had also neither friendship among the people, nor any interpreter to persuade or treat

with them; and more, to his disadvantage, the *caciques* and kings of *Amapaia* had given knowledge of his purpose to the *Guianians,* and that he sought to sack and conquer the empire, for the hope of their so great abundance and quantities of gold. He passed by the mouths of many great rivers which fell into *Orenoque* both from the north and south, which I forbear to name, for tediousness, and because they are more pleasing in describing than reading.

Berreo affirmed that there fell an hundred rivers into *Orenoque* from the north and south: whereof the least was as big as *Rio Grande,*[28] that passed between *Popayan* and *Nuevo Reyno de Granada, Rio Grande* being esteemed one of the renowned rivers in all the *West Indies,* and numbered among the great rivers of the world. But he knew not the names of any of these, but *Caroli* only; neither from what nations they descended, neither to what provinces they led, for he had no means to discourse with the inhabitants at any time; neither was he curious in these things, being utterly unlearned, and not knowing the east from the west. But of all these I got some knowledge, and of many more, partly by mine own travel, and the rest by conference; of some one I learned one, of others the rest, having with me an Indian that spake many languages, and that of *Guiana*[29] naturally. I sought out all the aged men, and such as were greatest travellers. And by the one and the other I came to understand the situations, the rivers, the kingdoms from the east sea to the borders of *Peru,* and from *Orenoque* southward as far as *Amazons* or *Marañon,* and the regions of *Marinatambal,*[30] and of all the kings of provinces, and captains of towns and villages, how they stood in terms of peace or war, and which were friends or enemies the one with the other; without which there can be neither entrance nor conquest in those parts, nor elsewhere. For by the dissension between *Guascar* and *Atabalipa, Pizarro* conquered *Peru,* and by the hatred that the *Tlaxcallians* bare to *Mutezuma, Cortes* was victorious over *Mexico;* without which both the one and the other had failed of their enterprise, and of the great honour and riches which they attained unto.

[28] The Magdalena. [29] The Carib. [30] North coasts of Brazil.

Now *Berreo* began to grow into despair, and looked for no other success than his predecessor in this enterprise; until such time as he arrived at the province of *Emeria* towards the east sea and mouth of the river, where he found a nation of people very favourable, and the country full of all manner of victual. The king of this land is called *Carapana,* a man very wise, subtle, and of great experience, being little less than an hundred years old. In his youth he was sent by his father into the island of *Trinidad,* by reason of civil war among themselves, and was bred at a village in that island, called *Parico.* At that place in his youth he had seen many Christians, both French and Spanish, and went divers times with the Indians of *Trinidad* to *Margarita* and *Cumaná,* in the *West Indies,* for both those places have ever been relieved with victual from *Trinidad:* by reason whereof he grew of more understanding, and noted the difference of the nations, comparing the strength and arms of his country with those of the Christians, and ever after temporised so as whosoever else did amiss, or was wasted by contention, *Carapana* kept himself and his country in quiet and plenty. He also held peace with the *Caribs* or cannibals, his neighbours, and had free trade with all nations, whosoever else had war.

Berreo sojourned and rested his weak troop in the town of *Carapana* six weeks, and from him learned the way and passage to *Guiana,* and the riches and magnificence thereof. But being then utterly unable to proceed, he determined to try his fortune another year, when he had renewed his provisions, and regathered more force, which he hoped for as well out of *Spain* as from *Nuevo Reyno,* where he had left his son *Don Antonio Ximenes* to second him upon the first notice given of his entrance; and so for the present embarked himself in *canoas,* and by the branches of *Orenoque* arrived at *Trinidad,* having from *Carapana* sufficient pilots to conduct him. From *Trinidad* he coasted *Paria,* and so recovered *Margarita;* and having made relation to *Don Juan Sarmiento,* the Governor, of his proceeding, and persuaded him of the riches of *Guiana,* he obtained from thence fifty soldiers, promising presently to return to *Carapana,* and

so into *Guiana*. But *Berreo* meant nothing less at that time; for he wanted many provisions necessary for such an enterprise, and therefore departed from *Margarita*, seated himself in *Trinidad*, and from thence sent his camp-master and his sergeant-major back to the borders to discover the nearest passage into the empire, as also to treat with the borderers, and to draw them to his party and love; without which, he knew he could neither pass safely, nor in any sort be relieved with victual or aught else. *Carapana* directed his company to a king called *Morequito*, assuring them that no man could deliver so much of *Guiana* as *Morequito* could, and that his dwelling was but five days' journey from *Macureguarai*, the first civil town of *Guiana*.

Now your lordship shall understand that this *Morequito*, one of the greatest lords or kings of the borders of *Guiana*, had two or three years before been at *Cumaná* and at *Margarita*, in the *West Indies*, with great store of plates of gold, which he carried to exchange for such other things as he wanted in his own country, and was daily feasted, and presented by the governors of those places, and held amongst them some two months. In which time one *Vides*, Governor of *Cumaná*, won him to be his conductor into *Guiana*, being allured by those *croissants* and images of gold which he brought with him to trade, as also by the ancient fame and magnificence of *El Dorado*; whereupon *Vides* sent into *Spain* for a patent to discover and conquer *Guiana*, not knowing of the precedence of *Berreo's* patent; which, as *Berreo* affirmeth, was signed before that of *Vides*. So as when *Vides* understood of *Berreo* and that he had made entrance into that territory, and foregone his desire and hope, it was verily thought that *Vides* practised with *Morequito* to hinder and disturb *Berreo* in all he could, and not to suffer him to enter through his seignory, nor any of his companies; neither to victual, nor guide them in any sort. For *Vides*, Governor of *Cumaná*, and *Berreo*, were become mortal enemies, as well for that *Berreo* had gotten *Trinidad* into his patent with *Guiana*, as also in that he was by *Berreo* prevented in the journey of *Guiana* itself. Howsoever it was, I know not, but *Morequito* for a time dissembled his disposition, suffered ten Spaniards and a friar, which *Berreo* had

sent to discover *Manoa,* to travel through his country, gave them a guide for *Macureguarai,* the first town of civil and apparelled people, from whence they had other guides to bring them to *Manoa,* the great city of *Inga;* and being furnished with those things which they had learned of *Carapana* were of most price in *Guiana,* went onward, and in eleven days arrived at *Manoa,* as *Berreo* affirmeth for certain; although I could not be assured thereof by the lord which now governeth the province of *Morequito,* for he told me that they got all the gold they had in other towns on this side *Manoa,* there being many very great and rich, and (as he said) built like the towns of Christians, with many rooms.

When these ten Spaniards were returned, and ready to put out of the border of *Aromaia,*[31] the people of *Morequito* set upon them, and slew them all but one that swam the river, and took from them to the value of 40,000 *pesos* of gold; and one of them only lived to bring the news to *Berreo,* that both his nine soldiers and holy father were benighted in the said province. I myself spake with the captains of *Morequito* that slew them, and was at the place where it was executed. *Berreo,* enraged herewithal, sent all the strength he could make into *Aromaia,* to be revenged of him, his people, and country. But *Morequito,* suspecting the same, fled over *Orenoque,* and thorough the territories of the *Saima* and *Wikiri* recovered *Cumaná,* where he thought himself very safe, with *Vides* the governor. But *Berreo* sending for him in the king's name, and his messengers finding him in the house of one *Fajardo,* on the sudden, yere he was suspected, so as he could not then be conveyed away, *Vides* durst not deny him, as well to avoid the suspicion of the practice, as also for that an holy father was slain by him and his people. *Morequito* offered *Fajardo* the weight of three quintals in gold, to let him escape; but the poor *Guianian,* betrayed on all sides, was delivered to the camp-master of *Berreo,* and was presently executed.

After the death of this *Morequito,* the soldiers of *Berreo* spoiled his territory and took divers prisoners. Among

[31] The district below the Caroni river.

others they took the uncle of *Morequito,* called *Topiawari,* who is now king of *Aromaia,* whose son I brought with me into *England,* and is a man of great understanding and policy; he is above an hundred years old, and yet is of a very able body. The Spaniards led him in a chain seventeen days, and made him their guide from place to place between his country and *Emeria,* the province of *Carapana* aforesaid, and he was at last redeemed for an hundred plates of gold, and divers stones called *piedras hijadas,* or spleen-stones. Now *Berreo* for executing of *Morequito,* and other cruelties, spoils, and slaughters done in *Aromaia,* hath lost the love of the *Orenoqueponi,* and of all the borderers, and dare not send any of his soldiers any further into the land than to *Carapana,* which he called the port of *Guiana;* but from thence by the help of *Carapana* he had trade further into the country, and always appointed ten Spaniards to reside in *Carapana's* town,[32] by whose favour, and by being conducted by his people, those ten searched the country thereabouts, as well for mines as for other trades and commodities.

They also have gotten a nephew of *Morequito,* whom they have christened and named *Don Juan,* of whom they have great hope, endeavouring by all means to establish him in the said province. Among many other trades, those Spaniards used *canoas* to pass to the rivers of *Barema, Pawroma,* and *Dissequebe,*[33] which are on the south side of the mouth of *Orenoque,* and there buy women and children from the cannibals, which are of that barbarous nature, as they will for three or four hatchets sell the sons and daughters of their own brethren and sisters, and for somewhat more even their own daughters. Hereof the Spaniards make great profit; for buying a maid of twelve or thirteen years for three or four hatchets, they sell them again at *Margarita* in the *West Indies* for fifty and an hundred *pesos,* which is so many crowns.

The master of my ship, *John Douglas,* took one of the *canoas* which came laden from thence with people to be sold, and the most of them escaped; yet of those he brought,

[32] The Spanish settlement of Santo Tomé de la Guyana, founded by Berrio in 1591 or 1592, but represented by Raleigh as an Indian pueblo.
[33] Essequibo.

there was one as well favoured and as well shaped as ever I saw any in *England;* and afterwards I saw many of them, which but for their tawny colour may be compared to any in *Europe.* They also trade in those rivers for bread of *cassavi,* of which they buy an hundred pound weight for a knife, and sell it at *Margarita* for ten *pesos.* They also recover great store of cotton, *Brazil* wood, and those beds which they call *hamacas* or *Brazil* beds, wherein in hot countries all the Spaniards use to lie commonly, and in no other, neither did we ourselves while we were there. By means of which trades, for ransom of divers of the *Guianians,* and for exchange of hatchets and knives, *Berreo* recovered some store of gold plates, eagles of gold, and images of men and divers birds, and dispatched his camp-master for *Spain,* with all that he had gathered, therewith to levy soldiers, and by the show thereof to draw others to the love of the enterprise. And having sent divers images as well of men as beasts, birds, and fishes, so curiously wrought in gold, he doubted not but to persuade the king to yield to him some further help, especially for that this land hath never been sacked, the mines never wrought, and in the *Indies* their works were well spent, and the gold drawn out with great labour and charge. He also despatched messengers to his son in *Nuevo Reyno* to levy all the forces he could, and to come down the river *Orenoque* to *Emeria,* the province of *Carapana,* to meet him; he had also sent to *Santiago de Leon* on the coast of the *Caracas,* to buy horses and mules.

After I had thus learned of his proceedings past and purposed, I told him that I had resolved to see *Guiana,* and that it was the end of my journey, and the cause of my coming to *Trinidad,* as it was indeed, and for that purpose I sent *Jacob Whiddon* the year before to get intelligence: with whom *Berreo* himself had speech at that time, and remembered how inquisitive *Jacob Whiddon* was of his proceedings, and of the country of *Guiana. Berreo* was stricken into a great melancholy and sadness, and used all the arguments he could to dissuade me; and also assured the gentlemen of my company that it would be labour lost, and that they should suffer many miseries if they proceeded. And first

he delivered that I could not enter any of the rivers with any bark or pinnace, or hardly with any ship's boat, it was so low, sandy, and full of flats, and that his companies were daily grounded in their canoes, which drew but twelve inches water. He further said that none of the country would come to speak with us, but would all fly; and if we followed them to their dwellings, they would burn their own towns. And besides that, the way was long, the winter at hand, and that the rivers beginning once to swell, it was impossible to stem the current; and that we could not in those small boats by any means carry victuals for half the time, and that (which indeed most discouraged my company) the kings and lords of all the borders of *Guiana* had decreed that none of them should trade with any Christians for gold, because the same would be their own overthrow, and that for the love of gold the Christians meant to conquer and dispossess them of all together.

Many and the most of these I found to be true; but yet I resolving to make trial of whatsoever happened, directed Captain *George Gifford,* my Vice-Admiral, to take the *Lion's Whelp,* and Captain *Caulfield* his bark, [and] to turn to the eastward, against the mouth of a river called *Capuri,* whose entrance I had before sent Captain *Whiddon* and *John Douglas* the master to discover. Who found some nine foot water or better upon the flood, and five at low water; to whom I had given instructions that they should anchor at the edge of the shoal, and upon the best of the flood to thrust over, which shoal *John Douglas* buoyed and beckoned[34] for them before. But they laboured in vain; for neither could they turn it up altogether so far to the east, neither did the flood continue so long, but the water fell yere they could have passed the sands. As we after found by a second experience: so as now we must either give over our enterprise, or leaving our ships at adventure 400 mile behind us, must run up in our ship's boats, one barge, and two wherries. But being doubtful how to carry victuals for so long a time in such baubles, or any strength of men, especially for that *Berreo* assured us that his son must be by that time come down with many soldiers, I sent away one *King,* master of

[34] Beaconed, i. e. placed a beacon or signal upon the buoy.

the *Lion's Whelp,* with his ship-boat, to try another branch of the river in the bottom of the Bay of *Guanipa,* which was called *Amana,* to prove if there were water to be found for either of the small ships to enter. But when he came to the mouth of *Amana,* he found it as the rest, but stayed not to discover it thoroughly, because he was assured by an Indian, his guide, that the cannibals of *Guanipa* would assail them with many *canoas,* and that they shot poisoned arrows; so as if he hasted not back, they should all be lost.

In the meantime, fearing the worst, I caused all the carpenters we had to cut down a *galego* boat, which we meant to cast off, and to fit her with banks to row on, and in all things to prepare her the best they could, so as she might be brought to draw but five foot: for so much we had on the bar of *Capuri* at low water. And doubting of *King's* return, I sent *John Douglas* again in my long barge, as well to relieve him, as also to make a perfect search in the bottom of the bay; for it hath been held for infallible, that whatsoever ship or boat shall fall therein can never disemboque again, by reason of the violent current which setteth into the said bay, as also for that the breeze and easterly wind bloweth directly into the same. Of which opinion I have heard *John Hampton,*[35] of *Plymouth,* one of the greatest experience of *England,* and divers other besides that have traded to *Trinidad.*

I sent with *John Douglas* an old *cacique* of *Trinidad* for a pilot, who told us that we could not return again by the bay or gulf, but that he knew a by-branch which ran within the land to the eastward, and he thought by it we might fall into *Capuri,* and so return in four days. *John Douglas* searched those rivers, and found four goodly entrances, whereof the least was as big as the *Thames* at *Woolwich,* but in the bay thitherward it was shoal and but six foot water; so as we were now without hope of any ship or bark to pass over, and therefore resolved to go on with the boats, and the bottom of the *galego,* in which we thrust 60 men. In the *Lion's Whelp's* boat and wherry we carried twenty, Captain *Caulfield* in his wherry carried ten more, and in my barge other ten, which made up a hundred; we had no other means

[35] Captain of the *Minion* in the third voyage of Hawkins.

but to carry victual for a month in the same, and also to lodge therein as we could, and to boil and dress our meat. Captain *Gifford* had with him Master *Edward Porter,* Captain *Eynos,* and eight more in his wherry, with all their victual, weapons, and provisions. Captain *Caulfield* had with him my cousin *Butshead Gorges,* and eight more. In the galley, of gentlemen and officers myself had Captain *Thyn,* my cousin *John Greenvile,* my nephew *John Gilbert,* Captain *Whiddon,* Captain *Keymis, Edward Hancock,* Captain *Clarke,* Lieutenant *Hughes, Thomas Upton,* Captain *Facy, Jerome Ferrar, Anthony Wells, William Connock,* and above fifty more. We could not learn of *Berreo* any other way to enter but in branches so far to windward as it was impossible for us to recover; for we had as much sea to cross over in our wherries, as between *Dover* and *Calice,* and in a great bollow, the wind and current being both very strong. So as we were driven to go in those small boats directly before the wind into the bottom of the Bay of *Guanipa,* and from thence to enter the mouth of some one of those rivers which *John Douglas* had last discovered; and had with us for pilot an Indian of *Barema,* a river to the south of *Orenoque,* between that and *Amazons,* whose *canoas* we had formerly taken as he was going from the said *Barema,* laden with *cassavi* bread to sell at *Margarita.* This *Arwacan* promised to bring me into the great river of *Orenoque;* but indeed of that which he entered he was utterly ignorant, for he had not seen it in twelve years before, at which time he was very young, and of no judgment. And if God had not sent us another help, we might have wandered a whole year in that labyrinth of rivers, yere we had found any way, either out or in, especially after we were past ebbing and flowing, which was in four days. For I know all the earth doth not yield the like confluence of streams and branches, the one crossing the other so many times, and all so fair and large, and so like one to another, as no man can tell which to take: and if we went by the sun or compass, hoping thereby to go directly one way or other, yet that way we were also carried in a circle amongst multitudes of islands, and every island so bordered with high trees as no man could see any further than the breadth of

the river, or length of the breach. But this it chanced, that entering into a river (which because it had no name, we called the *River of the Red Cross,* ourselves being the first Christians that ever came therein), the 22. of May, as we were rowing up the same, we espied a small *canoa* with three Indians, which by the swiftness of my barge, rowing with eight oars, I overtook yere they could cross the river. The rest of the people on the banks, shadowed under the thick wood, gazed on with a doubtful conceit what might befall those three which we had taken. But when they perceived that we offered them no violence, neither entered their *canoa* with any of ours, nor took out of the *canoa* any of theirs, they then began to show themselves on the bank's side, and offered to traffic with us for such things as they had. And as we drew near, they all stayed; and we came with our barge to the mouth of a little creek which came from their town into the great river.

As we abode here awhile, our Indian pilot, called *Ferdinando,* would needs go ashore to their village to fetch some fruits and to drink of their artificial wines, and also to see the place and know the lord of it against another time, and took with him a brother of his which he had with him in the journey. When they came to the village of these people the lord of the island offered to lay hands on them, purposing to have slain them both; yielding for reason that this Indian of ours had brought a strange nation into their territory to spoil and destroy them. But the pilot being quick and of a disposed body, slipt their fingers and ran into the woods, and his brother, being the better footman of the two, recovered the creek's mouth, where we stayed in our barge, crying out that his brother was slain. With that we set hands on one of them that was next us, a very old man, and brought him into the barge, assuring him that if we had not our pilot again we would presently cut off his head. This old man, being resolved that he should pay the loss of the other, cried out to those in the woods to save *Ferdinando,* our pilot; but they followed him notwithstanding, and hunted after him upon the foot with their deer-dogs, and with so main a cry that all the woods echoed with the shout they made. But at the last this poor chased Indian recovered

the river side and got upon a tree, and, as we were coasting, leaped down and swam to the barge half dead with fear. But our good hap was that we kept the other old Indian, which we handfasted to redeem our pilot withal; for, being natural of those rivers, we assured ourselves that he knew the way better than any stranger could. And, indeed, but for this chance, I think we had never found the way either to *Guiana* or back to our ships; for *Ferdinando* after a few days knew nothing at all, nor which way to turn; yea, and many times the old man himself was in great doubt which river to take. Those people which dwell in these broken islands and drowned lands are generally called *Tivitivas.* There are of them two sorts; the one called *Ciawani,* and the other *Waraweete.*

The great river of *Orenoque* or *Baraquan* hath nine branches which fall out on the north side of his own main mouth. On the south side it hath seven other fallings into the sea, so it disemboqueth by sixteen arms in all, between islands and broken ground; but the islands are very great, many of them as big as the *Isle of Wight,* and bigger, and many less. From the first branch on the north to the last of the south it is at least 100 leagues, so as the river's mouth is 300 miles wide at his entrance into the sea, which I take to be far bigger than that of *Amazons.* All those that inhabit in the mouth of this river upon the several north branches are these *Tivitivas,* of which there are two chief lords which have continual wars one with the other. The islands which lie on the right hand are called *Pallamos,* and the land on the left, *Hororotomaka;* and the river by which *John Douglas* returned within the land from *Amana* to *Capuri* they call *Macuri.*

These *Tivitivas* are a very goodly people and very valiant, and have the most manly speech and most deliberate that ever I heard of what nation soever. In the summer they have houses on the ground, as in other places; in the winter they dwell upon the trees, where they build very artificial towns and villages, as it is written in the Spanish story of the *West Indies* that those people do in the low lands near the gulf of *Uraba.* For between May and September the river of *Orenoque* riseth thirty foot upright, and then are those

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islands overflown twenty foot high above the level of the ground, saving some few raised grounds in the middle of them; and for this cause they are enforced to live in this manner. They never eat of anything that is set or sown; and as at home they use neither planting nor other manurance, so when they come abroad they refuse to feed of aught but of that which nature without labour bringeth forth. They use the tops of *palmitos* for bread, and kill deer, fish, and porks for the rest of their sustenance. They have also many sorts of fruits that grow in the woods, and great variety of birds and fowls; and if to speak of them were not tedious and vulgar, surely we saw in those passages of very rare colours and forms not elsewhere to be found, for as much as I have either seen or read.

Of these people those that dwell upon the branches of *Orenoque,* called *Capuri* and *Macureo,* are for the most part carpenters of *canoas*; for they make the most and fairest *canoas,* and sell them into *Guiana* for gold and into *Trinidad* for *tabacco,* in the excessive taking whereof they exceed all nations. And notwithstanding the moistness of the air in which they live, the hardness of their diet, and the great labours they suffer to hunt, fish, and fowl for their living, in all my life, either in the *Indies* or in *Europe,* did I never behold a more goodly or better-favoured people or a more manly. They were wont to make war upon all nations, and especially on the *Cannibals,* so as none durst without a good strength trade by those rivers; but of late they are at peace with their neighbours, all holding the Spaniards for a common enemy. When their commanders die they use great lamentation; and when they think the flesh of their bodies is putrified and fallen from their bones, then they take up the carcase again and hang it in the *cacique's* house that died, and deck his skull with feathers of all colours, and hang all his gold plates about the bones of his arms, thighs, and legs. Those nations which are called *Arwacas,* which dwell on the south of *Orenoque,* of which place and nation our Indian pilot was, are dispersed in many other places, and do use to beat the bones of their lords into powder, and their wives and friends drink it all in their several sorts of drinks.

After we departed from the port of these *Ciawani* we passed up the river with the flood and anchored the ebb, and in this sort we went onward. The third day that we entered the river, our galley came on ground; and stuck so fast as we thought that even there our discovery had ended, and that we must have left four-score and ten of our men to have inhabited, like rooks upon trees, with those nations. But the next morning, after we had cast out all her ballast, with tugging and hauling to and fro we got her afloat and went on. At four days' end we fell into as goodly a river as ever I beheld, which was called the great *Amana*, which ran more directly without windings and turnings than the other. But soon after the flood of the sea left us; and, being enforced either by main strength to row against a violent current, or to return as wise as we went out, we had then no shift but to persuade the companies that it was but two or three days' work, and therefore desired them to take pains, every gentleman and others taking their turns to row, and to spell one the other at the hour's end. Every day we passed by goodly branches of rivers, some falling from the west, others from the east, into *Amana*; but those I leave to the description in the chart of discovery, where every one shall be named with his rising and descent. When three days more were overgone, our companies began to despair, the weather being extreme hot, the river bordered with very high trees that kept away the air, and the current against us every day stronger than other. But we evermore commanded our pilots to promise an end the next day, and used it so long as we were driven to assure them from four reaches of the river to three, and so to two, and so to the next reach. But so long we laboured that many days were spent, and we driven to draw ourselves to harder allowance, our bread even at the last, and no drink at all; and our men and ourselves so wearied and scorched, and doubtful withal whether we should ever perform it or no, the heat increasing as we drew towards the line; for we were now in five degrees.

The further we went on, our victual decreasing and the air breeding great faintness, we grew weaker and weaker, when we had most need of strength and ability. For hourly

the river ran more violently than other against us, and the barge, wherries, and ship's boat of Captain *Gifford* and Captain *Caulfield* had spent all their provisions; so as we were brought into despair and discomfort, had we not persuaded all the company that it was but only one day's work more to attain the land where we should be relieved of all we wanted, and if we returned, that we were sure to starve by the way, and that the world would also laugh us to scorn. On the banks of these rivers were divers sorts of fruits good to eat, flowers and trees of such variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of *Herbals*; we relieved ourselves many times with the fruits of the country, and sometimes with fowl and fish. We saw birds of all colours, some carnation, some crimson, orange-tawny, purple, watchet,[86] and of all other sorts, both simple and mixed, and it was unto us a great good-passing of the time to behold them, besides the relief we found by killing some store of them with our fowling-pieces; without which, having little or no bread, and less drink, but only the thick and troubled water of the river, we had been in a very hard case.

Our old pilot of the *Ciawani,* whom, as I said before, we took to redeem *Ferdinando,* told us, that if we would enter a branch of a river on the right hand with our barge and wherries, and leave the galley at anchor the while in the great river, he would bring us to a town of the *Arwacas,* where we should find store of bread, hens, fish, and of the country wine; and persuaded us, that departing from the galley at noon we might return yere night. I was very glad to hear this speech, and presently took my barge, with eight musketeers, Captain *Gifford's* wherry, with himself and four musketeers, and Captain *Caulfield* with his wherry, and as many; and so we entered the mouth of this river; and because we were persuaded that it was so near, we took no victual with us at all. When we had rowed three hours, we marvelled we saw no sign of any dwelling, and asked the pilot where the town was; he told us, a little further. After three hours more, the sun being almost set, we began to suspect that he led us that way to betray us; for he confessed that those Spaniards which fled from

[86] Pale blue.

Trinidad, and also those that remained with *Carapana* in *Emeria,* were joined together in some village upon that river. But when it grew towards night, and we demanded where the place was, he told us but four reaches more. When we had rowed four and four, we saw no sign; and our poor watermen, even heart-broken and tired, were ready to give up the ghost; for we had now come from the galley near forty miles.

At the last we determined to hang the pilot; and if we had well known the way back again by night, he had surely gone. But our own necessities pleaded sufficiently for his safety; for it was as dark as pitch, and the river began so to narrow itself, and the trees to hang over from side to side, as we were driven with arming swords to cut a passage thorough those branches that covered the water. We were very desirous to find this town hoping of a feast, because we made but a short breakfast aboard the galley in the morning, and it was now eight o'clock at night, and our stomachs began to gnaw apace; but whether it was best to return or go on, we began to doubt, suspecting treason in the pilot more and more; but the poor old Indian ever assured us that it was but a little further, but this one turning and that turning; and at the last about one o'clock after midnight we saw a light, and rowing towards it we heard the dogs of the village. When we landed we found few people; for the lord of that place was gone with divers *canoas* above 400 miles off, upon a journey towards the head of *Orenoque,* to trade for gold, and to buy women of the *Cannibals,* who afterwards unfortunately passed by us as we rode at an anchor in the port of *Morequito* in the dark of the night, and yet came so near us as his *canoas* grated against our barges; he left one of his company at the port of *Morequito,* by whom we understood that he had brought thirty young women, divers plates of gold, and had great store of fine pieces of cotton cloth, and cotton beds. In his house we had good store of bread, fish, hens, and Indian drink, and so rested that night; and in the morning, after we had traded with such of his people as came down, we returned towards our galley, and brought with us some quantity of bread, fish, and hens.

On both sides of this river we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld; and whereas all that we had seen before was nothing but woods, prickles, bushes, and thorns, here we beheld plains of twenty miles in length, the grass short and green, and in divers parts groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the art and labour in the world so made of purpose; and still as we rowed, the deer came down feeding by the water's side as if they had been used to a keeper's call. Upon this river there were great store of fowl, and of many sorts; we saw in it divers sorts of strange fishes, and of marvellous bigness; but for *lagartos*[37] it exceeded, for there were thousands of those ugly serpents; and the people call it, for the abundance of them, the *River of Lagartos,* in their language. I had a negro, a very proper young fellow, who leaping out of the galley to swim in the mouth of this river, was in all our sights taken and devoured with one of those *lagartos.* In the meanwhile our companies in the galley thought we had been all lost, for we promised to return before night; and sent the *Lion's Whelp's* ship's boat with Captain *Whiddon* to follow us up the river. But the next day, after we had rowed up and down some fourscore miles, we returned, and went on our way up the great river; and when we were even at the last cast for want of victuals, Captain *Gifford* being before the galley and the rest of the boats, seeking out some place to land upon the banks to make fire, espied four *canoas* coming down the river; and with no small joy caused his men to try the uttermost of their strengths, and after a while two of the four gave over and ran themselves ashore, every man betaking himself to the fastness of the woods. The two other lesser got away, while he landed to lay hold on these; and so turned into some by-creek, we knew not whither. Those *canoas* that were taken were loaden with bread, and were bound for *Margarita* in the *West Indies,* which those Indians, called *Arwacas,* proposed to carry thither for exchange; but in the lesser there were three Spaniards, who having heard of the defeat of their Governor in *Trinidad,* and that we purposed to enter *Guiana,*

[37] Alligators and caymans.

came away in those *canoas;* one of them was a *cavallero,* as the captain of the *Arwacas* after told us, another a soldier and the third a refiner.

In the meantime, nothing on the earth could have been more welcome to us, next unto gold, than the great store of very excellent bread which we found in these *canoas;* for now our men cried, *Let us go on, we care not how far.* After that Captain *Gifford* had brought the two *canoas* to the galley, I took my barge and went to the bank's side with a dozen shot, where the *canoas* first ran themselves ashore, and landed there, sending out Captain *Gifford* and Captain *Thyn* on one hand and Captain *Caulfield* on the other, to follow those that were fled into the woods. And as I was creeping thorough the bushes, I saw an Indian basket hidden, which was the refiner's basket; for I found in it his quicksilver, saltpetre, and divers things for the trial of metals, and also the dust of such ore as he had refined; but in those *canoas* which escaped there was a good quantity of ore and gold. I then landed more men, and offered five hundred pound to what soldier soever could take one of those three Spaniards that we thought were landed. But our labours were in vain in that behalf, for they put themselves into one of the small *canoas,* and so, while the greater *canoas* were in taking, they escaped. But seeking after the Spaniards we found the *Arwacas* hidden in the woods, which were pilots for the Spaniards, and rowed their *canoas.* Of which I kept the chiefest for a pilot, and carried him with me to *Guiana;* by whom I understood where and in what countries the Spaniards had laboured for gold, though I made not the same known to all. For when the springs began to break, and the rivers to raise themselves so suddenly as by no means we could abide the digging of any mine, especially for that the richest are defended with rocks of hard stones, which we call the *white spar,* and that it required both time, men, and instruments fit for such a work, I thought it best not to hover thereabouts, lest if the same had been perceived by the company, there would have been by this time many barks and ships set out, and perchance other nations would also have gotten of ours for pilots. So as both ourselves

might have been prevented, and all our care taken for good usage of the people been utterly lost, by those that only respect present profit; and such violence or insolence offered as the nations which are borderers would have changed the desire of our love and defence into hatred and violence. And for any longer stay to have brought a more quantity, which I hear hath been often objected, whosoever had seen or proved the fury of that river after it began to arise, and had been a month and odd days, as we were, from hearing aught from our ships, leaving them meanly manned 400 miles off, would perchance have turned somewhat sooner than we did, if all the mountains had been gold, or rich stones. And to say the truth, all the branches and small rivers which fell into *Orenoque* were raised with such speed, as if we waded them over the shoes in the morning outward, we were covered to the shoulders homeward the very same day; and to stay to dig our gold with our nails, had been *opus laboris* but not *ingenii*. Such a quantity as would have served our turns we could not have had, but a discovery of the mines to our infinite disadvantage we had made, and that could have been the best profit of farther search or stay; for those mines are not easily broken, nor opened in haste, and I could have returned a good quantity of gold ready cast if I had not shot at another mark than present profit.

This *Arwacan* pilot, with the rest, feared that we would have eaten them, or otherwise have put them to some cruel death: for the Spaniards, to the end that none of the people in the passage towards *Guiana*, or in *Guiana* itself, might come to speech with us, persuaded all the nations that we were men-eaters and cannibals. But when the poor men and women had seen us, and that we gave them meat, and to every one something or other which was rare and strange to them, they began to conceive the deceit and purpose of the Spaniards, who indeed, as they confessed, took from them both their wives and daughters daily . . . But I protest before the Majesty of the living God, that I neither know nor believe, that any of our company, one or other, did offer insult to any of their women, and yet we saw many hundreds, and had many in our power, and of those very

young and excellently favoured, which came among us without deceit, stark naked. Nothing got us more love amongst them than this usage; for I suffered not any man to take from any of the nations so much as a *pina*[38] or a *potato* root without giving them contentment, nor any man so much as to offer to touch any of their wives or daughters; which course, so contrary to the Spaniards, who tyrannize over them in all things, drew them to admire her Majesty, whose commandment I told them it was, and also wonderfully to honour our nation. But I confess it was a very impatient work to keep the meaner sort from spoil and stealing when we came to their houses; which because in all I could not prevent, I caused my Indian interpreter at every place when we departed, to know of the loss or wrong done, and if aught were stolen or taken by violence, either the same was restored, and the party punished in their sight, or else was paid for to their uttermost demand. They also much wondered at us, after they heard that we had slain the Spaniards at *Trinidad,* for they were before resolved that no nation of Christians durst abide their presence; and they wondered more when I had made them know of the great overthrow that her Majesty's army and fleet had given them of late years in their own countries.

After we had taken in this supply of bread, with divers baskets of roots, which were excellent meat, I gave one of the *canoas* to the *Arwacas,* which belonged to the Spaniards that were escaped; and when I had dismissed all but the captain, who by the Spaniards was christened *Martin,* I sent back in the same *canoa* the old *Ciawani,* and *Ferdinando,* my first pilot, and gave them both such things as they desired, with sufficient victual to carry them back, and by them wrote a letter to the ships, which they promised to deliver, and performed it; and then I went on, with my new hired pilot, *Martin* the *Arwacan.* But the next or second day after, we came aground again with our galley, and were like to cast her away, with all our victual and provision, and so lay on the sand one whole night, and were far more in despair at this time to free her than before, because we had no tide of flood to help us, and therefore feared that all our hopes

[38] Pine-apple (see p. 365).

would have ended in mishaps. But we fastened an anchor upon the land, and with main strength drew her off; and so the fifteenth day we discovered afar off the mountains of *Guiana,* to our great joy, and towards the evening had a slent[39] of a northerly wind that blew very strong, which brought us in sight of the great river *Orenoque;* out of which this river descended wherein we were. We descried afar off three other *canoas* as far as we could discern them, after whom we hastened with our barge and wherries, but two of them passed out of sight, and the third entered up the great river, on the right hand to the westward, and there stayed out of sight, thinking that we meant to take the way eastward towards the province of *Carapana;* for that way the Spaniards keep, not daring to go upwards to *Guiana,* the people in those parts being all their enemies, and those in the *canoas* thought us to have been those Spaniards that were fled from *Trinidad,* and escaped killing. And when we came so far down as the opening of that branch into which they slipped, being near them with our barge and wherries, we made after them, and yere they could land came within call, and by our interpreter told them what we were, wherewith they came back willingly aboard us; and of such fish and *tortugas'*[40] eggs as they had gathered they gave us, and promised in the morning to bring the lord of that part with them, and to do us all other services they could. That night we came to an anchor at the parting of the three goodly rivers (the one was the river of *Amana,* by which we came from the north, and ran athwart towards the south, the other two were of *Orenoque,* which crossed from the west and ran to the sea towards the east) and landed upon a fair sand, where we found thousands of *tortugas'* eggs, which are very wholesome meat, and greatly restoring; so as our men were now well filled and highly contented both with the fare, and nearness of the land of *Guiana,* which appeared in sight.

In the morning there came down, according to promise, the lord of that border, called *Toparimaca,* with some thirty or forty followers, and brought us divers sorts of fruits, and of his wine, bread, fish, and flesh, whom we also feasted as

[39] Push. [40] Turtles.

we could; at least we drank good Spanish wine, whereof we had a small quantity in bottles, which above all things they love. I conferred with this *Toparimaca* of the next[41] way to *Guiana*, who conducted our galley and boats to his own port, and carried us from thence some mile and a-half to his town; where some of our captains garoused[42] of his wine till they were reasonable pleasant, for it is very strong with pepper, and the juice of divers herbs and fruits digested and purged. They keep it in great earthen pots of ten or twelve gallons, very clean and sweet, and are themselves at their meetings and feasts the greatest carousers and drunkards of the world. When we came to his town we found two *caciques*, whereof one was a stranger that had been up the river in trade, and his boats, people, and wife encamped at the port where we anchored; and the other was of that country, a follower of *Toparimaca*. They lay each of them in a cotton *hamaca*, which we call *Brazil* beds, and two women attending them with six cups, and a little ladle to fill them out of an earthen pitcher of wine; and so they drank each of them three of those cups at a time one to the other, and in this sort they drink drunk at their feasts and meetings.

That *cacique* that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where we anchored, and in all my life I have seldom seen a better favoured woman. She was of good stature, with black eyes, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, her hair almost as long as herself, tied up again in pretty knots; and it seemed she stood not in that awe of her husband as the rest, for she spake and discoursed, and drank among the gentlemen and captains, and was very pleasant, knowing her own comeliness, and taking great pride therein. I have seen a lady in *England* so like to her, as but for the difference of colour, I would have sworn might have been the same.

The seat of this town of *Toparimaca* was very pleasant, standing on a little hill, in an excellent prospect, with goodly gardens a mile compass round about it, and two very fair and large ponds of excellent fish adjoining. This town is called *Arowocai;* the people are of the nation called *Nepoios*,

[41] Nearest. [42] Caroused.

and are followers of *Carapana*. In that place I saw very aged people, that we might perceive all their sinews and veins without any flesh, and but even as a case covered only with skin. The lord of this place gave me an old man for pilot, who was of great experience and travel, and knew the river most perfectly both by day and night. And it shall be requisite for any man that passeth it to have such a pilot; for it is four, five, and six miles over in many places, and twenty miles in other places, with wonderful eddies and strong currents, many great islands, and divers shoals, and many dangerous rocks; and besides upon any increase of wind so great a billow, as we were sometimes in great peril of drowning in the galley, for the small boats durst not come from the shore but when it was very fair.

The next day we hasted thence, and having an easterly wind to help us, we spared our arms from rowing; for after we entered *Orenoque*, the river lieth for the most part east and west, even from the sea unto *Quito*, in *Peru*. This river is navigable with barks little less than 1000 miles; and from the place where we entered it may be sailed up in small pinnaces to many of the best parts of *Nuevo Reyno de Granada* and of *Popayan*. And from no place may the cities of these parts of the *Indies* be so easily taken and invaded as from hence.[43] All that day we sailed up a branch of that river, having on the left hand a great island, which they call *Assapana*, which may contain some five-and-twenty miles in length, and six miles in breadth, the great body of the river running on the other side of this island. Beyond that middle branch there is also another island in the river, called *Iwana*, which is twice as big as the Isle of *Wight;* and beyond it, and between it and the main of *Guiana*, runneth a third branch of *Orenoque*, called *Arraroopana*. All three are goodly branches, and all navigable for great ships. I judge the river in this place to be at least thirty miles broad, reckoning the islands which divide the branches in it, for afterwards I sought also both the other branches.

After we reached to the head of the island called *Assapana*, a little to the westward on the right hand there opened a

[43] Raleigh regarded the occupation of 'Guiana' as a step towards the conquest of New Granada and Peru (see pp. 374-375.)

river which came from the north, called *Europa,* and fell into the great river; and beyond it on the same side we anchored for that night by another island, six miles long and two miles broad, which they call *Ocaywita.* From hence, in the morning, we landed two *Guianians,* which we found in the town of *Toparimaca,* that came with us; who went to give notice of our coming to the lord of that country, called *Putyma,* a follower of *Topiawari,* chief lord of *Aromaia,* who succeeded *Morequito,* whom (as you have heard before) *Berreo* put to death. But his town being far within the land, he came not unto us that day; so as we anchored again that night near the banks of another land, of bigness much like the other, which they call *Putapayma,* over against which island, on the main land, was a very high mountain called *Oecope.* We coveted to anchor rather by these islands in the river than by the main, because of the *tortugas'* eggs, which our people found on them in great abundance; and also because the ground served better for us to cast our nets for fish, the main banks being for the most part stony and high and the rocks of a blue, metalline colour, like unto the best steel ore, which I assuredly take it to be. Of the same blue stone are also divers great mountains which border this river in many places.

The next morning, towards nine of the clock, we weighed anchor; and the breeze increasing, we sailed always west up the river, and, after a while, opening the land on the right side, the country appeared to be champaign and the banks shewed very perfect red. I therefore sent two of the little barges with Captain *Gifford,* and with him Captain *Thyn,* Captain *Caulfield,* my cousin *Greenvile,* my nephew *John Gilbert,* Captain *Eynos,* Master *Edward Porter,* and my cousin *Butshead Gorges,* with some few soldiers, to march over the banks of that red land and to discover what manner of country it was on the other side; who at their return found it all a plain level as far as they went or could discern from the highest tree they could get upon. And my old pilot, a man of great travel, brother to the *cacique Toparimaca,* told me that those were called the plains of the *Sayma,* and that the same level reached to *Cumaná* and *Caracas,* in the *West Indies,* which are a hundred and twenty leagues to the north,

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and that there inhabited four principal nations. The first were the *Sayma*, the next *Assawai*, the third and greatest the *Wikiri*, by whom *Pedro Hernandez de Serpa*, before mentioned, was overthrown as he passed with 300 horse from *Cumaná* towards *Orenoque* in his enterprise of *Guiana*. The fourth are called *Aroras*, and are as black as negroes, but have smooth hair; and these are very valiant, or rather desperate, people, and have the most strong poison on their arrows, and most dangerous, of all nations, of which I will speak somewhat, being a digression not unnecessary.

There was nothing whereof I was more curious than to find out the true remedies of these poisoned arrows. For besides the mortality of the wound they make, the party shot endureth the most insufferable torment in the world, and abideth a most ugly and lamentable death, sometimes dying stark mad, sometimes their bowels breaking out of their bellies; which are presently discoloured as black as pitch, and so unsavory as no man can endure to cure or to attend them. And it is more strange to know that in all this time there was never Spaniard, either by gift or torment, that could attain to the true knowledge of the cure, although they have martyred and put to invented torture I know not how many of them. But everyone of these Indians know it not, no, not one among thousands, but their soothsayers and priests, who do conceal it, and only teach it but from the father to the son.

Those medicines which are vulgar, and serve for the ordinary poison, are made of the juice of a root called *tupara;* the same also quencheth marvellously the heat of burning fevers, and healeth inward wounds and broken veins that bleed within the body. But I was more beholding to the *Guianians* than any other; for *Antonio de Berreo* told me that he could never attain to the knowledge thereof, and yet they taught me the best way of healing as well thereof as of all other poisons. Some of the Spaniards have been cured in ordinary wounds of the common poisoned arrows with the juice of garlic. But this is a general rule for all men that shall hereafter travel the *Indies* where poisoned arrows are used, that they must abstain from drink. For if they take any liquor into their body, as they shall be mar-

vellously provoked thereunto by drought, I say, if they drink before the wound be dressed, or soon upon it, there is no way with them but present death.

And so I will return again to our journey, which for this third day we finished, and cast anchor again near the continent on the left hand between two mountains, the one called *Aroami* and the other *Aio*. I made no stay here but till midnight; for I feared hourly lest any rain should fall, and then it had been impossible to have gone any further up, notwithstanding that there is every day a very strong breeze and easterly wind. I deferred the search of the country on *Guiana* side till my return down the river.

The next day we sailed by a great island in the middle of the river, called *Manoripano;* and, as we walked awhile on the island, while the galley got ahead of us, there came for us from the main a small *canoa* with seven or eight *Guianians,* to invite us to anchor at their port, but I deferred till my return. It was that *cacique* to whom those *Nepoios* went, which came with us from the town of *Toparimaca.* And so the fifth day we reached as high up as the province of *Aromaia,* the country of *Morequito,* whom *Berreo* executed, and anchored to the west of an island called *Murrecotima,* ten miles long and five broad. And that night the cacique *Aramiary,* to whose town we made our long and hungry voyage out of the river of *Amana,* passed by us.

The next day we arrived at the port of *Morequito,* and anchored there, sending away one of our pilots to seek the king of *Aromaia,* uncle to *Morequito,* slain by *Berreo* as aforesaid. The next day following, before noon, he came to us on foot from his house, which was fourteen English miles, himself being a hundred and ten years old, and returned on foot the same day; and with him many of the borderers, with many women and children, that came to wonder at our nation and to bring us down victual, which they did in great plenty, as venison, pork, hens, chickens, fowl, fish, with divers sorts of excellent fruits and roots, and great abundance of *pinas,* the princess of fruits that grow under the sun, especially those of *Guiana.* They brought us, also, store of bread and of their wine, and a sort of *paraquitos*

no bigger than wrens, and of all other sorts both small and great. One of them gave me a beast called by the Spaniards *armadillo,* which they call *cassacam,* which seemeth to be all barred over with small plates somewhat like to a *rhinoceros,* with a white horn growing in his hinder parts as big as a great hunting-horn, which they use to wind instead of a trumpet. *Monardus*[44] writeth that a little of the powder of that horn put into the ear cureth deafness.

After this old king had rested awhile in a little tent that I caused to be set up, I began by my interpreter to discourse with him of the death of *Morequito* his predecessor, and afterward of the Spaniards; and yere I went any farther I made him know the cause of my coming thither, whose servant I was, and that the Queen's pleasure was I should undertake the voyage for their defence, and to deliver them from the tyranny of the Spaniards, dilating at large, as I had done before to those of *Trinidad,* her Majesty's greatness, her justice, her charity to all oppressed nations, with as many of the rest of her beauties and virtues as either I could express or they conceive. All which being with great admiration attentively heard and marvellously admired, I began to sound the old man as touching *Guiana* and the state thereof, what sort of commonwealth it was, how governed, of what strength and policy, how far it extended, and what nations were friends or enemies adjoining, and finally of the distance, and way to enter the same. He told me that himself and his people, with all those down the river towards the sea, as far as *Emeria,* the province of *Carapana,* were of *Guiana,* but that they called themselves *Orenoqueponi,* and that all the nations between the river and those mountains in sight, called *Wacarima,* were of the same cast and appellation; and that on the other side of those mountains of *Wacarima* there was a large plain (which after I discovered in my return) called the valley of *Amariocapana.* In all that valley the people were also of the ancient *Guianians.*

I asked what nations those were which inhabited on the further side of those mountains, beyond the valley of *Amariocapana.* He answered with a great sigh (as a man

[44] Monardes, Historia Medicinal (1574; English Version, 1577).

which had inward feeling of the loss of his country and liberty, especially for that his eldest son was slain in a battle on that side of the mountains, whom he most entirely loved) that he remembered in his father's lifetime, when he was very old and himself a young man, that there came down into that large valley of *Guiana* a nation from so far off as the sun slept (for such were his own words), with so great a multitude as they could not be numbered nor resisted, and that they wore large coats, and hats of crimson colour, which colour he expressed by shewing a piece of red wood wherewith my tent was supported, and that they were called *Orejones* and *Epuremei;* that those had slain and rooted out so many of the ancient people as there were leaves in the wood upon all the trees, and had now made themselves lords of all, even to that mountain foot called *Curaa,* saving only of two nations, the one called *Iwarawaqueri* and the other *Cassipagotos;* and that in the last battle fought between the *Epuremei* and the *Iwarawaqueri* his eldest son was chosen to carry to the aid of the *Iwarawaqueri* a great troop of the *Orenoqueponi,* and was there slain with all his people and friends, and that he had now remaining but one son; and farther told me that those *Epuremei* had built a great town called *Macureguarai* at the said mountain foot, at the beginning of the great plains of *Guiana,* which have no end; and that their houses have many rooms, one over the other, and that therein the great king of the *Orejones* and *Epuremei* kept three thousand men to defend the borders against them, and withal daily to invade and slay them; but that of late years, since the Christians offered to invade his territories and those frontiers, they were all at peace, and traded one with another, saving only the *Iwarawaqueri* and those other nations upon the head of the river of *Caroli* called *Cassipagotos,* which we afterwards discovered, each one holding the Spaniard for a common enemy.

After he had answered thus far, he desired leave to depart, saying that he had far to go, that he was old and weak, and was every day called for by death, which was also his own phrase. I desired him to rest with us that night, but I could not entreat him; but he told me that at my return from the country above he would again come to us,

and in the meantime provide for us the best he could, of all that his country yielded. The same night he returned to *Orocotona*, his own town; so as he went that day eight-and-twenty miles, the weather being very hot, the country being situate between four and five degrees of the equinoctial. This *Topiawari* is held for the proudest and wisest of all the *Orenoqueponi*, and so he behaved himself towards me in all his answers, at my return, as I marvelled to find a man of that gravity and judgment and of so good discourse, that had no help of learning nor breed.

The next morning we also left the port, and sailed westward up to the river, to view the famous river called *Caroli*, as well because it was marvellous of itself, as also for that I understood it led to the strongest nations of all the frontiers, that were enemies to the *Epuremei*, which are subjects to *Inga*, emperor of *Guiana* and *Manoa*. And that night we anchored at another island called *Caiama*, of some five or six miles in length; and the next day arrived at the mouth of *Caroli*. When we were short of it as low or further down as the port of *Morequito*, we heard the great roar and fall of the river. But when we came to enter with our barge and wherries, thinking to have gone up some forty miles to the nations of the *Cassipagotos*, we were not able with a barge of eight oars to row one stone's cast in an hour; and yet the river is as broad as the Thames at Woolwich, and we tried both sides, and the middle, and every part of the river. So as we encamped upon the banks adjoining, and sent off our *Orenoquepone* which came with us from *Morequito* to give knowledge to the nations upon the river of our being there, and that we desired to see the lords of *Canuria*, which dwelt within the province upon that river, making them know that we were enemies to the Spaniards; for it was on this river side that *Morequito* slew the friar, and those nine Spaniards which came from *Manoa*, the city of *Inga*, and took from them 14,000 *pesos* of gold. So as the next day there came down a lord or *cacique*, called *Wanuretona*, with many people with him, and brought all store of provisions to entertain us, as the rest had done. And as I had before made my coming known to *Topiawari*, so did I acquaint

this *cacique* therewith, and how I was sent by her Majesty for the purpose aforesaid, and gathered also what I could of him touching the estate of *Guiana.* And I found that those also of *Caroli* were not only enemies to the Spaniards, but most of all to the *Epuremei,* which abound in gold. And by this *Wanuretona* I had knowledge that on the head of this river were three mighty nations, which were seated on a great lake, from whence this river descended, and were called *Cassipagotos, Eparegotos,* and *Arawagotos*;[45] and that all those either against the Spaniards or the *Epuremei* would join with us, and that if we entered the land over the mountains of *Curaa* we should satisfy ourselves with gold and all other good things. He told us farther of a nation called *Iwarawaqueri,* before spoken of, that held daily war with the *Epuremei* that inhabited *Macureguarai,* the first civil town of *Guiana,* of the subjects of *Inga,* the emperor.

Upon this river one Captain *George,* that I took with *Berreo,* told me that there was a great silver mine, and that it was near the banks of the said river. But by this time as well *Orenoque, Caroli,* as all the rest of the rivers were risen four or five feet in height, so as it was not possible by the strength of any men, or with any boat whatsoever, to row into the river against the stream. I therefore sent Captain *Thyn,* Captain *Greenvile,* my nephew, *John Gilbert,* my cousin *Butshead Gorges,* Captain *Clarke,* and some thirty shot more to coast the river by land, and to go to a town some twenty miles over the valley called *Amnatapoi;* and they found guides there to go farther towards the mountain foot to another great town called *Capurepana,* belonging to a *cacique* called *Haharacoa,* that was a nephew to old *Topiawari,* king of *Aromaia,* our chiefest friend, because this town and province of *Capurepana* adjoined to *Macureguarai,* which was a frontier town of the empire. And the meanwhile myself with Captain *Gifford,* Captain *Caulfield, Edward Hancock,* and some half-a-dozen shot marched overland to view the strange overfalls of the river of *Caroli,* which roared so far off; and also to see the

[45] The Purigotos and Arinagotos are still settled on the upper tributaries of the Caroni river. No such lake as that mentioned is known to exist.

plains adjoining, and the rest of the province of *Canuri.* I sent also Captain *Whiddon, William Connock,* and some eight shot with them, to see if they could find any mineral stone alongst the river's side. When we were come to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down *Caroli;* and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, above twenty miles off, and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with that fury, that the rebound of water made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman; but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on by little and little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same. I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valleys; the river winding into divers branches; the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass; the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching in the river's side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind; and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion. Your Lordship shall see of many sorts, and I hope some of them cannot be bettered under the sun; and yet we had no means but with our daggers and fingers to tear them out here and there, the rocks being most hard of that mineral spar aforesaid, which is like a flint, and is altogether as hard or harder, and besides the veins lie a fathom or two deep in the rocks. But we wanted all things requisite save only our desires and good will to have performed more if it had pleased God. To be short, when both our companies returned, each of them brought also several sorts of stones that appeared very fair, but were such as they

found loose on the ground, and were for the most part but coloured, and had not any gold fixed in them. Yet such as had no judgment or experience kept all that glistered, and would not be persuaded but it was rich because of the lustre; and brought of those, and of *marcasite* withal, from *Trinidad,* and have delivered of those stones to be tried in many places, and have thereby bred an opinion that all the rest is of the same. Yet some of these stones I shewed afterward to a Spaniard of the *Caracas,* who told me that it was *El madre del oro,* that is, the mother of gold, and that the mine was farther in the ground.

But it shall be found a weak policy in me, either to betray myself or my country with imaginations; neither am I so far in love with that lodging, watching, care, peril, diseases, ill savours, bad fare, and many other mischiefs that accompany these voyages, as to woo myself again into any of them, were I not assured that the sun covereth not so much riches in any part of the earth. Captain *Whiddon,* and our chirurgeon, *Nicholas Millechamp,* brought me a kind of stones like sapphires; what they may prove I know not. I shewed them to some of the *Orenoqueponi,* and they promised to bring me to a mountain that had of them very large pieces growing diamond-wise; whether it be crystal of the mountain, *Bristol* diamond, or sapphire, I do not yet know, but I hope the best; sure I am that the place is as likely as those from whence all the rich stones are brought, and in the same height or very near.

On the left hand of this river *Caroli* are seated those nations which I called *Iwarawaqueri* before remembered, which are enemies to the *Epuremei;* and on the head of it, adjoining to the great lake *Cassipa,* are situated those other nations which also resist *Inga,* and the *Epuremei,* called *Cassipagotos, Eparegotos,* and *Arawagotos.* I farther understood that this lake of *Cassipa* is so large, as it is above one day's journey for one of their *canoas,* to cross, which may be some forty miles; and that thereinto fall divers rivers, and that great store of grains of gold are found in the summer time when the lake falleth by the banks, in those branches.

There is also another goodly river beyond *Caroli* which

is called *Arui,* which also runneth thorough the lake *Cassipa,* and falleth into *Orenoque* farther west, making all that land between *Caroli* and *Arui* an island; which is likewise a most beautiful country. Next unto *Arui* there are two rivers *Atoica* and *Caura,* and on that branch which is called *Caura* are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the provinces of *Aromaia* and *Canuri* affirm the same. They are called *Ewaipanoma;* they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders. The son of *Topiawari,* which I brought with me into *England,* told me that they were the most mighty men of all the land, and use bows, arrows, and clubs thrice as big as any of *Guiana,* or of the *Orenoqueponi;* and that one of the *Iwarawaqueri* took a prisoner of them the year before our arrival there, and brought him into the borders of *Aromaia,* his father's country. And farther, when I seemed to doubt of it, he told me that it was no wonder among them; but that they were as great a nation and as common as any other in all the provinces, and had of late years slain many hundreds of his father's people, and of other nations their neighbours. But it was not my chance to hear of them till I was come away; and if I had but spoken one word of it while I was there I might have brought one of them with me to put the matter out of doubt. Such a nation was written of by *Mandeville,* whose reports were holden for fables many years; and yet since the *East Indies* were discovered, we find his relations true of such things as heretofore were held incredible.[46] Whether it be true or no, the matter is not great, neither can there be any profit in the imagination; for mine own part I saw them not, but I am resolved that so many people did not all combine or forethink to make the report.

When I came to *Cumana* in the *West Indies* afterwards by chance I spake with a Spaniard dwelling not far from

[46] Mandeville, or the author who assumed this name, placed his headless men in the East Indian Archipelago. The fable is borrowed from older writers (Herodotus, iv. 191, &c.).

thence, a man of great travel. And after he knew that I had been in *Guiana,* and so far directly west as *Caroli,* the first question he asked me was, whether I had seen any of the *Ewaipanoma,* which are those without heads. Who being esteemed a most honest man of his word, and in all things else, told me that he had seen many of them; I may not name him, because it may be for his disadvantage, but he is well known to *Monsieur Moucheron's* son of *London,* and to *Peter Moucheron,* merchant, of the Flemish ship that was there in trade; who also heard, what he avowed to be true, of those people.

The fourth river to the west of *Caroli* is *Casnero*: which falleth into the *Orenoque* on this side of *Amapaia.* And that river is greater than *Danubius,* or any of *Europe*: it riseth on the south of *Guiana* from the mountains which divide *Guiana* from *Amazons,* and I think it to be navigable many hundred miles. But we had no time, means, nor season of the year, to search those rivers, for the causes aforesaid, the winter being come upon us; although the winter and summer as touching cold and heat differ not, neither do the trees ever sensibly lose their leaves, but have always fruit either ripe or green, and most of them both blossoms, leaves, ripe fruit, and green, at one time: but their winter only consisteth of terrible rains, and overflowing of the rivers, with many great storms and gusts, thunder and lightnings, of which we had our fill ere we returned.

On the north side, the first river that falleth into the *Orenoque* is *Cari.* Beyond it, on the same side is the river of *Limo.* Between these two is a great nation of *Cannibals,* and their chief town beareth the name of the river, and is called *Acamacari.* At this town is a continual market of women for three or four hatchets apiece; they are bought by the *Arwacas,* and by them sold into the *West Indies.* To the west of *Limo* is the river *Pao,* beyond it *Caturi,* beyond that *Voari,* and *Capuri,*[47] which falleth out of the great river of *Meta,* by which *Berreo* descended from *Nuevo Reyno de Granada.* To the westward of *Capuri* is the province of *Amapaia,* where *Berreo* wintered and had so many of his people poisoned with the tawny water of the marshes of the

[47] The Apure river.

Anebas. Above *Amapaia,* toward *Nuevo Reyno,* fall in *Meto, Pato* and *Cassanar.* To the west of those, towards the provinces of the *Ashaguas* and *Catetios,* are the rivers of *Beta, Dawney,* and *Ubarro;* and toward the frontier of Peru are the provinces of *Thomebamba,* and *Caxamalca.* Adjoining to *Quito* in the north side of *Peru* are the rivers of *Guiacar* and *Goauar;* and on the other side of the said mountains the river of *Papamene* which descendeth into *Marañon* or *Amazons,* passing through the province *Motilones,* where *Don Pedro de Orsúa,* who was slain by the traitor *Aguirre* before rehearsed, built his brigandines, when he sought *Guiana* by the way of *Amazons.*

Between *Dawney* and *Beta* lieth a famous island in *Orenoque* (now called *Baraquan,* for above *Meta* it is not known by the name of *Orenoque*) which is called *Athule;*[48] beyond which ships of burden cannot pass by reason of a most forcible overfall, and current of water; but in the eddy all smaller vessels may be drawn even to *Peru* itself. But to speak of more of these rivers without the description were but tedious, and therefore I will leave the rest to the description. This river of *Orenoque* is navigable for ships little less than 1,000 miles, and for lesser vessels near 2,000. By it, as aforesaid, *Peru, Nuevo Reyno* and *Popayan* may be invaded: it also leadeth to the great empire of *Inga,* and to the provinces of *Amapaia* and *Anebas,* which abound in gold. His branches of *Casnero, Manta, Caura* descend from the middle land and valley which lieth between the easter province of *Peru* and *Guiana;* and it falls into the sea between *Marañon* and *Trinidad* in two degrees and a half. All of which your honours shall better perceive in the general description of *Guiana, Peru, Nuevo Reyno,* the kingdom of *Popayan,* and *Rodas,* with the province of *Venezuela,* to the bay of *Uraba,* behind *Cartagena,* westward, and to *Amazons* southward. While we lay at anchor on the coast of *Canuri,* and had taken knowledge of all the nations upon the head and branches of this river, and had found out so many several people, which were enemies to the *Epuremei* and the new conquerors, I thought it time lost to linger any longer in that place, especially for that the fury of *Orenoque*

[48] Cataract of Ature.

began daily to threaten us with dangers in our return. For no half day passed but the river began to rage and overflow very fearfully, and the rains came down in terrible showers, and gusts in great abundance; and withal our men began to cry out for want of shift, for no man had place to bestow any other apparel than that which he ware on his back, and that was throughly washed on his body for the most part ten times in one day; and we had now been well-near a month every day passing to the westward farther and farther from our ships. We therefore turned towards the east, and spent the rest of the time in discovering the river towards the sea, which we had not viewed, and which was most material.

The next day following we left the mouth of *Caroli,* and arrived again at the port of *Morequito* where we were before; for passing down the stream we went without labour, and against the wind, little less than a hundred miles a day. As soon as I came to anchor, I sent away one for old *Topiawari,* with whom I much desired to have further conference, and also to deal with him for some one of his country to bring with us into *England,* as well to learn the language, as to confer withal by the way, the time being now spent of any longer stay there. Within three hours after my messenger came to him, he arrived also, and with him such a rabble of all sorts of people, and every one loaden with somewhat, as if it had been a great market or fair in *England*; and our hungry companies clustered thick and threefold among their baskets, every one laying hand on what he liked. After he had rested awhile in my tent, I shut out all but ourselves and my interpreter, and told him that I knew that both the *Epuremei* and the Spaniards were enemies to him, his country and nations: that the one had conquered *Guiana* already, and the other sought to regain the same from them both; and therefore I desired him to instruct me what he could, both of the passage into the golden parts of *Guiana,* and to the civil towns and apparelled people of *Inga.* He gave me an answer to this effect: first, that he could not perceive that I meant to go onward towards the city of *Manoa,* for neither the time of the year served, neither could he perceive any sufficient numbers for

such an enterprise. And if I did, I was sure with all my company to be buried there, for the emperor was of that strength, as that many times so many men more were too few. Besides, he gave me this good counsel and advised me to hold it in mind (as for himself, he knew he could not live till my return), that I should not offer by any means hereafter to invade the strong parts of *Guiana* without the help of all those nations which were also their enemies; for that it was impossible without those, either to be conducted, to be victualled, or to have aught carried with us, our people not being able to endure the march in so great heat and travail, unless the borderers gave them help, to cart with them both their meat and furniture. For he remembered that in the plains of *Macureguarai* three hundred Spaniards were overthrown, who were tired out, and had none of the borderers to their friends; but meeting their enemies as they passed the frontier, were environed on all sides, and the people setting the long dry grass on fire, smothered them, so as they had no breath to fight, nor could discern their enemies for the great smoke. He told me further that four days' journey from his town was *Macureguarai,* and that those were the next and nearest of the subjects of *Inga,* and of the *Epuremei,* and the first town of apparelled and rich people; and that all those plates of gold which were scattered among the borderers and carried to other nations far and near, came from the said *Macureguarai* and were there made, but that those of the land within were far finer, and were fashioned after the images of men, beasts, birds, and fishes. I asked him whether he thought that those companies that I had there with me were sufficient to take that town or no; he told me that he thought they were. I then asked him whether he would assist me with guides, and some companies of his people to join with us; he answered that he would go himself with all the borderers, if the rivers did remain fordable, upon this condition, that I would leave with him till my return again fifty soldiers, which he undertook to victual. I answered that I had not above fifty good men in all there; the rest were labourers and rowers, and that I had no provision to leave with them of powder, shot, apparel, or aught else, and that without those things necessary

for their defence, they should be in danger of the Spaniards in my absence, who I knew would use the same measures towards mine that I offered them at *Trinidad*. And although upon the motion Captain *Caulfield*, Captain *Greenvile*, my nephew *John Gilbert* and divers others were desirous to stay, yet I was resolved that they must needs have perished. For *Berreo* expected daily a supply out of *Spain*, and looked also hourly for his son to come down from *Nuevo Reyno de Granada*, with many horse and foot, and had also in *Valencia*, in the *Caracas*, two hundred horse ready to march; and I could not have spared above forty, and had not any store at all of powder, lead, or match to have left with them, nor any other provision, either spade, pickaxe, or aught else to have fortified withal.

When I had given him reason that I could not at this time leave him such a company, he then desired me to forbear him and his country for that time; for he assured me that I should be no sooner three days from the coast but those *Epuremei* would invade him, and destroy all the remain of his people and friends, if he should any way either guide us or assist us against them. He further alleged that the Spaniards sought his death; and as they had already murdered his nephew *Morequito*, lord of that province, so they had him seventeen days in a chain before he was king of the country, and led him like a dog from place to place until he had paid an hundred plates of gold and divers chains of spleen-stones for his ransom.[49] And now, since he became owner of that province, that they had many times laid wait to take him, and that they would be now more vehement when they should understand of his conference with the English. *And because*, said he, *they would the better displant me, if they cannot lay hands on me, they have gotten a nephew of mine called* Eparacano, *whom they have christened* Don Juan, *and his son* Don Pedro, *whom they have also apparelled and armed, by whom they seek to make a party against me in mine own country. He also hath taken to wife one* Louiana, *of a strong family, which are borderers and neighbours; and myself now being old and in the hands of death am not able to travel nor to shift as when I was of*

[49] See page 344.

younger years. He therefore prayed us to defer it till the next year, when he would undertake to draw in all the borderers to serve us, and then, also, it would be more seasonable to travel; for at this time of the year we should not be able to pass any river, the waters were and would be so grown ere our return.

He farther told me that I could not desire so much to invade *Macureguarai* and the rest of *Guiana* but that the borderers would be more vehement than I. For he yielded for a chief cause that in the wars with the *Epuremei* they were spoiled of their women, and that their wives and daughters were taken from them; so as for their own parts they desired nothing of the gold or treasure for their labours, but only to recover women from the *Epuremei.* For he farther complained very sadly, as it had been a matter of great consequence, that whereas they were wont to have ten or twelve wives, they were now enforced to content themselves with three or four, and that the lords of the *Epuremei* had fifty or a hundred. And in truth they war more for women than either for gold or dominion. For the lords of countries desire many children of their own bodies to increase their races and kindreds, for in those consist their greatest trust and strength. Divers of his followers afterwards desired me to make haste again, that they might sack the *Epuremei,* and I asked them, of what? They answered, *Of their women for us, and their gold for you.* For the hope of those many of women they more desire the war than either for gold or for the recovery of their ancient territories. For what between the subjects of *Inga* and the Spaniards, those frontiers are grown thin of people; and also great numbers are fled to other nations farther off for fear of the Spaniards.

After I received this answer of the old man, we fell into consideration whether it had been of better advice to have entered *Macureguarai,* and to have begun a war upon *Inga* at this time, yea, or no, if the time of the year and all things else had sorted. For mine own part, as we were not able to march it for the rivers, neither had any such strength as was requisite, and durst not abide the coming of the winter, or to tarry any longer from our ships, I thought it were evil

counsel to have attempted it at that time, although the desire for gold will answer many objections. But it would have been, in mine opinion, an utter overthrow to the enterprise, if the same should be hereafter by her Majesty attempted. For then, whereas now they have heard we were enemies to the Spaniards and were sent by her Majesty to relieve them, they would as good cheap have joined with the Spaniards at our return, as to have yielded unto us, when they had proved that we came both for one errand, and that both sought but to sack and spoil them. But as yet our desire of gold, or our purpose of invasion, is not known to them of the empire. And it is likely that if her Majesty undertake the enterprise they will rather submit themselves to her obedience than to the Spaniards, of whose cruelty both themselves and the borderers have already tasted. And therefore, till I had known her Majesty's pleasure, I would rather have lost the sack of one or two towns, although they might have been very profitable, than to have defaced or endangered the future hope of so many millions, and the great good and rich trade which *England* may be possessed of thereby. I am assured now that they will all die, even to the last man, against the Spaniards in hope of our succour and return. Whereas, otherwise, if I had either laid hands on the borderers or ransomed the lords, as *Berreo* did, or invaded the subjects of *Inga*, I know all had been lost for hereafter.

After that I had resolved *Topiawari*, lord of *Aromaia*, that I could not at this time leave with him the companies he desired, and that I was contented to forbear the enterprise against the *Epuremei* till the next year, he freely gave me his only son to take with me into *England;* and hoped that though he himself had but a short time to live, yet that by our means his son should be established after his death. And I left with him one *Francis Sparrow*, a servant of Captain *Gifford*, who was desirous to tarry, and could describe a country with his pen, and a boy of mine called *Hugh Goodwin*, to learn the language. I after asked the manner how the *Epuremei* wrought those plates of gold, and how they could melt it out of the stone. He told me that the most of the gold which they made in plates and images was not severed from the stone, but that on the lake of *Manoa*,

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and in a multitude of other rivers, they gathered it in grains of perfect gold and in pieces as big as small stones, and they put it to a part of copper, otherwise they could not work it; and that they used a great earthen pot with holes round about it, and when they had mingled the gold and copper together they fastened canes to the holes, and so with the breath of men they increased the fire till the metal ran, and then they cast it into moulds of stone and clay, and so make those plates and images. I have sent your honours of two sorts such as I could by chance recover, more to shew the manner of them than for the value. For I did not in any sort make my desire of gold known, because I had neither time nor power to have a great quantity. I gave among them many more pieces of gold than I received, of the new money of twenty shillings with her Majesty's picture, to wear, with promise that they would become her servants thenceforth.

I have also sent your honours of the ore, whereof I know some is as rich as the earth yieldeth any, of which I know there is sufficient, if nothing else were to be hoped for. But besides that we were not able to tarry and search the hills, so we had neither pioneers, bars, sledges, nor wedges of iron to break the ground, without which there is no working in mines. But we saw all the hills with stones of the colour of gold and silver, and we tried them to be no *marcasite,* and therefore such as the Spaniards call *El madre del oro* or 'the mother of gold,' which is an undoubted assurance of the general abundance; and myself saw the outside of many mines of the spar, which I know to be the same that all covet in this world, and of those more than I will speak of.

Having learned what I could in *Canuri* and *Aromaia,* and received a faithful promise of the principallest of those provinces to become servants to her Majesty, and to resist the Spaniards if they made any attempt in our absence, and that they would draw in the nations about the lake of *Cassipa* and those of *Iwarawaqueri,* I then parted from old *Topiawari,* and received his son for a pledge between us, and left with him two of ours as aforesaid. To *Francis Sparrow* I gave instructions to travel to *Macureguarai* with

such merchandises as I left with them, thereby to learn the place, and if it were possible, to go on to the great city of *Manoa*. Which being done, we weighed anchor and coasted the river on *Guiana* side, because we came upon the north side, by the lawns of the *Saima* and *Wikiri*.

There came with us from *Aromaia* a *cacique* called *Putijma*, that commanded the province of *Warapana*, which *Putijma* slew the nine Spaniards upon *Caroli* before spoken of; who desired us to rest in the port of his country, promising to bring us unto a mountain adjoining to his town that had stones of the colour of gold, which he performed. And after we had rested there one night I went myself in the morning with most of the gentlemen of my company overland towards the said mountain, marching by a river's side called *Mana*, leaving on the right hand a town called *Tuteritona*, standing in the province of *Tarracoa*, of which *Wariaaremagoto* is principal. Beyond it lieth another town towards the south, in the valley of *Amariocapana*, which beareth the name of the said valley; whose plains stretch themselves some sixty miles in length, east and west, as fair ground and as beautiful fields as any man hath ever seen, with divers copses scattered here and there by the river's side, and all as full of deer as any forest or park in *England*, and in every lake and river the like abundance of fish and fowl; of which *Irraparragota* is lord.

From the river of *Mana* we crossed another river in the said beautiful valley called *Oiana*, and rested ourselves by a clear lake which lay in the middle of the said *Oiana;* and one of our guides kindling us fire with two sticks, we stayed awhile to dry our shirts, which with the heat hung very wet and heavy on our shoulders. Afterwards we sought the ford to pass over towards the mountain called *Iconuri*, where *Putijma* foretold us of the mine. In this lake we saw one of the great fishes, as big as a wine pipe, which they call *manati*, being most excellent and wholesome meat. But after I perceived that to pass the said river would require half-a-day's march more, I was not able myself to endure it, and therefore I sent Captain *Keymis* with six shot to go on, and gave him order not to return to the port of *Putijma*, which is called *Chiparepare*, but to take leisure, and to

march down the said valley as far as a river called *Cumaca,* where I promised to meet him again, *Putijma* himself promising also to be his guide. And as they marched, they left the towns of *Emperapana* and *Capurepana* on the right hand, and marched from *Putijma's* house, down the said valley of *Amariocapana*; and we returning the same day to the river's side, saw by the way many rocks like unto gold ore, and on the left hand a round mountain which consisted of mineral stone.

From hence we rowed down the stream, coasting the province of *Parino.* As for the branches of rivers which I overpass in this discourse, those shall be better expressed in the description, with the mountains of *Aio, Ara,* and the rest, which are situate in the provinces of *Parino* and *Carricurrina.* When we were come as far down as the land called *Ariacoa,* where *Orenoque* divideth itself into three great branches, each of them being most goodly rivers, I sent away Captain *Henry Thyn,* and Captain *Greenvile* with the galley, the nearest way, and took with me Captain *Gifford,* Captain *Caulfield, Edward Porter,* and Captain *Eynos* with mine own barge and the two wherries, and went down that branch of *Orenoque* which is called *Cararoopana,* which leadeth towards *Emeria,* the province of *Carapana,* and towards the east sea, as well to find out Captain *Keymis,* whom I had sent overland, as also to acquaint myself with *Carapana,* who is one of the greatest of all the lords of the *Orenoqueponi.* And when I came to the river of *Cumaca,* to which *Putijma* promised to conduct Captain *Keymis,* I left Captain *Eynos* and Master *Porter* in the said river to expect his coming, and the rest of us rowed down the stream towards *Emeria.*

In this branch called *Cararoopana* were also many goodly islands, some of six miles long, some of ten, and some of twenty. When it grew towards sunset, we entered a branch of a river that fell into *Orenoque,* called *Winicapora;* where I was informed of the mountain of crystal, to which in truth for the length of the way, and the evil season of the year, I was not able to march, nor abide any longer upon the journey. We saw it afar off; and it appeared like a white church-tower of an exceeding height. There falleth over it

a mighty river which toucheth no part of the side of the mountain, but rusheth over the top of it, and falleth to the ground with so terrible a noise and clamour, as if a thousand great bells were knocked one against another. I think there is not in the world so strange an overfall, nor so wonderful to behold. *Berreo* told me that there were diamonds and other precious stones on it, and that they shined very far off; but what it hath I know not, neither durst he or any of his men ascend to the top of the said mountain, those people adjoining being his enemies, as they were, and the way to it so impassable.

Upon this river of *Winicapora* we rested a while, and from thence marched into the country to a town called after the name of the river, whereof the captain was one *Timitwara,* who also offered to conduct me to the top of the said mountain called *Wacarima.* But when we came in first to the house of the said *Timitwara,* being upon one of their said feast days, we found them all as drunk as beggars, and the pots walking from one to another without rest. We that were weary and hot with marching were glad of the plenty, though a small quantity satisfied us, their drink being very strong and heady, and so rested ourselves awhile. After we had fed, we drew ourselves back to our boats upon the river, and there came to us all the lords of the country, with all such kind of victual as the place yielded, and with their delicate wine of *pinas,* and with abundance of hens and other provisions, and of those stones which we call spleen-stones. We understood by these chieftains of *Winicapora* that their lord, *Carapana,* was departed from *Emeria,* which was now in sight, and that he was fled to *Cairamo,* adjoining to the mountains of *Guiana,* over the valley called *Amario-capana,* being persuaded by those ten Spaniards which lay at his house that we would destroy him and his country. But after these *caciques* of *Winicapora* and *Saporatona* his followers perceived our purpose, and saw that we came as enemies to the Spaniards only, and had not so much as harmed any of those nations, no, though we found them to be of the Spaniards' own servants, they assured us that *Carapana* would be as ready to serve us as any of the lords of the provinces which we had passed; and that he durst do

no other till this day but entertain the Spaniards, his country lying so directly in their way, and next of all other to any entrance that should be made in *Guiana* on that side. And they further assured us, that it was not for fear of our coming that he was removed, but to be acquitted of the Spaniards or any other that should come hereafter. For the province of *Cairoma* is situate at the mountain foot, which divideth the plains of *Guiana* from the countries of the *Orenoqueponi*; by means whereof if any should come in our absence into his towns, he would slip over the mountains into the plains of *Guiana* among the *Epuremei*, where the Spaniards durst not follow him without great force. But in mine opinion, or rather I assure myself, that *Carapana* being a notable wise and subtle fellow, a man of one hundred years of age and therefore of great experience, is removed to look on, and if he find that we return strong he will be ours; if not, he will excuse his departure to the Spaniards, and say it was for fear of our coming.

We therefore thought it bootless to row so far down the stream, or to seek any farther of this old fox; and therefore from the river of *Waricapana*, which lieth at the entrance of *Emeria*, we returned again, and left to the eastward those four rivers which fall from the mountains of *Emeria* into *Orenoque*, which are *Waracayari*, *Coirama*, *Akaniri*, and *Iparoma*. Below those four are also these branches and mouths of *Orenoque*, which fall into the east sea, whereof the first is *Araturi*, the next *Amacura*, the third *Barima*, the fourth *Wana*, the fifth *Morooca*, the sixth *Paroma*, the last *Wijmi*. Beyond them there fall out of the land between *Orenoque* and *Amazons* fourteen rivers, which I forbear to name, inhabited by the *Arwacas* and *Cannibals*.

It is now time to return towards the north, and we found it a wearisome way back from the borders of *Emeria*, to recover up again to the head of the river *Carerupana*, by which we descended, and where we parted from the galley, which I directed to take the next way to the port of *Toparimaca*, by which we entered first.

All the night it was stormy and dark, and full of thunder and great showers, so as we were driven to keep close by the banks in our small boats, being all heartily afraid both of

the billow and terrible current of the river. By the next morning we recovered the mouth of the river of *Cumaca,* where we left Captain *Eynos* and *Edward Porter* to attend the coming of Captain *Keymis* overland; but when we entered the same, they had heard no news of his arrival, which bred in us a great doubt what might become of him. I rowed up a league or two farther into the river, shooting off pieces all the way, that he might know of our being there; and the next morning we heard them answer us also with a piece. We took them aboard us, and took our leave of *Putijma,* their guide, who of all others most lamented our departure, and offered to send his son with us into *England,* if we could have stayed till he had sent back to his town. But our hearts were cold to behold the great rage and increase of *Orenoque,* and therefore [we] departed, and turned toward the west, till we had recovered the parting of the three branches aforesaid, that we might put down the stream after the galley.

The next day we landed on the island of *Assapano,* which divideth the river from that branch by which we sent down to *Emeria,* and there feasted ourselves with that beast which is called *armadillo,* presented unto us before at *Winicapora.* And the day following, we recovered the galley at anchor at the port of *Toparimaca,* and the same evening departed with very foul weather, and terrible thunder and showers, for the winter was come on very far. The best was, we went no less than 100 miles a day down the river; but by the way we entered it was impossible to return, for that the river of *Amana,* being in the bottom of the bay of *Guanipa,* cannot be sailed back by any means, both the breeze and current of the sea were so forcible. And therefore we followed a branch of *Orenoque* called *Capuri,* which entered into the sea eastward of our ships, to the end we might bear with them before the wind; and it was not without need, for we had by that way as much to cross of the main sea, after we came to the river's mouth, as between *Gravelin* and *Dover,* in such boats as your honour hath heard.

To speak of what passed homeward were tedious, either to describe or name any of the rivers, islands, or villages of the *Tivitivas,* which dwell on trees; we will leave all those

to the general map. And to be short, when we were arrived at the sea-side, then grew our greatest doubt, and the bitterest of all our journey forepassed; for I protest before God, that we were in a most desperate estate. For the same night which we anchored in the mouth of the river of *Capuri,* where it falleth into the sea, there arose a mighty storm, and the river's mouth was at least a league broad, so as we ran before night close under the land with our small boats, and brought the galley as near as we could. But she had as much ado to live as could be, and there wanted little of her sinking, and all those in her; for mine own part, I confess I was very doubtful which way to take, either to go over in the pestered[50] galley, there being but six foot water over the sands for two leagues together, and that also in the channel, and she drew five; or to adventure in so great a billow, and in so doubtful weather, to cross the seas in my barge. The longer we tarried the worse it was, and therefore I took Captain *Gifford,* Captain *Caulfield,* and my cousin *Greenvile* into my barge; and after it cleared up about midnight we put ourselves to God's keeping, and thrust out into the sea, leaving the galley at anchor, who durst not adventure but by daylight. And so, being all very sober and melancholy, one faintly cheering another to shew courage, it pleased God that the next day about nine o'clock, we descried the island of *Trinidad;* and steering for the nearest part of it, we kept the shore till we came to *Curiapan,* where we found our ships at anchor, than which there was never to us a more joyful sight.

Now that it hath pleased God to send us safe to our ships, it is time to leave *Guiana* to the sun, whom they worship, and steer away towards the north. I will, therefore, in a few words finish the discovery thereof. Of the several nations which we found upon this discovery I will once again make repetition, and how they are affected. At our first entrance into *Amana,* which is one of the outlets of *Orenoque,* we left on the right hand of us in the bottom of the bay, lying directly against *Trinidad,* a nation of inhuman *Cannibals,* which inhabit the rivers of *Guanipa* and *Berbeese.* In the same bay there is also a third river, which is called *Areo,*

[50] Crowded.

which riseth on *Paria* side towards *Cumaná*, and that river is inhabited with the *Wikiri*, whose chief town upon the said river is *Sayma*. In this bay there are no more rivers but these three before rehearsed and the four branches of *Amana*, all which in the winter thrust so great abundance of water into the sea, as the same is taken up fresh two or three leagues from the land. In the passages towards *Guiana*, that is, in all those lands which the eight branches of *Orenoque* fashion into islands, there are but one sort of people, called *Tivitivas*, but of two castes, as they term them, the one called *Ciawani*, the other *Waraweeti*, and those war one with another.

On the hithermost part of *Orenoque*, as at *Toparimaca* and *Winicapora*, those are of a nation called *Nepoios*, and are the followers of *Carapana*, lord of *Emeria*. Between *Winicapora* and the port of *Morequito*, which standeth in *Aromaia*, and all those in the valley of *Amariocapana* are called *Orenoqueponi*, and did obey *Morequito* and are now followers of *Topiawari*. Upon the river of *Caroli* are the *Canuri*, which are governed by a woman who is inheritrix of that province; who came far off to see our nation, and asked me divers questions of her Majesty, being much delighted with the discourse of her Majesty's greatness, and wondering at such reports as we truly made of her Highness' many virtues. And upon the head of *Caroli* and on the lake of *Cassipa* are the three strong nations of the *Cassipagotos*. Right south into the land are the *Capurepani* and *Emparepani*, and beyond those, adjoining to *Macureguarai*, the first city of *Inga*, are the *Iwarawakeri*. All these are professed enemies to the Spaniards, and to the rich *Epuremei* also. To the west of *Caroli* are divers nations of *Cannibals* and of those *Ewaipanoma* without heads. Directly west are the *Amapaias* and *Anebas*, which are also marvellous rich in gold. The rest towards *Peru* we will omit. On the north of *Orenoque*, between it and the *West Indies*, are the *Wikiri*, *Saymi*, and the rest before spoken of, all mortal enemies to the Spaniards. On the south side of the main mouth of *Orenoque* are the *Arwacas;* and beyond them, the *Cannibals;* and to the south of them, the *Amazons*.

To make mention of the several beasts, birds, fishes, fruits,

flowers, gums, sweet woods, and of their several religions and customs, would for the first require as many volumes as those of *Gesnerus,* and for the next another bundle of *Decades.* The religion of the *Epuremei* is the same which the *Ingas,* emperors of *Peru,* used, which may be read in *Cieza* and other Spanish stories; how they believe the immortality of the soul, worship the sun, and bury with them alive their best beloved wives and treasure, as they likewise do in *Pegu* in the *East Indies,* and other places. The *Orenoqueponi* bury not their wives with them, but their jewels, hoping to enjoy them again. The *Arwacas* dry the bones of their lords, and their wives and friends drink them in powder. In the graves of the *Peruvians* the Spaniards found their greatest abundance of treasure. The like, also, is to be found among these people in every province. They have all many wives, and the lords five-fold to the common sort. Their wives never eat with their husbands, nor among the men, but serve their husbands at meals and afterwards feed by themselves. Those that are past their younger years make all their bread and drink, and work their cotton-beds, and do all else of service and labour; for the men do nothing but hunt, fish, play, and drink, when they are out of the wars.

I will enter no further into discourse of their manners, laws, and customs. And because I have not myself seen the cities of *Inga* I cannot avow on my credit what I have heard, although it be very likely that the emperor *Inga* hath built and erected as magnificent palaces in *Guiana* as his ancestors did in *Peru;* which were for their riches and rareness most marvellous, and exceeding all in *Europe,* and, I think, of the world, *China* excepted, which also the Spaniards, which I had, assured me to be true, as also the nations of the borderers, who, being but savages to those of the inland, do cause much treasure to be buried with them. For I was informed of one of the *caciques* of the valley of *Amariocapana* which had buried with him a little before our arrival a chair of gold most curiously wrought, which was made either in *Macureguarai* adjoining or in *Manoa.* But if we should have grieved them in their religion at the first, before they had been taught better, and have digged up their graves,

we had lost them all. And therefore I held my first resolution, that her Majesty should either accept or refuse the enterprise ere anything should be done that might in any sort hinder the same. And if *Peru* had so many heaps of gold, whereof those *Ingas* were princes, and that they delighted so much therein, no doubt but this which now liveth and reigneth in *Manoa* hath the same humour,[51] and, I am assured, hath more abundance of gold within his territory than all *Peru* and the *West Indies*.

For the rest, which myself have seen, I will promise these things that follow, which I know to be true. Those that are desirous to discover and to see many nations may be satisfied within this river, which bringeth forth so many arms and branches leading to several countries and provinces, above 2,000 miles east and west and 800 miles south and north, and of these the most either rich in gold or in other merchandises. The common soldier shall here fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence, with plates of half-a-foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provant[52] and penury. Those commanders and chieftains that shoot at honour and abundance shall find there more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure, than either *Cortes* found in *Mexico* or *Pizarro* in *Peru*. And the shining glory of this conquest will eclipse all those so far-extended beams of the Spanish nation. There is no country which yieldeth more pleasure to the inhabitants, either for those common delights of hunting, hawking, fishing, fowling, and the rest, than *Guiana* doth; it hath so many plains, clear rivers, and abundance of pheasants, partridges, quails, rails, cranes, herons, and all other fowl; deer of all sorts, porks, hares, lions, tigers, leopards, and divers other sorts of beasts, either for chase or food. It hath a kind of beast called *cama* or *anta*,[53] as big as an English beef, and in great plenty. To speak of the several sorts of every kind I fear would be troublesome to the reader, and therefore I will omit them, and conclude that both for health, good air, pleasure, and riches, I am resolved it cannot be equalled by any region either in the east or west. Moreover the country

[51] Hakluyt reads 'honour.' [52] Provender, food. [53] The tapir.

is so healthful, as of an hundred persons and more, which lay without shift most sluttishly, and were every day almost melted with heat in rowing and marching, and suddenly wet again with great showers, and did eat of all sorts of corrupt fruits, and made meals of fresh fish without seasoning, of *tortugas*, of *lagartos* or *crocodiles*, and of all sorts good and bad, without either order or measure, and besides lodged in the open air every night, we lost not any one, nor had one ill-disposed to my knowledge; nor found any *calentura* or other of those pestilent diseases which dwell in all hot regions, and so near the equinoctial line.

Where there is store of gold it is in effect needless to remember other commodities for trade. But it hath, towards the south part of the river, great quantities of brazil-wood, and divers berries that dye a most perfect crimson and carnation; and for painting, all *France, Italy,* or the *East Indies* yield none such. For the more the skin is washed, the fairer the colour appeareth, and with which even those brown and tawny women spot themselves and colour their cheeks. All places yield abundance of cotton, of silk, of *balsamum,* and of those kinds most excellent and never known in *Europe,* of all sorts of gums, of Indian pepper; and what else the countries may afford within the land we know not, neither had we time to abide the trial and search. The soil besides is so excellent and so full of rivers, as it will carry sugar, ginger, and all those other commodities which the *West Indies* have.

The navigation is short, for it may be sailed with an ordinary wind in six weeks, and in the like time back again; and by the way neither lee-shore, enemies' coast, rocks, nor sands. All which in the voyages to the *West Indies* and all other places we are subject unto; as the channel of *Bahama,* coming from the *West Indies,* cannot well be passed in the winter, and when it is at the best, it is a perilous and a fearful place; the rest of the *Indies* for calms and diseases very troublesome, and the sea about the *Bermudas* a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms.

This very year (1595) there were seventeen sail of Spanish ships lost in the channel of *Bahama,* and the great *Philip,* like to have sunk at the *Bermudas,* was put back to

St. Juan de Puerto Rico; and so it falleth out in that navigation every year for the most part. Which in this voyage are not to be feared; for the time of year to leave *England* is best in July, and the summer in *Cuiana* is in October, November, December, January, February, and March, and then the ships may depart thence in April, and so return again into *England* in June. So as they shall never be subject to winter weather, either coming, going, or staying there: which, for my part, I take to be one of the greatest comforts and encouragements that can be thought on, having, as I have done, tasted in this voyage by the *West Indies* so many calms, so much heat, such outrageous gusts, such weather, and contrary winds.

To conclude, *Guiana* is a country that hath yet her maidenhead, never sacked, turned, nor wrought; the face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent by manurance. The graves have not been opened for gold, the mines not broken with sledges, nor their images pulled down out of their temples. It hath never been entered by any army of strength, and never conquered or possessed by any Christian prince. It is besides so defensible, that if two forts be builded in one of the provinces which I have seen, the flood setteth in so near the bank, where the channel also lieth, that no ship can pass up but within a pike's length of the artillery, first of the one, and afterwards of the other. Which two forts will be a sufficient guard both to the empire of *Inga,* and to an hundred other several kingdoms, lying within the said river, even to the city of *Quito* in *Peru.*

There is therefore great difference between the easiness of the conquest of *Guiana,* and the defence of it being conquered, and the *West* or *East Indies. Guiana* hath but one entrance by the sea, if it hath that, for any vessels of burden. So as whosoever shall first possess it, it shall be found unaccessible for any enemy, except he come in wherries, barges, or *canoas,* or else in flat-bottomed boats; and if he do offer to enter it in that manner, the woods are so thick 200 miles together upon the rivers of such entrance, as a mouse cannot sit in a boat unhit from the bank. By land it is more impossible to approach; for it hath the strongest situation of any region under the sun, and it is so environed with im-

passable mountains on every side, as it is impossible to victual any company in the passage. Which hath been well proved by the Spanish nation, who since the conquest of *Peru* have never left five years free from attempting this empire, or discovering some way into it; and yet of three-and-twenty several gentlemen, knights, and noblemen, there was never any that knew which way to lead an army by land, or to conduct ships by sea, anything near the said country. *Orellana,* of whom the river of *Amazons* taketh name, was the first, and *Don Antonio de Berreo,* whom we displanted, the last: and I doubt much whether he himself or any of his yet know the best way into the said empire. It can therefore hardly be regained, if any strength be formerly set down, but in one or two places, and but two or three crumsters[64] or galleys built and furnished upon the river within. The *West Indies* have many ports, watering places, and landings; and nearer than 300 miles to *Guiana,* no man can harbour a ship, except he know one only place, which is not learned in haste, and which I will undertake there is not any one of my companies that knoweth, whosoever hearkened most after it.

Besides, by keeping one good fort, or building one town of strength, the whole empire is guarded; and whatsoever companies shall be afterwards planted within the land, although in twenty several provinces, those shall be able all to reunite themselves upon any occasion either by the way of one river, or be able to march by land without either wood, bog, or mountain. Whereas in the *West Indies* there are few towns or provinces that can succour or relieve one the other by land or sea. By land the countries are either desert, mountainous, or strong enemies. By sea, if any man invade to the eastward, those to the west cannot in many months turn against the breeze and eastern wind. Besides, the Spaniards are therein so dispersed as they are nowhere strong, but in *Nueva España* only; the sharp mountains, the thorns, and poisoned prickles, the sandy and deep ways in the valleys, the smothering heat and air, and want of water in other places are their only and best defence; which, because those nations that invade them are not victualled or

[64] Dutch, *Kromsteven* or *Kromster,* a vessel with a bent prow.

provided to stay, neither have any place to friend adjoining, do serve them instead of good arms and great multitudes.

The *West Indies* were first offered her Majesty's grandfather by *Columbus,* a stranger, in whom there might be doubt of deceit; and besides it was then thought incredible that there were such and so many lands and regions never written of before. This Empire is made known to her Majesty by her own vassal, and by him that oweth to her more duty than an ordinary subject; so that it shall ill sort with the many graces and benefits which I have received to abuse her Highness, either with fables or imaginations. The country is already discovered, many nations won to her Majesty's love and obedience, and those Spaniards which have latest and longest laboured about the conquest, beaten out, discouraged, and disgraced, which among these nations were thought invincible. Her Majesty may in this enterprise employ all those soldiers and gentlemen that are younger brethren, and all captains and chieftains that want employment, and the charge will be only the first setting out in victualling and arming them; for after the first or second year I doubt not but to see in *London* a Contractation-House[65] of more receipt for *Guiana* than there is now in *Seville* for the *West Indies.*

And I am resolved that if there were but a small army afoot in *Guiana,* marching towards *Manoa,* the chief city of *Inga,* he would yield to her Majesty by composition so many hundred thousand pounds yearly as should both defend all enemies abroad, and defray all expenses at home; and that he would besides pay a garrison of three or four thousand soldiers very royally to defend him against other nations. For he cannot but know how his predecessors, yea, how his own great uncles, *Guascar* and *Atabalipa,* sons to *Guiana-Capac,* emperor of *Peru,* were, while they contended for the empire, beaten out by the Spaniards, and that both of late years and ever since the said conquest, the Spaniards have sought the passages and entry of his country; and of their cruelties used to the borderers he cannot be ignorant. In which respects no doubt but he will be brought to tribute with great

[65] The whole trade of Spanish America passed through the Casa de Contratacion at Seville.

gladness; if not, he hath neither shot nor iron weapon in all his empire, and therefore may easily be conquered.

And I further remember that *Berreo* confessed to me and others, which I protest before the Majesty of God to be true, that there was found among the prophecies in *Peru,* at such time as the empire was reduced to the Spanish obedience, in their chiefest temples, amongst divers others which foreshadowed the loss of the said empire, that from *Inglatierra* those *Ingas* should be again in time to come restored, and delivered from the servitude of the said conquerors. And I hope, as we with these few hands have displanted the first garrison, and driven them out of the said country, so her Majesty will give order for the rest, and either defend it, and hold it as tributary, or conquer and keep it as empress of the same. For whatsoever prince shall possess it, shall be greatest; and if the king of *Spain* enjoy it, he will become unresistible. Her Majesty hereby shall confirm and strengthen the opinions of all nations as touching her great and princely actions. And where the south border of *Guiana* reacheth to the dominion and empire of the *Amazons,* those women shall hereby hear the name of a virgin, which is not only able to defend her own territories and her neighbours, but also to invade and conquer so great empires and so far removed.

To speak more at this time I fear would be but troublesome: I trust in God, this being true, will suffice, and that he which is King of all Kings, and Lord of Lords, will put it into her heart which is Lady of Ladies to possess it. If not, I will judge those men worthy to be kings thereof, that by her grace and leave will undertake it of themselves.

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